

INCOLN COURIER.

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

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ed, at \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and
10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

from the North Carolina Argus.

Pleasant Sight.

It is a lovely sight to see
A cherub girl, of five years old,
Humbly bend, each night, the knee,
And kiss the pater noster told.
It is a sight, a beautiful sight,
The expanded maiden full of gladness,
Whose witching smile, and eye so bright,
Shadow forth no fainter sadness:
A glorious sight to see her stand,
By her betrothed Apollo's side,
Within his place her pretty hand,
And softly vow to be his bride.
But, oh! the holiest sight of all,
That greets one on the path of life,
She who ne'er shrinks at duty's call,
The tender mother, faithful wife.

The Bigelow Papers.—He has just
returned from Boston, where a Sergeant
endeavored to enlist him, at which he
said (Hosea) became excessively
fired, and his "dander rose" to an alarm-
ing height. Only hear him:

"Ash away, you'll hev to rattle
in them kettle drums o' yourn—
at a knowin' kind o' cattle
't het is kitched with mouldy corn;
it it suff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be—
rees you'll foot till you are yell'er
Fore you git a hold o' me.

begin to think it's water
To take sarse an' not be riled;
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

'Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer fur it,
God'll send the bill to you.

est go home an' ask our Nancy,
Whether I'd be sech a goose
Ex to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow:
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe,

Connecticut.—The Legislature of
the State of Connecticut met at Hart-
ford, on Wednesday.

The Senate was organized by elect-
ing Hon. Henry Dutton, President *pro*
tem, and Henry B. Graves, Esq., Clerk—
both Whigs.

In the House, on the first ballot for
Speaker, Hon. W. W. Boardman (Whig)
had 110; John C. Lewis 108; scattering 2.
On the second ballot, Mr. Lewis had
113 out of 221, and was elected. Mr.
Lewis is a Free Soil Democrat.

Mr. Boardman, by casting a blank
vote on the first ballot, lost his election.
Calvin W. Phillips, Free Soil Demo-
crat, and George C. Woodruff, Demo-
crat, Clerks.

On Wednesday, the Hon. Joseph Trum-
bull, the Whig candidate, was elected
Governor of the State by the joint vote
of the two Houses of the Legislature.
Of course all the other Whig candidates
for State office will be elected, as the
Whig majority in the Senate overbal-
ances the combined Democratic and Free
Soil majority in the House of Repre-
sentatives.

A New-York letter in the Philadel-
phia Inquirer says:—Mr. Cornelius R.
Mahony, well known as the particular
friend of Father Mathew, the apostle
of temperance, arrived here yesterday in
the Sarah Sands. He has come for the
purpose of making arrangements for the
visit of Father Mathew, who will be
here in about a month, as he states in a
letter to a friend.

Immigration.—The current of im-
migration from Europe appears to suf-
fer no ebb. 22,450 emigrants arrived
at the port of New York during the
month of April. 1,190 arrived on
Tuesday of last week.

The Wizard of St. Gabelle.

"You wish to hear a ghost story,"
said my Uncle Bayle, one evening, as
we gathered about his chair, "you wish
to hear a ghost story: very well, you
shall have your wish. I will relate an
incident of which I myself was witness,
and which is, therefore, strictly true."

We drew still closer to the old gen-
tleman, and listened with the greatest
interest as he related the following ad-
venture:
One evening in autumn, full forty
years ago, I was returning from Tou-
louse; I had travelled far that day, hav-
ing already passed Auterive, where
some friends of mine would have had
me spend the night, but I was resolved
to push on to Saverdun, which you
know, is three leagues distant on the
road, I had arrived in front of the mon-
astery of Boulbrenne, when suddenly
there burst forth a terrible storm. In a
moment the night became dark, and
the road impassable. I should have
asked shelter in the convent, but my
horse frightened at a sudden clap of
thunder, dashed into a narrow pathway
to the left, and bore me away in spite
of all I could do. Notwithstanding the
speed at which he went, I soon per-
ceived that we were on the direct road
to St. Gabelle; and when, at last, my
horse slackened his pace, which he did
of his own good will, I found myself
before the village inn.

I entered. The guests were nume-
rous, among whom I observed several
Spanish merchants, and some hunters,
who, like myself, had been overtaken
by the storm. We dried our clothes by
the fire; after which, supper was an-
nounced, and we sat down to the table.

The conversation first turned upon
the stormy weather and the badness of
the roads. One said he had been thrown
from his horse; another had been full
an hour in extricating his horse and
wagon from a mud hole.

"It is horrible weather," said a third,
"just the time for ghosts and witch-
es."

Although this was but a natural re-
mark, it gave rise to a lively conversa-
tion.

"Sorcerers and spirits choose a
clear, moonlight night to hold their or-
gies, in preference to such a one as
this."

We turned to look at the author of
this observation, and saw it was one of
the Spanish merchants.

"It would seem that the gentleman
was familiar with the custom of ghosts,"
exclaimed a young man by his side,
"and that they have told him that
they like neither to get muddy or wet."

"Young man," said the Spaniard,
casting a terrible glance at the last
speaker, "speak not so lightly on a sub-
ject with which you are so little ac-
quainted."

"Would you like to make me be-
lieve in ghosts?" returned the young
man disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if
you have sufficient courage to look on
them."

Flushed with anger, the young man
sprang to his feet. In a moment, how-
ever, he calmed himself and sat down as
again, saying—

"You should pay dear for that re-
mark, were it not uttered by a mad-
man."

"A madman!" echoed the other, ris-
ing in his turn. "Listen!" he added, sit-
ting the table with his fist, and throw-
ing down a heavy leather purse. "Here
are thirty quadruples, which I am wil-
ling to lose, if, within an hour, I do not
call up before your face the figure of any
deceased person you shall name, even
though he has been dead ten years; and
if after recognising him, you dare to al-
low him to imprint a kiss upon your
lips."

"You will do that?" said the young
man with a scornful smile.

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "on con-
dition that you lose the same amount if I
succeed."

"Thirty quadruples, my worthy con-
juror," said the young man gaily, after
a moment's silence, "is more than a stu-
dent to Toulouse ever possessed; but if
you will reduce the stake to five, I am
your man."

The Spaniard took up his purse and
said, "Ah, you refuse, monsieur?"

"I refuse!" echoed the other. "If I
only had the thirty quadruples, you
would see."

"Here are four," said I, "which I add
to your stake."

Several others followed my example,
and soon the sum was made up. We
chose, for the trial, a small pavilion in
the garden, so entirely isolated that the
locality offered no chance for fraud.—
We made ourselves sure that there were
but two outlets, viz: a window, which
was carefully closed, and a door, on the
outside of which we were stationed.

Upon the tables had been placed mate-
rials for writing, and the lights had
been carried away. The young man
shut up alone in the pavilion, the Span-
iard remaining with us outside the door.

A breathless silence prevailed for a
moment when the Spaniard began to
chant, in a soft, melancholy voice, a
stanza which may be translated thus:

"And the coffin is broke with a crash:
And the grave is opening;
And the pale phantom's dark foot is placed
Upon the verdant moss."

After this first stanza, the Spaniard
raised his voice and said solemnly, "you
have asked to see your friend Francois
Vialat, who was drowned in the sea
three years ago. What do you be-
hold?"

"A whitish light arising near the
window," replied the young student;
but it is only a shapeless, wavering
mist."

"Are you afraid?" asked the stern
voice of the Spaniard.

And the young man answered, "I am
not afraid."

We were stupified, breathless with
suspense. The conjuror was silent for
a moment. Then stamping thrice with
his foot upon the ground, he chanted in
a louder and more solemn voice that be-
fore:

"And the white phantom whose features
pale
Have been discolored by the waves,
Presses the water from his clothes and hair
With his winding sheet."

The chant ended. The Spaniard
turned again towards the door, and cried
in the same solemn tone:

"You, who would seek to dive into
the mysteries of the grave—what do
you see?"

We listened anxiously while the stu-
dent replied in a calm voice, and like
one who describes an incident as it is
taking place:

"The mist spreads itself and takes
shape like a phantom. The head is
covered with a long veil. It moves not
from the spot on which it rose."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Span-
iard.

And the young man answered "I am
not afraid."

Stupified, we kept our eyes fixed
upon the conjuror in silent awe as he
proceeded to chant the third solemn
stanza:

"Then says the phantom, rising from the
grave,

That he may recognize me,
I will go toward my friend, smiling, erect
and fair,
As in the days of my youth."

The Spaniard finished, and asked
immediately the same terrible question:
"What do you see?"

"The figure advances," replied the
student. "It lifts its veil. It is Fran-
cois Vialat! He approaches the table.
He is writing his signature."

"Are you afraid?"

"No," replied the young man, "I am
not afraid."

Immediately the Spaniard commenced
singing or rather howling, this last and
horrible stanza:

"Then says the phantom to the jeering
youth,
Come, let me touch thee now;
Place thy hand on my hand, thy heart
against my heart,
Thy lips upon my own."

"What do you see?" cried the Span-
iard, in a voice of thunder.

"He comes—he pursues me—he
stretches out his arms—he will seize
me. Oh, help, help!"

"Are you afraid cried the conjuror,
with savage joy.

"A piercing cry, and then a stifled
sob, were the only answer to this terri-
ble question.

"I think I have won," said the Span-
iard, bitterly; "but I am satisfied with
having taught him a lesson. Let him
keep the money and be more wise in
future."

So saying, he walked rapidly away.—
Fixed with horror, we reopened the
door, and found the young student
seized with fearful convulsions. The
paper signed by Francois Vialat was
upon the table. Recovering, the young
man demanded the conjuror, and with
an oath of vengeance, rushed from the
room. We saw neither him nor the
Spaniard afterward.

My uncle finished. Trembling with
terror, we dared not look about us. At
last, I summoned sufficient courage to
say:

"And why, after all this, do you not
believe in ghosts?"

Because neither the conjuror nor stu-
dent ever returned, but ran off with the
money we had advanced: whence we
concluded that they were two consum-
mate villains, of whom we were the
dupes. Believe me, my dear children,
however probable a ghost story may

appear, it will, in the end, prove to be
the result of an excited imagination, or
a wilful fraud."

From Macaulay's History of England.

THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

Before the order of Jesuits had existed
an hundred years, it had filled the whole
world with memorials of great things
done and suffered for the faith. No
religious community could produce a
list of men so variously distinguished,
none had extended its operation over so
vast a space; yet in none had there
ever been such perfect unity of feeling
and action. There was no region of
the globe, no walk of speculative or of
active life, in which Jesuits were not to
be found. They guided the councils of
Kings. They deciphered Latin inscrip-
tions. They observed the motions of
Jupiter's satellites. They published
whole libraries, casuistry, history, treat-
ise on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of
the fathers, madrigals, catechisms and
lampoons. The liberal education of
youth passed almost entirely into their
hands, and was conducted by them with
conspicuous ability. They appear to
have discovered the precise point to
which intellectual culture can be car-
ried without risk of intellectual emana-
tion. Ennity itself was compelled to
own that in the art of managing and
forming the tender mind, they had no
equals. Meanwhile, they assiduously
and successfully cultivated the eloquence
of the pulpit. With still greater assid-
uity and still greater success, they ap-
plied themselves to the ministry of the
confessional. Throughout Catholic
Europe the secrets of every government,
and of almost every family were in their
keeping. They glided from one Protes-
tant country to another, under innum-
erable disguises, as gay cavaliers, as
simple rustics, as Puritan preachers.

They wandered to countries which
neither mercantile avidity nor liberal
curiosity had ever impelled any stranger
to explore. They were to be found in
the garb of Mandarins, superintending
the observatory of Pekin. They were
to be found, spade in hand, teaching the
rudiments of agriculture to the savages
of Paraguay. Yet whatever might be
their residence, whatever might be their
employment, their spirit was the same:

entire devotion to the common cause,
implicit obedience to the central author-
ity. None of them had chosen his
dwelling place or his avocation for him-
self. Whether the Jesuit should live
under the arctic circle or under the equa-
tor, whether he should pass his life in
arranging gems and collating manu-
scripts at the Vatican, or in persuading
naked barbarians in the southern hemi-
sphere not to eat each other, were mat-
ters which he left with profound sub-
mission to the decision of others. If he
was wanted at Lima, he was on the
Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was
wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through
the desert with the next caravan. If
his ministry was needed in some country
where his life was more insecure than
that of a wolf; where it was a crime to
harbor him, where the heads and quar-
ters of his brethren, fixed in public
places, showed him what he had to expect,
he went without remonstrance or hesita-
tion to his doom. Nor is this heroic
spirit yet extinct. When in our own
time a new and terrible pestilence
passed around the globe; when in some
great cities fear had dissolved all the
ties which hold society together; when
the secular clergy had deserted their
flocks; when medical succor was not to
be purchased by gold; when the strong-
est natural affections had yielded to the
love of life, even then the Jesuit was
found by the pallet which bishops and
curate, physician and nurse, father and
mother had deserted, leaning over in-
fected lips to catch the faintest accents
of confession, and holding up to the last
before the expiring penitent the image
of the expiring Redeemer.

Colonel Benton's famous letter to the
people of California, was published on
the 11th of January. The following
week the editors of the "Alta Califor-
nia" remarked upon it as follows:

"Col. Benton's Letter.—In the main,
the letter of Col. Benton, which we
published last week, is a well-meaning
document, but he has evidently mistaken
the calibre of the community he was ad-
dressing. It certainly must be esteemed
as a most particular favor by the citi-
zens of California, that he has extended
to them his patronage; and the paternal
solicitude for our welfare that he exhib-
its, does credit to his intelligence and
humanity.

"His personal attacks upon distin-
guished army officers are in bad taste,
and by many will be considered unjust.

"His recommendations to the people
of this country, although partaking

strongly of the tone which a pedagogue
may be supposed to assume toward a
pupil, are substantially what the citi-
zens are now acting; and with the
sanction of his great name, it is to be
hoped that the cause of Provisional
Government will not be allowed to re-
trograde."

We have the proceedings of several
meetings of citizens to consider of the
necessity of forming a provisional gov-
ernment, and appointing delegates to a
convention for this purpose. This con-
vention was to have been held on the
5th day of March, but in order that all
parts of the territory might be fairly re-
presented, and to give time to Congress
to provide a territorial government, the
day for the convention to assemble was
changed to the 1st day of the present
month.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

There have been already elected, in-
cluding those from Virginia, 165 mem-
bers of Congress. Conceding the elec-
tion of the Locofoco candidate in the
14th Congressional district of Virginia,
we have the following result for the
next Congress compared with the last:

Next Congress.		Last Congress.	
Whig.	L. F.	Whig.	L. F.
Maine,	2	5	1
N. Hampshire,	2	2	2
Massachusetts,	9	9	
Rhode Island,	1	1	
Vermont,	3	1	3
Connecticut,	1	3	4
New York,	32	2	10
New Jersey,	4	1	4
Pennsylvania,	15	9	7
Delaware,	1	1	
Virginia,	1	14	6
S. Carolina,	7	7	7
Georgia,	4	4	4
Ohio,	10	10	11
Florida,	1	1	
Michigan,	1	2	3
Wisconsin,	2	1	2
Missouri,	5	5	
Arkansas,	1	1	
Iowa,	2	2	
Illinois,	1	6	6
90		75	89

† The Act of Congress admitting Wis-
consin into the Union, authorises her to
send three members, from and after the
4th March, 1847, until the next appor-
tionment.

There remains to be elected 66 mem-
bers, as follows:

In last Congress.		Whole number.	
W.	L. F.	W.	L. F.
Maryland,	6	4	2
North Carolina,	9	6	3
Alabama,	7	2	5
Mississippi,	4	1	3
Louisiana,	4	1	3
Kentucky,	10	6	4
Tennessee,	11	5	6
Indiana,	10	4	6
Texas,	2	2	
Vacancy in Ohio,	1	1	
Do. in Massachusetts,	1	1	
Do. in Rhode Island,	1	1	

Elected as above. 66 30 36
Total, 165 90 75
111

Whig majority, if remaining 66 mem-
bers are of same politics as in the last
Congress, 9.—*Raleigh Register.*

Don't sit up to her.—A Green Moun-
tain boy fell in love with a very pretty
girl, and determined to court her. To
that end he dressed himself in his 'Sun-
day-go-to-meeting' went to her father's
house, and found her alone.

"How d'ye do?" said Jonathan.
"I'm nicely," says the girl.

Jonathan took a seat and seated him-
self in the farthest corner of the room,
as though the beauty was a thing to be
feared rather than loved.

"Aint you cold—hadn't you better sit
up to the fire," says Sally, supposing he
would, of course, if he was going to
make love at all, do it in a proper man-
ner.

"No, I thankee; I reckon I'm com-
fortable," returns Jonathan.

"How is your marm?" said Sally.
"Well, she's complainin' a little," said
Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes
ensued, during which time he amused
himself whittling a stick.

"There's nothin' new up your way, is
there?" said Sally, which Jonathan might
understand as applying to his present
situation, or to his father's domicile.

"Here! oh—yes, you meant him;
well no; that is, yes; our spotted cow's
got a calf!" said Jonathan.

Sally would undoubtedly have laughed
at this queer piece of information, only
she was too much vexed at the speaker.