

# LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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## The Blind Boy.

BY THE LATE DR. HAWKS.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The floweret bloomed, the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children that had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot  
A little girl and boy reclined,  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind!

'Dear Mary,' said the poor blind boy,  
'That little bird sings very long,  
Say, do you see him in his joy?  
And is he pretty as his song?'

'Yes, Edward, yes,' replied the maid,  
'I see the bird on yonder tree';  
The poor boy sighed and gently said—  
'Sister, I wish that I could see.'

'The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there,—  
How beautiful for one who sees!

'Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell,  
From these dear birds that God has made,

'So, sister, God is kind to me,  
Though sight, alas! he has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?'

'No, dearest Edward, these all see!  
But wherefore ask a thing so odd?'  
'Oh! Mary, he's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God.'

Ere long disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild;  
His widowed mother wept, and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child,

He felt the warm tears on his face,  
And said, 'Oh, never weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

'And you'll come there, dear Mary, too,  
And mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you,—  
You know I never saw you here.'

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given,  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

From the Home Journal.

## The Night Funeral of a Slave.

February, 1840.

Messrs. Editors: Travelling recently, on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor, through whose estate for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ears, and with a low whinny indicated his pleasure, as I turned up the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I bade him inquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when, after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he inquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to alight and enter the house, in the true spirit of southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed an air of gloomy abstraction about him; he said but little, seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of civility to a stranger. At supper the mistress of the mansion appeared, and did the honors of the table, in her particular department; she was exceedingly lady-like and beautiful. My companion, who was beyond comparison with those of the public, retired to his chamber, and a servant named Habannas on a

small silver tray, we had just seated ourselves comfortably before the enormous fire of oak wood, when a servant appeared at the end door near my host, hat in hand, and uttered in subdued but distinct tones, the, to me, startling words—

'Master, de coffin hab come.'  
'Very well,' was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.

My host remarked the gaze of inquisitive wonder, and replied to it—

'I have been sad, sad,' said he, 'to-day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most reliable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the playmate of my father's youth, and the mentor of mine; a faithful servant, an honest man, and a sincere christian. I stood by his bed side to-day, and with his hands clasped in mine, I heard the last words he uttered; they were, 'Master, meet me in heaven.'

His voice faltered a moment, and he continued after a pause, with increased excitement—

'His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home, I said to him, 'John, see that all things are taken care of,' and I knew that my wife and child, property and all, were as safe as though they were guarded by a hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life, for he never merited it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful and true, but his loss is irreparable.'

I came from a section of the Union where slavery does not exist, and I brought with me all the prejudices which so generally prevail in the free States in regard to this 'institution.' I had already seen much to soften these, but the observation of years would have failed to give me so clear an insight into the relation between master and servant as this simple incident. It was not the haughty planter, the lordly tyrant, talking of his dead slave, as of his dead horse, but the kind-hearted gentleman, lamenting the loss, and eulogizing the virtues of his good old friend.

After an interval of silence, my host resumed—

'There are,' said he, 'many of the old man's relatives and friends who would wish to attend his funeral. To afford them an opportunity, several plantations have been notified that he will be buried to-night; some, I presume, have already arrived; and desiring to see that all things are properly prepared for his interment, I trust you will excuse my absence for a few moments.'

'Most certainly, sir; but,' I added, 'if there is no impropriety, I would be pleased to accompany you.'

'There is none,' he replied; and I followed to one of a long row of cabins, situated at the distance of some three hundred yards from the mansion. The house was crowded with negroes, who all arose on our entrance, and many of them exchanged greetings with my host, in tones that convinced me that they felt that he was an object of sympathy from them! The corpse was deposited in the coffin, attired in a shroud of the finest cotton materials, and the coffin itself painted black.

The master stopped at its head, and laying his hand upon the cold brow of his faithful bondsman, gazed long and intently upon features with which he had been so long familiar, and which he now looked upon for the last time on earth; raising his eyes at length and glancing at the serious countenances now bent upon his, he said solemnly and with much feeling—

'He was a faithful servant and a true christian; if you follow his example, and live as he lived, none of you need fear, when the time comes for you to lay here.'

A patriarch, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, answered—

'Master, it is true, and we will try to live like him.'

There was a murmur of general assent, and after giving some instructions relative to the burial, we returned to the dwelling.

About nine o'clock a servant appeared with the notice that they were ready to move, and to know if further instructions were necessary. My host remarked to me, that by stepping into the piazza, I would probably witness, to me, a novel scene. The procession had moved, and its route led within a few yards of the mansion. There were at least one hundred and fifty negroes, arranged four deep, and following a wagon in which was placed the coffin; down the entire length of the line, at intervals of a few feet, on each side, were carried torches of the resinous pine, and here called light wood. About the centre was stationed

the black preacher, a man of gigantic frame and stentorian lungs, who gave out from memory the words of a hymn suitable to the occasion. The Southern negroes are proverbial for the melody and compass of their voices, and I thought that hymn, mellowed by distance, the most solemn and yet sweetest music that had ever fallen upon my ear.—The stillness of the night and strength of their voices enabled me to distinguish the air at the distance of half a mile.

It was to me a strange and solemn scene, and no incident of my life has impressed me with more powerful emotions than the night funeral of the poor negro. For this reason I have hastily and most imperfectly sketched its leading features. Previous to retiring to my room, I saw, in the house I stopped for the night, a number of the Home Journal, and it occurred to me to send this to your paper, perfectly indifferent whether it be published or not. I am but a brief sojourner here. I hail from a colder clime, where it is our proud boast that all men are free and equal. I shall return to my Northern home deeply impressed with the belief, that dispensing with the name of freedom, the negroes of the South are the happiest and most contented people on the face of the earth.

Yours, VIATOR.

Rings seem to have been worn from a very remote period. Their antiquity is attested by the Scriptures—see Genesis xii. 42. 'And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and arrayed him in chains of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck.' In this instance the ring seems to have been bestowed as a mark of power, since, by the tokens here mentioned, Joseph was designated 'ruler over all the land of Egypt.' The 'Arabian Nights' contain frequent allusions to the ring, as in the following passage: 'Then Camaralzaman raised the hand of the damsel, and took her ring from her finger; it was worth a large sum of money, for its stone was a precious jewel. So he took off this ring from the finger of the Queen, and put it on his own little finger.' The Israelitish women wore rings not only on their fingers, but also in their nostrils and ears.

Dr. Adam, in his Roman Antiquities speaks thus:—'No ornament was more generally worn among the Romans than rings. This custom seems to have been borrowed from the Sabines. The Senators, equites, and legionary tribunes wore golden rings, though accidentally none but the Senators and equites were allowed to wear them. The plebeians wore iron rings, unless presented with a golden one for their bravery in war, or some other desert. Under the Emperors the right of wearing a ring was liberally conferred, and often for frivolous reasons. At last, it was granted, by Justinian, to all citizens. Some were so finical with respect to this piece of dress, as to have lighter rings for summer and heavier for winter. The ancient Romans usually wore but one ring, which was placed on the finger next the least of the left hand, hence called the 'ring finger.' Rings were set with precious stones of various kinds, on which were engraved the images of some of their ancestors or friends, of a prince or a great man, or the representation of some signal event. Rings were used chiefly for sealing letters and papers. They were affixed to certain signs or symbols used for tokens, like what we call tallies, or tally sticks, and given in contracts instead of a bill or bond, or for any sign. When a person at the point of death delivered his ring to any one, it was esteemed a mark of particular affection. They were worn by women as well as men, both before and after marriage. Those who triumphed wore an iron ring. A ring used to be given by a man to the woman he was about to marry, as a pledge of their intended union; a plain iron one, according to Pliny, though others say of gold.

In reference to the wedding ring, Brande says that its supposed heathen origin well might have caused its abolition during the period of the Commonwealth. An old Latin work which ascribes the invention of a ring to Tubalcan, contains the following: 'The form of the ring being circular, that is round and without end, importeth thus much: that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle—and that continually and forever.' Herrick has vested the quaint idea as follows:

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flow or else to sever;  
So let our love  
As endless prove  
And pure as gold forever.

A landlord in Cincinnati, not being able to eject an obstinate tenant, fastened a band over his chimney, and thus smoked him out.

WASHINGTON, March 25.  
Cabinet action on the subject of Appointments and Removals—The Home Department—Mr. Ellsworth recalled—Mr. Hannegan, &c.

You are aware that it has been stated that the Cabinet were to hold a consultation on the subject of removals. The matter has, doubtless, been under consideration, and I learn, to-day, that it has been determined to remove persons who have been active and obnoxious partisans. The Cabinet have, it is believed, agreed upon removals to this extent and no further.

It has been suggested, though I do not vouch for the fact—that Messrs. Clayton, Johnson, Crawford, Meredith and Preston, are opposed to indiscriminate removals on party grounds, and the President is with them.

It is said that the Secretary of the Interior has reviewed the opinion that he was disposed to entertain as to his powers and duties under the law creating his department. He will not, it is now believed, consider himself obliged to declare vacant all the officers in the bureau put under his charge, and proceed to fill them by re-appointments, or new appointments. He will merely make removals in cases where it may be deemed proper.

No General system has yet been agreed upon in reference to the foreign appointments.

Mr. Ellsworth has been recalled from Stockholm, on account, it is said, of charges preferred against him in relation to alleged violations of the revenue laws, not only in his present position, but formerly in England.

I have good reason to believe that there will be no further changes abroad for some time except in cases where incumbents choose to resign.

Mr. Hannegan went westward last evening. He has got his commission. He will probably leave this country for his post, about the end of April.

ION.

## Fremont's Expedition.

Intelligence from Santa Fe, to February 2nd has been received at Independence, Missouri. The Republican contains letters from Taos, which represent the winter as having been so very severe that Col Fremont, while passing through one of the mountain gorges, lost 130 mules in one night. Being then left on foot, he came to the conclusion that it was impossible to proceed further, and finally he despatched three men to the nearest settlement to procure succor. This party not returning in twenty days, Col Fremont started for Taos, distant 350 miles, where he arrived in nine days. Major Beale immediately despatched a party of dragoons with mules and provisions, to relieve Col Fremont's men.

Col Fremont, though much emaciated and worn out by anxiety, and the deprivation to which he had been subjected himself, accompanied the dragoons.

The sufferings of the party are represented to have been so very great that they were even reduced to the extremity of feeding upon the bodies of their comrades.

Mr. Greene, who brought this news to Independence, left Santa Fe several days after his publication.

Later reports say that all of Col Fremont's party perished, except himself, and he is badly frost bitten.

Longevity.—An esteemed correspondent, writing from Spring Vale Post-office, Sampson county, gives us an account of a remarkable instance of longevity which he saw, in the person of a negro man named Delph, belonging to the estate of the late William Williams, of Sampson county. He was aged 107 years, yet retained all the powers of his mind unimpaired, and stood and walked very erect. He spoke of lord Cornwallis and the Ivey family with great force of memory, and related circumstances of the revolutionary war that spoke volumes of truth. He was one of the cooks at the battle of Guilford Court house.—Wilmington Journal.

Consoling Sentence.—An individual having been convicted upon rather slight evidence, the Judge proceeded to pass sentence as follows:

'Prisoner at the bar! You have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen which subjects you to the penalty of death; you say you are innocent; the truth of that assertion is only known to yourself and God. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you richly deserve the fate which awaits you—if innocent, it will be a gratification to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience. In either case you will be delivered from a world of care.'

## From the Genesee Farmer. CORN AND COB MEAL.

There are few in this section of country who endorse the sweeping proscription of corn and cob meal which lately appeared in your paper. We have heard the subject somewhat extensively discussed since the appearance of that article; but we have yet to meet with the first individual whose experience coincides with the writer's views. 'They say,' said one man in my hearing, 'corn and cob meal is poison to a horse; but in my view, those horses are the worst off that can get enough of it to eat!'

'Previous to the purchase of the crusher we average 211 ears of corn. Our stock average seven head. One hundred and sixty ears are now run through the crusher. The different appearance of the horses and their better ability to work, prove, beyond a doubt, that the crusher affords a more nutritious and healthy food. It will also be seen that it places to our daily credit fifty-four ears of corn.'—Dr. A. H. Tyson in American Farmer.

Among the evidence of the nutriment contained in the corn cob, the experiment, by distillation, of Mr Minor, of Virginia, showed that five bushels of cobs contained four gallons of spirit.—He also found other nutritive matter than the saccharine, as mucilage and oils.—American Farmer. Vol. 1., p. 234.

'Grinding the cob with the corn, it is said, adds one third to its value for feeding.'—Ellsworth's Report.

'Experiment has satisfied us that a given quantity of corn, ground in cob, will accomplish as much as twice the quantity fed in the ear, in fattening hogs; provided the meal is fermented by a mixture, for a few days; with water. We recommend that it be thoroughly ground into meal; as we have found, from our own experience, a very decided advantage from this mode of feeding, and are fully satisfied that it is not over-stated.'—M. B.

## A Bad Cold Promotes Swearing.

A Dutchman up at Schaghticoke, New York, by the name of Kendrick had a son by the name of Jacob or Yaupy, as the Dutch usually call it, with whose education he had taken much pains, instructing him in all the rudiments of good breeding, &c., until he became satisfied his boy Yaupy was a perfect pattern of obedience and good manners; and he took every occasion to show off Yaupy's accomplishments, and sound his praises among his neighbors. He said that 'Yaupy had more learnin' dan most all the boys in 'the school; he can read all t'rough the spelling book, and spell all t'rough the reading books, and can tell all de pictures in de pig Bible.'

Kendrick was visited one day by his domini, who called to inquire into the state of his moral and religious affairs, and to give instruction to his family. Kendrick, thinking it a good opportunity to show off his paragon of a son, and wishing, at the same time, to be kind and civil to his domini, called out to his boy, in an adjoining room, 'Yaupy, you go down in de cellar, and draw the domini a pitcher of cider; but—'

'Go to the devil, father, said Yaupy, and draw the cider yourself; you know where it is as well as I do.'

This was rather a stumper to poor Kendrick; but being unwilling that his domini should go away with an unfavorable impression of Yaupy's manners, undertook to apologize for him.

'Domini,' said he, 'dat is one of de best little boys I ever seed in my life; but he has got a very bad cold now.'

## How to Split Paper.

Procure two rollers or cylinders of glass, or amber resin metallic amalgam, strongly excite them by the well-known means, so as to produce the attraction of cohesion, and then with pressure pass the paper between the rollers. One half will adhere to the under roller, and the other to the upper roller, and the split will be perfect. Cease the excitation and remove each part.

## Editing a Paper.

The majority of our readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments by which man make their bread and butter, there is none, we believe, that so taxes the mind, temper, and flesh, as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgement, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A choleric temper could never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a hasty one, nor an unforgiving one. An editor must of necessity turn