

# LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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## Hope.

The world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again;  
Yet hope and heaven forever true,  
With a man's heart remain  
Dr. The weary soul,  
The struggle of the strong,  
The steps towards some happy goal,  
The song of Hope's song.

Some lead the child to plant the flower,  
Some to sow the seed;  
Some seek fulfillment to her hour,  
But prompt again to dead.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through fallen tears—to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy, weak or fond,  
When Hope would bid us rest secure,  
In better life beyond.  
Nor loss nor shame, nor grief nor sin,  
Her promise may gain say;  
The voice Divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

## Ben Bolt.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—  
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown—  
Who wept with delight when you gave  
her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown?  
In the old church yard in the valley, Ben  
Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the Hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've laid in the noontide shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill.  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben  
Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet which crawls round the walls  
as you gaze,  
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood,  
And the button-ball tree with its motley  
limbs,  
Which nigh by the door step stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest  
waved,  
Grow grass and the golden grain:

And don't you remember the school, Ben  
Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim,  
And the shaded nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben  
Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys that were schoolmates  
then  
There are only you and I.

There is change in things I loved, Ben Bolt—  
They have changed from the old to the  
new;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.  
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a  
truth—  
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

## MONTREAL, April 7, 1849.

**Terrible Conflagration at Toronto—  
The City in Ashes—Loss Half a  
Million of Dollars!**

The city of Toronto has been visited by a tremendous conflagration, and the greater portion of that flourishing town is now reduced to ashes! Not only dwellings, stores, and warehouses, but the magnificent Cathedral of St. James, fell a prey to the devouring element. By this terrible calamity, hundreds have been reduced from affluence to want, and many poor families are left without a home. The loss is estimated at over half a million of dollars!

## JOURNAL OF SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN MEXICO, COMMENCING ON THE 21st FEBRUARY, 1847.

BY H. L. N. HOVIS.

### Concluded.

Sept. 12th.—Last night the batteries were erected, and this morning the ball opened; the Mexicans returned our fire, but they could do us no injury, as their guns could not be brought to bear upon our batteries. Our shot told well, and to-morrow morning the castle is to be stormed; it looks like tight work, but they will have to fight hard if they keep us out; although the wall is high and the ditch deep, that cannot keep the bold yankee boys back.

13th.—We are inside the city gates, and have had a hard day's work. The Castle was taken this morning; among the prisoners are Gen. Bravo and many other prisoners. After the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on the castle, we marched direct for the city; the enemy made a firm stand at the gates, pouring grape shot into us in fine order, but we got a mountain howitzer on the church of San Cuzme, and after giving them a few rounds, the storming party charging at the same time, they were glad to get off. The other divisions are inside the Belen gate, and to-morrow we expect a hard fight at the Plaza.

14th.—The city has surrendered; the Star Spangled Banner floats from the battlements of the National Palace; and Santa Anna has retreated. The city is in great confusion; the streets full of dead, and the greasers, (cut throats or robbers) keep firing upon us from almost every house.

Oct. 1st.—Chadef of Mexico. The city is becoming quiet, and business is beginning to flourish again. Mexico is a fine city, but does not equal my expectations; here may be seen the extreme of riches and poverty; the wealthy revel in all the luxuries of life, while the streets are filled with beggars, almost naked, who have neither house or shelter. The cathedral, which stands on the north side of the grand Plaza, is a magnificent edifice. There is also a fine Museum here, containing a collection of almost every curiosity in the world. The houses are all built of stone or brick, with flat roofs; the streets are generally narrow and strait, paved with pebbles; the Almada is a beautiful grove laid out in walks, with several splendid fountains of water in it.

The Valley of Mexico is perhaps one of the most picturesque spots in the world, surrounded by high and rugged mountains; on the eastern side rises the snow capped peak of Popocatepetl, which presents a grand and imposing sight at sunset. Numerous lakes, interspersed with small islands, upon which Indian huts are built, encircle the city, and furnish the citizens with abundance of fruit, fish, and water fowl.

The manners and customs of the higher class of people, resemble those of the United States, while the lower are devoid of common decency.

June 4th. Peace is made, and we will soon leave this city for home; a great many of the troops are on their way, and in a few days more the city will again be in possession of the descendants of the Aztecs.

### How to Steal Watermelons.

In the neighborhood of the flourishing town of Honesdale, there lived, some three or four years since—and perhaps still lives—an oddity, who rejoiced in the name of Jacob Stinger. Jacob was one of that class who are "about" when an extra hand was wanted—who are generally useful when there is a pressure, and who retire to enjoyment and repose when times are about "mid-lin." He found decidedly more attractions in a ramble through the woods with his gun, or along the stream with his trout "bins," than in any kind of agricultural employment; but, much as he fancied hunting, he was not very successful in that line, and to make up for the deficiency, he would give his aid as a teamster, in the busy season, to his more wealthy neighbors, who were all more or less interested in the lumber business. In that capacity he engaged with old Squire Yales, to take a quantity of lumber to Honesdale. On the road to the latter place, about two miles from Yales, lived an industrious farmer named Bennet, who was known about

the neighborhood, pretty generally, to have a very promising patch of watermelons. This was the more interesting, inasmuch as the article was scarce in the neighborhood. Day after day, as Jacob passed along the road by the farmer's with his toiling cattle, thoughts of the watermelons would force themselves into his mind. How pleasant it would be to have one—only one! And then the "elderly gentleman in black" would whisper, how easily and how safely it might be done! Still Jacob resisted; for he had a high and deserved reputation for honesty and integrity with his neighbors, which he wished to sustain.

At last, however, the watermelons became ripe. Jacob knew it, though he had never seen them; and now the temptation was irresistible. Our hero, though with many compunctions determined to have one—only one; and that very night he vowed it should be done. Evening came, and, after feeling in his pocket if his jack-knife was safe, he started on his expedition. The road seemed to him unusually long and dreary, and several times he felt a little frightened. The truth is, he had never undertaken such an expedition before; and not without reason has the great poet written, that "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

We are now at "Old Bennet's" fence, and Jacob is over it, and cautiously advancing to where he knew the "patch" must be—not unnoticed however. "Old Bennet" knew the value of his melon crop, and that if he would keep it he must watch it, and watch it he did, as the dragon of old watched the fruit Hesperiden. No sooner had Jacob crossed the fence than the owner of the melons advanced from his hiding place, and was about to seize the intruder, when to his surprise, he discovered who it was. Now Jacob was about the last man Bennet would have expected to come at night to rob his melon patch, and even now as he cautiously moved on before him, he almost doubted. Nevertheless, he carefully followed him. The depreder aimed at once for the "patch," there was no moon, but a few stars shed light enough for him to find his way into the midst. Hastily selecting a promising one, he struck once more for the fence, still followed by old "Bennet." Crossing it, he threw himself and his prey down into the midst of the bushes, muttering, as he did so, "Wal, old fellow, you have done it this time!"

The jack-knife was soon produced, and a slice hewed out; but no sooner was the first mouthful taken, than he sputtered it out, exclaiming, "It's a green pumpkin!" A moment after, he went on—"You are a nice old fool, you are Jacob! You would steal watermelons, would you?—and you have stole a cussed green pumpkin! Well, old fellow, you would steal it—now, cuss you, you shall eat it!" Soaring the action to his word, he began to devour the prize with many expressions of disgust, and with a determination to keep "the old fool" to it. At last the task was accomplished, and he rose to depart, muttering, as he did so, to the infinite amusement of old Bennet who said nothing—"You infernal ass, it serves you right! You are not fit for a rascal. Any man who has no more gumption than to steal a pumpkin instead of a watermelon, had better keep honest. He'll never make anything out of his rascality!"

### The Duc de Reichstadt.

A melancholy interest has ever attached to this ill-starred offspring of the ill-matched union between Bonaparte and his Austrian bride, whose birth was ushered in so brightly, and whose early promise was so soon shrouded in darkness and gloom.

The latest advices from Europe bring the tidings that the President of the French Republic is about to demand, or has already done so, the body of the Duc de Reichstadt, for the purpose of laying it by the side of Napoleon, his father, in the Church of the Invalides. Separated from his mighty father at so early a date—born from his side ere alien to his destiny and his presence—retiring away his fiery soul in the outline of the court weather he was consigned as a real captive, though a nominal guest: like an eagle with clipped wings and broken spirit, girded with the aspiration, though not the power to soar—it seems almost a mockery now to mingle his cold ashes, of his memory, with those of Napoleon.

And comment indeed does it offer on human ambition and human designs, that after long years of exile and stigmata—when both the Emperor and the Prince of Rome are dust—the two should from the tomb thrill the great heart of France—and Reichstadt repose by Napoleon's side to share that immortal

ty of fame, the sole legacy left by the mighty monarch after all his struggles, sins and sufferings. Of all portraits that we have ever looked upon, that of this young Prince is the most touching—stamped as it is with the mournful impress of hopes deferred, aspirations crushed, and the prophetic shadow of a premature death.

And to secure this succession did Bonaparte divorce his own loved Josephine, and do violence to the only soft sensation that ever swayed his iron breast. Such lessons may well teach us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

Col. Fremont's attempt to cross the mountains was at the Pueblo of San Carlos, in the neighborhood of the most northerly New Mexican settlements, on the Arkansas river. He was repulsed by the intense cold and deep snows.—The place is at the foot of Pike Peak, the highest range of which is from fifteen to seventeen thousand feet. The failure of the expedition has called forth the following remarks from the "North American":

"This was the very scene of the well remembered sufferings of poor Pike, who, more than forty years ago, (in 1806-7), with a small party of soldiers, entirely unprovided with winter clothing, himself wearing 'cotton overalls,' clambered over the snowy ridges and frozen 'canyons' of these mountains during two-thirds of the winter, until, in fact, compelled by the intense sufferings of his party, towards the close of January, in the upper part of the valley of the Rio Grande, to construct for winter quarters the blockhouse in which he was ultimately discovered and arrested by the Spaniards. Pike's intrepid, though confused explorations had made the world well acquainted with at least the eastern range of this section of the Rocky Mountains, and he had rambed through the stern solitudes of the Bayou Salade or South Park, long before trapper or trader had dreamed of its existence; crossing behind the 'High Peak' which now bears its name to the South Fork of Platte, and even from a mountain ridge, looking down upon a main branch of Grand River—the Colorado of the Pacific—although he mistook it for a branch of the Yellowstone. Pike's difficulties, and the knowledge that here is a culminating swell of the plateau from which such rivers flow as the Arkansas, Rio Grande, and the Colorado of the West, must have induced the expectation of serious impediments to be encountered on this route. It appears, however, that Fremont's calamity arose from no ordinary rigors of winter. Facts mentioned in the Intelligencer and the last despatch from St. Louis show, that the last winter in New Mexico set in unusually early, and was of unparalleled severity. Fremont left the Pueblo at the beginning of December. On the 16th of the last named month, at Santa Fe, the thermometer had fallen to twenty degrees below Zero; men froze to death; the snow was as high as a horse's back in the mountain passes; it appears from the last accounts from St. Louis that it fell much deeper, the mules and horses having, it may be said, been entombed under a fall—perhaps an avalanche—of thirty or forty feet deep. And hence the failure of the expedition is to be attributed chiefly to a misfortune of an unprecedented character, although in part also undoubtedly owing to the unfavorable nature of that particular tract of country."

### Strickland's, N. C., April 12.

Messrs. Editors.—Please give the following an insertion in your paper, and oblige many citizens:—

Melancholy Suicide.—For some days past, our quiet community has been much excited and covered with gloom, by the sudden disappearance of Mrs. Nancy W. Knowles, wife of John H. Knowles, of Sampson county. She left her house on Saturday morning, the 7th inst., between the hours of midnight and morning; and on waking the yard used every means not to awaken her husband, but to get her at her mother's, Mrs. Mary Garrison, and not finding her there, doors were unlocked that she had accomplished what she had threatened, (viz:—strangled herself.) This she had repeatedly said she would do. The intelligence was immediately given to her friends and the community, and every means that could be used were adopted to find her. The waters were drawn from several of the Mill Ponds in the vicinity, and search made everywhere, where there was the least hope of finding her. Intelligence had been received of her on the Saturday inquiring the way to Taylor's Bridge, and, on being informed, she started and took a road that led to a Mill Pond on the lands of Mr. Rodgers. Acting from this intelligence,

they sought for her there, when, horrible to relate, Mr. Sellers and another gentleman found her suspended by the neck, dead!! a frightful object to behold. The article used for this purpose was nothing more than her apron, with the strings of which she formed a noose, and fastened the other part to a small pine tree, which she had bent over.—The location was on a hill side, and from examination of the spot she must have died without a struggle. The cause for this rash act is difficult to explain. They had been married only six weeks, and she often said, "She had married a man that she did not love." She had for some time exhibited symptoms of aberration of mind, and this, no doubt, was the cause of her tragical death. What adds to the gloom of the melancholy affair, they both are considered to be very respectable. The funeral takes place to-day.—Wilmington Journal.

### California Emigration.—The New York Herald has the following recapitulation of the number of vessels and passengers that have left this country for California.

Tot. in 198 vessels, via Cape Horn, 12,325	
45	Chagres, 3,299
3	Vera Cruz, 594
11	Brazos, 765
3	Corpus Christi, 103
2	Sau Juan river, 148
4	Tampico, 87
1	Lavaca, 121
Tot. in 270 vessels, 17,331	

Besides the above, several vessels have cleared at this port for San Francisco, which have not yet sailed; and some few have sailed, the list of passengers in which, if any, we have been unable to obtain. If those who have gone out West, to go overland, were included in the above, it would swell the list to about twenty thousand.

### Distress in Ireland.—The picture of distress in Ireland, as furnished by the late papers, is truly deplorable. Death from starvation is quite an ordinary occurrence. A Dublin paper now before us, contains the details of several cases. In one, a little girl was found dead in a cross street, and the verdict of the jury was, that the victim perished of destitution. In another, a man about 50 years of age, perished at Kenilly, from a similar cause. The Limerick Reporter says that the condition of the entire community in the parishes of Carrigaholt and Kilballyowen, is awful in the extreme, principally from disease superinduced by cold and starvation.

Remedy for Asthma.—The Maine Cultivator says that an individual who has suffered much from asthma, and who had in vain sought relief from regular physicians, wishes to give publicity to the following remedy:—Procure common blotting paper, and thoroughly saturate it in a solution of nitre (saltpetre,) and let it be carefully dried by the fire or exposure to the rays of the sun. On retiring at night, ignite it, and deposit burning, on a plate or square sheet of iron or zinc in your bed room. In many cases, it is said, this has enabled persons painfully afflicted to enjoy their rest.

### Economical Hair Wash.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water: when cool, the solution will be ready for use—damp the hair frequently. This wash not only effectually cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. This, we conceive, cannot be too generally made known.

An historical event is connected with the recent death of Mrs. Gerry, widow of Eldridge Gerry, once Vice President of the United States, which belongs to the country. Charles Carroll, of Maryland, was the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; the widow of Eldridge Gerry, was the last survivor of those American women holding this relation to the men of 1776, who pledged to the support of that declaration "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors."

### "What a beautiful place heaven is!"

exclaimed a little boy. "Why do you think so?" asked his father. "Because," said he, alluding to the stars "the nails in the floor are so beautiful."

### The best chiropodists in the country

are the crows, who are said, by the farmers, to be expert "corn-extractors."