

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE.

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Lincoln Business Directory.

Court Officers—Superior Court—F. A. Hoke, clerk. Equity—Wm. Williamson, clerk. County court—Robert Williamson, clerk. Each of these offices in the Court House. W. Lander, Solicitor, law office on the main street, east of the public square. B. S. Johnson, Sheriff. L. P. Rothrock, Town Constable. Register, J. T. Alexander; County Surveyor, John Z. Falls; County Prothonotary, Ambrose Costner. Trustee, J. Ramsour. Treasurer of Public Buildings—D. W. Schenck. **Committee of Finance**—J. T. Alexander, Benj. Sumner, John F. Puffer. **Building Committee**—J. Ramsour, Peter Summey, John F. Puffer, and H. Cansler. **Lawyers**—Haywood W. Guion, main st. one door east. L. E. Thompson, main st. east, 3d square. W. Lander, main st. east, 2d square. V. A. McBee, and W. Williamson, offices at McBee's building, main st. 2d square, east. **Physicians**—S. P. Simpson, main street, west. D. W. Schenck, (and Apothecary, main st. two doors east. Elton Caldwell) main street, 6 doors east. Z. Butt, office opposite McLean's hotel. A. Ramsour, main st. west. **Merchants**—B. S. Johnson, north on square west corner. J. A. Ramsour, on square, north west corner. C. C. Henderson, on square, (post office) south. J. Ramsour & Son, main st. 5 doors west. R. E. Johnson, on square, south west corner main st. R. Reid, on square, south east corner. **Academies**—Male, B. Sumner; Female, under the charge of Mr. Sumner also; residence main st. 5th corner south east of the court house. **Hotels**—Mrs. Motz, s. w. corner of main st. and square. Wm. Slade, main st. 2d corner east of square. A. A. McLane, 2d corner, west, on main st. B. S. Johnston, north west, on square. **Grocers**—G. Presnell, main st. 4 doors east of square. Wm. R. Edwards, south west of square. James Cobb, south east corner of Main and Academy street. **Tailors**—Dailey & Seagle, main st. one door west of square. Allen Alexander, on square, s. by w. side. **Watch Maker and Jeweller**—Charles Schmidt, main st. 4 doors east. **Saddle and Harness Makers**—J. T. Alexander, main st. 2d corner east of square. R. M. & F. J. Jetton, on square, north by west. J. A. Jetton, south west on square. **Printers**—T. J. Eccles, Courier office 5 doors north of court house, Island Ford road. **Book Binder**—F. A. Hoke, main st. on 2d square west of court house. **Coach Factories**—Samuel Lander, main st. east, on 2d square from Court House. Abner McKoy, main st. east, on 3d square. S. P. Simpson, street north of main, and n. w. of court house. Isaac Erwin, main st., west, on 2d square. A. & R. Garner, on main st. east end, north side. **Blacksmiths**—Jacob Rush, main st. 5th corner east of court house. M. Jacobs, main st., east end. A. Delam, main st. near east end. J. Bysinger, back st. north west of public square. J. W. Paysour, west end. **Cabinet Makers**—Thomas Dews & Son, main st. east, on 4th square. **Carpenters, &c.**—Daniel Shuford, main st., east, 6th corner from square. James Triplett, main st. M'Bees building. Isaac Houser, main st. west end. Wells, Curry & Co. main st. east end. **Brick Masons**—Willis Peck, (and plasterer) main st., east, 4th corner from square. Peter Houser, on east side of street north of square. **Tin Plate Worker and Copper Smith**—Thos. R. Shuford, main st. east, on south side of 2d square. **Shoe Makers**—John Huggins, on back st. south west of square. Anzi Ford & Co. south west corner Charlotte road and main st. east end. **Tanners**—Paul Kistler, main st., west end; J. Ramsour, back st., north east of square. F & A. L. Hoke, 3-4 mile west of town, main road. **Hat Manufactories**—John Cline, north from public square, 2 doors, west side of st. John Butts & son, on square, south side. **Oil Mill**—Peter and J. E. Hoke, 1 mile south west of town, York road. **Paper Factory**—G. & R. Mosteller, 4 miles south east of court house. **Cotton Factory**—John Hoke & L. D. Childs, 2 miles south of court house. **Vesuvius Furnace, Graham's Forge, Brevard's, and Johnson's Iron works, east Lime Kiln**—Daniel Shuford and others, 3 miles south.

The Heart.

Oh could we read the Human Heart,
Its strange mysterious depths explore.
What tongue could tell or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore!
Safe from the world's distrustful eye,
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which e'en stern Reason's power defy,
And wear the sands of life away.
Think not beneath a smiling brow,
To always find a joyous heart;
For Wit's bright glow and Reason's flow
Too often hide a cankering dart.
The bird with bruised and broken wing,
Oft tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gaily sing
Its last melodious dying strain,
The fire that lights a flashing eye,
May by a burning heat be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.
Oh do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seem to be;
Nor rudely seek the veil to part,
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

THE LAST BELL.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved and I believe the only girl that ever loved me—any how, the only one that ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of a steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part "my love and me." It came to pass in the course of my history that in order to accumulate a little of this world's gear, that I might be better prepared to encounter the demand of matrimony, I was destined to cross the Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the wherewithal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled, like me, to leave homes and girls they loved, in search of gold! And, good gracious how many have been disappointed! But to the piazza:

Well we were sitting in the piazza, talking of love and separation, etc. We were waiting for the unwelcome sound of the steamboat bell, and you may rely upon it, we talked fast, and abbreviated our words into such ragged sentences that nobody but ourselves could understand them.—The first bell rang, and I sprang to my feet, and trembled like an aspen. "Oh, George wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the big tears came over her blue eyes. "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he arose like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider—"George never wait for the last bell." I was off like a deer, and arrived at the steamboat merely in time to go on board, before she pushed off from the wharf.

My career in search of self, has in a degree been successful; but I believe had not the old farmer told me "never wait for the last bell," that I now should have been as poor as I was the morning that farewell shivered from my tongue upon the heart of my lovely Helen. Any person who has lived at a hotel even for a day, knows the danger of waiting for the last bell—I did once and lost my dinner. The first stroke of the dinner bell always found me at the table. For six months I was clerk, and my never waiting for the last bell secured for me the respect of my employer, who offered me a partnership, which I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rung, I was ready.

I was almost forgetting to tell you that Helen Harris is my wife, and she will never repent the morning I took her father at his word, and ran over the field to get to the boat in time. When I arrived at Baltimore I called upon some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation: one offered, which had been refused by four young men, who were waiting for the last bell, and which I accepted—it was the making of me. Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it till you get a better. Life is short, and he that puts off until the last bell, will, as father

Harris predicts, "come out at the little end of the horn."

Young ladies I have a word for you.—In the street where I live there is a lady who has been seven years in choosing a partner for life. She has had several respectable offers, but she has been waiting for the "last bell," and she is now likely to remain to the last a belle; she is turned thirty, and is more than probable that she must bide single blessedness forever. I beseech all of you who may read this sketch, when ever you may feel a disposition to postpone any thing that ought to be done now, remember the words of Farmer Harris, "Never wait for the last bell."

The last Wilmington papers announce the death of Dr. John Hill, President of the Bank of Cape Fear, on the 28th inst.—He was aged 51—was a ripe scholar, and a true gentleman.

Dr. Thomas W. Wright has been appointed to succeed Dr. Hill, as President of the Bank of Cape Fear.

The Baltimore Sun, of the 15th instant, contains a report to the effect that Santa Anna has been captured and killed by his own countrymen! The Washington Union of the same date says, "we cannot believe it—though such an event is probable enough." in a day or two we shall know whether this report is true or false.

Rev. J. N. Maffit, against whom grave charges have been preferred, has recently been deposed by the Conference of the M. E. Church.

Gen. La Vega—The *Courier des Etats Unis* contains a paragraph in relation to this distinguished Mexican General, which seem to verify the opinion of the "Ancient philosopher,"
Who had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love,"

For, according to this authority, it would appear, that the gallant Mexican, at the very time he was fighting our countrymen in Mexico, was himself subdued by one of our equally irresistible country women.

Says the "Courier," speaking of the captured Mexican Generals, "Among them was Gen La Vega, who, doubtless calling to mind his previous captivity, appeared delighted to return to the United States, and chatted quite gaily with Gen Scott the very evening of the battle."

"If a certain chronicle is to be believed, which we have reason to think is predicated on good information, Gen La Vega goes to New Orleans to recommence a pleasant, sweet romance, which his release and return to Mexico had interrupted, and the denouement of which seemed postponed to the conclusion of the war. This is the explanation of the resignation with which he meets his new captivity."

Rather a Bite.

Some years ago when all the world were mad upon lotteries, the cook of a middle-aged gentleman drew from his hands the savings of some years. Her master curious to know the cause, learned that she had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and she had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never omitted an occasion to tease her upon the subject. One day, however, the master saw in a newspaper, or at his bookseller's in the country town, that the number was actually a £20,000 prize. Cook is called up, a palaver ensues—had known each other many years, loth to part, &c.; in short he proposes and is accepted, but insists on marriage being celebrated the next morning. Married they were; and as the carriage took them from the church, they enjoyed the following dialogue:

"Well, Molly—two happy event in one day. You have married, I trust a good husband. You have something else—but first let me ask you where you have locked up your lottery ticket?"

Molly, who thought that her master was only bantering her upon the old point, cried, "Don't ye say no more about it. I thought how it would be, and that I should never hear the end on't, so I sold it to the baker of our village for a guinea profit; so you need never be angry with me again about that."

Later from Mexico.

The steamship James L. Day arrived at the Levee early this morning from Vera Cruz, whence she sailed on the 5th inst.—By this vessel we have received our regular correspondence and files of Vera Cruz and Jalapa papers. Apart from the intelligence contained in our letters, we learn verbally that an express reached Vera Cruz a moment before the sailing of the James L. Day, with information that a deputation had come down from the city of Mexico to request Gen. Scott to take the capital under his protection. This news is almost incredible; but when it is remembered that the system of guerilla warfare has been adopted by Mexico, and that the banditti who engage in this service are as dangerous to their own countrymen as to the enemy, the report gains some probability.

The impression was gaining ground in the army that there would be no more fighting. It was not expected that there would be any opposition this side of or at Puebla, and it was even doubted if the Mexicans would even defend their capital. Expectations of this nature have proved deceitful so often that we indulge them with much misgiving.

The whereabouts of Santa Anna is somewhat problematical. The last authentic intelligence located him at Orizaba with a miscellaneous command of 3000. Subsequent rumors report him having gone South to recruit his ranks in Oajaca. It is certain that he has not shown himself at the capital since his defeat.—*Picayune.*

From San Luis Potosi.

El Monteur Republicano, published at the city of Mexico, has a letter from San Luis Potosi dated the 7th ult. The letter says it was the intention of Gen. Taylor to move for Zacatecas and San Luis on the 7th of May, and that he had been reinforced from Matamoros and Camargo by 4000 men. Gen Urrea must be at this time at this (west) side of the mountains, as his last letters were dated from Linares. Gen. Taylor has advanced 3000 men to the hacienda of Incarnacion, and the remainder of his forces is stationed at Agua Nueva. We have at San Luis 3000 infantry and some cavalry.

Again, under date of April 10, it is stated that the Congress of the State of San Luis Potosi has conferred extraordinary powers upon the Governor to provide for the defence of the State.

JALAPA, MEXICO, May 2, 1847.

A report has come in that Santa Anna has been made prisoner by his own men. The rumor is very vague and indefinite.—He has enemies enough, to judge by their talking, to tear him in pieces if they could lay hold of him.

A rumor was rife last evening which would be startling were any credit to be attached to it. A nephew of Santa Anna, residing here in Jalapa, has circulated a story to the effect that Canales by a forced march, has surprised and retaken Tampico from the Americans. The news, he says, came express to Gen De Soto, residing near here. It may be that the whole story has grown out of the capture of Tuspan by Com. Perry. The Mexicans make strange blunders sometimes.

At last accounts Santa Anna was near Orizaba, and with the force that had joined him under Gen. Loen had near 300 men. We have no later intelligence from the City Mexico.

The celebrated courier for the English merchants Rafael Beraza, has arrived from Mexico with letters for the British packet at Vera Cruz. He says but little, yet it has leaked out that they are organizing guerillas rapidly in both Mexico and Puebla. All the robbers in the latter City, and their name is legion, has received regular licence to rob and murder on the road.

A surgeon dentist, named Kingsbury, was found this morning, most horribly cut to pieces, on the road to Cerro Gordo.—This is the commencement of the guerilla system. He had been attacked by three Mexicans, and was robbed of \$500.

JALAPA, May 4, 1847.

You in the United States may think that General Scott has an overwhelming power with him, and that he is fully able to run

at will all over the country; but the truth is, that in the first place he did not have half men enough to advance upon the capital of Mexico, nor half transportation enough for what he had.

Had Gen Scott a force sufficient to leave garrisons and keep up a regular communication with his rear, and then march directly upon Mexico, with a fighting force even of six or eight thousand men, the war would be ended in one month's time, at least so far as this country would be able to make farther resistance of any moment; but such a force he has not at his command just now. He may still go on to the capital, even with what he has, for there are not Mexicans enough in arms to arrest him; yet, whether such a course would be prudent or not, is more than any one can say who is not thoroughly into his secrets.

The N. O. "Delta" of the 13th, contains numerous letters from Mexico, which announce that Gen. Scott had left Jalapa with 8000 men, that Puebla had probably surrendered—the anxious desire of Santa Anna to leave the country—Gen Scott's determination to rush on to the city of Mexico—and of the strong probability of being now in the halls of the Montezumas. The removal of the Archives and Officers of the Government from the City into the interior is also announced.

The only account of the military stores taken at Perote, which we have seen, is contained in the following paragraph from the Jalapa Star

THE ADVANCE.—On the 22d inst. at 12 M. Gen Worth entered Perote, without opposition. The enemy's forces had all left that place, and our general took possession of the castle, with its armament in perfect order. Col. Velasquez had been left behind to surrender all things in the name of Government. Fifty cannons, three mortars, four stone mortars, and four or five howitzers, together with a large number of round shot and shells, (no particular quantity of other ammunition) and small arms, were released on the appearance of the Americans. Two South Carolina volunteers and an American sailor, taken near Vera Cruz, were prisoners in the castle, and of course released by our troops. Amputa was in the vicinity of Perote on the approach of Gen Worth, but had not the politeness to visit him before taking his departure, which is said to have been hurried. Some two or three thousand infantry and cavalry of the enemy were also in the neighborhood, but they were disorganized and in a most pitiable condition.

On the road the inhabitants complained bitterly of outrages perpetrated by the retreating soldiers from Cerro Gordo, and many of them had left their homes.

Midshipman Rogers was removed from Perote to Puebla the same day the fight commenced at Cerro.

Apoplexy.—It is recommended that persons of an apoplectic tendency should not use high beds, unless they are protected by a rail, which may be so contrived as to be movable at pleasure; for when they make any movement, such as sitting up to cough or spit, and overbalance themselves, the sudden perpendicular descent causes a violent rush of blood to the head, which immediately extinguishes life.

"It's all nonsense," exclaimed Sheridan, "members may deliver speeches, but it is the reporters who make them. I have often been surprised, on waking up in the morning, to find myself a great orator.—Every reporter is an Orpheus, who, by playing the lyre, extracts music out of the vilest sticks and stones."

A Happy Retort.—The great Dr. Radcliffe, of London, had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught the Doctor just getting out of his carriage at his own door, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work?—Why you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "Y a dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit! You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."