

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien—
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whate'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that charm the soul can throw—
Whate'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whate'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

ITALY.

Italia! oh! Italia!
The hour has come for thee
To strike the foeman at thy gates,
To struggle and be free.
The heritage of centuries,
The brave renown of old,
The very stones that tell of fame,
Implore thee to be bold.

Still setting on her Seven Hills,
Th' Eternal city shines,
Still wears her proud tiara
In the sunny land of vines,
Still raise her hoary temples
And lanes in lofty state,
Still frown her battled towers
Though Gaul is at the gate.

Let not the Frenchman revel
Within your storied halls,
As when De Bourbon's cannon
Once breached your ancient walls.
Struck men o' Rome, for liberty;
The cause your own is just—
Drive back once more the tri-color
Or trail it in the dust.

Alas! that e'er the tri color
In hostile hands should come,
And rally on theiber's banks
The enemies of Rome—
That e'er the chivalry of France
In such a cause should arm,
Or seek in fair Italia
Her children to disarm.

Back! back to Paris, Frenchmen—
And there beside the Seine,
Go, tell your sham Napoleon
You will not bind the chain
That he would forge for Roman arms,
Now lifted to be free,
Where freedom raised the war cry first
That rang from sea to sea.

Go, fright the tyrants ally
With brave Mazzini's name,
Tell him a leader rules in Rome,
Right worthy of her fame;
Tell him that ere to foreign hands
He yields his honored trust,
St. Peter's and the Vatican
Shall crumble into dust:

That his will be the hand to fire,
When every hope is vain,
The mines that will to ruin blast
Each gallery and lane;
When every work of priceless art
Shall perish in the flame,
Mazzini's shall the glory be—
Napoleon's the same.

F. A. D.

Hon. Archibald Williams, a learned lawyer and prominent actor in the Constitutional Convention, has given his opinion that Gov. French has the power, and that it is his duty, under the circumstances, to appoint a U. S. Senator for Illinois in place of Gen. Shields; and that the expense of an extra session of the General Assembly is entirely useless. The Illinois journals consider this evidence conclusive, and urge Governor F. to take action.

A clergyman had two daughters, who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain, and, preaching one Sabbath-day on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, pride in dress; After speaking some considerable time on this subject, he suddenly stopped short, and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say, 'look at home! My good friends, I look at home till my heart aches.'"

OLD HORSE EARS' FIGHT WITH MR. ANTHONY.

A Scene in the Arkansas Legislature.

The session of its Legislature, which sat in 1836, was the most important in the annals of Arkansas. It was shortly after the organization of the government, and things were in a state of half chaotic transition. The "waves and fishes" of office had not been divided, and clamorous monopoly was knocking at the door of the "public crib," but had not yet been admitted. Intense was the fury of parties within the House, and as boundless the excitement in the community without. The members, with few exceptions, went to their places armed to the teeth; and besides the weapons worn in their bosoms, or protruding from their pockets, each kept a good supply of revolving pistols in the desk before him. There were munitions of war enough in the hall to have answered the purposes of a small army.

Every evening after an adjournment, there was a general firing off and reloading, in order to have "their tools" in prime condition for the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep at the hour of midnight by the roar of incessant explosions, heard at different points in the city. Many legislators also during the day would be out practicing the noble art of learning to cut a tape string at ten paces, or to drive the centre of a silver quarter at 12. They chose for their pistol gallery a little grove of pine trees, immediately on the south bank of the Arkansas river, and not more than fifty steps from the state-house, where every report was fearfully audible, and admonished certain independent members as to the doom they might expect, provided their voices should chance to offend the "honorable" duellists.

The writer can never recall to mind, without shuddering horror, the proceedings of that mimous session. Whenever its terrible scenes rise up, like gloomy ghosts before the eye of memory, I feel as if I had been the involuntary familiar of some demon convention. Murat said, during the reign of terror in France, "The guillotine governs." In 1836, the Deringer-pistol and bowie knife governed Arkansas. Power resided solely in gunpowder. Popularity hovered on the points of naked blades. Among the most agitating measures which called into exercise the wisdom of "the concept fathers," was the institution of the Real Estate Bank. Its establishment was strongly and steadily, but ineffectually opposed by a slender minority. All the wealthiest men in the state, all the leading legislators, took shares in its capital stock; and John Wilson, the speaker of the lower house, was elected president. As this person was one of the chief heroes in the tragedy soon to be related, a short description of his appearance and character becomes necessary.

Every public man in the backwoods has a *soubriquet*, bestowed on account of some personal peculiarity by the whimsical humor of his constituents. Speaker John Wilson was called "Horse Ears" from his possessing an accidental property as singularly unique in the natural history of the species. When excited by violent passion, either love or anger, his ears worked up and down flexibly, like those of a horse. A man of ordinary looks, nothing in his countenance or features denoted the desperado save a strange, wild twinkling expression of his diminutive gray eyes, always in motion, with cold keen glances, as if watching for some secret enemy. He had fought half a dozen duels with uniform success, and had been engaged in several off-hand affairs, in none of which he received even the honor of a scar. Hence, as may well be supposed, his prowess inspired almost universal fear; and few dead shots could be found in Arkansas who would choose to seek a quarrel with "Old Horse Ears." As to the rest, he was the owner of a large cotton farm—rich and influential; honest, liberal and courteous in his manners, and exceedingly amiable in all his domestic relations. His family loved, his slaves adored him. Such are often the inconsistencies of human nature.

During the session of which we have previously spoken, there was a member of the lower house by the name of Abel Anthony, in no way remarkable except for his opposition to the banks, and his sly, quiet wit, addicted to practical jokes. In the parlance of frontier technics, he belonged to the class of "peaceable men," having never, in all his life, had a difficulty with any mortal being. He was even viewed as a coward, having been known to pocket open insults without so much as showing sign of resentment.

One day, the bill to provide for the

more effectual rewarding of wolf-killers, denominated, in short, "the wolf scalp bill," came up for discussion. This had been a standing "reform measure" from the earliest settlement of Arkansas, and will probably continue to be, so long as the Ozark mountains shall rear their black, bristling crests in the western division of the state, or the swamps of the Mississippi shall occupy so large an area in the east. Accordingly, whenever the wolf scalp bill is taken up, a tremendous debate ensues. The contest is not then between the *ins* and *outs* of political power. Whigs and democrats alike overleap their iron lines of party arrangement, and enter into a general *melee* of chance-medley. It is a battle of every member against every other, the object being to decide who of all shall move the most annihilating statutes against their common foes, the wolves, since that is the great pivot question, on which hinges the popularity of each and all.

The present case was the more arousing, as there had happened lately a ludicrous instance in fraud of the previous law. It seems that some cunning Yankee, fresh from the land that grows "wooden nutmegs," had conceived the notable plan of raising wolves of his own, so that by slaying a hairy whelp at any time, and taking its ears to a magistrate, he could obtain a certificate of "wolf-scap," entitling him to twenty-five dollars out of the county treasury. It was said that this enterprising genius had already a number in his pen of fine looking breeders, and expressed sanguine hopes of soon making his fortune.

Numerous were the provisions urged by members to prevent such scandalous and evasive practices in future. Among others, too tedious to mention, Brown C. Roberts, of Marion, (himself a caricature of the wolf, only far more ugly,) moved, "That each certificate of a veritable wolf-scap should be based on no less than four affidavits, and be signed by twelve justices of the peace, the judges of the county and district courts, and finally countersigned by the Governor."

Abel Anthony moved to amend, by adding, "And by the President of the Real Estate Bank."

This was intended by the mover as merely a jest, and accordingly it provoked a considerable laugh, extending nearly over the whole house. But very different was the effect on Mr. Speaker Wilson, President of the Real Estate Bank. He saw fit to interpret it as the deadliest insult.

I glanced my eye towards the honorable chair, expecting to catch a playful smile; but the moment I beheld his countenance, I was horrified at its savage expression. His face was of ashy paleness; and there, on his thin white lips, as if in demonic mockery, sat that grim, writhing smile, which merely moves the curled lips, spreading no further nor affecting any other feature; and which is so peculiar to most desperadoes when about to undertake some terrible deed of death. There was, however, a brief space for speculation on the metaphysic of physiognomy—(for hardly had the offensive words left Anthony's mouth before Wilson sprang to his feet, and in a rude, imperious tone, ordered the other to sit down.)

Anthony manifesting no sign of either surprise or fear, meekly replied that he was entitled to the floor.

"Sit down!" Wilson repeated, and this time in a shout like thunder.

"I am entitled to the floor, and will not resign it," said Anthony, apparently without anger, but glancing back a look of calm, immovable resolution.

Speaker Wilson then left his chair, never more to resume it, drew his bowie knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet in the direction of his foe—all the while that ghastly smile curling up his pallid lips, like two twin snakes, and his ears moving up and down, and backwards and forwards, with the appalling vibrations, which had won for him the appellation of "Horse Ears."

As Anthony was commonly considered a coward, when the spectators beheld the celebrated duelist advancing upon him, with uplified knife glancing high in the air, as ready for the dreadful blow, all present suppose that the reputed craven would flee in terror from the place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any advantage of position or weapons. But in this opinion every body was mistaken, and no one more than his infuriated adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him, he stood calm and motionless as a stone statue. His color did not change—his limbs did not tremble. The attitude of the man was

that of passionless repose. His only evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears. At the sight of this we all shuddered, for we knew the weeper would conquer or perish. In the backwoods there are two unmistakable tokens of thorough desperation—frozen smiles and hot gushing-tears; and tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous. Such a conclusion was verified fully in the present instance; for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping enemy, the latter suddenly drew a bowie knife from behind his vest, and stepped boldly forward to the fell encounter. And then commenced a deadly struggle—the most obstinate bloody and frightful ever witnessed in the southwest.

Wilson's knife was long, keen, and so highly polished that you might see yourself in the reflection of its smooth, bright surface, as in the most perfect looking glass, the image being an extremely small miniature, so symmetrical was the rounding of its fine glittering steel. On each side of the flashing blade was a picture, the face of the outer, wrought in exquisite gold enamel, of two Indians, in their wild native costume, engaged in mortal combat with bowie knives.

The weapon of Anthony was of the larger size of the class called "Arkansas tooth-pick,"—the most murderous instrument of destruction before which a human eye ever quailed. On the side of its broad gleaming blade was the picture of a fight between a hunter and a brown bear. The bear appeared to be squeezing the man to death in his iron hug, while he was fiercely digging out the shaggy monster's heart with the point of his knife. On the other side of the blade might be seen the picture of a rattle snake in coil, its head erect, its jaws open, and its fiery red tongue brandished, as if about to strike.

Such devices are common on the arms of the most notorious desperadoes on the frontier, and are the objects of as intense a pride and vanity to their owners as were the insignia of the most exalted chivalry to the knights of the heroic ages. And thus do we always discover the idea seeking to render itself incarnate in the material form.—Destiniveness must have its images as well as devotion.

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thrust aimed at the pit of his antagonist's stomach, which the other dexterously parried. For a time both parties fought with admirable coolness, and with such consummate skill that only slight wounds were inflicted, and those only on the head and face, where blood began to trickle freely. And simultaneous the awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of utter desperation remained fixed in either countenance. The cold smile now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips; and the tears still flowed, mingling now with warm blood from Anthony's blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and landing off and sharply ringing against each other, was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length, both toes, engaged at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the blood from the red gashes about their brows, lost all caution and equanimity, and fought madly, wildly, more like devils than men.—Each one more intent on taking the life of his enemy than in regarding his own, exerted every nerve and muscle with a perfect fury that struck the beholders with fear. Both were soon severely wounded in different parts of the body; but still there came no pause until Anthony striking a heavy overhanded blow, cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist. Wilson changed his bowie-knife into his left hand, and for an instant ran several steps backwards, as if to decline any further contest. He then paused, and smiling more frightfully than ever, again rushed forwards. Precisely at this crisis, Anthony commented the folly of throwing the knife at the other's bosom, which missing its aim, fell with a loud ringing noise on the floor, some thirty feet distant. The error decided the tremendous combat.—Anthony now wholly disarmed—at the mercy of the tiger-man, who never knew the meaning of the word. Wilson dashed upon him with a cry of anger and hellish joy—there, where he stood motionless as a rock, impotent to fight and yet too brave to fly. One fierce thrust ripped open his victim's bowels who caught them as they were falling with his hands. Another stroke directed at the neck severed its main artery, and the blood spouted out in a crimson fountain, with a gurgling noise, staining

the robes and faces of some members who sat nearest the horrible scene.

The instant of the tragedy then closed, as the dark curtain of death dropped on the dreadful stage. Anthony, without a single groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson, faint from loss of blood, sank down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty legislators were in their seats, and more than one hundred lookers on in the lobby, and bevy of bright-eyed ladies in the galleries, still no one, save those raging madmen, had moved; no sound had disturbed the whispering silence, save the clangor of their crossing and concussive steel. But then, as Abel Anthony tumbled on the floor heavily, like lifeless lead, a wild, wailing heart-rending shriek broke from the gallery on the right, where sat the beloved maiden of his bosom, who had hoped shortly to be his bride. And then, as Wilson also fell, another harrowing scream accompanied by the words, "Oh! father!" issued from the gallery on the left, where a beautiful little daughter had been a spectator of the murderous affray.

Wilson recovered, and is yet alive; and his mutilated hand, and the numerous and deep scars on his head and face, attest to all who meet him the desperation of his character. He was expelled the house, bailed by a merciful judge, brought to trial and acquitted. There was never yet a jury in the southwest that would convict a person for slaying another in fair combat! He then changed his political venue to Texas, and flourishes well beneath the immortal green of her live oak and the stainless azure of her lustrous skies.

I saw the desperado about one year ago, and heard him speak of the tragic affair. He said that against Anthony, as an individual, he had never, previous to the moment of the fight, harbored the slightest feeling of ill will or malice; that when the provocation passed, he was suddenly seized with an unaccountable fit of passion that so far bereft him of reason as to render him unconscious of his actions, until the knives began to clash against each other, when of course it was too late to think of retreating.

Such is the effect of a long indulgence in deeds of violence. The soul becomes inflated as some detonating chemical mixture, always ready to burst forth to run on the iceiest touch of friction.

"La, why, dear me!" said Mrs. Partridge, as she visited the Greek Slave for the first time; "is that the greatest slave they talk so much about?—It isn't a negro by any means, and I thought all slaves were black. Poor creature how exposed she is, without a rag to cover her limbs or to hinder the mosquitoes from biting them. Some folks object to see a naked figure in a state of nudity, but for a statue I don't see any harm in it. Now if it were a real young lady that stood there, that would be quite another thing; don't you think so, deacon Smith?" But the deacon said not a word; his pure mind, at the first glance, had withdrawn itself into the inner temple, and, oblivious to the world and its entire contents, the deacon stood, a "statue" of another gender, with his eyes covered with his hands, his fingers widespread; and Mrs. P. spoke thrice before she got an answer.

The way to make a Doctor.—A doctor in Ohio writes to his father thus: "Dear daddy I concluded I'd cum down and get graded into a doctor. I hardly don't think I was in more than 8 ours afore out I cum as sick a one as ever was seen:

Had cumba, happy land,
If I ain't a doctor, I'll be hanged!
I puked, I purged, an' I swets 'em,
Then if they et, w—then I jets 'em.
I gets plenty of custom, because they says they aze easy. When you write, don't forget to put doctor afore my name."

A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said:

"I want to see your great emperor—what are you to him?"

The Emperor replied, 'I shave him.'

A young lady justified herself for kissing her intended, by quoting the passage, "Whateoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so unto them."

"I don't know where that boy got his temper—he did not take it from me."—
"Why, no, my dear wife, I don't perceive that you have lost any!" was the affectionate reply of the husband.