

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

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My Wife and Child.

I have two precious jewels,
The fairest gems of earth—
I love them, yes, I love them
For their own intrinsic worth.
The one, when cares oppress me
And sadness fills my heart,
In meekness comes to bless me
With her soul endearing art.

Her songs like distant vespers,
Inspire my heart with joy,
Whilst, like a guardian angel,
She soothes our little boy
Unto his evening slumber
In music soft and deep,
And, as a spirit, watcheth
His calm and peaceful sleep.

The other—oh! what beauty
Dwells in his playful eyes,
More like the gems which sparkle
At evening in the skies.
And then his artless mimicry
Of all our household ways!
He sings when'er his mother sings,
And prays when'er she prays.

Such jewels God hath given
To share my humble cot,
As messengers from Heaven
To bless my weary lot.
And when the twilight fadeth
And darkness dims the west,
We ask our gracious Father
To guard us while we rest.

The Fate of Nations.—According to Macauley, chance has had more to do than superiority of race, in advancing the positions of the English nation. In his history of England he says:

"Had it Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the arduous and tillers of the earth. The revenues of her proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rude dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boots. No man of English extraction would have arisen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman."

England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous.

Slavery Eighty Years Ago.—Eighty years ago, slavery existed in Massachusetts; and was there practised, by some, as now on the worst sugar plantations of Louisiana. Mrs Child in her history of Woman, says, "A wealthy lady residing in Gloucester, Mass., was in the habit of giving away the infants of her female slaves a few days after they were born, as the people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an infant, which in those days of comparative simplicity, she nourished with her own milk, and reared among her own children. This woman had an earnest desire for a brood of geese, and her husband not feeling able to purchase one, she sent her little wailing to Virginia and sold her, who was about seven years old."—Y^e people of Massachusetts, like the ¹⁷⁸¹ have less charity now for slaves than perhaps any other of the citizens of the United States.—Such is human nature.

Universal Suffrage.—The Courier des Etats Unis tells a good story of a veteran of the Empire, an ex-soldier of some eighty-nine years of age, who insisted upon marching a league or so to deposit his vote for the Napoleonic candidate. His friends and family opposed him on account of his age and infirmities, but nothing could shake his patriotic determination. Upon his return he met one of his neighbors, who enquired why he had not voted.

"Not voted!" roared the Imperial veteran, "I did, I marched all the way down to the town, and when I came to a public building with a crevice, into which a lot of young fellows were depositing their ballots, I threw in mine." The old man had polled his vote in the letter-box of the Post Office.

A Streak of Squatter Life.

BILL SAPPER'S LETTER TO HIS COUSIN.

LIBERTY, MISSOURY, MAY 6th, 1849.

Cousin Jim, the aint nuthin' occurred wuth ritin' about in our settlement for a long spell, but about the beginnin' of last week, thur war a rumor so: afloat in town, which kept the wimen for two or three days in a continuoal snigger, and it war half a day afore the men could find out the rights of the matter—sech another fesse as all the gals got inter, war delightful to contemplate. The boys kept a askin' one another, what in the yearth wur the matter, that the gals kept a whisperin' and laffin round town so?—at last it cum out! and what do you think, Jim, wur the matter? You couldn't guess in a week. It aint no common occurrence, and yet it's mighty natral. Little Jo Allen, the shoemaker, had an addition to his family, amountin' to jest three babbys—one boy and two gals! His wife is a leetle creetur, but I reckon she's 'some' in countin' the census, and sech another excitement as her little brood of pretty babbys has kicked up among the wimen is perfectly inticin' to bachelors. W^her the interestin' matter wur first noised about, the wimen wouldn't believe it, but to know the rights of it thur put on thur bonnets and poured down to see Mrs. Allen, in a perfect stream of curiosity; and, sure enough, thar thur war, thur real peert lookin' children, all jest alike. Bein' an acquaintance of Jo's, he tuck me in to see his family, and it wur raly an intesestin' sight to see the little creturs. Thar thur wur, with thur tiny faces aside each other, hev in on the pretties caps,—all made and fixed by the young wimen, as a present to the mother,—and then thur infantile lips jest openin', like so many rose buds poutin' while thur bits of hands, transparent as sparmacry, war a cortin' about and pushin', all doubled up, agin thur little noses, and thur mother all the time lookin' at 'em so peert and pleased jest as ef she war feelin' in her own mind thar war hard to beat—added to which thar stood thur daddy, contemplatin', with a glow of parental feelin', the whole unanimous pictur! It aint in me Jim, to fully describe the universal merits of sech a scene, and I guess it couldn't receive raly justice from any man's pen, 'cept he'd ben the father of twins at least.

"Gracious me!" sed Mrs. Sutton, a very literary wimin, who allays talks history on extra occasions; 'ef that little Mrs. Allen aint ekil to the mother of the *Grashi*!" She looked at little Jo, the daddy, for a spell, and tuk to admirin' him so thar she could scarcely keep her hands off on him—she hadn't no babbys, poor wimin!

"Ah! Mr. Allen," ses she, "you are suthin' like a husband—you're determined to descend a name down to your ancestors!"

I raly believe she'd a kised him ef thur hadn't ben so many wimen thar. The father of the babbys wer mitley tickled at fust, 'cause all the wimen wur a praisin' him, but arter a spell he gin to look skary, for go whar he would he found some wimen tryin' to git a look at him—thar jest beseged his shop winder all the time, and kept peepin' in, and lookin' at him, and askin' his age, and whar he cum from? At last sum of the gals got so curious thar asked him whar he did come from, any how, and as soon as he sed Indianeer, Dick Mason becum one of the popularest young men in the settlement among the wimen, jest 'cause he war from the same state.

Things went on this way for a spell, till at last the heard of 'em in the country, and the wimen all about found some excuse to come to town to git store goods, jest a purpose to see the babbys and thur parents. The little daddy war wusser plagued now, and they start'd at him so thar he couldn't trow—the fact war, his mind wur gettin' troubled, and some of the wimen noticed the skary look he had out of his eyes, and kept a wonderin' what it meant. One mornin' it war noticed by some of the gals that his shop winder opened, so thar got inquirin' about him, and arter a sarch he cum up missin'—well, I'm of the opinion thar war an excitement in town then, fully ekil to the president's election. Every wimin started her husband out arter Jo, with orders not to come back without him, and sech a scourin' as they gin the country round would a caught anythin' human,—it did ketch Jo—on his road to Texas! When they got him back in the town agin, a committee of married men held a secret talk with him, to larn what the matter war, that he wanted to clear out, and Jo told 'em that the wimen kept a starin' at him, so he couldn't work, and ef he war kept from his business, and his family continued to increase three at a

time, he'd git so cussed poor he'd starve, and therefore he knew it 'ud be better to clear out, for the wimen would be sure to take good care of his wife and the babbys.

Old Dr. Wilkins wur appointed by the men to wait on a meetin' of the wimen, and inform them of the fact, that they wur annoyin' the father of the three babbys, and had almost driven him out'n the settlement. The doctor, accordin' to appointment, informed the wimen, and arter he had retired thar went into committee of the whole upon the matter, and appointed three of thur number to report at a meetin', on the next evenin', a set of resolutions settin' what thar'd do in the premises, and governin' female action in the partickler case of Jo Allen, his little wife, and three beautiful healthy babbys.

When the hour of meetin' had arriv' Mrs. Sutton's parlors wur crowded with the wimen of the settlement, and arter appintin' Widdger Dent to the cheer, thar reported the committee on resolves redly, and Mrs. Sutton bein' the head of the committee she sot to work and read the followin' drawn up paper:—

WHEREAS, It has been sed by the wise Solomon of old, that the world must be peopled, therefore, we hold it to be the inviolate duty of every man to git married, and, moreover, rear up citizens and future mothers to our glorious republic; and,

WHEREAS, It is gratifyin' to human natur, the world in general, Missury at large, and Liberty in partickler, that this settlement has set an example to the ancestors of future time, which will not only make the wimen of this enlightened state a pattern for thur children, but a envy to the royal wimen of Europe, not forgettin' the proud mother the Lions of England, but will elevate and place in and among the furst families, forever hereafter, the mother that has shed such lustre upon the sex in general; and

WHEREAS, It is the melancholy lot of some to be deprived of doin' thar duty in the great cause of human natur, because the young men is back'ard about speakin' out, it is time that some measures be taken inimical to our general prosperity, and encouragin' to the risin' generation of young fellars round town; therefore

Resolved, That, as married wimin, our sympathies, like the havin' of natur's bosom, yearns with admiration and respect for that little wimin, Mrs. Allen, and as we see her three little babbys reclinin' upon thur mother's female maternal bosom, our beatin' hearts with one accord wish we could say ditto.

Resolved, That in the case of Mrs. Allen, we see an illustrious example of the intarnal and external progress of that spreading race, the Angel Saxons; and time will come, when the mothers of the west will plant thur glorious shoots from one pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains to the tother, and until thar cry of liberty will be hollered from one pint to the next in continuoal screech!

Resolved, That Mr. Joseph Allen, the father of these three dear little babbys, shall receive a monument at his death, and while he is livin', the wimen shall only visit his shop once a week to look at him, 'cept the married wimen, who shall be permitted to see him twice a week and no offener, pervided and exceptin' thar want to git measured for a pair of shoes.

Resolved, That Mister Joseph Allen shall hav the custom of the whole settlement, for he is a glorious livin' example of a dotin' husband.

Arter these resolutions had been unanimously passed, Mrs. Sutton addressed the meetin' in a stream of elegance, wharin she proved, clear as a whistle, that a family war the furst consideration for a settler in a new country, and town lots the arter question. "She acknowledged the corn," she sed, "that it war suthin' to look offen at thur neighbor Allen, but his peace of mind war the property of his family, and she hoped the ladies wouldn't disturb it 'cause the loss of sech a husband would be a sufferin' calamity to the settlement."

The meetin' adjourned, and Jo went back to work singin' and whistlin' as happy as usual, and ever since he's had a perfect shower of work, for the gals all round the country keep goin' to him to git measured, thar say he deserv'es to be encouraged. Your furst Cousin,
BILL SAPPER.

Education.—Man though born with a capacity for much that is great and exalted, would have scarcely any idea beyond the pleasure of sense, were he left by others to follow his natural inclinations. Education calls forth the latent capability, and creates a taste for refined enjoyments.

From the National Intelligencer.

Col. Fremont and his Party. Further and Final Accounts.

We resume the extracts from Col. Fremont's Letters, prefacing them with some brief description of the localities made memorable by disaster, for the information of those who have not recent maps at hand.

It is known that the great Rocky Mountain chain, with a general direction north and south, sends out a branch towards the southeast from between the heads of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte; and this branch forms the dividing ridge between the upper valleys of these two rivers, and between the headwaters of the Red river and the Del Norte; and having accomplished these purposes it subsides and disappears in the plains of Texas. The highest part of this branch chain, and the governing object in it to travellers, are the Spanish Peaks, first made known to American geography by the then young Lieut. Pike. These Peaks are about in north latitude 37½ deg. and west longitude from London 105 deg. and about on a line longitudinally with the Pueblos of the Upper Arkansas, distant from them half a degree, and in sight. They are seen at a great distance, and are guiding objects to travellers. The road to Santa Fe passes below these Peaks, and crosses the chain about two degrees south: Col. Fremont passed above them, and entered the valley of the Del Norte high up above the Mexican settlements, and above Pike's stockade, and intended to follow the Del Norte to its head, and cross the great Rocky Mountain chain through some pass there to be found. He was, therefore, so to speak, going into the forks of the Mountain—into the gorge of two mountains—and at a great elevation, shown by the fact of the great rivers which issue from the opposite sides of the Rocky Mountains at that part—the Arkansas and Del Norte on the east, the Grand river fork of the Colorado of the gulf of California on the west.

It was at this point, the head of the Del Norte, where no traveller had ever gone before, that Col. Fremont intended to pass, to survey his last line across the continent, complete his knowledge of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and crown the labors of long explorations by showing the country between the great river and the great sea to be inhabitable by a civilized people, and practicable for a great road, and that on several lives, and which was the best. He had been seven years engaged in this great labor, and wishes to complete it. It was the beginnin' of December that he crossed the chain from the Arkansas valley into the valley of the Del Norte; and, although late, with the full belief of the old hunters and traders at the Pueblos, the guide inclusive whom he there engaged, that he would go through. He was provided with every thing to carry the men to California, and with grain to carry all the animals across all the mountains into the valleys of the tributaries of the Great Colorado of the West, where the snows would be light, wood and grass sufficient, game abundant, and the hardships of the expedition all surmounted and left behind. In two weeks he expected to be in these mild valleys.—Unhappily, the guide consumed these two weeks in getting to the head of the Del Norte—a distance which only required four or five days travel, as Col. Fremont showed in coming back. This was the cause of the first calamity—the loss of the horses and mules. The same guide consumed twenty-two days when sent with the party for relief, in making the distance which Col. Fremont, (with Godey, Preuss, and a servant,) without a guide, on foot, in colder weather, deeper snows, and half famished, made in six. That was the cause of the second and irreparable calamity—the death of the men.

The immediate scene of suffering in this great disaster, where the ascent of the great mountain was forced and its summit scaled, must have been above north latitude 38½, and west longitude from London 107, the elevation about twelve thousand feet, and the time that of dead winter—Christmas! From this point the noted objects, Pike's Peak and the Three Parks, would bear about E. N. E. and the Spanish Peaks about E. S. E.

With this notice of localities, to which a mournful interest must long attach, we proceed to give extracts from the remaining and final letters from Col. Fremont. The first of these is dated "TAOS, NEW MEXICO, Feb. 6, '49."

After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

"Mr. Vincent Haler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement with three or four others, including Mr. King and Proulx, we have lost eleven of our party.

"Occurrences since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came within the knowledge of Mr. Haler: I say briefly because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need relieve from terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistence of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care or vigilance of mine could foresee or prevent.

"You will remember that I had left the camp (twenty-three men) when I set off with Godey, Preuss, and my servant in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and without occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days, and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great Sierra buried under the snow.

"Manuel, (you will remember Manuel, a Christian Indian of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin,) gave way to feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincent Haler, whom I had left in command to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there; which he doubtless soon did.

"The party moved on, and at ten miles Haler gave out, threw away his gun and blanket, and a few hundred yards further fell over into the snow, and died. Two Indian boys, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They came upon him, rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow, on the bank of the river.

"No other died that day. None the next.

"Carver raved during the night, his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

"Sorel on this day (the fourth from the camp) laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow blind remained with him. These two did not probably last till the next morning.—That evening (I think it was) Hubbard killed a deer.

"They travelled on getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

"The state of the party became desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all he could for them; that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief; and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river; that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die. This address had no effect. They accordingly separated.

"With Haler continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, one other, and the two Cosumne Indian boys.

"Rohrer now became despondent, and stopped. Haler reminded him of his family, and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow and to overtake them at evening.

"Haler, Scott, Hubbard and Martin now agreed that if any one of them should give out the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

"At night Kerne's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the mean time to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die.—With this party, were the three brothers Kerne, Captain Cathcart, McKie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Kohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterwards from some of