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LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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Lincolnton;

Saturday, December 15, 1849.

We had expected to anticipate our regular publication, in order to lay the President's message before our readers at an early hour; but the difficulty of organizing the House, has kept it back, and our readers must be satisfied with what our inside page affords them to-day. The Postmaster General's report, an accompanying document, has seen the light, however, in which that functionary recommends a further reduction of postage, to a uniform rate of five cents, for letters, and modifications of the law respecting newspapers are suggested, to facilitate their circulation. We have thought it proper, that of all others, the post office department should be made to support itself, and that, to such purpose, the present letter postage is sufficiently low. The income of two thirds the postmasters will not average \$20 per annum, and it cannot be expected that reducing this, and breaking up offices; will facilitate the circulation of newspapers, in which all are interested. The proposition to *cheapen* is calculated to tickle the public ear, but if they reflect that the mails must be kept up, and paid for in some manner, we think they will agree with us, that the pay should come from those who are the actual recipients of its benefits. As regards the franking privilege—should it be abolished, it is to be hoped there will be a corresponding economy exhibited in the number "ordered to be printed."

A. F. M.—The Anniversary of St. John, the Evangelist, will be celebrated by Phalanx Lodge, Charlotte, on the 27th inst. They will walk in procession to the church, where an Address will be delivered by Wm. Lander, Esq., one of the fraternity. This Lodge is prospering greatly, and can boast of one of the most commodious and splendidly furnished halls in the State.

The Mississippi Platform.—The fact of Virginia, Alabama and Georgia endorsing and following up the recommendation of the Jackson Convention, relative to the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, renders the Report and Resolutions of some interest, and we shall shortly lay them before our readers.—They are mild, and yet firm, a common and necessary platform on which whigs and democrats have met and united, and on which we hope, and trust, and beg that those of our own State may not be found lagging. The Preamble asserts its faith in the Union of the States as they were formed, and not as an engine of oppression—that the territories acquired by the late war with Mexico, are the common property of the U. S. and that the people of the States have the right to move to it, and enjoy it, and to take with them their property, their religion and their liberty. Congress did not create property in slaves, nor can they say slavery shall cease to exist.—A resolution proposes a Convention of the Slaveholding States, to be held on the first Monday in June next, to move and adopt some mode of resistance to these aggressions.

As our Legislature does not sit until the latter part of next year, no action can be had by them towards the calling of a State Convention; but the people should call meetings, and express their feelings on the subject, thus giving "aid and comfort" to their friends, without scared out of their wits by the so-called "nullification," which has rung in their ears of late years. Never a just respect for their rights, has forced them to murder a plaintiff.

A Visit to the Ugly Man.

From an article by 'Simon Suggs,' we extract the following account of a visit he paid once:

As we stepped over the low fence, I heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and in another moment one of the sweetest, rosiest faces I ever beheld looking out at the door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in—and to be seated—and resumed her work. There be few more lovely girls than Lucy. In her moist blue, was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went into your heart without ever asking leave. Cried in a homespun frock, coarse, but tasteful in its colors and adjustment—and oh! how brilliantly spotted—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—her little feet in black-skin moccasins—she plied her task industriously; now, with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich auburn hair, and now, with a bound forward, gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet-voiced, too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning two threads, one of cotton on her spindle, and the other of gossip, with my excellent and loquacious friend, Dick McCoy.

Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his 'old woman' were from home when we got there—having been on a visit to a sick neighbor—but in half an hour they returned.

"Thar they come," said Dick, as he heard voices, outside the cabin; set yourself, and don't be scared!" Then looked at Lucy.

"You've never seen daddy, 'quire—have you?" she asked slightly coloring and pointing.

"Never have—always had a curiosity—but the wounded expression of the girl stopped me, and in another moment the Ugly Man was before me.

"Tully had McCoy said, 'nothin' on the breathin' yearth can match him!'—his face, generally, had the appearance of a recently healed blister-spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to drop from off his face, and were almost glistening with lids. Red, red, red, was the all-prevailing color of his countenance—even his eyes partook of it. His mouth—ruby-red—looked as if it had been very lately kicked by a roughly-shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail-grab! The tout ensemble was horribly, unspeakably ugly! And yet, in the expression of the whole was legible proof of the paternity of his lovely daughter!

"So you've come to see old Ugly Man—have you, 'quire? I've heard of you before. You're the man as took the sensers of this county, last time. I was in Georgey then. Well, you're mighty welcome! Old 'oman, fly around, git somethin' for the 'quire and Dick to eat. Lucy, ain't you got no fresh eggs?"

Lucy went out at this suggestion, and her father went on: "They call me ugly, 'quire; and I am; my father was before me the ugliest man that ever lived in Hancock county. But I'll give you my experience after supper. B-l-k-s you've heard that I've been through the ruff. No? Well, when we git somethin' down our bellies, I'll tell you all about it. Old 'oman, for God's sake, do fly around thar!"

The old lady did 'fly around,' and Lucy got the 'eggs,' and between them, they got a most excellent supper. The purity of the table-cloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks, were more than a set-off against the ugliness of old Billy; so that Dick and I continued to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable, though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, old Billy drew out his large soap-stone pipe, and filling and lighting it, placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two, he began:

"It's no use 'argylin' the matter—I am the ugliest man, now on top of dirt. Thar's narry neither like me! I'm a crowd by myself. I aitches was. The last I know'd of it, tho', was when I was 'bout ten year old. I went down to the spring brachen one mornin', so wash my face, and I looked in the water, I seen the shadder of my face. Great God how I run back, hollerin' for mammy every jump! Thar's the last time I seen my face—I darren't but shet my eyes when I go 'bout water!"

"Don't you use a glass, when you shave?" I enquired.

"Glass! Founder! What glass could shed it?—'twould bust it, if it was an inch thick. Glass!—pish!"

Lucy told her father he was 'too bad,' and that 'he knew it was no such a thing,' and the old man told her she was a

sassy wench! and to 'hold her tongue.'

"Yes," he continued, it's so; I haven't seen my face in forty year, but I know how it looks. Well, when I grew up, I thort it would be hard to find a woman thar'd be willin' to take me, ugly as I was!"

"Oh, you was not so uncommon hard-favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Wallis.

"Uncommon! I tell you when I was ten year old, a fly wouldn't light on my face—and it can't be much wuss now! Shet up, and let me tell the 'quire my experience."

"It's no use," put in Lucy, 'to be runnin' one's own self down, that way, daddy! It ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightning, Lucy! you'll have me as good-lo-kin' directly as John Bozeman, your sweetheart!" As he said this, old Billy looked at me, and succeeded in half covering the ball of his left eye, by way of wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued: "Well, hard as I thort it 'ud be to get a wife, just thing I knowed, I had Sally, here; and she is, or was, as pretty as any of them."

"Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively, and coughed slightly."

"However, she never kissed me afore we was married, and it was a long time arter afore she did. The way of it was this: we had an old one-horned cow, mighty onery (ordinary) lookin', old as the North Star, and poor as a black-snake. One day I went out to the lot!"

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," exclaimed Lucy in the most persuasive tones.

"Blamed if I don't thro'—it's the truth, and you don't keep still, I'll send for Bozeman to hold you quiet in the corner."

Lucy pouted a little and was silent.

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar, sure as life, was my old 'oman swung to the cow, and the old thing flyin' round, and cuttin' up all sorts of shuins!"

"And with that she let go, and told me she was tryin' to practice kissin' on old cherry," and she thort arter that she could make up her mind to kiss me!"

"Old man you made that! I've heard you tell it afore—but you made it," said the old lady.

"Well, well! I told her 'quire, see I, come down to it now!—cuse the cow—shet your eyes!—hold your breath!"—and upon that she bussed so's you might 'a' heard it a quarter, and sence nobody's had better kissin' than me! Now, that was my first experience about bein' ugly, arter I was grown, and 'twan't so bad neither!"

"The next time my ugly feeturs came into play, was in Mobile; was you ever thar! Greatest place on green yearth; steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furniture, brick h-uses—that's 'no place I went down on a flatboat from Wainopky, with old John Todd. We had a fast rate time of it 'twel we got most to Mobile, and then the steamboats would run so close to us, that the sishin' would pretty nigh capsize us. They down it for devilmint. How old John cussed! but it done no good. At last, see I, I'll try 'em; of thars' enny streng in us cussin', I'll make 'em astounded! So the next one came along, cavorin' and snortin' like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty foot! I sit right up on a cotton bag, and sez to the crowd—which there was a 'most almighty one on the guards of the boat—sez I, 'you infernal racket makin', smokin', snortin', sons of—"

"Afore I could get any further in my cussin', the crowd gin the most tremendous, yearth shakin' howl that ever was heard!—and one feller, as they was broad side with us, hollerer out, 'his the old HE UGLY HIM-SELF! Jeemymmy! What a mouth! With that, thar was somethin' raised and rattled in our boat like hail, only heavier, and directly me and old John picked up a level peck of buck-horn-handled-knives!"

Old Mrs. Wallis, to ked to Heaven, as if appearing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed; but she said nothin'.

"So I lost nothin' by bein' ugly that time! Arter I got into Mobile, however, I was bonered and persiered by the people stoppin' in the street to look at me—all dirty and lightwood-smoked as I was, from bein' on the boat."

"I think I'd a cleaned up a little," interposed old Lucy.

of people followed me in, and one 'lowed, see he 'its one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin' of the Franklin,' and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden!"

"Beg your Pardon, stranger—but"—ses he.

"But—what?" sez I.

"Jist fix your mouth that way again!" ses he.

"I done it, jist like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be cussed, if I didn't think the whole of 'em would go into fits!—they yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of 'em sez 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Less make up a puss for him!' Then they all throwed in, and made me up five dollars; as the spokeman hauded me the change, he axed me, 'Whar did you find yourself after the 'plosion?'"

"In a flat-boat," sez I.

"How far from the Franklin?" ses he.

"Why," sez I, "I never seen her, but as high as I can guess, it must have been, from what they told me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy-five miles! You oughter seen that gang scatter. As they left, sez one, 'It's six. It's the Ugly Man of all!'"

IRON HOUSES.

Iron seems to be every day showing its value for purposes to which it would once have been thought madness to apply it. Constructing vessels of iron would have been formerly deemed the greatest of all absurdities. But the experiment has been often and successfully tested amid the storms and waves of the ocean. Iron houses have been introduced, as will be seen by the following from the N. Y. Post:

"We had the pleasure yesterday of examining the new Stores lately put up by Mr. Edgar H. Lang, on the corner of Washington and Murray streets. These stores are built of cast iron, and are constructed in a manner the greatest mode of constructing buildings of iron is the subject of a patent granted to Mr. James Bogardus, who superintended the construction of these stores. They are five stories high, and each twenty by fifty-six feet, and constructed in the brief period of about two months. They are the only buildings of the kind in the world, excepting that in Centre street which now stands unfinished."

"Mr. Bogardus has spent many years in travelling through Europe for the purpose of studying and perfecting his plans, and they certainly combine more experience than any other in the city. These buildings will sustain a greater weight, and are put up, with less inconvenience than brick buildings, being cast and fixed so that each piece may be put up as fast as it is brought on the ground. They may be taken down, removed, and put up again in a short time, like any other casings. In their mode of construction nearly three feet of room is gained over buildings put up with brick. They admit more light, for the iron columns will sustain the weight that would require a wide brick wall in ordinary buildings. They combine beauty with strength, for the panels can be filled with figures to any extent."

"In the construction each story is supported by rows of filed pilasters, the cornice between which are compactly built. The walls are, in fact, one compact mass, and capable of sustaining inconceivable weight. The iron used weighs 100 tons. The mason work was done by A. & J. White, and the carpenter work by Samuel Martin.—The entire cost of the five stories is about \$20,000."

The following, from a correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, in a letter from Bradburn, Ct., is not bad:

"A lady from New York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started with delight; he looked back to the gallery, he stretched himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him, and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing about with straining eyes."

"Sit down," said his mother.

"I won't," he cried, so as to heard all around. 'I want to see the monkey!'"

There is quite a party in our church opposed to the organ, and they tell this story with great gusto. It isn't bad, is it?"

The Idea of Equinoctial Storms.—The New Orleans Bulletin denounces it and says:

Did you ever hear any reason given for September and March gales, or as they are called equinoctial gales, except that the sun then "crosses the line?" And what is this "crossing the line?" Nothing at all! It is all nominal, there is no such thing as the crossing the line. It is neither more nor less than the sun on those days is vertical at noon on the Equator, as it is vertical a few days previously, a short distance to the northward of it; and vertical a few days afterwards, a short distance southward of it. It is also vertical in latitude 23 deg. north on the 21st of June, and 23 deg. south on the 21st December, and there is just as much reason why there should be gales at or near these two latter days, as on the 21st March, or the 21st September. It is true, there are sometimes severe gales in September, but more frequently in August, and scientific men have attempted to account for them from long continued or unusual heat within the tropics, that has rarified the air, and produced a sudden rush from the other quarters in order to restore the equilibrium, and thus produce gales and hurricanes; but the position of the sun, or rather the position of the earth towards the sun, has no more to do with these storms, than the planet Venus, or Le-Verrier's planet Neptune.

The Covington (La.) Friend, of the 17th ult., says that Mr. Hannegan has tendered to the President his resignation as Minister to Berlin. He is expected home by Christmas.

A Yoke of Oxen at one Chaw.—Many years ago, a Mr. Miller, one of the early settlers of a neighboring town, sold a yoke of oxen for \$50, and in payment received a fifty dollar bank bill, which he carefully folded up and deposited in his tobacco box for safe keeping. Mr. M. was accustomed to make use of the "seed" at any hour of the day or night, and whenever he felt an inclination for it. The night following the sale of the oxen he sought his tobacco box, and finding a convenient portion, he put it in his mouth, and not readily obtaining the full benefit he expected, he chewed it most vigorously and effectually, exclaiming, as he did so, "No strength to the tobacco! No strength to the tobacco!" when recollecting this transaction of the day, and the place where he deposited his treasure, he added—"Oho! a yoke of oxen at one chaw! at one chaw!"

The Horrible Bachelor.—It is indisputable, that with all the comforts a bachelor wishes to think he enjoys, he is extremely unhappy. Marry, sir! marry, and know, before you die, what the words comfort, kindly feeling, and economy mean. Be selfish and reclusive no longer, but give your affection, and a portion of your worldly means to one who will double all your joys and divide all your sorrows. Instead of mispending all these on horses, birds, cats, dogs, great and small, black and white, and spotted, select an object more worthy of it than four footed animals and creeping things. Instead of yawning over a book as a dull and daily companion, smile on the faces of a blooming and joyous family, as the only way to make a place of rest and happiness. Furnish your family, with easy chairs, sofas, and settees—have a snug porch, and a stove in the lobby, with a fine fire of heated air in the main stair-case to the top—have a roaring fire in the parlor every morning before breakfast, with all sorts of fire-screens, large and little—have a fiddle or cigs, to vary your occupation—have all this and four times more, but still so long as you want the wife, there is coldness, a forlorn and a prim-dreadfulness in the bachelor's household, that disappears in the home of married love.

Dey does say, that away down in Georgia, dey makes nigger work twenty-five hours every day. Now look here, I've been told dat day 'ud 'a' got no more nor twenty-four hours, and waint you Mr. Johnson so spanky to dis child, how they make them work twenty five hours.

"Golly mighty, what ignoramuses you is, Scipio; why down dese, they make poor nigger git up one hour store day—dese 'at make 'em twenty-five!"—Scipio was convinced.

"My dear," said an affectionate son, to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "O yes," was the cool reply "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven." "What an insinuating wretch!"

Weather cold and pleasant.