

WINCOLN COURIER.

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

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THAT GOOD OLD SONG.

Come, sing once more, that good old song,
That song of the dreamy past;
I've heard it oft, and known it long,
Yet love it to the last!
It brings to mind a race of men,
The proudest of their day,
Whose very names, high sounding then,
Have long since passed away!
Then sing again that good old song,
That song of the days of yore;
It tells of hope and joys that long
Have fled to come no more!

It sends a thrill to the old man's heart,
And brightens his sunken eye,
And bids the trembling tear to start
At thought of days gone by;
And yet, with quivering lip, he craves
Once more that strain to hear;
It seems an echo from the graves
Of friends in youth held dear.
Then sing again that good old song,
That song of the days of yore;
It tells of a merry time that long
Hath fled, to come no more!

The minstrel's soul hath passed away,
And earth hath claimed its own;
Yet still we have in this simple lay,
A breath of the spirit flown;
For Heaven to Time no power gives
O'er everlasting thought;
And while the soul immortal lives,
Its offsprings perish not!
And still we sing that good old song,
That song of the days of yore;
It tells of hope and joy that long
Have fled, to come no more!

The internal improvements of the late Legislature, don't seem to g'hee along as harmoniously as might have been expected. The Newbern Republic can give the following review of the affair. The Governor having burnt his fingers in the rail road affair, has shunned the plank—[Ed. Courier.

THE PLANK ROAD.

The people of Fayetteville are in a complete muss about the Plank Road. After a variety of discussion, the directors finally adopted a route by which it should enter Fayetteville. Hardly had the hands got to work, before all operations were suspended by a mandamus from Judge Dick, issued at the request of a large number of stockholders, to the President and Directors of the Company to stop work on the road or else adopt a different route from that on which the work was commenced. The hands were immediately taken off, and the work suspended.

As to the particular direction in which the plank road shall enter Fayetteville, we have nothing to say; Fayetteville must settle that for herself and to suit herself. But we have a remark to make as to the general location of the road. At this distance, of course, we have no immediate interest in the road; but the State has, and that authorizes us to make the remarks we are about to do.

As at present located, the road pursues a very circuitous route. From Fayetteville it proceeds in a North westerly direction to Lexington, thence in a South westerly direction to Salisbury—being really the base and perpendicular of a right angled triangle.—The road inclines Northward so much that the people of Salisbury and the citizens of North Carolina, west of that point, expect to derive little or no benefit from its construction—the distance around being so great. We can hardly suppose that the Legislature contemplated such a location for the road.

The most material objection to the general route adopted by the company for the road, is that it will run side by side with the Central Railroad, for a distance of some thirty miles. Two works of Internal Improvement in which the State is largely interested are thus put in competition with each other. We have had enough of such competition in the Railroads already constructed in the State. To build the Plank road along side of the Railroad is one of the most foolish things ever projected; and yet such folly is about to be perpetrated by constructing the Plank Road on the route selected. Instead of running along side of the Railroad, the Plank Road should have bent to the South in its course from Fayetteville to Salisbury, so as to send to the former place the trade that now finds its way into South Carolina. The Rail road would have

inclined Northward, and the Plank road Southward from Salisbury, and the interest of the State would have been protected. The main object of our Legislature—to make the various works of Internal Improvement in the State benefit the largest number,—is defeated by locating them all side by side with each other.

Three routes, we believe, were surveyed and submitted to the directors; the one adopted was designated the Central route; yet one more Northward was the favorite with the people of Fayetteville. We can easily understand why this should be preferred. The citizens of Fayetteville wish to get for themselves a part of the produce that would otherwise go down the Central Railroad; they wished the road located so as to intercept as much of the produce of the West as possible; and hence they wished to tap the North Western counties by a road leading to their own market. This would do very well, if they contributed all to the expense of its construction; but the State—yes, every one of her citizens—are stockholders in the road, and their interest must be protected at all events.

The whole blame, by certain parties, has been thrown on Gov. Manly; but, as far as we are informed as to the facts, he deserves at most, but a part of it. It was chiefly through his influence that the present route was adopted instead of a more Northern one; but, as the matter rested pretty much in his own hands, he ought, as the guardian of the State's interests, to have thrown his influence entirely for a more Southern route.—While we accord him due credit for what he has done, we cannot entirely exonerate him from blame in not causing the road to have been located on the Southern route.

Did the Legislature meet this winter, we should advise that body to take the matter in its own hands, and after a careful examination of the surveys of the different routes, select the one that would redound to the greatest advantage to the largest number of our citizens, and most surely preserve the interests of the State. Indeed, it is a matter of sufficient importance, we think, to demand the interference of the Legislature, and justify the Governor in calling together an Extra session. The people of Fayetteville seem unable to satisfy themselves; the Legislature might take the responsibility off their hands.

A NEW RACE OF MEN.

Corres'pde of the N Y Journal of Commerce.

PARIS, Sept. 6, 1849.—In a former letter, I mentioned to you that Colonel Du Courret who had already penetrated far in Africa, was about to set out on a new and extensive exploration of five years, under the special auspices of the French Government and at the charge of the treasury. The Minister of Public Instruction asked of the Academy of Science some instructions for him, which were read at the sitting of the 20th inst. At the same time the Colonel addressed to the Academy a notice of the race of the Ghiblans inhabiting the interior of Africa, and renowned among the neighboring tribes as *caudated* or having tails. The matter is so curious that I have caused to be translated for you what has been published about it, by one of the scientific reporters. Lord Monhodo will not have erred so much in his primitive stock.

From the Scientific Report.

There exists a race of men who, according to the report of certain travelers, are originally of the kingdom of Gondor, or of others, who say they inhabit Soudan in the South, whose Zoological characteristics are remarkable. They have a tail-like appendage formed by the elongation of the vertebral column, and they are the last link in the human race. The slave merchants cannot dispose of them without difficulty, so bad is their reputation. The traits which distinguish them are hideous ugliness of face and figure, ungovernable tempers, and stolid intellect. Some of this race are to be found also in the Philippine Islands, but they were, doubtless, carried thither by the slave merchants. However this may be, when a Levantine is looking out for slaves in the East, he is always warned not to purchase one who has a tail; he is told—"Of all the slaves this is the least profitable." This race of men is very far behind that of which Fourier dreamed, and which was, some day, to become the type of manly beauty, morally and physically.

M. Du Courret, who was in Mecca in the year 1843, saw an individual of the species we have just mentioned, and belonging, he was told, to the breed of Ghiblans in the South. Though it be not the first time that we have heard of

the race of men spoken of, who are furnished with tails, nevertheless the fact is not sufficiently common to take away its interest. We will, therefore, enter somewhat in detail upon this strange organic manifestation. "I inhabited Mecca in 1842," says M. Du Courret, "and being often at the house of an Emir with whom I was intimate, I spoke to him of the Ghiblans race, and told him how much the Europeans doubted of the existence of men with tails, that is to say, the vertebral column elongated externally. In order to convince me of the reality of the species, the Emir ordered before me one of his slaves called Bellal, who was about thirty years old, who had a tail, and who belonged to this tribe. On surveying this man I was thoroughly convinced. He spoke Arabic well, and appeared rather intelligent. He told me that in this country, beyond the Sennar, which he had crossed, they spoke a different language; thus, for want of practice, he had emigrated for gotten; that of his compatriots, whom he estimated at 30 or 40 thousands, some worshipped the sun, the moon or stars; others, the serpent and the sources of an immense river, in which they immolated their victims—probably the mouth of the Nile—that they ate with delight raw flesh, as bloody as possible, and that they loved human flesh, above all things—that, after their battles with the neighboring tribes, they slaughtered and devoured their prisoners without distinction of age or sex, but that the women and children were preferable, the flesh being more delicate.

This Ghiblan had become a devout Mussulman and had lived 15 years in the Holy City. The fondness, the necessity, even for raw flesh (it really was a want for him) did not fail to return upon him; and his master, therefore, by a precaution, never failed, when this fit was on him, to provide him with an enormous piece of raw mutton, which he consumed ravenously, before every body. This desire for raw flesh showed itself periodically; sometimes twice a week. Being asked why he did not try to correct such a habit, he answered with great frankness: 'I have often tried to overcome this appetite, which I received from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, live in this manner, besides eating flesh, fruits and vegetables. If my master neglected to supply this requirement of my nature, I am sure I could not resist the desire which possesses me of devouring something, and I should cause great sorrow by falling on some person too weak to contend with me—an infant for example.' Having asked him to allow me to see him naked, (for I wished to sketch him) he resisted for a long time, but finally yielded, on receiving the promise of an entirely new dress, which I was to send him, and he came privately to my house, where he took off the scanty shirt of coarse blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to contemplate him quite at my ease, and to paint his portrait, without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted on him, if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master. The drawing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

Closing of the Astor Riot Trials.—Judson's speech.—The New York Express, of Saturday afternoon, gives the following account of the closing scenes, that morning, in the Astor Opera House trials.

At the opening of the court, this morning, Mr. Cornell, in behalf of his client, Adriance, read a deposition made by the defendant, that he had been drawn into the crowd by the passing of the multitude, and was arrested, that he did not wear the dress alleged to be worn; that he went to the scene through curiosity; that he did not attempt to rescue a prisoner as stated, and that the charges against him are not true.

The other prisoners also put in a plea of defence. Mr. Smith on the part of Mr. Judson, wished to have time to prepare a bill of exceptions.

Court.—The application on the part of Judson has been laid before, but it is only in extreme cases allowed. He would not grant it.

Judson, on being asked what he had to say, replied:

May it Please the Court—I have something to say, having unwillingly been made a prisoner here, by a band of men I never saw before I entered this court. I have something to say, too, on behalf of the poor boys who sit here—mere boys who were selected for arrest because they had no money to fee counsel.

[Here the court interposed, and remanded Judson that he was permitted to

answer for himself only, and not for others.]

I will say something in my own defence. Were I guilty of crimes, of which I have been convicted in this court, I should cover my face with a blush on my cheek, and hide my head in shame and despair. But I have affidavits to show that men of that jury box went there prejudiced against me. I am prepared to show that one of these jurors, Mr. Page, said before he came here, that we all ought to be hanged. Two other jurors came there after peremptory challenges, expressing strong personal prejudices against me, which I have not been allowed opportunity to combat. But I bow to the supremacy of the laws.

This is the first time I was ever before arraigned in a court of justice.—Though accused of being a murderer and a seducer, never before have I been placed before a judge of jury. If I have been a murderer or a seducer, why was I permitted so long to run at large?—Why was I not arrested before? My character has been vindictively assailed, as man never was before assailed. I have been pronounced a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and all the testimony of good character which I might produce, has been passed by silently and unheeded. I might offer letters from men high in office and enjoying the confidence and respect of the country, to prove what my character is, and what the value of the services I have rendered my country from childhood up. But your verdict is given, and I am here to go wherever the court please to send me. I feel it, however, a duty I owe to my friends that my character should not be wantonly assailed, without one word of defence from my own lips.—And if I am not permitted to defend it here, thank God, I can at last speak to the public through the press. And, sir, (addressing the Judge,) I have not been tried by a friendly jury, nor by an unprejudiced court. I go to meet my fate, as the martyrs of old went to the stake. Pronounce your sentence—I ask no favors of you now.

When Judson had concluded his remarks, the other prisoners were called on for any reasons they might have why the sentence should not be pronounced on them. They were all mute and the Judge proceeded to address them. Commenting on the position of the prisoners, Bennett, Mathews, Douglas, and O'Neil, in favor of whom many mitigating circumstances had appeared, he stated that in consideration of their youth and social position, the fact that several of them had been proven to bestow a portion of their daily earnings on feeble and aged relatives, the majesty of the law appeared to have been sufficiently vindicated by their conviction, and therefore the minimum punishment consistent with the discharge of the duties of the court would be inflicted, and they would be sentenced each to a confinement in the city prison.

In relation to Adriance, the case was not at all similar; aggravating circumstances appeared, conspicuous among which was the fact that he had resisted the officers. He appeared to be one of those persons on whom punishment produces a salutary effect, and therefore he was sentenced to three months confinement in the penitentiary. Green—an older man than the first prisoners—appeared guilty in the form of the indictment, but from the fact of his good character, proven by his having remained since his arrival in the country in the employment of one individual, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one month. The prisoner Hosack did not appear, and the sole remaining one was Judson.

Judge Daly said in relation to this individual, that he appeared to have created the riot, and to have shrunk only from the responsibility, not from crime; that the recklessness of his conduct was unprecedented, and that there was reason to justify a suspicion that yet a higher crime, arson, had been meditated without regard to the danger of the lives of the crowd within the theatre. No mitigating circumstance appeared, and therefore the maximum punishment was awarded. He felt most impressively the inadequacy of his power to enforce the majesty of that law of which he was the official, but imposed the utmost penalty it permitted. Judson was sentenced to be confined in the penitentiary for one year, to pay a fine of \$250, and to stand committed until the amercement should be paid.

The Delaware Block.—The Committee, who have in superintendence the preparation of the Delaware block for the Washington Monument, have resolved to have inscribed thereon the Arms of the State, instead of the Chickens, as was fit determined. This has been done at the suggestion of the people of all parts of the State.

Whittling Shingles.—Give me a piece of your shingle John Plow handle, & let me whittle sucks with you a short time. You say you have a good farm—boys and girls—a good wife, and a pleasant home, tell me, then, what you work so hard for?

To get a good living.
Well, your oxen, and your horses, and hogs eat that. But have you no aim or object beyond. You certainly cannot be so stupid as to live for the mere pleasure of animal existence.

You want to provide something for your children?

This is a little better. But, John, do you give them a good education now? are you giving them all the advantage which your means will allow?

Send them to school winters.

An, John! just as I expected. You care more to cultivate your lands than the minds of your children. You cultivate your land well because you desire good crops, and you know that will bring them. You feed your cattle well, so that they may mature early. These are only temporary. But the mind—the immortal mind—John, which, if properly cultivated, brings forth fruit through an eternity—which survives worlds, and is a part of immortality,—that you neglect for your land—for your hogs, your cattle, and your horses.

Why, my dear fellow, that fine horse you rode in town yesterday would send one of your boys to the academy a whole year; and how much good that would do him. How much better would he be prepared to discharge the duties of a citizen when they devolve upon him.

You don't see the necessity of so much education for a farmer. Never went to any better than a common school in your life.

John you are an ass, a downright dolt; why, man, the world is a great deal wiser than when you and I were boys. They married us, and made laws for us, and thought for us. But times have changed. The mass begin to think for themselves. There is, therefore, a greater necessity for a more general and thorough education everywhere.—No farmer or mechanic should hesitate for a moment, but should strain every nerve to give all his children the very best in his power. Sow the good seed bountifully, and in due time it will bring forth an abundant harvest of honor to your offspring in your old age.

But you have such a large family.

No matter. If you really try, there will be no trouble; for the boys, if you give them liberty, will get along with moderate assistance; and educate them to be farmers, and marry farmers' girls for wives. Let them learn a trade if they like, but don't think of allowing them to go into a counting room or profession. The farmer's is the only truly independent profession or trade. Don't forget, John, but think and do.

A Good Fable.—A very stupid wolf found a kid who had gone astray from the fold. "Little friend," said the wolf, "I have met you very seasonably.—You will make me a good supper; for I have neither breakfasted nor dined today." "If I must die," replied the poor little kid, "please to give me a song first. I trust you will not refuse me this favor—it is the first I have ever asked of you; I have heard that you was a perfect musician." The wolf, like a fool, sat up a terrible howling, which, of course, was the nearest to a song that he could get, and the shepherd hearing the noise, ran to the spot with his dogs, and the wolf made off with himself as fast as he could go. "Very well," said he, as he was running, "they have served me right enough; this will teach me to confine myself to the trade of butcher, and not attempt to play the musician."

Consider Me Smith.—There is a very good story in the papers of the day, which is told of Dr. Maxey, of the College of South Carolina, as I think incorrectly. The trick was in reality played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly President of the University of North Carolina. I recollect hearing it, when a child, from the Doctor's own lips; and I well remember how he chuckled at the recollection of the consternation into which he threw the students, who had housed him two or three miles in his own carriage, without knowing it—by requesting them to drive him back.

But whether Doctor Caldwell or Doctor Maxey—or both—are entitled to the credit of having reversed the saw of a parcel of madcap politicians, in this particular case, there is one fact which the North Carolina President did perform, his right to the credit of which is indisputable. The 'victim' would doubtless—if he lives—"quantity" to the fact. The old Doctor was a small man,