

LINCOLN COURIER.

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

E 5.

LINCOLN, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

NUMBER 24.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
THOMAS J. ECCLES.

Two dollars per annum, payable
in advance; \$2 50 if payment be delayed 3
months. A discount to clubs of 3 or more.
Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted
in the square (14 lines) for the first, and
for each subsequent insertion.

The Old Love Letters.

They were treasured up and hoarded,
By one, and day by day;
Every letter bore its record
Of the hour passed away.
They were gathered there in hundreds,
Telling still of hopes and fears,
Breathing still the same deep tenderness
They breathed in other years.
Some were soil'd and interred fragments,
Joined with care where words were torn.
Some were crumbling into atoms,
By incessant readings worn.
There were others—fresh, but blistered—
Little worn, for little read;
But on them the stifled pages
Told the tears that had been shed.
The ink, in many places
Where a hasty word was traced,
And a phrase of thoughtless bitterness
Was blotted, steeped, defaced!
Yet all precious, and all priceless,
In their hastening decay,
Were those loved and voiceless witnesses
Of hours passed away!

Correspondence of the Register.

PANAMA, July 25, 1849.

I wish I could convey to you some
faint idea of our appearance, on our
entrance into this City, on the evening
of Saturday, July 14th, as "miserable
like company." I suppose we felt sustained
by looking at each other; but we need
have bestowed but little thought upon
our appearance as daily entrances are
made fully as probable.

PANAMA is about as unlike what I
had anticipated, as it can well be. It is
a walled city, on almost an island of from
1/2 to 3/4 of a mile in diameter. Without
the walls, on the side by which it is ap-
proached by land, it is quite a town—but
all without and within is a heap of ruins.
A picture of bye-gone days, it bears in
its appearance an antiquity far greater
than it really has. One hundred and
fifty years ago, and it was in its prime;
and yet I do not think that the cities
of old in Europe, whose history dates
back a thousand years, can present
the appearance of greater age
than this place comparatively of yester-
day. One third of the place seems de-
dicated to churches and convents, most
masses of ruin, with rank vegetation
clambering to their mossy tops, and
their doorways choked with crumbling
arches and fallen columns. Two of
the cathedrals, whose exterior would
bespeak absolute ruin, retain inside
some marks of their former greatness.
The buildings are all of stone, strongly
built, with lofty ceilings, doors ex-
cessively wide, and large windows; I have
looked, in vain, for a single house or
shed that wears an aspect of modernism,
but all are immense and fast falling
to decay, so extremely injurious is the
climate to all that is perishable.

The building we occupy is two stories
high—the entrance through a mas-
sive porch—stairs of stone, heavy, damp,
dark and gloomy—and we have just dis-
covered that it has been a convent. Over
the door is I. H. S. and the Cross
above. So dingy are the stairs and
walls, so dismal and so black all around,
that you almost fear to enter. The
front that faces the Ocean is South; and
on our East is a Cathedral, which we
though unoccupied until this morning,
when hearing the sound of a violin, I
hastened there, and found that mass
was being celebrated. Some dozen ta-
pers were dimly burning, and a number
of wretched beings were on their knees;
but what a wretch is the Church! The
columns are almost dropping to pieces—
some rich gilding and plate alone re-
maining bright, amid the general decay.

The Catholic religion, you are aware,
alone holds sway here. The Priests
say mass in the morning, and play
Monte at night. Just inside the walls,
on the first entrance into the City, is a
small temple, open night and day, and
the head must be uncovered when one of
the Creed passes. It contains a picture
of the Virgin in silver frame, with dia-
mond necklace and ear rings, decorated
with flowers, and said to be a magnifi-
cent painting—altogether worth \$80,
000, and the only splendid relic of the
former Catholic greatness of the Coun-
try. On Sunday, we attended one of

the Cathedrals. It was a celebration of
one of their numerous holidays, and
high mass was performed—but what a
mockery and humbuggery! The faded
hangings, which retained traces only of
their former splendor were dugling in
rags, and the magnificent banners, with
their sacred inscriptions, were greatly worn
and decayed. An altar, reached to the
very ceiling almost, and containing even
now many elegant silver ornaments,
whose lustre time cannot dim, and light-
ed by upwards of two hundred candles,
is still in good keeping. It was here
that I had my only opportunity of see-
ing the remnants of that race, in the fe-
male line, whose Fathers reared these
splendid monuments of Papal despotism.
I had heard of the beautiful Senoritas,
but they are not to be found in this
place. The grandee Ladies were there,
with veils and rags, (which latter are
brought by servants) and all together
presented an imposing appearance—but
when scanned closely; the group ap-
peared most motley. The winding up
of the whole affair would be most splen-
did, if properly conducted. The violin
and drum strike up, the bells ring,
cannon, just outside the Church, fire,
and all the clatter possibly is reserved
for a grand effect at the last moment.—
One cannot wonder that the Catholic
church should have wielded such im-
mense power among the unenlightened
and ignorant, when you view the im-
posing effect of their mummery. But
then what can be said of the venerable
Fathers, who have the precincts of the
Church to visit the cockpit? Almost
any evening, you may find the Priests
sitting at the card-table, in their gowns.
In truth, gambling is the order of the
day here. What it must be in Califor-
nia, I cannot say.

The monotony of such a place as this
could be endured only by the people
who inhabit it, and by no other. At
present however, there are nearly 400
Americans here, and in encountering one,
one meets an acquaintance very frequently.

On Friday last, the "Oregon" arrived
from San Francisco, and of course a
great excitement here was the conse-
quence. The news, in the whole, was
not very favorable.

In nothing have I been more agree-
ably disappointed than in the climate
of this place. Many complain of the
excessive heat, but, although there is some-
thing in the atmosphere debilitating and
enervating, I do not find it uncomfort-
ably warm. Two of our fellow-passen-
gers by the Crescent had died here of
Cholera, and quite a number have been
sick, but all the cases can be traced to
great imprudence, rather than to the
effect of the climate.

THURSDAY, July 26, 49.

I left off on yesterday, to perambulate
the suburbs of this place—not my first
visit, however; as I have found quite as
much pleasure in a visit by myself, as
in company with those whose tastes re-
lish not so much the stony groves, and
the remains of princely residences which
skirt the surrounding country. What-
ever may be the present condition of
this place, one has but to visit its ruins
to feel and know that a far different race
once animated its now decayed battle-
ments. About a half mile from the
walls is a bye-road, on which are the
remains of buildings, from which there
is a fine view of the mighty Pacific.—
The remains of beautiful Public-baths
and fish-ponds are here, over which
may be seen herding the washer-
women, who, by-the-by, are the most
wretched operators I ever saw. The
other day came some few things to me
and in half an hour they were soured
by myself in the broad Pacific.—Na-
ture's great wash basin—and when
properly dried, they looked very respect-
able.

Yesterday, the balance of the tickets
by the "Panama"—were drawn for—
the only way apparently equitable—and
you can rest assured, it was an exciting
time. It was done in the open street,
some 50 tickets among 108 applicants.
After all was over, commenced the spec-
ulation. In regard to tickets, it is like
the exchange of stock—one day up and
the next down. A great deal of money
has and can be made in the business.
Provision of every kind is very high;
sugar cannot be had save of the most
miserable kind.

There is but one style of dress among
the female natives here. They do not
appear to have the fancy for high colors,
such as I suppose they had; white is
the favorite, but no matter what the ma-
terial, a flounce, similar to those worn
some two years ago with us, appears to
be the rage. Such, with two capes a-
round the neck, one three inches below
the other, and short sleeves—and you
can see any of the women by imagina-
tion.

I have just learned that the Steamer
will sail on Sunday morning early, and
all baggage must be on board by Satur-
day noon, and I hasten to finish this—
Farewell.

HENRY CLAY.

Who would have thought it, the great
Harry of the West, the embodiment of
Whig principles, and the soul of the
Whig party, would have succumbed to
a sectional party, or that his ambition
would have blinded him so far as to
yield to a principle hostile to the inter-
ests of his own state, and to the whole
southern section of the Union? Yet
such is the fact. Henry Clay has ad-
opted the doctrine of free-soil, and stands
side by side with Van Buren. Both
have fallen from the high position they
enjoyed in their respective parties, and
from men looked to by the whole nation,
have yielded to the ephemeral influence
of a faction, and become proselytes to
sectional feelings.

On the 13th of July an extraordinary
Convention of Free Soilers assembled at
Cleveland, Ohio, to celebrate the pas-
sage of the Ordinance of 1787—an ordi-
nance passed under the old articles of
Confederation, before the adoption of
our present constitution and which ex-
cluded slavery from the North Western
territory, since formed into several states
of the Union. An invitation to attend
was sent to Mr. Clay, which he declined;
but he replied to the Committee
by a letter, in which, while deprecating
further excitement on the Proviso, he
declares that "no one can be more op-
posed than he, to the extension of sla-
very into those new territories, (Califor-
nia and New Mexico,) either by the au-
thority of Congress or by individual en-
terprise." Thus is his position taken
positively, and as distinctly as any Free-
Soiler can desire.

We regret that the fact is so. The
defection of one, who has long been
looked up to as the leader of a great and
intelligent party, who is a native and a
resident of a Southern state himself, is a
cause of sorrow to the South, and to all
who believe her dearest interests to be
involved in the question between her
and the North. When the corner stones
give way, there is danger that the whole
building will fall down. Yet we find
even in Kentucky, Mr. Clay's views on
emancipation not by the masses of the
people. Not a single emancipationist
has been chosen a member of the
Convention to amend the Constitution.
The leaders may be influenced by am-
bition and yield their views for the sake
of future self-aggrandizement, but we
find the masses sound. They under-
stand their own interests, and knowing,
date manumission them. If Mr. Clay's
views on emancipation have been con-
demned, much more has Kentucky con-
demned his views on the extension of
slavery.

But we have alluded to this defection
for another purpose. Van Buren is an
instance of a man, who turns traitor
to the views he has expressed before on
many occasions; he deserted the nation-
al party of the Democracy to revenge
himself upon it, by defeating its regu-
larly nominated candidate. Yet even he
was true to all his pledges so long as he
retained the position gained through
those pledges. Now his treason is visit-
ed upon the Democratic party, and
they are held accountable for the defection
of a "natural ally." Cannot that
party now point to even a more dis-
tinguished instance in the ranks of the
Whigs—to Henry Clay, not a northern
man who had been lavish of professions
to his friends at the South, but a native
and a resident of a Southern State, who
has given way and yielded to his ambi-
tion? The former ought to cause the
South to stand firm for her own rights;
but the latter opens the eyes of the world
to her weakness, by exhibiting the treas-
on tendencies of one of her leading poli-
ticians. If the Democratic party are
to be held responsible for Mr. Van Buren's
treason, then will that party hold
the Whigs responsible for Mr. Clay's
defection. The latter is by far the
most heinous offence; Mr. Clay is a
United States Senator; Mr. Van Buren
a private citizen. The latter has yielded
to the current around him; the former
has deserted his friends and gone
over to the enemy.—Newbern Republi-
can.

The women ought to make a pledge
not to kiss a man who uses tobacco,
and it would soon break up the practice;
and a friend of ours says they ought
also to pledge themselves to kiss every
man that don't use it—and we go for
that, too.

The higher a bird soars the more he
is out of the reach of danger, and just
so it is with the Christian.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

The seventh Census of the United
States will be taken in 1850, in compli-
ance with a requisition of the Constitu-
tion. The time for the performance of
this important duty will soon be here;
and as Congress has wisely provided for
gathering at the same time important
statistical information, it is necessary
to call the public attention to this sub-
ject in advance, that the people may
prepare themselves to give the required
information. At the taking of the last
census, the matter was not understood
by the mass of the people; it was gen-
erally viewed by them as a troublesome
and impertinent espionage; they often
refused to give the proper statements;
and the objects of a wise and salutary
law were thus defeated. Some were
ready to arm themselves to the teeth to
resist the marshal, and others fled from
his presence.

Let it be remembered, first, that our
representation in the National House of
Representatives is apportioned on the
basis of population; that our just pro-
portion in that body depends upon an
accurate enumeration; and that no in-
dividual who desires the State to have
the weight to which it is entitled in the
National councils, should omit to give
the number of persons in his family.—

The first census was taken in 1790,
when there were but 13 States, and 3,000,
000 was the ratio of representation.
The representation then stood as follows:

New Hampshire, 3	Pennsylvania, 8
Massachusetts, 8	Delaware, 1
Rhode Island, 1	Maryland, 6
Connecticut, 5	Virginia, 10
New York, 6	North Carolina, 5
New Jersey, 4	South Carolina, 5
Georgia, 3	

Had not the ratio been enlarged, the
House would now contain more than
600 representatives; but it was wisely
fixed at 71,000, which gives 230 mem-
bers. Seventeen new States have since
been added, some of which are increas-
ing in population, wealth and impor-
tance with rapid celerity. The cen-
sus of 1850 will no doubt show a more
astounding increase in our national
wealth and population than any ever yet
taken.

In the second place, in regard to the
collection of statistical information con-
nected with an industrial pursuit of
our people, the Virginia Patriot, which
has some excellent remarks on the sub-
ject, says, "there cannot be a doubt of
its immense utility, if carefully and thor-
oughly performed, and every man who
takes a just pride in the growth and
prosperity of his native land, should facili-
tate by all the means in his power, the
investigations authorized by the law.
Ordinary minds may not be able to edu-
cate order out of the rude, shapeless and
indigestible mass of census statistics, but to
the statesman, the political economist
and the enlightened legislator, they are
invaluable. From the heterogeneous
materials, when sifted and analyzed by
the master intellects of the land—are
elucidated the great truths of political
economy, and when properly understood
they furnish the only basis of prudent
and rational legislation."

We cannot too often, nor too earnestly
impress on our friends the importance
of a liberal and generous support of
their local journals. It is a duty which
we regret to say, is too apt to be neg-
lected—perhaps less now than in former
times, but still the evil exists. This
should not be. The faithful sentiments
on the watch tower of freedom must not
be left to languish on their posts. The
city journals will do well enough with-
out any systematic exertions in their
favor as a matter of duty; but others
are far less fortunate. We have known
many a worthy and talented man wear
out the best years of his life in arduous
and unrequited advocacy of truth, and
God Government, as a country editor;
uniting the most rigid economy to the
most persevering industry, and at last
retire from the field penniless and hope-
less, when the same exercise of his fac-
ulties in almost any other sphere would
have secured him competence and a
settlement in life.

There are many very good people
who are not aware of the value of a
credible and well conducted journal to
country towns. That no family can af-
ford to do without a newspaper, simply
as a matter of economy, in view of its
thousand valuable items of practical in-
formation and its importance as an aid
to the education of children is undoubted.
But this is not all. The value of land
property generally in a country village is
enhanced by a good looking journal. A
country or village so privileged is con-
stantly in the public eye, abroad or at
home. Citizens may obtain any article
they need by simply looking in the
newspaper to see where it is sold,—

This soon attracts trade from abroad,
and creates a quicker demand for all
products. In a hundred ways, advant-
ages accrue to merchants, mechanics,
professional men and farmers; and we
do not hesitate to affirm that if every
merchant, professional man and manu-
facturer were obliged to advertise to the
amount of ten or fifty dollars per annum,
according to his business, so as amply
to support the best kind of paper, it
would be for the benefit of all and each.

Nine out of ten of our country jour-
nals are meagerly supported. Their
editors cannot procure new materials
for want of money—they cannot print
large papers with only a few hundred
subscribers and few columns of paying
advertisements. They cannot inform
themselves fully on the multitudinous sub-
jects which demand their attention, and
write as they should, because they must
work like slaves over their types and
press. These things we know, and we
speak feelingly of them. If those who
complain that their neighborhood paper
is inferior or uninteresting, would just
set to work and procure three or four
hundred advance subscriptions and a
proportionate amount of advertising we
will guarantee of immediate and satis-
factory improvement."

Beautiful Sentiments.—John G Whit-
tier, a Quaker poet, in writing about the
Irish emigrants among us, says:

"For myself, I confess I feel a sym-
pathy for the Irishman. I see him as
the representative of a generous, warm-
hearted, and cruelly oppressed peo-
ple. That he loves his native land—
that his patriotism is divided—that he
cannot forget the claims of his mother
land—his religion with all its
abuses, is dear to him—does not de-
crease any estimation of him. A stran-
ger in a strange land, he is to me al-
ways an object of interest. The poor-
est and rudest has a romance in his his-
tory. Amidst all his apparent gayety
of heart and national drollery and wit,
the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of
the "ould moner of him," sitting lonely
in her solitary cabin by the bog side;
recollections of a father's blessing, and
a sister's farewell are haunting him,
a grave mound in a distant church yard
far beyond the "wide waters," has an
eternal greenness in his memory—for
there, perhaps, lies "a darling child," or
a swate crather who once loved him.
The New World is forgotten for the
moment—blue Kilmory and the Liffey
sparkle before him—Glenadough stretch-
es beneath him its dark still mirror—he
sees the same evening sunshine rest up-
on and banish away with Nature's bless-
ing the ruins of the Seven Churches of
Ireland's apostolic age, the broken
mounds of the Druids, and the Round
towers of the Pagan sun worship-
pers,—beautiful and mournful recollec-
tions of his home waken within him—
and the rough and seemingly careless
and light hearted laborer melts into
tears. It is no light thing to abandon
one's own country, and household gods,
touching and beautiful was the injunction
of the Prophet of the Hebrews:
"Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for
ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing
that ye were strangers in the land of
Egypt."

A Test Question.—A few months
since, as a number of gentlemen were
grouped round a corner of one of the
great thoroughfares of Lowell, the con-
versation turned on the question whether
the Irish really are more worthy than
other people or not. The contest ran
high for some time, and the parties be-
ing pretty equally divided, it was agreed
to test the point on the first Irishman
that appeared. No sooner said than
done. As he had been sent by a
special commission, around the corner
came a son of Erin, apparently fresh
from the bogs.

"Good day, friend," said one of the
company.

"Good day, and the top of the morn-
ing to yer honor, inter the burgan!" re-
turned that drawing up.

"I should like to ask you a question,"
pursued the other.

"I rue for you, an' isn't that same just
what I expected all the way, till I cum
forrest ye?"

"Listen, friend, for the question is a
very important one. It is this—If the
devil should be told he might have one
of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why, me, to be sure," responded Pat.

"Ay; and why so?"

"He knows he could get either of you
any time!"

The club adjourned—sine die.

A careless compositor lately dissolved
the Union by transposing two letters,
whereby the United States became the
United States.