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

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The Wine Cup.

I will quaff the sparkling wine, said Health,
It gives new life to the soul,
And Wit will flash like the gems of Wealth,
As it yields to its high control.
He drank; but disease had touched the cup,
And fever burned in each vein,
Wit in the poison was swallowed up,
And madness consumed the brain.
Beauty came next with her rose-hued lip,
And the love light in her eye,
And she bent o'er the tempting fount to sip,
And gushed new brilliancy;
But poison was mingled with its waves,
A poison that cannot fail,
And her eye dropped like the eye of slaves,
And her lip grew thin and pale.
And youth in its ontought gladness, sprang
Like an eagle in its flight,
And his laugh like music breathings rang,
As he quaffed the nectar bright;
He drank and the poison reached his heart,
And he bowed his feeble head,
And turned in shame from the world apart.
The life of his soul had fled!
And Love, with his soft, caressing tone,
And his warm, persuasive lip,
And a glance that none but love hath known,
O'er the chalice bent to sip;
His tone was vile as he turned away,
And his lips with passion burned,
And his glance fell 'neath the glance of day,
And virtue his presence spurned?
With lofty brow; and an eye of flame,
And an eagle heart within,
Genius strode forth in his garb of fame,
Where the tempter sought to win—
He drank, and the mighty soul bowed down
Like a tree beneath the blast,
And the lofty name, and the laurel crown,
In the syren cup were cast!
O God! how long shall this lava flood
O'erwhelm our glorious land?
Up, up, saggard, up, lest a brother's blood
Be demanded at thy hand.
Up, up, thou of the sleeping heart,
Arise, with new life warmed—
'Tis God is Love, go forth—thou art
In God's own image formed.

The Fat Girl's Jump.

A CURE FOR SOMNAMBULISM.
I was just twelve years of age, and the most unequalled rogue for mischief that "old Kentucky" could produce. It was at this time that I was sent to a country boarding school, some thirty miles from my birth-place, Louisville—and an agreeable school it was, for it had but two departments, and they simply consisted of male and female. Our tutor and tutoress were the kindest souls in Christendom, and never indicated a heavier punishment than that of sending the guilty one to bed supperless, or depriving him or her the privilege of recess. Then there could be no wonder in our imposing upon such good nature but for my adventure:
There was only a door (that, of course, locked) that separated the dormitory of the boys and girls; but the kind builder had not omitted to place a ventilator over the door, and, as luck would have it, the good mistress had covered it with a small green baize curtain upon our side. After enjoying a fine dance upon the green, and that, too, under the prettiest moonlight that ever shone, we were assembled in the chapel to prayer, and then sent to our separate dormitories—the girls, some fifteen in number, taking one flight of stairs, while we, eighteen or twenty of the greatest scamps alive, took the opposite flight—our master and mistress returning to their own room. A few moments found all in bed, and strange to say, perfectly quiet. We had lain so but a short time, when we heard a sudden creak, like a bedstead put in violent agitation, and this was followed by a suppressed, but general titter.
"By golly, boys, there's fun among the gals," I exclaimed, "and here's what's going to have a peep at 'em."
In a moment every bed showed a sitting figure. I bounded out, and running softly to the keyhole—but the fallen angels had stuffed it with a rag, and that was no go.

"Never mind, boys; easy now, and I'll give you all a sight."
I softly drew a table and placed it against the door, and with the greatest difficulty stood a chair upon it—for the table being small, the chair made almost too great a stride for it. However, I mounted, and raising one corner of the curtain the whole scene was visible to me.
The girls had placed two beds some six or eight feet apart, and laid a feather bed on the floor between them, and they were then exercising themselves by jumping from one bed to the other.— There was one fat girl, about as broad as she was long, and in no way calculated for physical exertion; but she had got upon the bed, and stood swinging her arms to and fro, making every indication for a desperate jump. By this time I was out on the floor, and my place at the curtain supplied by another sprig of mischief. He leaned down and whispered—the fat girl was going to jump.
"Oh, golly!" said he, "if Fan only falls, won't she roll over nice?"
I was determined to see this; and climbing up again, we both occupied the "watering pit." With one hand over our mouths, and pinching our noses, to prevent a burst of laughter we stood breathless; awaiting the awful calamity.
"There she goes, by jingo!" I exclaimed. She didn't do it, though—for her feet just resting on the round of the bed, she balanced but for a moment, and fell backwards, head down, and feet in the air, rolling and puffing like a porcupine, but displaying no mean agility for so embarrassing a situation.
We could hold in no longer, but shook with laughter. The chair tilted, and down all came together, with a crash like a young peal of thunder.
"To bed—to bed, boys," said I, "and leave the rest to me."
In an instant all was quiet; every body in bed and sound asleep, with the exception of myself. Oh! such attempts to snore as might have been then heard—but we were all used to playing the "possum, and I now concluded to give the approaching tutor and wife a somnambulism.
"Now don't laugh for the world boys, and see me do the thing."
I raised the table on its legs, and getting on it, was concluding my speech that I had written and committed to memory for the day—and here the terrors of young ideas entered, but still I continued—
"Friends and fellow students: Overwhelmed, as I am, with gratitude for your kind attention, I cannot refrain from expressing thanks, yes, warm and heartfelt thanks; and to you, dear sir, (this of course meant the tutor, and at this point my vacant staring eyes were upon him,) will my heart ever yearn. I look upon this moment of my life with a pride that swells my young bosom almost to bursting; and when manhood shall close my youthful career, and my country shall call me to her halls of legislation, there will I exercise every truth and virtue inculcated in my heart by your kind and fatherly tutoring.— These boyish tears of joy will yet swell to a gushing stream of ambitious glory—and then will I look back to these days, and with you uppermost in my thoughts, exclaim, "Twas you, yes, you, sir—that made me what I am."
"Bravo! bravo! my boy," they both exclaimed.
I got off the table now, seeing I had the game in my own hands, and walking slowly up to the window, gave myself up to deep sobbings, and really appeared much affected.
The tutor approached me and called me softly by name, but I answered him not; and turning slowly from him, I walked to the other side of the room, avoiding the rays of the lamp which the mistress was directing upon me.
"He is asleep, my dear," exclaimed the tutor, "and it must have been the dragging of the table over the floor that made such a rumbling noise. Give me the lamp, and go bring me a basin of water—I will direct a lasting cure upon our young somnambulist."
I heard many suppressed titters, and could see sundry corners of sheets going into sundry mouths. This nearly destroyed my equilibrium; but I mastered myself, and again went to the window, though the mention of the basin of water caused a momentary shudder to shoot through my whole frame.
The good dame returned with what I magnified into an uncommonly large vessel of water; but it was no delusion—for in her haste she brought the "filterer," and knew certainly it was a cold ducking I was to have. Could I escape it? I would try. I walked first to one bed, then to another—the tutor following with the filterer, his wavy playing "torch-bearer," while the heavy breathing of

the "possuming sleepers added to the solemnity of the scene.— I still walked on, turning away every time he proposed to douse me. They had completely cut off the retreat to my own bed, and I saw at once I should have to take it. I walked boldly out, and placing myself before him, he upset the contents of the jug upon me.
I gasped, caught my breath, tottered, and played the frightened boy so well, the deception was complete. I heard a merry laugh in the girl's room—my school-mates on their beds rubbed their eyes and enquired the matter.
"Where am I?" I asked; "what awful thing has happened? Did I come near drowning?"
Then looking up, my eyes encountered those of the mistress. I hung down my head, enquiring my little form, for I was minus my musty "mentation-ems." She sympathized with me, and let me in the care of the tutor, who afforded me every facility for drying my drowned skin and changing my robe de nuit. I betook me once again to sleep. We were alone again; but never did I pass such a merry night—and not till long after the upright clock had tolled the midnight hour, did we close our eyes.
Upon awaking next morning, I thot' for the first time of the laugh I heard in the girl's room; and on going to the door through curiosity, I found the rag was gone from the keyhole.
The "Learned Professions"—A Lesson for Young Men.—The New York Sun contains the following excellent article, which we transfer with much pleasure to our columns:
"What a mistaken estimate of the nobility of profession that man makes, who abandons the culture of the soil for the pursuit of trade, or for any of the 'learned professions.' All honest toil is honorable, and dignified, just in proportion as it answers the necessities and adds to human comfort and independence. The tiller of the soil, therefore, ranks first—he is the king of laborers—for the soil provides for the first and greatest of necessities, food and rain. The farmer is more substantially a king than he who sits on the regal throne, and depends for his livelihood upon the tiller of the soil. The first is independent, he creates for himself; the latter is dependent for all he eats, drinks, or wears.
Next to the culture of the soil in essential nobility, are the mechanic, and artisan—the men whose brawny hands build houses and ships, and furnish the endless appliances of every day life.— Who does most to bless mankind, the shoemaker who keeps our feet from the damp and cold; the man who covers our heads, or fashions our garments, or he who, without creating for us a single comfort, calls himself a king and consumes the sweat and blood of nations? Does it need arguing to answer so simple a question? Surely not. We can see at once that he is most noble in his pursuit, who most relieves the necessities and advances the comfort of mankind. What man on the broad earth so imperial as the possessor of acres from which his own toil can draw a supply for every need. He is not forced to do homage to any being less than God, nor depend upon any chances for his livelihood.
The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk, or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignity or enoble his toil, makes a sad mistake. He passes by that step from independence to vassalage. He barter a natural for an artificial profession, and he must be the slave of the caprice of his customers, and the chicaner of trade, either to support himself or to acquire fortune. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing is it morally and physically. To test it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plough boy. The former may have the most external polish, but the latter, under his rough outside, possesses the truer stamina.— He is the freer, franker, happier, and nobler man. Would that young men might judge of the dignity of labor more by its usefulness and manliness, than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in his kid gloves, nor in his toilet ornaments, but rather in that steady aim, whose outlines browned by the sun, be-taken a hardy and honest toiler, under whose farmer's or mechanic's vest, a kindest heart may beat.
It is estimated that at least ten thousand slaves have died in the States south of the Carolinas by cholera. This, with the rise in the price of cotton, will cause an increased demand for negroes for the market south. Negroes will, no doubt, advance in price.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Hungarian War.—The latest intelligence from Hungary is embraced in advices from Vienna to the 26th ult., and is unsatisfactory and full of contradictions. The Wiener Zeitung of the 24th ult. publishes what it calls an explanation of Gorgey's surrender, which amounts to nothing.
The London News, in speculating on the causes and result of the downfall of Hungary, says that the belief is general throughout the continent, that Gorgey surrendered to Paskiewitz on a pledge from Russian commander, that the Czar would recognize the independence of Hungary.
The latest intelligence encourages the belief that Klapka still held possession of Comorn. One account affirms that on the 18th ult., an action was fought between Raab Comorn, in which the Magyars obtained some advantages. Jellachich, arrived at Temesvar, on the 16th ult., he is said to have met with no opposition, and found the road over which he travelled covered with arms and warlike stores, which had been abandoned by the defeated Magyars.
General Haynau in his last bulletin, reports that at the present moment all Basna and Transylvania was clear of the Hungarians.
On the 19th, Bercari's corps of 7,000 foot and 1,000 horse, with 4,000 muskets and two cannon, surrendered to the Russians, laying down their arms, at Bogjere. Bem and Greyon, being surrounded by General Luder's army, left their troops and made their escape. The Hungarians, numbering 8,000 men, with 50 cannon, being left without leaders, laid down their arms.
Since the capitulation of Arad, 25,000 men had been taken prisoners, and 179 cannon captured.
Prince Paskiewitz has delivered Gorgey, the chief of the rebellion, the former deputies of the diet, and all the prisoners and materias of war, to the Austrian commander.
A dispatch from Gen Wallade, received at Temesvar on the 19th ult., announces that the Hungarian leader of the ninth corps had made proposals of capitulation to Gen Komarschen, who pursuing them, stipulating the freedom of the officers upon parole, they giving oath to present themselves when summoned. Gen. Hayman, however, rejected these conditions, and summoned them to surrender at discretion. In the meanwhile the pursuit continued without relaxation.
It is said that the Emperor's decision concerning Gorgey's surrender, is that a portion of his army be enlisted in the imperial ranks, and a portion dismissed to their homes, and that the officers be put upon trial.
Gorgey is not to be brought to Vienna, but carried to Olmutz, or some Bohemian fortress.
Accounts from Pesth to the 21st ult., state that it was rumored that Kossuth had been captured on the frontier of Wallachia. Other accounts affirm that he had been seen passing through Jassas, whilst accounts from Turkey assure us that Bem and Kossuth had arrived at Adrianople, where they embarked in an English ship.
A letter from Gorgey to Klapka directed the surrender of Comorn, assigning no reason but the hopelessness of success, and wish to give peace to his country.
A letter from Kossuth, written before he was informed of Gorgey's surrender, containing a frank admission of the hopelessness of the cause of Magyars, is said to have been found by the Austrians.
France.—During the recess of the French Assembly, a cessation of political strife has taken place. The speculations upon the future prospect of France are confined to the rumor of a change in the Ministry, which it is asserted is without foundation, except in the wishes of those aiming at a dissolution of the present administration.
The Russian minister, at Paris, has officially assured the French Government that the Emperor never thought of Territorial aggrandizement, and that he will recall his troops as soon as the Hungarians have laid down their arms.
It is stated in the Paris National, that the report of the intended marriage of the President of the Republic, and the daughter of the King of Sweden is well founded. M de Perngny, a personal friend of Louis, is about to repair to Stockholm to settle the necessary preliminaries.
There is no doubt that a hostile feeling exists between the French diplomatists and the Pope.
Pope Pius positively refuses to recog-

nize as his soldiers any who have borne arms against him. On the other hand the French Government have recognized all who are willing to continue in the army.
Out of the ten Delegates from the provinces, there is only one ecclesiastic. Everything is in an unsettled state, with but little prospect of an improve-ment.
A Convenient and Common Political Code.—The annexed anecdote which we find narrated in the Cincinnati Commercial, as having actually taken place, gives in a compact form the political code of many, not only of the rank and file, but even of the "distinguished leaders" of parties. To swear whatever your own party does is right, and whatever the opposition does is wrong, is the crucial test of orthodoxy now a days with the wire puliers at Washington:
"During the session of our Legislature in '37 8, James Given, of this county, and Mr. Graybill, of Fairfield, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, occupied seats adjoining each other, and it so happened that they were the only "G.'s" in the house, and Given's name was also called first. Mr. Given was a whig, and Mr. Graybill a democrat. The latter gentleman was addicted to napping in his seat, and often slept through entire debates; but he happened always to answer to his name when the eyes and noses were called.
Mr. Given one day addressed him in the lobby. "Friend Graybill how does it happen that you always vote asleep or awake, and invariably vote with your party?"
"Oh," says Mr. Graybill, "they calls your name first; you speaks out loud and wakes me, den I shoosht votes over way, and dat's right. Ven te VIO SAY NO, TE DEMOCRAT SAY AYE!"
What has he Been?—What is that to you? It is no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men in the past so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is, you should inquire, "What is he now?" What is his present character? If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God-speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices, to condemn one who is resolved to be upright, virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the pains of vice, who might have become an ornament of society, but for the disposition, too common among men, to rake up and drag to the light, long-forgotten iniquities. We always admitted the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, "Do you know where he comes from?" "No," replied the girl, "I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going, and I wish to go with him." This is right. If we see a person on the right track—exerting a good influence; it is sufficient, without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire?—and what benefit will it be to us to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he is heartily ashamed and of which he has repented in dust and ashes?—Wright's Casket.
Slaves Hiring their own Time.—This is a growing evil at the South, particularly in Virginia, and more especially in Norfolk. Sensible persons begin to think that the period has arrived when it should be arrested. Our laws in relation both to free negroes and slaves have remained for years a dead letter on the statute book, while that species of population have gone on acquiring privileges and immunities until they have amounted to a grievance too intolerable to be endured, and which the public voice calls in imperious tones for reform. The supposed clemency of the owner of slaves in permitting them in open violation of law, to hire their own time, so far from proving a kindness, often becomes an absolute wrong—productive only of a positive injury to him who is the subject of it. It effects too, upon those denied these privileges, (if privileges they be deemed,) through the most servile and submissive, are often seen to be injurious—inviting, inducing and impelling to discontent and insubordination. The result in many cases is most disastrous and awful.
There is much excitement in a portion of Mississippi, with regard to the evils growing out of this wretched practice, and which has suggested this article.