



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS J. ECCLES.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance: \$2.50 if payment be delayed over six months. To CLUBS—Three papers will be sent for \$5; and seven for \$10, in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1 per square (14 lines) for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

FOR THE LINCOLN COURIER.

The Queen of Flowers.

One pleasant eve, I fondly strayed Through floral scenes and bowers—I plucked the rose, with charms displayed, To me, the queen of flowers. Of all that grows, give me the rose, So sweet—the queen of flowers. Sweet flowrets gay, I love to view In Nature's rich adorning; In robes of green, and white, and blue— All blushing like the morning. With flowrets rare, what can compare, When touched with tints of morning? 'Midst odors sweet, my way I led— Fond moments thus beguiling; The aster blue, the tulip red, Enticed me—sweetly smiling. The aster blue, and tulip, too, Are surely sweet and smiling. I love to view each blooming spot Where floral charms are blending, Where grows the sweet forget-me-not, So pure and unpretending. Oh! who loves not that blooming spot With charms so unpretending? I love to seek, where'er I stray, Bright spots where love reposes; Where lilies fine, where dabbins gay Are seen with fragrant roses. Each flowret gay, can charms display, But none more sweet than roses. How sweet to think, where'er we roam, 'Mong cots, or costly bowers, There blooms the rose, to gladden home With captivating powers. Of all that grows, give me the rose, So sweet—the queen of flowers.

Look not upon the Wine.

Look not upon the wine when it Is red within the cup; Stay not for Pleasure when she fills The tempting beaker up. Though clear its depths, and rich its glow, A spell of madness lurks below. They say 'tis pleasant on the lip, And merry on the brain; They say it stirs the sluggish blood, And dulls the tooth of pain. Ay, but within its growing deeps, A stinging serpent nascent sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire, Its coolness change to thirst, And by its mirth within the brain A sleepless worm is nursed. There's not a bubble at the brim That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside, And spill its purple wine; Take not its madness to thy lips, Let not its curse be thine. 'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe Are hid in those rosy depths below.

The Frozen Ship.

At this period when so much anxiety prevailed respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin, everything relating to the Polar Regions is of interest. The following sketch is one of the most thrilling extant: "One serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens, the master of the Greenland whaler, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time.

"About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks, every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked, with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea

wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

"It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything, but her masts and rigging were struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

"Capt. Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat, with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserable weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclined on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—'Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—'

"Capt. Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Capt. Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed, of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

"On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to his discovering her among the ice."—W. Westminster Review.

Phosphate of Lime.—It seems singular that on the property of the New Jersey Exploring and Mining Company, about 12 miles from Dover, in this State—who, it is well known, possess one of the richest mines of red oxide of zinc in the world—there should also have recently been discovered the only mine, it is supposed, of phosphate of lime that has anywhere been found in a mass. It occurs in a vein of rock, one side of which is gneiss the other serpentine. The vein of phosphate of lime is about six feet wide at the surface, broadening as it descends. It has been ascertained to extend two miles in length. A specimen has been analyzed by Dr. Antisell, of New York, who states it to contain 93 per cent, of pure phosphate of lime. It is, in fact the same material as calcined bones, dissolving entirely in muriatic acid. We have seen a specimen, but not the vein itself, and presume there is no doubt of its great value. It is an admirable manure, an article so widely needed through the State. In the vicinity, it must be largely useful, and its benefits can only be limited by the obstacles to cheap and easy transportation. These are the same as now possessed by the Zinc Company, namely, a cartage of three miles to Hoppecong Lake, down the lake to the Morris Canal, on which it may of course be easily transported to Newark and New York.—Newark Adv.

Pat's Reply.—A son of Erin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, ventured to solicit a little aid from a person whose external appearance seemed to indicate that he could afford it. He was however repulsed with a "go to hell!" Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied: "God bless yer honour for your civility, for ye're the first gentleman that's invited me to his father's house since I came to this land."

Reports of the California markets state that "Boots are easier."

THE FORNEY PAPERS.

FOR THE LINCOLN COURIER. Biographical Sketch of JACOB FORNEY, Sr.

Among the early settlers of Lincoln County there is no name more closely connected with indomitable courage, or remarkable adventure than that of JACOB FORNEY, Sen'r. He was the son of a French Huguenot, and born about the year 1721. At the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, his father fled from France—preferring self-expatriation to the renunciation of his religious belief—and settled in Alsace, on the Rhyne, where freedom of opinion and worship was tolerated. Here his father died, leaving him an orphan at four years of age. About the age of fourteen, he left Alsace, and went to Amsterdam. Delighted, whilst there, with the glowing accounts which crossed the Atlantic respecting the New World, and allured with the prospect of enjoying still greater political and religious liberties, he came to America, by the first vessel having that destination, and settled in Pennsylvania. Here he remained industriously employed until the age of maturity, when he returned to Germany to procure a small legacy. Having adjusted his affairs there, he again embarked for America on board of a vessel bringing over many emigrants from the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. Among this number was a blithesome, rosy-cheeked damsel, buoyant with the charms of youth, who particularly attracted young Forney's attention. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that her acquaintance was soon made, a mutual attachment silently, but surely formed between two youthful hearts, so congenial in feeling, and similarly filled with the spirit of adventure. Prosperous gales quickly wafted the vessel in safety to the shores of America, and soon after their arrival in Pennsylvania, JACOB FORNEY and MARIA BERGER (for that was the fair one's name) were united in marriage. About this time, the rich but cheap lands of the Yadkin and Catawba, with a salubrious climate, were attracting a numerous emigration from the Middle States. Influenced by such inviting considerations, Forney's determination was soon made up to join the tide of emigration, and accordingly, a few years after his marriage, he removed to Carolina, and settled in Lincoln County about the year 1754.

The first settlers of Lincoln County suffered greatly by the depredations of the Cherokee Indians. On more than one occasion, many of the inhabitants temporarily abandoned their homes, and removed to the settlements east of the Catawba. Others, finding it inconvenient to remove, constructed rude forts for their mutual defence. A repetition of these depredations having occurred a few years after Forney's arrival, he joined those who removed, until the Indians could be severely chastened or completely subdued by military force.

It may not be devoid of interest to here relate a remarkable and well-authenticated adventure which Forney had with the Indians, occurring at this troublesome time, and illustrating one of the most common dangers of a frontier life. Having removed his family to a place of safety, Forney returned to his former place of abode, accompanied by two of his neighbors Messrs. Richards and Fronabarger, to search for his cattle. They accordingly set out to examine the ridges then every where covered with luxuriant pasturage, but had not proceeded much more than a mile before they spied a small Indian, just ahead of them, and not far from the spot of ground now well known as the "Rock Spring Camp Ground." It was supposed the Indian had been placed there as a sentinel to give information to his comrades of defenceless white passengers, as it was not far from the place where several families had erected a Fort. Forney, being a good marksman, raised his gun to shoot the Indian, but Richards, relying greatly on his activity, proposed to steal upon him unawares, and thus catch him by a

fair foot-race. The proposal was agreed to, but just at that moment, the Indian discovered them, and made his escape. Forney truly suspected that more Indians were in the immediate vicinity. He and his party, however, continued their course, but had progressed only a little way, when they discovered, directly ahead of them eleven Indians armed with guns, and several smaller ones bearing tomahawks. Forney, with a courage equal to any emergency, was for giving them battle, but his two companions overruled him, contending it would be impossible to rout or subdue such a large number. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to retreat, or rather, change their course, and, if possible, make their way to the Fort. After proceeding a short distance the Indians approached considerably nearer, and immediately commenced a brisk firing. Forney directed his party to reserve their fire until the Indians would approach sufficiently near to take a sure and deadly aim, and to maintain an orderly retreat in the direction of the Fort. Unfortunately, Richards was dangerously wounded soon after they commenced retreating. At this critical moment, when one or two well-directed fires might have repulsed their enemy, Fronabarger's courage failed him, and he made his escape, believing, no doubt, with Hudibras, that "He that fights and runs away, May live to fight another day."

Richards was then directed to retreat as fast as his wounded condition would permit. Forney, in the meantime, managed to keep the Indians at bay by presenting his unerring rifle, when, strange to relate, they would immediately fall down in the grass or take shelter behind the trees—each one, no doubt, supposing the well-aimed shot might fell him to the earth. In this manner an irregular firing was kept up by the Indians, and continued retreating by Forney and his wounded companion for several hours! At length, poor Richards, who had succeeded in retreating about two miles, partly by his own exertions, and partly by being carried on Forney's back, became faint from loss of blood; and seeing the imminent danger of his friend's life directed Forney to leave him, and save himself. Forney then reluctantly left him, and pursued his course in the direction of the Fort. But fortunately for him the Indians did not pursue him much farther, being probably satisfied with the scalp of poor Richards.—Upwards of eighty years have rolled by since the occurrence of this tragical event—that generation, and even their children have nearly all descended to the tomb, but still the grave of the kind-hearted Richards can be pointed out to the enquiring stranger not far from the place where he met his untimely end.—In this unequal contest Forney only received a small wound on the back of his left hand, but on examination, he discovered that numerous balls had pierced his clothes. This skirmish shows what cool, determined bravery may effect under the most discouraging circumstances; and that an individual may sometimes providentially escape, although made the object of a score of bullets, or of other missiles of destruction.—In the afternoon of the same day, Forney reached the Fort, the attack having commenced about 10 o'clock a. m. The occupants had heard the reports of the repeated firing, and were, evidently, greatly frightened. On his arrival, being quite thirsty, he called for a drink of water, but the supply in the Fort was exhausted, and, strange to relate, not one could be found willing to run the hazard of going to the spring, although not far off! Seeing their great fear, he seized a cup, and set off in the direction of the spring. Immediately, nearly the whole of the inmates rushed out from the Fort, and followed him, believing themselves perfectly safe in the presence of one who had withstood unharmed all of the Indian bullets for nearly half a day! After this adventure, and narrow escape became generally known a belief was entertained by the credulous portion of the community that Forney was bullet-proof. It was even affirmed that, after he reached the Fort, he unbuttoned his vest, and nearly a peck of bullets dropped out!—In subsequent years, Forney was accustomed to smile at this innocent credulity of his neighbors, but frequently remarked that the impression of his being bullet-proof was of great service to him in the trying times preceding and during the Revolutionary War.

Another remarkable incident, and perhaps sufficiently interesting to claim a

place in this sketch was the following: When Cornwallis passed through Lincoln County in pursuit of Morgan, it is well known he was arrested in his progress by high-waters. During this apparently providential detention he was conducted by a Tory to Forney's plantation, about two miles from the main road. Here he remained encamped for three days, consuming, in the meantime, Forney's entire stock of cattle, hogs, &c.—But the extent of his loss did not end here. His Lordship had been informed that Forney had a considerable amount of money stored up, and that, if diligent search were made, it might be readily found. This information set the British to work, and, aided by the Tory's suggestions, they finally succeeded in finding his gold, jewelry, &c. a considerable portion of which he had brought with him from Germany. Whilst this work of search was going on without, his Lordship was quietly occupying his Head-Quarters up stairs, cogitating, perhaps, on some decisive course of future operations and military glory! Forney, being old and found unarmed, was not molested in his person or family, and was allowed the privilege of living in the cellar! As soon as he ascertained his gold and jewelry were taken, he seized his gun and rushed into the house with the determination of killing Cornwallis, but his wife quickly followed and intercepted him at the foot of the stairs, thus preventing the most deplorable consequences—the loss, perhaps, of his own life and that of his whole family. But the prudent advice of his wife, "Heaven's last, best gift to man," had its proper effect, and caused him, after a moment's reflection, to desist from his purpose. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader he was punished in this severe manner for his well-known opposition to the unjust claims of Great Britain, and zealous support of the cause of liberty.

After Cornwallis left, Forney ascertained that the Tory informer was a certain Mr. Deck, one of his near neighbors, with whom he had always lived on terms of friendship. Considering the act an outrageous breach of their hitherto friendly relations, and believing the heavy losses he had sustained mainly attributable to the Tory's agency he could not overlook the enormity of the offence. He accordingly sent a message to the Tory that he must leave the neighborhood; if not, he would shoot him at the first opportunity. The Tory, however, did not think it proper to comply immediately with this stern message. Forney hearing of this, armed himself, and went in pursuit; but the Tory eluded him by lying out, and otherwise concealing himself. At length, Forney came upon him, one day, fast asleep. He raised his gun, and shot him, but, at that moment, concluded he would rouse him from his slumbers before depriving him of his existence. The Tory was accordingly waked up. As soon as he beheld his dangerous situation he immediately commenced supplicating most earnestly for life, and making solemn promises to leave the neighborhood.—Forney, although smarting under his heavy losses, yet could not resist such earnest and touching appeals to his mercy—desisted from his purpose, and let him off. In the course of a few days, the Tory, true to his promise, left the neighborhood, and never afterwards returned.

During the Revolutionary War Forney was a firm and zealous Whig. Being too old to bear arms, his patriotic sentiments were early instilled into his rising generation. His three sons, Jacob, Peter, and Abram, were all unwavering Whigs, and sustained an honorable part in the cause of freedom. The subject of this sketch died in 1806, near to the place where he first settled, in the 85th year of his age. H.

FOR THE LINCOLN COURIER.

Capt. Eccles—I do not remember ever to have understood the route that Gen Morgan took from and after the Battle of the Cowpens, until lately. Foote, in his Sketches of North Carolina, says it was a trial of generalship between Morgan, Cornwallis, and Green—after the battle of Cowpens, Morgan with his prisoners to escape Cornwallis and to meet Green; and goes on to intimate that the morning after Morgan crossed the Catawba river, and at Cowen's ferry, Cornwallis appeared on the western banks of that stream, but gives no information as to the particular route that Morgan travelled. I was lately in the neighborhood of Sherrill's ford, on the Catawba river, and have it from a reliable source that Morgan crossed the South Fork in the neighborhood of H. W. Robinson's, and then the Catawba river at the Island ford, and then moved down the east bank of the river to Oliver's Mills, near Sherrill's ford, where he remained several days in order to procure provisions and rest; and I have since