

INCOLN COURIER.

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

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The Songs of Yore.

Ah! the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Carolina State."
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susanna, don't you cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tone,"
"She'll strike up "Uncle Ned;"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest Mae—"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart—
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing the song of "Hours there were,"
I'll crave not what belongs
To list of nigger—psaw!—I mean
Of fashionable songs.

When Fortune Beams.

When fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys surround you—
Forget not those who weep!
When friendship's smile invites you
To bless and to be blessed,
When every charm delights you—
Oh, think of the distressed.

When golden gales betide you,
As if by Heaven decreed,
And plenty stands beside you,
Forget not those who need!
When pleasure's cup seems endless,
Oh, prove it without end,
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend!

HOW JENKS GOT A WIFE.

Our friend Jenks was a timid fellow. He had lived 28 years without having once offered himself in marriage. Not that he was averse to conjugal felicity, far from it; he believed he should never be happy until he gave up bachelorship, and fairly settled down. Jenks was good looking, with something of the air becoming to a man of family, and he felt that he ought to get married. "Twenty eight," said he to himself, "and no nearer marriage than at twenty—no, not so near. Eight years as good as lost," he continued with a sigh. "What a nice family I might have had around me—boys and girls—a comfortable home—plenty buttons on my shirts—no holes in my stockings! What a fool I have been to be sure! He thrust his hands into his pocket, and looked the picture of despair. In a moment his face brightened—sorrow is evanescent—hope chased away the clouds from his brow. "It is not too late," he said with an energy that made him start—"there is still time, and I will be wise."

That night Jenks took pains to tie his cravat—he arranged his hair to a nicety, and taking a last, long lingering look at himself, he sallied forth. He wended his way thoughtfully to the residence of the happy father of three blooming daughters. The evening glided away pleasantly, and at eleven o'clock he rose to depart.

"You will call again, Mr Jenks," said Amelia, a charming woman of 25.

"It will give me a great deal of pleasure," replied the gratified fellow, and showed his sincerity by dropping in the next evening. Father and mother exchanged glances as he took his seat.—Another evening passed away delightfully. After the departure of Jenks, the mother of the amiable Amelia carelessly inquired what he did for a living.

The father believed he was a commission merchant.

"Oh he's not a lawyer, then?"

"No."

"Nor a doctor?"

"I said a commission merchant, my dear, rejoined the husband and father, mildly but firmly.

"Well, that's better than nothing," exclaimed the good woman, and I've heard there is not much risk in that business."

Jenks called again and again, and at the end of three months he was still a visitor, and the favorite of the whole family. He ate cake made by Amelia—listened with delight to a thousand little hints of her industry and aptness—until completely carried away, he resolved to offer himself. But how was it to be done; could he, a timid, inexperienced man, accomplish so momentous a matter.—"How shall I begin?" he inquired of himself, but he got back no satisfactory reply. "My father did it, though," continued he, "and can't I do what my father did?"

Off he darted, and in a few minutes he was in presence of his loved Amelia.

"You look thoughtful, Mr Jenks," said she.

"Ah, if you only knew," replied he,

"Has anything happened?" asked the mother.

"Oh no, not—that is to say, nothing in the shape of an accident."

"What is it, then?" kindly inquired Amelia.

"Don't ask me, I wish to see your father in private," said Jenks, in a sepulchral voice.

The old gentleman was overjoyed to see Jenks, and snook him warmly by the hand.

"Can we have a few words," whispered Jenks,

"Certainly, sir," answered the father, leading the way into the library. The door had hardly closed, before Jenks began.

"You see, sir," he said, "I have been visiting your house for about three months."

"Well, sir?"

"And you understand—"

"Understand what?"

"Why, confound it, don't you see—"

"Who—where?" replied the father, as if not caring or determined not to understand.

"Why the fact is you appear to be a very happy man."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I've made up my mind, that is to say—I thought I would make up my mind—you know it is with us fellows—"

"Go on, sir—go on," continued the father.

"Plague take it," nervously exclaimed Jenks, "you've got the—I mean a daughter."

"Three of them, Mr Jenks—three of them, sir; and fine girls they are, too."

"Well I want to ask you if you would object to my taking one of them to the opera—and—and—marrying her?"

"Why, what in the name of sense has the opera to do with it? You don't wish to marry her at the opera?"

"Oh no—only—"

"Only what?"

"I only want to marry her, sir, that's all."

"Why don't you say so, then; have you asked her?"

"Not yet, sir. I thought I would speak to you first."

"Can you maintain a wife, Mr Jenks?"

"Handsomely, sir, if you'll only let me try."

"Well, you have my consent; and mine, too," exclaimed the mother, throwing open the door.

"Oh, you are so kind," cried Jenks—"now you ask her for me, that's a good soul, won't you?" said the timid fellow imploringly.

The matter was soon settled, and a couple of weeks found Jenks the happy husband in all Christendom. So much for following up a good resolution. We advise all our bachelor friends to go and do likewise.

To the Editors and Publishers of the United States.—W. VATTAMARE wishes to place in the "American Library," which is now being formed in the City Hall, at Paris—

"A COLLECTION AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, Presented to the City of Paris,

By the Journalists of the United States, July 4th, 1849."

He will thank all editors and publishers to send to the "Boston Daily Bee" (the Editor of which has undertaken to form the collection) a copy of their paper published on the Fourth of July, 1849, with a copy of each semi-weekly and weekly which they may issue, during the first week in July. Papers published in other American nations, and old or rare new papers, will also be thankfully received. Acknowledgments will be made through the Bee of all donations received.

Editors will please "copy" the above notice, and bear it in mind on Independence Day.

The Raleigh Standard says that H. W. Miller, Esq. has declined the office of District Attorney.

CALIFORNIA.

In the lull of the golden mania, there are some quiet truths making themselves heard along the Atlantic border, and whispering peace and hope to the true lovers of our country and the zealous friends of union and order. Deeply as we felt the neglect of the last Congress to provide a territorial government for California, singular and disreputable as such an omission was, in relation to the efficiency of our national character and the boasted energy of our system of government, yet it is highly probable that all will end well and turn out for the best.

It seems that the people of California are steadily working out the grand problem of their constitutional existence for the future, under their own experience and dexterity. Not absorbed with gathering the rich harvest of the Sacramento, they have found leisure to come out from their houses, shanties, hogheads and tubs, and to arrange the preliminaries for an official top at the door of the next Congress, with their constitutional apparatus in their hand. Instead of a territory therefore, we may be called upon to recognize a sister State upon the shores of the Pacific; and instead of providing for a dependent, we may expect to extend the hand of union to an equal.

Better that it should be so; and thus retreating from our divisions and contentions upon the Atlantic border, the gentle spirit of peace has gone to brood over the rising dignity of her kindred Pacific shores. The facts evinced by this incident in our national history are trumpet-tongued laudations of the republic and her sons. A people once imbued with a proper sense of human rights as contributing to human liberty, may be safely left to their own instincts and sound discretion. Errors may be made but they will be soon discovered and eradicated; forms of government may be somewhat rude and their administration want the polish of conventional society; but republicanism will be free, and they will be governed—and they will govern themselves. This is a lesson that France did not thoroughly understand, or she would never have thrust her gauntlet against the gates of the seven-hilled city, with the flag of freedom flying from its walls.

There is a lesson for us to learn from it also. Bitter strife threatened to disturb and dishonor our legislative halls in debating the question, now, perhaps, at rest, and even desolating and traitorous cry of denunciation was muttered in our ears by some discursive traitors. "We will," and "we will not," "it shall be," and "it shall not," were the imperial and mandatory terms of weak men, to whose hands the great interest of the newly-developed West were for the nonce committed. An appointed period came when a breath unmade them, "as a breath had made," and they were powerless to do or undo. Then the issue returned to the people, the true source of power, the real authors of their own political being and character, and, though but novices in making States, we are content to put the people of California against a French Assembly and an able and workman like display of republican statesmanship.

Speaking of the overflow at New Orleans, the Delta is very severe on the authorities of the city; and says that one or two humiliating admissions must be made, to wit: that either the citizens of that great emporium, with all their science and learning, were unable to avert the misfortune, or else the city authorities have been shamefully perverse and inactive. The Delta then contends that had a levee been built in the rear of the city, as recommended by one of the surveyors of the city, the mischief would have been averted; but instead of that, it was denounced by "grocers, shopkeepers and tape measurers," as presumptuous & ridiculous.

There must be great responsibility somewhere. The hundreds of poor families who have been ruined—turned out of house and home in a populous city—many of them caught in this way upon a bed of sickness, and in an hour of great need, tell a tale that makes the heart ache. And what is equally as bad, if not worse, no man can foretell what pestilence and ruin is to follow the receding of the flood.

In another place, in reference to the flood, the Delta says:

"The fashionable circles have abandoned their fine coaches, with silver mounted harness and English drivers, and taken to gondolas, vulgarly skills. Gay parties of ladies may be seen in the afternoon fluttering in neat, pretty little skills, which, with their snowy sails, skim pleasantly over the inundated districts."

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The non-jury County Court for Lincoln county, will be holden on the second Monday in July, and not the 3d, as has been supposed. The extra term Superior court commences the third.

A One Wheeled Carriage: the Horses Inside.—A new and very novel invention called a one wheeled coach, has recently been tried with success out West, and promises to be of much value, especially on prairies or wherever the surface of the ground is tolerable level. The vehicle consists of a large hollow wooden wheel, fourteen feet in diameter and six feet wide.—The horses are placed inside, and propel it along in the same manner that a caged squirrel makes its wheel to revolve. Slats are nailed on the inside floor of the wheel, by which horses obtain foot-hold. In the centre is a small iron shaft, from which depend hangers which support four comfortable sofas for passengers; the wheel thus revolves the seats remaining in perfect equilibrium. The arrangement for guiding the carriage is very simple and effective; it can make a much shorter turn than a stage coach.

A very successful trial of one of these carriages was recently made on the State road between Canal, Dover and New Philadelphia, Tascarrawa Co., Ohio, which perfectly demonstrated their utility in transporting very heavy loads with ease and rapidity. The carriage was filled by a party of twenty-four ladies and a gentleman, with two heavy draught horses previously trained to propel them. The distance between the two places, is 5 miles, and was performed in 28 minutes on the first trip, and 25 minutes on the second. The horses are not confined by harness, and as they travel, as it were on an endless plank road, their work is comparatively easy.—N. Y. Sun.

AARON BURR.—Interesting Revelation.—Mr. Treat of the St. Louis Union writes from Havana, that he has been endeavoring to obtain the permission of the Cuban government to inspect the archives of Louisiana, which were removed to that island, and which still remain there. These documents, among other matters, will throw light upon the Burr "conspiracy" as it is called. Mr. Treat writes:

"It is probable that Spain would suffer none except a Spaniard to explore her archives, as the existing authorities know not what strange discoveries may be made. A year or two ago, the Legislature of Louisiana made an appropriation to procure copies of certain documents connected with the history of the State, and an agent was sent to Madrid. At first he was denied access to the archives, but by availing himself of a change of ministry, he succeeded in obtaining the necessary order. The minister who refused was aware that his father, whilst envoy to the U. States, at the date of the Burr conspiracy, seriously compromised his character, and that of his government; and it was feared the records in question might contain the damning proofs. His rival and successor had no desire for any concealment of the kind; and supposing that a revelation of the family secrets of his competitor would prove that the latter had no hereditary claims on Spanish gratitude, admission to the archives at Madrid was obtained by the Louisiana agent. I have learned by an American gentleman who has just arrived here from Madrid, that the search has resulted in the discovery of many important matters, throwing light on the Burr conspiracy, and the conduct of General Wilkinson. In due time, it is presumed the public will have possession of these interesting facts. At this place no American can get admission to the archives, except by bribery."

Beautiful Sentiment.—The late eminent Judge Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history and what would his life have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity;—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its beautiful parts to the gospel."

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Telegraphed for Charleston Mercury.
LATER FROM EUROPE.



BALTIMORE, June 7, 3 p. m.

Looking at the condition of Continental Europe, a general war would appear to be inevitable. In France, so far as returns of the recent election have been received, the Socialists and Red Republicans have elected 240 members to the next National Assembly.

In the National Assembly, one of the most exciting debates which has ever taken place in that most excitable body, arose upon the consideration of the French Intervention at Rome, and the Russian Intervention in the affairs of Austria. An immediate declaration of war against Russia and Austria was urged by several speakers; but after a long and animated discussion, it was modified by the adoption of a resolution, submitted by Gen. Cavaignac, which recommended the Government to take energetic measures for the protection of the internal and external affairs of the Republic.

This resolution, though strongly opposed by the Ministry, was carried by the triumphant vote of 436 to 101. It was generally supposed upon the advent of the new General Assembly, that Gen. Bugeaud will be called upon to form a new cabinet.

The Danish and German war still continues without any decisive results, or any prospect of an immediate termination.

The Hungarians appear to be contending heroically with the Austrians and Russians, and seem to be preparing for a most desperate struggle.

The Emperor of Russia has recognized the French Republic, but at the same time he has issued a manifesto, announcing his determination to interfere in the affairs of Austria and Hungary. He speaks of the mission entrusted to him by God, and in the presence of his people, and in the name of the God of Battles, he commands his army to advance for the extinction and destruction of evil minded men.

The Indian war has terminated, and the fertile district of the Punjab has been annexed to the British dominions.

A RELIGIOUS FISH.

A short time ago, mine host, Stewart, of the Denton Hotel, purchased a rock fish weighing about sixty pounds. Upon opening it he found in it a certificate of membership of the M. E. Church, which read as follows:

MEMBER.
METHODIST E. CHURCH.
FOUNDED A. D. 1784.
QUARTERLY TICKET, 18
MINISTER.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—2 Cor. iv. 17.

O what are all my sufferings here
If Lord thou count me meet,
With the enraptured host appear,
And worship at thy feet.

The paper was of course in a crumpled and wet condition, but upon exposing it to the sun, and ironing the links out of it, it became quite legible.—Denton (Md.) Journal.

We copy the following rule for wearing rings, for the especial benefit of those ladies who are desirous of ringing into the affections of young gallants:

A Scotchman, who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbors, fell sick, and being given over, sent for his enemy that he might be reconciled.

"On!" said he, when the man entered the room, "I am very bad, very bad, indeed—do you think I shall die?"

"I hope not," replied his visitor.

"Yes I shall, I know I shall die, so I sent for you to be friends, that I may not go out of this world at enmity with any one!"

This token of reconciliation was granted; but when his visitor was about to take leave, the sick man cried out, "Stop! if I should not die this time, all this goes for nothing—mind now, it is to be just as it was before, if I don't die!"