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NORTH CAROLINIAN.

Wm. H. Bayne, Editor and Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
NOVEMBER 10, 1849.

CORRECTION.—In noticing the affair of bartering a public office by Mr Ewing to Mr Douglas, we stated that Mr Douglas was a democrat; but it appears that he is a whig. He has certainly got the *Hon.* Thomas Ewing in a most unenviable position! Commend us to "all the decency party."

A GRAND STORY is going the rounds of the papers, (started by a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer) to the effect that Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, (give a dog a bad name, &c.) had committed a most flagrant act of tyranny upon M. Bodisco, his Envoy to the United States. The story says that the Russian Minister (having married an American wife) had invested his funds in American property, contrary to the laws or rules of his sovereign; that Nichlas, in consequence, recalled him to St. Petersburg, and then banished him to Siberia, the receptacle of Russian criminals.

But the whole story is exposed by the Washington Union as a vile hoax.

CONSTRUCTIVE MILEAGE TO SENATORS.—We understand that the Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, the First Comptroller of the Treasury, has refused to allow the accounts of the Secretary of the Senate for constructive mileage paid to the members of that body who were in attendance at the Executive session in March last. The amount so paid is stated at about $40,000—a portion of which was paid to every member of the Senate but three. General Cass, if we remember rightly, refused to receive constructive mileage, which the precedent heretofore established would have given to him.

A correspondent of the New York Courier states:

Who those three are I have not learned, further than that Gen. Cass is one. Mr Whittlesey, after full deliberation, was of opinion that the claim ought not to be allowed. Fearing, however, that the administration might regard this as an inopportune occasion for such action as might displease the Senate, he stated the case to the President, through Mr Clayton, and added the remark that if it was not thought proper to act in accordance with his (Mr. W.'s) convictions, he would resign the comptrollership. The President's prompt and characteristic reply was, "*Tell Mr Whittlesey to do what is right, and let the consequences take care of themselves.*" The claim was immediately rejected.

The same correspondent says that "Mr Dickens has his remedy against the honorable senators."

We believe that the general practice of the government has been in favor of the constructive mileage, though some senators have thought it right on former occasions to refuse it.—*Washington Union.*

A WEDGE OF GOLD.—We are indebted to Mr Parrott for the inspection of several pieces of gold, which he procured from California. Among them is a rude lump, with all the marks upon it of having been disintegrated in that form from the bed in which it was deposited, and weighing about two pounds—worth about $544. We have seen a variety of specimens, and from the mines of Virginia and North Carolina, and from the placers of California, but this piece surpasses them all.—*Washington Union.*

L. A. W.—LAW.—Suppose all the "distributees" of an estate are dead or gone to Texas, except *one*—can that one properly be called a *distributee*? The idea of *distributing* an estate to *one* man seems an absurdity in language, however reasonable and proper the thing itself may be regarded by the recipient of the distribution.

We reckon His Honor, the Chief Justice, never thought of this, or he would have made it a "strong point" in his opinion in the case of Henry vs. Henry from New Hanover.

We have something illustrative of this matter in the case of the Yankee, who said he was himself the only member of the militia company to which he belonged, except the captain. He got along with much ease and comfort in the evolutions so far as marching, counter-marching, keeping dressed, marking time, loading and firing were concerned; "but," said he, "when the captain formed me into sections and platoons, it strained me terribly."

CAPTAIN GEE.—When Marion's brigade was engaged in the battle of Eutaw, Capt. Gee was supposed to be mortally wounded. A ball passed through the cock of his hat, very much tearing the crown, and also his head. He lay for many hours insensible; but suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his hat; which being brought to him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed, "Oh, I care nothing about my head: time and the doctors will mend that: but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my new hat for ever."

From the Union.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

"There were giants in those days."—*Holy Writ.*

The barefaced assumption of all the honesty and all the intellect by the universal whig party of our country is so supremely ridiculous, that men of sense in the opposition deem it unworthy of exposure. A whig, whether ultra or conservative, is looked upon by the hangers-on of that motley party to be an angel in the flesh—a kind of incarnation of holiness, honesty, high-heeled gentility, and hospitality. He, like the Pharisee of old, is a peculiar saint; and with his gold-bowed spectacles, his ivory-headed cane, his velvet prayer-book, and his sanctimonious whine, thanks God that he is not as other men are; and seated upon his downy cushions, snores out the service on the Sabbath day, with all the imposing dignity of a man who has done a favor to the temple of the Almighty, and laid it under obligations too sifinificant to be overlooked in the great day of accounts. We cannot see these children of velvet humility & lusty complacency, without thinking of the applicability & truthfulness of the advice of the unworthy father to his dutiful and equally unworthy sons: "Think well of yourselves, my boys, for nobody else will think well of you." "A word to the wise is sufficient;" and, "a wink is as good as a nod." We were much struck a few mornings since with the reflections of a loafer, who was only fit for public office, and hardly for that—one of the poor relations of the "respectable" party now most unaccountably and unrighteously in power. He was waiting, with a crowd of hungry expectants, at the door of a secretary too busy to attend to his levee, notwithstanding the hand of time was upon the point of twelve. "Well, (said he, yawning,) thank God, honest men will come in power again" Honest men! Yes, many there must be in all parties; but this man, this moral bankrupt, if he ever paid a debt, redeemed a promise, cherished a noble sentiment, or practised a moral principle, did it so far back in his life that his best friends and his worst enemies had forgotten the deed, and the occasion of it.

Diogenes once went through the streets of aristocratic Athens with a lighted candle in his hand, in search of an honest man; and if we are right in our Classics, (if not, the Intelligencer will correct us,) the old gentleman returned at evening to his TUB, fully convinced that he had fooled away a day, lost a candle, and made an ass of himself. Perhaps, however, Diogenes had a false standard of honesty. We have heard of merchants who confided their wealth to the care of light-fingered gentry, and of citizens who employed highwaymen for policemen. Like Diogenes, they may have erred in their standard, or, like the Spartan, may have deemed a discreet robber worthy of the laurel. Be that as it may, however, we deny the assumption of all the honesty, denounce the hypocrisy, and laugh at the canting folly of the whole immaculate band, from

"The great brass trumpet to the *tiny* horn."

The election of General Taylor is considered by many expectants as the third great event in the annals of time: first, the creation of the world was something to talk about; second, the appearance of Washington at the head of the armies of freedom was, considering his mortality, an event of moment; and, third, the election of General Taylor capped the climax. The creation of the world gave to us a field of action. Washington secured to us our independence, and then refused the purple of an emperor; and the spontaneous election of General Taylor made honest men of the whole whig party without a throe or a pang. But this election, if it has saved the party, has been fatal to the General himself. Like the birth of all monsters, life has been given for life. If the party *is* honest, where is the consistency and honesty of that man who declared that he had no enemies to punish and no friends to reward—who would make "honesty, fidelity, and capacity" the yard-stick of official life—who eschewed party, and planted himself alone upon the institution and the welfare of the country—who would accept of a nomination from any party, and who was elected by the votes of all parties; and who either by the direction of others, (being out-voted at his council board) or by his own wilfulness, riots in proscription, and rejoices amid the ruins of broken faith? If such is the fruit of the green tree, what will be found upon the dry? Will the Wilmot Proviso be approved or rejected? Will bills for rivers and harbors be sacred from the constitutional veto? Will Congress do what it pleases with such a President? Let the future, if it must be, tell its tale of weakness and folly, of violated pledges and departures from the standard of moral excellencce; and let the Allison letter be bound with the pledges of James the Second, for the benefit of the Walpoles of coming years

But we are told that General Taylor is truly a patriot—an honest, sincere man. Let him then show his stern integrity by rebuking his selfish advisers. Let him come forth from his seclusion to the people with his heart in his hand and frankness upon his lips. Let him stand upon his own independent platform without fear and without reproach; and then if we cannot agree with him in sentiment, we will respect his opinions; and if we cannot vote for his measures, we will honor his character. Such was the position assumed and maintained by the elder Washington, and if the Hero of Buena Vista expects to follow in the footsteps of his illustrous predecessor, he must not be *voted* out of his pledges by Thomas Ewing, nor *frightened* out of his consistency by the election of democratic members of Congress in Connecticut.

Honesty is the best policy for men and for parties. If the whig party would only forget themselves and try it for a few hours, they would find it to be so. General Taylor is now elected; and that is all. The whig party are like the staves of a barrel with the hoops cut; and useless Mr Ewing, the cooper of coonery, can bind them together by the cohesive power of public plunder, the war of factions will destroy the unity of the band of honest men, and they will all go on the back track to kingdom come, together. Mr Clay, we are informed, in a letter now in this city, declares that he has not influence sufficient with the administration to get a man appointed a "tyde waiter;" and Mr Webster, after having obtained the appointment of messenger or laborer in the Home Department for a negro, has gone to Massachusetts to mourn over the success of Greely as collector of Boston—an appointment made at the instance of Mr Lawrence and against the desire of the majestic Ruin of Marshfield. Looking around the world, we find the London Times and the warden of the Washington penitentiary the only persons exceedingly well pleased with the election of the Second Washington and the dawn of the "HEROIC AGE."

SINGULAR BUT AWFUL TRAGEDY.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29, 1849.—An awful tragedy, took place last night, at Barnum's Hotel. The particulars are as follows: Some few days since, two young French gentlemen, calling themselves Count Gouzales de Montesqui and Count Raimond de Montesqui, arrived in this city from Chicago, and took apartments at Barnum's Hotel, representing that they were on a hunting excursion through the western country.

Nothing particular was observed in their manner until last night, when, about 11 o'clock, as Mr Barnum, the nephew of the proprietor of the hotel, and J. J. Macomber, the steward of the house, were retiring to their chamber, one of the Frenchmen came to the window on the gallery at the head of the stairs, and tapped lightly. Mr Barnum pushed the curtain aside for the purpose of seeing who was on the outside, when the Frenchman fired a gun, a ball from which passed through Mr Barnum, and two buckshot lodged in the arm of Mr Macomber.

The report of fire-arms alarmed the lodgers of the house, and Mr Albert Jones, a coachmaker, in Third street, who roomed adjoining, rushed to the door, where he received a shot through the head and fell dead.

Two gentlemen who had by this time reached the gallery, were struck with buckshot. Mr H. Henderson was wounded in the forehead, and Mr W. H. Hubble, of Liberty, in the arm.

The assassin was immediately pursued to his room, where, after a severe struggle, he was arrested. He is the younger of the two brothers. No cause has been assigned for the commission of the horrible deed. Both the assassins were arrested, and affected to be insane.

Mr Barnum is still living, but it is doubtful whether he will recover.

We learn that a few days since these two men made a similar attack upon a landlord at Alton, Illinois.

Oct. 30.—Mr T. Barnum is still alive; but his wounds are of such a serious nature that it will be impossible for him to recover.

The trunks of the brothers Montesqui (the assassins) were opened this evening, and letters found on them, proving them to be Parisians of wealth and family

Splendid equipments, and $1,500 in German gold coin, were also found in their trunks. The brothers are evidently insane. They both fired fatal shots. They have refused the advice of counsel, and say that they will plead their own cause, and that their crimes were justified by the order of God.

The funeral of Mr Albert Jones, one of the victims, took place last evening. His head was perforated by an ounce ball and sixty-six large shot. So intense is the excitement, the mayor has ordered out a large police to protect the jail.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 31.

The community is now much excited in consequence of the assassination, by the pretended French counts, of Albert Jones, and the wounding of young Barnum. Several thousand persons were congregated around the prison last night, and remained until a late hour. No serious demonstration has been made, though the feeling is very strong against the prisoners, and the disposition to lynch them very great. Young Barnum is still living.

Official Movements.—We understand that Walter Forward, Esq, has declined the office of Solicitor of the Treasury, made vacant by the removal of R H. Gillet, and that J. C. Clarke, who was recently appointed First Auditor on the removal of Dr. Collins, has been appointed Solicitor. The appointment of Mr Clarke made the first auditorship vacant, and T. L. Smith, Esq., has been selected to fill it.—*Washington Union.*

DEATH UNDER SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—Two men living in different parts of the same house, in Thompsonville, Ct., got into a dispute last Friday evening. Passionate words were on both sides. One of them got up to go into his own part of the house. The other followed him, and the dispute was renewed in the space. Just as the first opened the door leading into his room, he fell over the stove and died in three minutes. No other person, save the one who was disputing with him, saw the man fall and die, and this account of the transaction rests on his authority alone. There was no external mark of violence on the deceased.—*Springfield Republican.*

Suicide Prevented.—Like most men of genius, the late Judge Brackenridge was distinguished by many striking peculiarities. He chose to do everything in a manner to please himself, without caring for the observations of others. When he resided at Pittsburg, he was in the practice of going every morning, during the summer, to bathe in the Alleghany; and, in order to save time and trouble in undressing, he walked to the river with no other habiliments than his cloak and slippers. One of those votaries of humor, who are to be found in almost every part of the country, took it into his head to have a little fun at the learned gentleman's expense; and one morning, just as he had set out to indulge in his customary dip, the wag hired an Irish laborer who was passing by, to keep a watch upon the "unfortunate gentleman;" telling Pat that he was a little out of his mind, and that his friends feared that he intended to make way with himself. On walks the Judge, and, close after his heels, his newly engaged keeper; off goes the cloak, and just as the supposed maniac was about taking the dreadful leap, his faithful guardian seizes him firmly by the arm, exclaiming, "Och! not so fast, my gay fellow; you shan't commit so great a sin this time, if Paddy Malone can help it!" and sticking fast to the wondering eccentric, he replaced his cloak and slippers, and led him in safety to the hotel, amidst the merriment of half the people in the borough, who had been drawn together to enjoy the fun.

We were invited yesterday to visit a new machine for telegraphing, which is the invention of Mr Johnson, of Owego. The principle of it is new, in fact it uses shot, or the dropping of shot to make marks, indentions, or signs, on a white sheet of paper.

The gentlemen of the Thespian Association, of this Town, gave a Dramatic Entertainment at the masonic Hall, on Tuesday Evening, and, also at the earnest solicitation of many citizens again on Thursday evening of last week. The Play introduced was the well known Farce of "Raising the Wind.'—*Halifax (N. C.) Repub.*

Mr Broke Gallway (in the Lancet) observes: "A witty distich attributed to Dr. Letsom—

"I bleeds, I purges, and I sweats 'em;
I repeats; they dies—*I. Letsom*;"

is a palpable reality, I fear, in the hands of many practitioners." The lines were never, we believe, attributed to Letsom himself, and we further believe that Mr Gallway has not done them justice. They are written in ridicule of an illiterate practitioner:

"Is people sick? To me apply,
I blisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they chance to die,
What's it to me? *I. Letsom*"

The working Man.—Mr B. a member of the Philadelphia bar, offered himself a few years ago, as a candidate in the first congressional district, to run against Dr. S. It was all the go, then, to be considered a working man, and at the time of the election, every sort of professional pride was thrown by, until a more fitting season. "My *great-grandfather* was a *blacksmith*," exclaimed the lawyer in a triumphant voice, at one of the preparatory meetings in Southwark; "I am one of the people." (raising himself up with appropriate dignity,) "I ask you to vote for me, in preference to that *doctor*, who has no plebian blood." "The gentleman prides himself," replies Patrick Lyon, "on being the great-grandson of a blacksmith. I am *myself* one of that honorable calling; one *living* blacksmith is worth a score of *dead* ones, therefore send me to Washington."

A young musician, on his first appearance before the public, said he "*trembled* so much he could not *shake*."