

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Will you Love me when I am OLD.

Will affection still enfold me,
As the day of life declines,
When Old Age with ruthless rigor,
Plows my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels
To the Mind's one kingly will!

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And th' unsoftened depths of feeling,
Are by no swift currents stirred;
When fond Memory, like a sinner,
Many a line perspective casts,
Spreading out over the Pastures,
On the outcast of gone Pleasures!

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of youth hath fled;
When the friends which now surround us,
Halt are numbered with the dead;
When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old Time with bald approaches,
Marks his dial with my face!

When our present hopes all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track;
When the whole of our existence,
Is one fearful looking back;
When each wretched hour of talent,
Scarcely measured now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall!

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the firm is bowed with care;
When our only hope is Heaven,
And our only help is prayer;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men—
Until Death uplifts the curtain,
Will thy love endure till then?

The Showman Outwitted.

SKETCH OF THE PRIMITIVE MENAGERIE
The Menagerie was in town.
A rare occurrence was the exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumonians, in Baltimore, at the early day of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally, and this time were visited by Nat, Wheatley, a jolly, weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one go the windward of him. He was furthermore a stammerer in his class.
Nat visited the Menagerie.

As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkey, and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of various propensities and natural curiosities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this I say, is the African Lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentleman, as he is called the king of the forest. I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures of every description when at home in the woods. Certain it is that no other beast can whip him!"

"M-m-mister," interrupted Wheatley, "d-d-do you say he can be whipped?"
"I do," said the man of lions and tigers.

"Wh-ah-ah! you b-b bet I ca-ant fetch a critter wh-ah-ah wh-ah bet?"
"I am a bettin' man at all. But I don't object to takin' a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-bet I can fe-tetch somethin' that'll wh-d-dollars? Wh-ah-ah-s-say to a hundred d-dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatley well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty finding backers, one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won. The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy main bristling, and his tail sweeping the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he left assured.

"Certing, sir, certing; I have no objection to old Hercules taking a bout with any creature you may fetch."

"V-ve-very w-well," said Nat, "it is a b-b bet."

The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terri-

ble conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and the spacious hall over the boxes of the aquatic theatre were filled the pit being cleared for the affair.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with great impatience that the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatley. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulder, which as he let it fall on the floor was observed to contain some remarkable heavy substance. The keeper looked on with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired.
"Th-th there," said Nat, pointing his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man with increased astonishment.

"Th-th-that, l-l-ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, gesticulating like the showman, "is a wh-whimbamper."

"A whimbamper?" echoed the keeper. That's certainly a new creature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper well, let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of you."

The keeper was raised. According to Nat raised the bag holding the aperture downwards, and out rolled a huge Snapping Turtle, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is," said Wheatley, as he tilted the Whimbamper over with both hands and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril.

Wheatley was about leaving the ring, when the keeper swore his lion should not fight such a pitiable foe.

"V-very w-well," said Nat, "if-y-y you choose to g-give up the hu-un-dred dollars."

"But it's unfair!" cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly round the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts, and this one was not loath in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor, a huge, inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking popped out his head, and rolled his eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savage mouth.

The lion jumped back, turned and made a spring at the cutter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws on the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm; yet with activity of limb, he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"Go it, Whimbamper," cried Wheatley from the boxes.

The scene was rich.

The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing his pistol, he threatened Nat with terrible threats, that if he did not take his turtle off he'd shoot him.

"T-t-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between himself and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in, to chew the bitter cud of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the Whimbamper was the victor. The money was paid over to Nat, who left the theatre, delighted at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him. So this valuable champion, after ousting the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

[All that is herein written is supposed to be true, though highly colored, and is doubtless green in the memory, of many old citizens of the monumental city.]

Highly important from Hayti.—A Negro Republic declared an Empire. —News from Miragoune, St. Domingo, to August 8th, received at Philadelphia, by the schooner Julia, A. Muster, brings the highly important announcement that the Republic of Hayti has become an Empire. On the 26th August, after some unmeaning preliminaries, Solouque, the President of the Republic, was declared Emperor; the legislative council of the Island having conferred that dignity upon him. On that day, he with his wife and child, repaired to the Catholic Church at Port au Prince, where Solouque, aping the style of Napoleon, placed upon his own head the imperial crown, and he and his wife were proclaimed Emperor and Empress.

A Case of Interest.

As an independent Journal it is our duty to keep our readers advised of all the great facts of the day—political, moral and religious. We must, therefore, call attention to a late decision in the Court of Arches in England, on the question "what is the efficacy of baptism in the case of infants?"

This question we must premise, is a court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is so called because anciently it sat in the church of St Mary le bow or St Mary of the Arches. It is next to the highest ecclesiastical court in the kingdom, receiving and determining appeals from the sentences of inferior ecclesiastical courts within the province of Canterbury. Its presiding officer is not the archbishop, but his dean, usually a doctor of the civil law. On all matters affecting civil rights, as influenced by religious views, it is court is, therefore, all powerful.

This question came before the Court of Arches in the following way: One of the living in the gift of the crown was bestowed by the Lord Chancellor—who usually makes such presentations—on the Rev Mr. Gorham. The living happened to be in the diocese of the bishop of Exeter, who on the application of the Rev. Mr. Gorham to be instituted, refused, alleging as his reason that Mr. G. was not sound in doctrine according to the church, as he did not hold to the regeneration of the infants in and by baptism. Mr. G. denied that the church of England taught this doctrine, and brought the bishop before the court of Arches, on a petition to be instituted in defiance of him. The decision of the court was delivered by the dean, Sir F. Jenner Fust; and was the effect that the church did teach the doctrine of infant regeneration by baptism.

The learned judge said that he was anxious to have it distinctly understood that he guarded himself against being supposed to offer any opinion as to the disputed point of theology between the parties. He was not going to pronounce an opinion as to whether unconditional regeneration in case of infants was or was not a true scriptural doctrine. All that came within the limits of the authority of the court was to endeavor to ascertain whether the church (of England) had determined anything upon the subject, and, if so then to pronounce accordingly. The point to be determined was did or did not the Church of England hold the doctrine of baptismal regeneration? The judge stated that the only guides of the courts in reaching the conclusion was the Articles of Religion, the Office of Baptism for infants, and the Catechism, as set forth in the Prayer Book under the authority of Parliament. Guided by these, the learned judge said, "undoubtedly it (the church) did." Thus it is decided by the Court of Arches in England that the Church of England does authoritatively teach the regeneration of infants in and by the sacrament of baptism when lawfully administered.

Mr. Gorham's petition was according. He dismissed, and he required to pay the costs. He immediately appealed to the Privy Council. The decision here bids fair to be in his favor, for the case will be regarded there more in a political than a religious light, and every possible effort made to procure the institution of the crown's cronies, the more especially because the Lord Chancellor, before he presented Mr. Gorham to the living, was notified by the Bishop of Exeter, that he, the Bishop, would not countersign the installation of Mr. G. This position of affairs has created a great sensation in England, both in and out of the church. Other circumstances exist to heighten the interest of the case. It is well known that the Archbishop of York holds the same views of baptism as Mr. Gorham—and it is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury does also. This question involves the main theological point in dispute between the evangelical portion of the church and the high church party, as it is called. Both parties claim that their views are in accordance with the dogmatical teaching of the church. Hence the importance of the question. —Philad. Bulletin.

Abuse of Magnesia.—People should be very careful in the use of Magnesia. It is a very dangerous substance to use, and there are too many, we believe, who use it for too many, or "heart burn," who do not know the dangers attending its employment for that purpose. The use of it has been the cause of many cases of "stone," and it has been discovered that the terrible disease in Switzerland called Goutte, is due to the action of magnesian salts on the system of the inhabitants—the salts being found in solution with the waters of the Swiss valleys.

Western Turnpike.

The corps of Western Turnpike, &c., are now under full headway, and have about 18 miles surveyed, making a most excellent grade, and what may appear strange for that distance, there is no place that rises more than five feet in the hundred. The survey commenced at the Female Academy, or the street that leads from the Court House, and goes by J. M. Smith's barn, down the branch or hollow that reaches the river about four hundred yards above Smith's bridge; and on leaving the Sulphur Springs about four hundred yards to the left, and Har-kins' to the left, striking Homony Creek at Penland's about eight miles from town. The Company have had three camps—Camp Manly, Graham and Morehead. They are now encamped near the Haywood line, 20 miles from this place.

The Company consists in full, of F. M. Fox, Chief Engineer; L. D. Barnes, Assistant; Samuel Green, Leveler, all of Wilmington. A. H. Shuitor, Commissioner and Commissary, Canawba. G. W. Hays, Commissioner, Cherokee. J. J. Erwin, do Rutherford. A. M. Shuford, Rodman to Leveler, Catawba. G. B. Wade, Rodman to Surveyor, Wilmington.

John and R. Simpson, chain carriers, Guilford. W. Allison, Chief Axman, Haywood. G. Coward, Asst. do Cherokee. George, do do Buncombe. W. H. Alexander, Wagoner, Burke. Stephen, (colored) Chief cook and bottle washer.

The weather has been delightful since they commenced, and they are progressing finely. — Asheville Messenger, Sept. 27.

The Past Brought Back.—By an argument based upon known facts in natural philosophy, in relation to the transmission of light, it has been established in a work entitled "The Earth and Stars," recently published in London, and exciting great attention there that—

"According to physical science, a person dying on this earth might by the Creator be immediately placed in a new body, on a distant world, in such a manner that he might see with his own eyes the whole of his past life! Let the soul, for example, at death, be re-embodied on a planet at such a distance that the light is seventy years in passing to it from our earth, and it is evident that the first ray which reaches there, left the earth seventy years before. That is, in its new body, it may see in its own birth, youth, manhood and age, in its former body; review any scene in its past career; be present at the commissions of past sins, see the youthful and innocent face become dark with bad passions, the clear eye dimmed with poisoning sins. At any period of our existence we may be made to behold again the commission of any past sin. A thousand years hence we have only to be placed on a star so distant that its light is a thousand years in coming to us, and the sin committed a thousand years ago is again present, again visible! The past also may not only be recalled, but it may be kept before your eyes. If a ray of light travels at a certain rate, as we know it does, that is, about two hundred thousand miles in a second, we have only to move at the same rate to keep any transaction fixed before any length of time. One may be in this way placed before his own evil deed, and his eye kept upon it, as a past recalled and rendered permanent.

A Popular Preacher.—A short time ago, one of the self-elected class of divines, who are not in common excess, while the congregation upon a subject well calculated to arouse the attention of incorrigible hearers. After blazing away with his subject, until he had rendered Pandemonium as hot as Vesuvius, and as black as Milton's Satan, he rounded a sublime peroration with the following sentence:

"Now, hearken, ye sinners! I tell ye that ye'll all go to h—l, as sure as I'll catch that fly on the Bible;" at the same time making a determined sweep with his palm across the sacred page, to capture the insidious insect. He then proceeded to open his clenched fist, finger by finger, until the last digit was extended, but, behold! the poor fly had eluded his grasp. Looking surprised and disappointed for a few moments, the minister at once exclaimed, "by the noky, I've missed him!—there's a chance for you, yet, ye sinful ragamuffins!

"A laugh," says Charles Lamb, "is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."

NEW-ORLEANS, Sept. 23.

Late and Important from Mexico. The Br. Steamship Severn has arrived at Mobile. She brings one million one hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars in specie. The most of it is destined for England—the remainder is for Mobile and this city.

The late Round Island expedition has excited much uneasiness in the city of Mexico. The Consul at New-Orleans sent word that the expedition would land on the Island of Lobos, near Tampico. Herrera addressed a remonstrance to the United States Legation at the Capitol of Mexico, and the government commenced making extensive preparations to defend the cities along the coast. Gen. La Vega had collected together a body of 800 men, and armed a steamer with artillery, to defend the entrance of the river at Tampico.

It is expected that the new Tariff Bill will become a law. The town of Antigua, near Vera Cruz, was completely inundated by heavy rains. The inhabitants had barely time to escape with their lives. Public contributions were taken up at Vera Cruz to relieve the sufferers. The Cholera was decreasing throughout Mexico.

Land Warrants.—There has recently been much controversy in regard to the assignment of Land Warrants. The only real question at issue is the one Mr. Erwin has considered and declined to intermeddle with,—whether the Land Commissioner is right in deciding not to affix his official certificate to private assignments, declaring them void, so as to give them currency; when he has nothing in the public records by which to test their genuineness, nor any means of knowing whether they are honest, or false and fraudulent. The Commissioner declines to do this on account of the number of frauds committed. The genuine warrants are readily known by the signatures they bear, and legal proof that such signatures are genuine. Assignees must secure such before the warrants can be passed upon by the Department. —N. Y. Express.

The Right Spring.—A lady brought a child to physical in a Uta, to consult about its precarious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful?—"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child and then took a pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs and the sooner you apply the remedy the better."

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word it is the best remedy I know of."

"What springs would you recommend doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water!"

A Wife in Trouble.—"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense."

"Why, I have in possession of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself. But the contents! Such a disgrace!"

"What has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for nine year's subscription!

The Place for Maidens.—An Australian paper states the following fact which shows that settlement to be almost as fine a market for marriageable commodities as California. Out of fifty orphan girls who were sent to Moreton Bay, from the latest emigration ship, forty-nine are already married; the fiftieth, upon being asked "why she remained single?" said, "that although she had received an excellent offer, she could not get married because there was not a bridesmaid left for her;" but she was anxiously waiting for the next draft of immigrants, when that little difficulty would be over. This is a fact.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter—talent the strength of a giant.