

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 5.

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The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
Were better men than now,
Of heart more kind of hand more bold,
Of more ingenious brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life, self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reserve unmaned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yester night
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art,
Of duties to be done.
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope,
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man saw his virtue's diadem,
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, come to them
Like instincts unawares.
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
O, hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

MONSTER.

Some Weeks or perhaps months since
I gave you the particulars of the wound-
ing and arrest of a sergeant of the 74th
Regiment of the French army, stationed
at Paris. The man's name was Ber-
trand, and you may recollect that he
was charged with digging up the graves
of young fellows buried in the cemetery
of Mont Parnasse, and with the com-
mission of the most horrible and un-
heard of acts upon their lifeless bodies.
Every attempt to arrest this monster,
you may further recollect, proved un-
availing for a long time, owing to his
surprising strength and agility; but at
length a spring gun, loaded with slugs
placed upon a newly made grave, fortu-
nately exploded while he was in the act
of committing one of his atrocious desec-
erations, wounding him so badly that
that he was finally arrested and secured.
By the last Paris papers I see that he
has recently been tried, his wound hav-
ing so far healed that he was brought in-
to court. He is described as a young
man with a singularly mild expression
of countenance. He answered all ques-
tions and otherwise conducted himself
before the court with the greatest calm-
ness. As an account of his trial may
not be uninteresting, I send you an
abridged report. After the indictment
was read, the prisoner unhesitatingly
admitted his guilt, and said that he had
first committed a violation of a cemetery
at Bierre, near Tours, in February, 1847;
next at the cemetery of Pere La Chaise;
in July and August in the cemetery of
Mont Parnasse; in August at the ceme-
tery of Ivry; in September and Decem-
ber in Mont Parnasse. When he had

digged the bodies from the graves he
backed them in the most frightful man-
ner, cutting off the flesh, separating the
limbs, in some cases ripping the bowels,
and taking out the liver. Sometimes,
he said, he mutilated as many as from
ten to fifteen corpses in a night, and af-
terwards buried them again. His only
motive, he declared, was to gratify a
sort of rage which he felt, and which he
could not possibly control. He gener-
ally employed his sabre or his knife to
mutilate the bodies. He dug open the
grave with his hands, or any instrument
that fell in his way; sometimes his
hands were covered with blood, but he
felt no pain till the day after. The
marks of teeth appeared on one corpse,
but he denied that he ever made use of
his teeth. His rage for destruction did
not, he said extend the living; it was
exclusively confined to the dead. He
knew that traps were set for him and
that he risked his life by going into the
cemeteries, but when the rage took him
he could not resist. His malady came
on once a fortnight and commenced by
headaches. Since he had been in the
hospital he had not felt any renewal
of his frightful desires. "Some of my
comrades died by my side," said he,
"and having seen them die, I am cured,
and I am afraid of a corpse." Dr Mar-
chel (de Calvi), surgeon major at the
military hospital of the Val-de-Grace,
who attended the prisoner when he
was brought in wounded, read a full
confession, which Bertrand had made to
him, and had authorized him to make
public. In this he declared, that, at an
early age he had been afflicted with a
sort of madness, but it did not cause him
to commit any excess. He, however,
was accustomed to go to the darkest
wood, and sometimes pass whole days
in a state of profound sadness. It was
only the 23d or 25th February, 1847,
that his malady broke out—having en-
tered a cemetery with a comrade, he
saw a grave only partially filled up—
This gave him what he called dark ideas;
his heart beat violently—he was no longer
himself. He subsequently returned
to the cemetery, dug up the body, and
beat it furiously with a spade. He then
buried the body again. When he had
done this he fell into a cold perspiration,
and notwithstanding it raining violently
he went and lay down in a wood, where
he remained senseless for several hours.
He was seized in the same way after
his other violations in cemeteries; at
first he only mutilated women's bodies
but subsequently a new and horrible
passion with respect to them seized him.
Dr Marchel declared that in his opinion
the prisoner had been afflicted with a
dreadful monomania, which made him
not responsible for his acts. "I believe,"
added the witness, "that Bertrand was
under the empire of a power which domi-
nated him—in the ancient times it would
have been called a demon—and which
drove him in spite of himself, to com-
mit acts of which our science offers no
example." The witness further said
that Bertrand, after seeing some people
die, said, "I am cured now? I have seen
men die!" After hearing the prisoner's
confession, who argued that after the evi-
dence of the medical man he ought to
be acquitted, the court-martial declared
him guilty of a violation of tombs, and
condemned him to a year's imprisonment
the maximum of the punishment fixed
by law.—Kendall's Letter from Paris.

The Comforts of an Editor.—If he
does not fill his paper with news of im-
portance, whether there be any or not,
it is condemned for not being what it
purports to be—a newspaper.

If he does not at least fill one column
every week with something laughable,
his folio is pronounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, no-
tice of it would offend; and not to notice
it would be censured.

If he does not publish all the mar-
riages and deaths that occur "in the
world or twenty miles around," whether
he hears of them or not, he is not fit for
an editor.

If every paper does not contain a
goodly number of "Suicides, Horrible
Murders, and Melancholy Accidents,"
it is a dull and unwelcome sheet.

If half the glorious transactions which
occur are recorded, it is spurned as a
vehicle of calamities.

If his paper contains advertisements,
the general reader murmurs, if it does
not the man of business will not patron-
ize it.

If a dozen friends call on him while
he is correcting his proof sheet, and one
error escapes detection, he is the biggest
blunderhead in the world.

The Schoolmaster could never make
John Wright write rite right.

The Mexican Difficulty.—The Na-
tional Intelligencer of Thursday con-
tains a correspondence between the
Mexican Envoy at Washington and the
Secretary of State relative to outrages
committed by parties of armed Ameri-
cans passing through Mexico for Cali-
fornia. Senor de la Rosa says, that at
Paso, in the State of Chihuahua, nume-
rous parties have entered the country
without passports, destroying the fields
of grain of the peaceful inhabitants, and
insulted the Mexican officers so far as
to oblige them to place guards for the
protection of their houses. In some
cases these adventurers have fired upon
the people, under pretence that they
have been robbed of beasts of burden.
In consequence the Mexican Govern-
ment has given orders for arming the
people of the settlements, and in future,
unless such parties submit to the laws of
the country, they will be pursued like
the highway robbers, and, if apprehen-
ded, duly tried for the offences. It is a
bloody encounter should ensue in con-
sequence, Mexico will have done no
more than use her legitimate right of
resistance to aggression. The Envoy,
however, hopes that the United States
will order such measures as will prevent
these excesses, and obviate the danger
of conflict.

Mr Clayton, in reply, says he has
handed the Envoy's letter to the Secre-
tary of War, with a recommendation
that orders to meet the case should be
issued. Mr Crawford, in a letter to Mr
Clayton, says that the U. S. Govern-
ment cannot interfere in the matter. It
has encouraged and must still encourage
an armed emigration to the Pacific, and
if the emigrants go across the Mexican
border to do mischief, Mexico must
treat them like any other criminals that
she catches; they must abide the conse-
quences of their rashness and violence.
Mr Crawford suggests finally that if
Mexico objects to armed parties cross-
ing her territory, she should give due
notice to that effect.—Scott's Weekly
Paper.

**Rumored refusal of the French Gov-
ernment to receive the American Am-
bassador.**—The Boston Traveler, of
Saturday, states, on the authority of a
Paris letter, that the French Govern-
ment will not receive Mr. Rives, our
new Ambassador to Paris. The Editor
supposes the reason will be drawn from
certain dispatches sent home by Mr.
Rives, during his former embassy in
France and published by our govern-
ment. They related to the difficulties
concerning the French indemnity, and
going back to France helped to heighten
the irritation which existed here on the
matter. Mr Rives sailed from New
York in a recent steamer for Liverpool,
on his way to Paris. In the event of
his not being received by the French
government, the duties of the mission
will devolve upon the newly appointed
Secretary of Legation, Mr Sandford, of
Connecticut.

But on all such reports as these, and
from private sources, little reliance can
be placed. No doubt though, Mr Rives'
appointment is displeasing to the French
people.

By the Law of Nations "one Court
may refuse to receive a particular indi-
vidual as Minister from another Court,
alleging the motives on which such re-
fusals is grounded."

Mexico.—A correspondent of the Del-
ta writes from the city of Mexico re-
specting the present condition of that
country. He says the temporary calm
into which Mexican affairs subsided af-
ter the late war, and of extraordinary
duration for that country, will soon be
disturbed by another revolution, the
result of the combination between Pa-
reos and Sananistas. The Delta sanc-
tions its correspondent's assertion, and
declares that there are now in New Or-
leans some Mexican gentlemen, who are
on their way to Jamaica to pay General
Santa Anna a visit, with a view of in-
ducing him to return to the country. It
is not probable that he will require
very urgent solicitations, as his exile
has already become quite wearisome to
him. The insurrection of the Sierranos,
(or Mountaineers) which has given the
government so much trouble, was caused
by the government refusing certain
rights to the Peons, who seem, since
the invasion of the country by the armies
of the United States, to have some idea
of freedom. Under the influence of this
enlightenment, they mustered up cou-
rage enough to ask the masters (the
owners of haciendas) that their wages
should be paid in money, instead of
goods at exorbitant prices, from the
stores of the haciendas. By this later
device, the Peons never being able to
pay for the goods required by them,
were doomed to perpetual slavery.—
Others of the Peons petitioned for the

right of carrying their little products,
vegetables, wood and coal into town,
without paying the Alcabala or internal
tax, which was abolished by our army.
There were other grievances which they
prayed to have removed. These rea-
sonable demands were all rejected, and
the Government immediately called out
the troops to prevent the slightest man-
ifestation of dissatisfaction at the refusal.
Thereupon the Peons fled to the moun-
tains, and now number 3000 fighting
men.—Ibid.

A Wonderful deformity.—A crowd
of persons were gathered around a coun-
try wagon which was standing in front
of the Farmers' Bank, on Monday after-
noon, to look upon one of the most re-
pulsive and remarkable instances of hu-
man malformation probably in exist-
ence. The unfortunate person is a
young man from Rowan County, N. C.,
apparently about 21 or 22 years of age.
We are unable to describe the deforma-
ties anatomically, and words can hardly
convey an adequate idea of them. In-
stead of hands, the bones of his arms
have locked out at the wrist, making a
malformation at the termination of each
arm resembling the letter V, on the ends
of which are the usual appendages to
fingers. We will not attempt to de-
scribe his nether limbs, as it would be
both a difficult and revolting under-
taking. The young man stated that his
health was very good. What his moti-
ve was, in coming so far from home,
we are unable to say.—Richmond Re-
publican.

A Female Swimming Match.—The
dead-alive remnant of fashion which yet
remains in Paris was aroused to as much
interest as could be compatible with the
state of the thermometer by a singular
wager which had been concocted by
two of our most fashionable lionnes.—
This was no other than a swimming
match between the renowned Madam
de C— and the bold Marquise de
B—, who undertook to accomplish
the distance between the Pont Neuf and
the Pont Notre Dame in a given time,
the one to be occupied in holding
a green parasol, to screen the visage
of the fair swimmer from the rays of
the sun, which darted down upon the
waters like a furnace.

At the summons the fair Naiads
plunged most resolutely over either side
of the boat, and were soon beheld glid-
ing as rapidly as the stream. The
ladies were both attired in loose wide
trousers of fine cashmere, white striped
with blue, the waist bound with a scar-
let belt, a shirt of the finest cambric,
with short sleeves. The Marquise de
B— is of a dark Moorish complexion,
and her jet black tresses were confined
by a net of scarlet silk, adorned with
brass and tassels, while the golden locks
of her companion were secured upon a
roller, and shrouded around her neck a
la ganin de Paris. Neither of the fair
champions waxed faint or weary for a
single moment, but conducted themselves
most bravely—the winner being the
dark eyed Marquise, who won the victory
but by an arm's length. After the
match, the company interested therein,
and which consisted of all the notabili-
ties of fashion and literature yet spared,
adjourned to a magnificent entertainment
given at the ladies' swimming bath at
the Hotel Lambert, where dancing and
luncheon were kept up till a late hour.
—Paris.

A Fearful Adventure.—"That ere
may do very well for you, stranger, but
I am a circumstance to a scare I got
once—when I was out after deer."
"Let's love it!"—"Give us the par-
ticulars," exclaimed a dozen voices in a
breath.

"Well, you see, strangers, 'twas on
the day when I didn't have nothing par-
ticular to do, and as the old woman
thought she'd sort o' fancy a little fresh
deer meat, and I had a kind o' hanker-
ing that way myself, I just snatched
old Rusty (that's my rifle) and started
off one mornin' bright and airy to lay
in a supply.

"Well, I roted along without seem-
ing the first sight, and the farther I traveled
the scarier they got, and I was just about
to go it up, when I come to a creek
what signs war purty plenty; so I got
down to wait till the critters come down
to drink. As my dog had been most
unmercifully used up a week before, I
was all alone. By me by a fine three
year old buck came down to drink, and
I crew a bead on him, which just natu-
rally meant that the animal was my
meat.

"Well I began to load again, when I
found the bottom of my horn had started
out and I had just about half a charge
left. Perhaps strangers, didn't I cuss
some, howsomever, 'twant no use to cry

about it, so I just put in what I had, took
what meat I wanted, and started for
home—thinking all the time what a
consigned fix I should be in, if some old
beaver should take it in his head to feel
neighborly. 'No matter,' says I, 'there's
old rib neckler left,' (that's my knife,
strangers,) and I trudged along with one
eye in front and the other over my shoul-
der, till just as I got where the coves
were so thick the sun couldn't see which
side was doing the hickin'—so I crawled
up a little nearer, and there I saw—

"A panther fight!" said one of the
company.
"An old she bear?" suggested a sec-
ond.

"No! 'twasn't neither, strangers—
'twasn't nuthin but a cussed old stick
that was so darned crooked it couldn't
lay still."

Housing Manures.—There are prob-
ably few investments which would pay
a better per centage than the amount
necessary to protect manure from the
sun, the dew, and the rains. While
exposed, many of the most nutritious
substances are wasted. A part of this
waste is by evaporation. Every farm-
er knows the power which this agent
has. If you permit a heavy dew to fall
upon your hay, after it is partially made,
the color of it will be changed, although
not a drop of water has fallen upon it.
It permitted to lie spread for a few clear
days and clear nights, it will be ruined;
its soluble matter being carried off by
evaporation. Now this soluble matter
is valuable, as nutriment for vegetable
life. It, therefore, a series of evapora-
tion be carried on, as the vegetable ma-
nures decompose, almost every thing
valuable will be carried off. But another
and more direct source of loss, accord-
ing to common opinion, is to be
found in the washing produced by rains,
saturating the manure with water, and
then passing off. This is, indeed, the
only source of loss, in view of many, but
we doubt whether it is much greater
than that by evaporation.

But when manure is sheltered, there
is probably an absorption of valuable in-
gredients, to some extent, from the at-
mosphere. If the manure is the earth
from under any old building is examined,
it is found rich in nitrate of potash, (salt-
petre,) one of the most valuable inor-
ganic substances for vegetable nutrition.
If then, instead of loss from wash and
evaporation, we can get an accumulation
of valuable ingredients, the subject is
surely worthy of attention.

Cure of Heaves in Horses.—Pick or
gather the buds or sprouts of the white
pine, in the spring; say in May, in most
parts of the U. States. They should
be gathered when young and tender, be-
ing from four to eight inches long.—
They can be cured or dried, and are
then in readiness at all times, I used
from two to three quarts of the buds
when green, to about three gallons of
water, and let them simmer and boil un-
til I thought their strength was mostly
in the liquid. When cool, I gave the
horse nearly a quart daily, for ten days,
which proved a perfect cure. The
horse was unable to work before admin-
istering the above, and at present there
is not a better horse in the land for
business. The cure was effected in
June, 1845. I further recommend to
all persons troubled with pain in the
chest or side; to use the above liquid,
sweetened with loaf sugar. I have had
more benefit from this medicine, for pain
in the side and breast, than anything I
have ever used.—Boston Cultivator.

The Happy Girl.—Ay, she is a hap-
py girl, by the name of the French
and bouyan spiritus. Day in and day
out she has something to do, and she
takes hold of work as if she did not fear
to soil her hands or dirty her apron—
Such girls we love and respect them
wherever we find them—in a palace or
a hovel. Always pleasant and always
kind, they never turn up their noses be-
fore your face, or slander you behind
your back. They have much more
good sense and better employment.—
What are firms and bustle-bound girls in
comparison with these? Good for noth-
ing but to look at; and that is rather dis-
gusting. Give us the industrious and
happy girl, and we care not who wor-
ships fashionable and idle simptoms.

The British Colonies.—Our col-
onies, says the London Spectator, are
mostly in a state that men talk of "sep-
aration." Canada murmurs and moves
with an insurrection detested; the West
Indies resent the arrogant trifling of the
Colonial office, and also cast about for
some plan which will render them inde-
pendent of that office, the Cape colonists
talk of resisting the proceedings of the
Imperial Executive et al arma; and our
colonies beyond the Cape cry out with
every sort of grievance.