

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

VOLUME 4.

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"The Voices of the Night."—A Poem.

By PROFESSOR SHORTEFELLOW.

Tired of reading, tired of writing, tired of copying and inditing,
And the bed looked so inviting, as if courting me to sleep,
That I folded up my paper, and extinguishing my taper,
Without cutting even a caper, softly to my rest did creep.
Soon I fell into a slumber, and had dreamings without number,
With no nightmares to encumber the blessings of my rest,
When a sound beneath my "winder," burnt my vision into cinders—
Knocked my sleep all into finders, so that I got up and dressed.
Such another horrid squalling, and infernal caterwauling,
Never could be so appalling, as to me it seemed that night:
The Thomas cats of all creation, were let out upon probation,
And were "scratching like the nation," in an everlasting fight.
Hastily throwing up the sashes, I made divers frantic dashes,
Of shovelfuls of fire and ashes, on the mad-dened brutes below.
Quick the fiends began to scatter, and cease their ternal clatter,
Having settled thus the matter, I again to bed did go.

But if I should live forever, it were all a vain endeavor,
And I'm certain I could never more forget the horrid fright,
Which came o'er me through the sashes, when I threw the fire and ashes,
In some half-a-dozen dashes, on the "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

France.

Last Sunday was the day fixed by law for electing the first President of the great European Republic. It took place, we suppose, of course; and if there was a general turn-out, the enormous and unparalleled number of from six to seven millions of votes have been registered in one single day—for the number of males upwards of twenty-one years of age in France cannot be less. The struggle will be between General Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon, and the contest may be a pretty close one. Cavaignac's advantages are, his known republicanism, his military reputation, his excellent personal character, and last, not least, his being in power and thus being able to bring to bear upon the election a vast official influence; and this last advantage he and his adherents do not seem to have been at all too scrupulous to use freely. But for that we do not much blame them. They do no more than what their antagonists would do, and what political aspirants are charged every where with doing, when they can. But against all Cavaignac's advantages, Bonaparte has a most formidable set-off. He is the nephew and dynastic representative of the great Emperor, who, though now a senseless "heap of dust" at the Invalides, has left a memory that seems to be almost as potent as was the man himself when in the zenith of his glory. Singular it is that a name can do so much! To that name, and to nothing else, will the nephew owe his success, if he has succeeded, even if he possesses qualifications for the high office to which he aspires; for there are many public men in France of high character, of great talents, and great experience, who aided in making and sustaining the revolution, who are not even thought of for the Presidency. Mere merit, therefore, regarded as the first requisite a sovereign people of la belle

Journalists say there is that Prince Louis will name of "Napoleon" What they say, they at whilst believing, fear is a great mag- and they are right Prince should be e- may properly ble to see or to eat special and

political *bouleversement* is to be brought from chaos into order. In that case, we may not yet be at "the beginning of the end," as Talleyrand said, thirty-five years ago, of the first Napoleon, when his fortunes seemed to have taken a "downward tendency."

Should Cavaignac be elected, his policy can be anticipated with some certainty. We suppose that it will be firm, though pacific and conciliatory—not quite so much so but that he will offer armed resistance to any belligerent interference of Russia in the affairs of Germany or of Italy. But if the Prince should be elected, no man, we think, can see what will come next.—He does not seem to lack personal courage or personal ambition. He may plunge into foreign wars, with the hope of requiring military renown, to be used as a stepping stone to the imperial throne—the mounting of which by him is a *faute* that is hoped for, prayed for, and looked for, by great numbers of his adherents; and if he is President, we do not see any very formidable impediment in the way of this consummation, but the army. If he can secure that, the prisoner of Ham will be, very probably, His Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Second, or Third—we are not sure whether the son of Napoleon is numbered dynastically or not.

OFFICIAL.

The Gold assayed—Extraordinary purity.—We publish below the official letter of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia to the Secretary of the Treasury, showing the assay of the California gold.

The gold assayed yielded \$36,492. The purity is extraordinary, the gold dust yielding 98½ pure gold; the melted gold yielding within 6-1000, or six dollars in the one thousand dollars, of the mint standard of 900. This far exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine, and places the extraordinary purity of the gold beyond controversy.—*Union, Dec. 13.*

MINT OF THE UNITED STATES, Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1848.

SIR: On the 8th instant, we received, as I have already had the honor to inform you, the first deposit of gold from California. It was deposited by Mr. David Carter, who brought it from San Francisco by the isthmus route. It weighed 1804 59 ounces troy; of which 1423 80 was from the lower surface mines, and 380 79 from those at Feather river. On the 9th instant another deposit was sent by the Secretary of War, which weighed 228 ounces.

The gold was of two sorts in external character, though apparently not different as to quality. The first, from the "dry diggings," was in grains, which averaged from one to two pennyweights; the other variety, from the swamps or margins of the streams, being in small flat-spangles, of which, on an average, it would take six or seven to weigh one grain. Of these, by far the larger part of the deposits was composed.

The gold was melted in six parcels, and the loss by melting, due to the earthy and oxidable matter which disappears in this operation, averaged about 25 per cent. of the original weight. The loss thus reported is moderate, and shows that the gold had been carefully washed.

Assays of the melted gold were made with great care, and the results showed a variation in fineness from 892 to 897 thousandths; the average of the whole being 894. This is slightly below the standard fineness, which is 900.

The average value per ounce of the bullion, before melting, is \$18 5½; that of the same in bars, after melting, is \$18 50.

The whole value of the gold in the two deposits was \$36,492, besides a few ounces reserved in the native state for the Secretary of War, at his request.

Very respectfully, your faithful servant,

R. M. PATTERSON, Director.
Hon. R. J. WALKER,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Extract of a letter from Col. Mason to Gen. Jessup.

"At the present moment the Assistant Quartermaster at San Francisco is hiring guards for his storehouses, at from fifty to one hundred dollars a month. The services of laboring men cannot be commanded at a lower price."

W. B. Seabrook was elected Governor of South Carolina on the 12th inst. for two years to come. Seabrook 86, J. L. Manning 78, scattering 2. For Lt. Governor, W. H. Gist 86, J. H. 1rby 30, Dr Broyles 31, Gen. Hanna 2. Gist declared duly elected. Hon A P Butler was re-elected to the U. S Senate.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

By Thomas Hood.

My old schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke," and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's swallowed all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship—up strokes heavy, down strokes light; but he did it in good English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of the road of learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr Busby descended on his shoulders; and on ours. There was but one tree on the play-ground—a birch, but it never had a twig or leaf upon it. Winter or Summer, it always looked as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are good incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail piece. All the Latin at the school might be comprised in one line. "Arma viraque cano" An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in the school house when I was studying Robinson Crusoe, instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by savages.—He seemed to consider a boy a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands, that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as a Palm Sunday in our calendar. In a word he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike us for nothing as others strike for wages. Some of the elder boys who had read Smollet, christened him Roderick, from his hitting like Ransom, and being so partial to stray.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him in these words:

"It is all over, Mr Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial—and have promised Tompkins a flogging—and he has it, and don't let him pick off the buns—I have asked Aristotle (here his head wandered) and he says I cannot live an hour—I don't like that black horse grinning at me—birch him soundly for not knowing his verbs—Oantago to non quod od to bebam—Oh, Mr Taddy, it's a breaking up with me—the vacancy is coming—there is that black horse again—Dulcis moriens—we short of rules—Mr Taddy, don't let the school get in disorder when I am gone—I am afraid through my illness the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling coming over me—is the new pupil come—I trust I have done my duty—I have made my will—and left (here his head wandered again,) to Mr Souter, the school book seller—Mr Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care of the crossings. My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 21st. The door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler—I feel—John, light the school lamp—I cannot see a line—O Mr Taddy—vent hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he is dying. We—ate—dying—you are—dying—"

The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands; as if he was ruing a copy book—the "ruling passion strong in death"—and expired.

An epitaph composed by himself was discovered in his desk, with an unpublished paper against Tom Paine. The epitaph was illustrated with quotations from Homer and Virgil and almost every Greek and Latin author besides, and the mason who was consulted by the widow declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more latin than *Hic Jacet*, and without a particle of Greek, though he is himself a Homer.

The Newspaper.—How endless is the variety of newspapers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants. A. believes that he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news—and B. is decidedly of opinion that the same sheet dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day. C. does not take it because it is slon on one side—and D. whose opinion is generally expressed, does not like it because it is not severe enough on the opposition. E. thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable

literature—and F. cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers. G. will not suffer a paper to lie upon his table which ventures an opinion upon temperance—and H. never patronizes one which lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day. I. declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge-podge proceedings of Congress and the Legislature—and J. considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such reading. K. patronizes papers for the light and lovely reading which they contain—and L. wonders that the press does not publish sermons "solid matter." M. will not read a paper that does not expose the evils of sectarianism—and N. is decidedly of opinion that the pulpit and not the press should meddle with religious dogmas. O. likes to read police reports—and P. whose appetite is less morbid, would not have a paper in which these silly reports are printed, in his house. Q. likes anecdotes—and R. will not take a paper that publishes them. He says that murders and accidents ought not to be put in papers—and S. complains that his miserable paper gives no account of the highway robbery of last week. T. says the type are too small and U. thinks it too large. V. stops his paper because it contains nothing but advertisements—and all that "V. wants of it is to see what is for sale. X. will not take his paper unless it is left at his door before sunrise—and Y. will not pay for it if left so early as to be stolen before he is up. And last of all comes the compliments of some of the ladies (dear creatures!) who declare the paper uninteresting, because it does not contain a long list of marriages, just as if it were possible for printers to marry people without their consent.

I thus the printer who ventures to think his own thoughts, or is so presumptuous as to have an opinion of his own, must lose patronage from A.—and it he does not think his own thoughts and express his own opinions, he is set down as a stupid dunce, and B. withdraws his patronage. He who has not the faculty of being of all things to all men, ought never to be a printer.

The Old Man's Story.

The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears and said: "I have to die. I had only one brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clogged with blood and brains and was dead. Whiskey did it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have but one word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never, never, NEVER, touch anything that can muddle you." As he pronounced these words he sprang from the box and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital, and the awful spectacle. My heart seemed as if it would burst & break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there in that carriage, while on that cushioned seat, looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung dangling and writhing between heaven and earth, as unfit for either place, then it was that I took the *peage* never to touch the hurtful poison.

Long years have passed away.—White hairs have thickened around these temples then so ruddy and young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. And I never violated the pledge. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a western lawyer, you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief. The defendant, being a stout, able bodied man, rushed like an assassin upon my client, who is a frail young widow, and why did not the thunders of heaven blast him, when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the tormented lightning of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth!"

Punch's Pocket-book says: "I am tempted to compare high life to a railroad; it is very delightful while all goes on smoothly, but if you go off the rails the smash is awful."

From the Columbia Telegraph. FOREIGN NEWS.

The British Steamer *Niagara*, arrived at Boston, on Saturday morning, bringing accounts to 2d inst.

The news from the Continent is of the most exciting character.

The sovereign Pontiff has been assailed in his own palace. The people of Rome, at the instigation of a club mob proceeded to the Quirinal palace, demanding a new Ministry and an immediate declaration of war. The Swiss Guards resisted the mob and attempted to protect the Pope. An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn the palace.—The civic guards afterwards invaded the building, commenced a fusillade and overwhelmed the Swiss Guards, and shot Palmer, the Pope's Secretary, in the breast. At last the Ministry sent in a list of a new Cabinet, comprising the names of the chief conspirators, on the 18th.

The Pope himself was under guard—all his power gone.

The French Republic has sent troops to support the Pontiff against his subjects.

AUSTRIA.

An immense imperial army is about invading Hungary. The Berlin papers say that they will meet with a stern reception. Drs Beecher and Jolinck have been executed for their participation in the Viennese revolution.

Berlin remains as before—no confirmation of the King's dissolving his Cabinet yet appears.

FRANCE.

Cavaignac has carried a vote of confidence in his administration almost unanimously in the Assembly. His speech was highly satisfactory absolving him from all blame as to the June Revolution.

His having sent forces to relieve the Pope will aid his election. It has been reported that the Pope had fled from Rome. Cavaignac has sent four Steam frigates carrying a brigade of troops to secure his liberty and safety, and respect for his person. An Envoy Extraordinary was also sent to Rome to confer with the French Ambassador—and a reinforcement of troops was speedily to follow.

Cavaignac read to the Assembly his instructions to the Envoy to Rome, which were to protect the person of the Pope, but not to interfere with his people. Cavaignac's prospects were brightening, when Napoleon issued a manifesto, which turned the current again, in which he avows his republican sincerity—detestation of Socialism, and desire for universal peace with all nations.

The French funds have improved, and the Cholera was decreasing.

Austria has accepted the proffered mediation and agreed to hold a conference at Brussels. The armistice is to be prolonged until the French election is over. Austria engages not to attack Venice. A report was current at Paris on the first that Windischgratz had been assassinated, but was not credited. The impression was gaining ground that France will settle quietly down into sober Republicanism after the Presidential election.

The Frankfort papers state that a plot for a republican rising, and for the assassination of the members of the German Parliament, had been discovered. Marshal Radezky reported in Rome on the 10th. Perfect tranquility had succeeded the Revolution of the 17th—the Pope expressed himself satisfied with his new Ministry, and the new order of things.

The dispute between the Kings of Naples and Sicily, is about to be amicably adjusted.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Bullion in the Bank of England, is rapidly increasing. Large numbers of American merchants are at Manchester.

The Irish journals contain nothing of interest. Baring's circular says, American stocks are in fair demand at improved prices. Six per cent. Bonds to bearer, done at ninety-six, exclusive of dividend. Buyers of Louisiana bonds Union Bank, at last rates.

Further Foreign Items.—The Park Theatre at New York was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last, as was also Earle's Hotel. The Montplaisir Ballet Company lost their whole wardrobe by this conflagration. The total loss sustained is estimated at 60,000 dollars.

The Emperor of Russia has proffered to the King of Prussia half a million of troops to sustain him in power.

The French Constitution has been proclaimed in the provinces, and but little enthusiasm shown by the people.

Prince ———, son of Lucien Bonaparte, is reported to have been the instigator of the Revolution in Rome.