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Religion.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in Time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay!
But joys that from Religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe,
Smile forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sends its radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round it roll;
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still!

Old Bachelors.

Old Bachelors are hateful things,
And ought to be despised;
With hearts like broken fiddle-strings,
And just as little prized.

Untuned to love's soft thrilling touch,
No pleasures do they know;
They feel not, and they taste not much
Of happiness below.

The joys of wedlock, which they spurn,
With all its numerous cares—
E'en for one year, should love's lamp burn,
Are worth an age of theirs.

Were all like them, the human race
Would soon be swept away;
And even earth to their disgrace,
Would tumble to decay.

The social bond—that band so sweet,
Where hearts and soul unite;
Where friendship, love, and union meet,
Would sink in endless night.

But 'tis in vain for me to prate,
I cannot make them clever;
Old bachelors I always hate,
And must and shall forever.

A Tale of a broken Heart.

Mr Chasler, while editor of the Philadelphia United States Gazette, was residing for a brief space at Cape Island, where, as usual, he was watching every thing around and drawing useful moral lessons from all he saw. The following is one of the beautiful and touching incidents to which he alludes:

A Tale that he tells of a careworn, hope destroyed female, vainly trying the waters for a broken heart, will touch the feelings of every reader. It is a common story—shame on humanity that it should be—and the narrator of it well asks: "When will these things cease to be? Will not woman's heart and woman's pride have an estimation as high, at least as the sales of merchandise in a warehouse? The theft or abuse of the latter is a crime that has its penalty written down in the statute book of the Commonwealth, but public sentiment has no general visitation for the former."

The story, strongly illustrative of the difference between the affection of a woman and that of a man, runs as follows:

A strong attachment had grown up between the female and a young man of the neighborhood, whose condition in life was considerably below her own, but whose gifts and attainments seemed to give assurance of future usefulness, honor and position; and if the father of the young woman did not encourage the attentions of the youth, it is probable that he believed the good of both would be promoted by a less devotion of their time to each other, and that a union following the fulfillment of some of the promises of his life would be better for both than one that was formed in those promises. Obedience was rendered by the female, and the young man entered upon some pursuits that seemed to hold out hopes of success. I know not what he engaged in, but it is certain that there was constant correspondence between him and the young woman, an occasional visit, and no strong disapprobation of the father, though on more than one occasion he intimated a doubt of the stability of the young man's principles.

Some few years after that, this young man became involved in difficulties that led to criminal proceedings against him, and finally he was sentenced to the State Prison. It was said by some that his

was a hard case; that the verdict was one of those spasmodic movements of juries, by which they make compensation to society for allowing nine guilty to escape by condemning one comparatively innocent. The efforts of the young woman (and, it is said, her promise to her father that she would have no further correspondence with the culprit) induced the father to make interest with the Governor and have the young man pardoned. He found means to satisfy her that he was wholly guiltless, at most only imprudent, in the matter that led to his trial and condemnation. The father became incensed at the renewal of the intercourse, and obtained from his daughter a promise never to marry the man without his consent. The state of affairs at home became unendurable. With some little possessions of her own, the young woman left her father's house, went to the city, took board in a respectable family, and added to her limited means of support by the use of her needle and pencil and her knowledge of music. The young man visited the family, and it was believed that a part of the hard earnings of the young woman was given to him.

He had the manners to accept money from such a source. And she was at length admonished by an acquaintance, that her affections and her confidence were abused—but when did woman ever believe aught against one she loved?—Twice that young woman was obliged to change her residence, from the unwillingness of families to receive the visits of her friend, but never once was there a thought injurious to her reputation. Her anxiety and her constant labor were undermining a constitution originally excellent, and the pale cheek and sunken eye seemed to indicate also a lurking and growing apprehension, that she had sacrificed her home duties and her home comforts, for one unworthy such a price, how unworthy she did not dream.

On the 16th of last May she received a letter, informing her that her father had died, and that his last words were forgiveness and blessings for her. He died, too, intestate, and she was the inheritor of a considerable portion of his large estate. When the first gush of grief was over, the anguish that the daughter ever feels at the death of a father she recollects (perhaps sooner) that she was now released from her promise not to marry without her father's approval, and that her means were ample to support herself and him, and to allow him, (as of course he easily could do) to live above, and to outlive, the suspicions to which his poverty and misfortunes had exposed him.

The next day but one she learned that the man who had her love; and for whom she was now holding her wealth had married a female of indifferent character, and was living regardless of her, her interests, her affections and her sacrifices.

I need not go further. The heartless scoundrel is only one of a class. The poor heart broken sufferer is also one of thousands that are around us, hiding their griefs, and thinking themselves half compensated for their wrongs by their success in concealing the effects.

The seashore has no power to assuage a wounded spirit like that young woman's. All cision outraged confidence abused, and womanly pride insulted, cannot all be restored, all satisfied, all compensated, by years of washing in these waves, that are now dashing to the shore. Indeed, it would seem that the grave is the only covert for such an affliction.

The Future.—The obscurity of the future, the veil which is cast upon time and eternity that lie before us, should teach us the folly and fatuity of sin. If we were naturally blind, and some benevolent being undertook to be our guide, and devoted himself to keep us in all our ways, what madness should we think it to pierce the hand that led us, and refuse such needful offices of love! And what is sin but willful separation from that heavenly Guide to whom the dark clouds before us are as clear as the mid-day sun? He sees every rock and every quicksand on which the vessel might chance to strike. He traces with unerring eye the path of life and path of death, by one or other of which we must infallibly proceed. Nay, he not only sees the future, but shapes its contingencies, and controls its destinies. The future is but another name for his yet unaccomplished will. If then we trust in him, and obey him, with what flowers and blessings may he strew the road which we have yet to travel! If otherwise, with what wreck and ruin, even of our earthly happiness, with what bereavement of those we love, and inflictions of every curse we dread, may he cover the dreary path which lies before us.

From the Charleston Courier, June 26. BY TELEGRAPH.

From New Orleans.

Our New Orleans correspondent communicates with us under date of the afternoon of Wednesday last.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

The steamer *Trent* had arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, having left there on the 15th inst., being six days later than before received from that place, and bringing two days later intelligence from the Mexican Capitol.

There was no news of special importance brought by the *Trent*. Herrera had finally accepted the Presidency of Mexico. Paredes was in the Capitol at the last date.

Ten thousand American troops were encamped at Escocore awaiting transportation. The health of Vera Cruz had considerably improved.

FROM YUCATAN.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Camen had petitioned Commodore Perry not to withdraw the naval forces until the Mexican government had provided for their safety. The Peninsula was in a most deplorable state.

LATER STILL.

At ten o'clock last night, we received a second dispatch from our prompt and attentive New Orleans correspondent, dated Thursday, 22d inst.

The Indians had become very troublesome. Captains Hunt and Wise, with their companies, had repelled an attack of the Whites and Indians from Campechy, in which the Indians lost NINE HUNDRED of their number. All the small towns had been destroyed or vacated. Further particulars will be looked for with much anxiety.

Bad Precedent.—The force of precedent is very great. The old federal party condemned, in the bitterest terms, and the whig party have done the same, the nomination of a candidate by conventions, or "caucus," as they called it. And in order to defeat an election before the people, they nominate several candidates, and carry the election to the lower House of Congress. The old federal party and their progeny, the present whig party, denounced the nomination of "military chieftains" for the Presidency, as dangerous to republican liberty. But at length, finding that they could not succeed in electing any of their candidates, they very foolishly began to imitate the democrats, by holding "National Conventions," and nominating "military chieftains," vainly supposing that by these means they could obtain for their odious opinions of government policy, the sanction of a majority of the people. They have succeeded once in doing this, by resorting to political debasement.

But in point of fact, there was never a "military chieftain" nominated in this country for President, before Gen. Taylor, by the Whig Convention at Philadelphia; Gen. Washington was a military chieftain only for a time; he took up arms only in defence of his country, and not for a livelihood; Gen. Jackson was only a military chieftain for a time; to defend his country; he never resorted to the army for a livelihood; both Gen. Washington and Gen. Jackson were statesmen, who laid by the sword when the invader departed; they served their country in the councils of the nation, and were taken from the halls of Congress and sent to fight the battles of their country; the same may be said of Gen. Harrison, and the same is certainly true of Gen. Cass. They never sought war as an employment, but as a duty.

Now, is there not a marked distinction between the above gentleman and Gen. Taylor? He is in truth and indeed a military chieftain, a man who sought the profession of arms as a means of genteel living; a man who has been in the army from his youth to his old age; and certainly, if there be harm in elevating military chieftains, the very men who have denounced it, are now trying to consummate the act. It would seem as if they were trying to bring "war," "pestilence and famine," as Mr. Clay declared, on their country, for spite—for revenge for their past defeats. But God forbid that their vengeance should be visited on their country.

Therefore, if it is bad precedent to nominate military chieftains for the Presidency, the federal or whig party denounced it in the strongest terms, and they have practiced it in its most odious form. Can they escape from this dilemma?—*Carolinian*.

"If we are not struck with judicial blindness, we shall cling to this constitution as the mariner clings to the last plank, when night and the tempest close around him." *Lewis Cass.*

The Barnburners at Utica.—These disorganizers assembled at Utica, New York, on Thursday last, and after the exhibition of much excitement, the waters of treachery were stilled by the reading of a letter, by B. F. Butler, from Martin Van Buren, stating that he could not vote for Cass or for Taylor, which met with the universal approval of the Convention.

In the Convention a letter was read, unanimously signed, which closed as follows: "We want Martin Van Buren nominated as the candidate for President. The slave power broken down in 1844—we break that power down in 1848." A motion was made to nominate President *visa voce*, which was amended by commending the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Afterwards Gov. H. Dodge, of Wisconsin, was nominated as Vice President.

Mr. Van Buren has accepted the nomination, and having placed himself at the head of this faction, we may soon see developments which will startle the South.

Hon. Stephen A. Douglass.

It is gratifying to the South to find such steady friends as the Hon. S. A. Douglass, Senator from Illinois. He has ever been the well-wisher of the South, and has struck many vigorous blows in her defence. It is a pleasant task for us to extract the following from the report of his speech at the Ratification Meeting at New Orleans.

"Mr. Douglass, while avowing his determination to lend his most cordial support to the nomination, said that each of the distinguished individuals selected for the support of the Democracy was his own first choice. The gentleman also declared himself opposed to the *Wilnot Proviso*, and said that he would vote for no man who was not determined and unqualifiedly hostile to that measure. *Is a Northern man should be the Whig candidate for the Presidency, there would be no danger to Southern institutions; but if he be a Southern man, beware; for a Northern man can get no Southern support unless he avows his sentiments distinctly upon the subject; but from a Southern man, no pledge would be demanded from the South, and the Southern States might therefore find themselves deceived, when personal ambition should be interested against them.*

The last "Blue Light."

WHERE'S LUCIFER NOW?

Harrison Gray Ous, the only surviving member of the Hartford Convention, signed the call for a public meeting to ratify the nominations of Taylor and Fillmore, in Boston Massachusetts.

Gen. Cass arrived at Detroit on the 16th ult., and was handsomely received by his friends, among whom were the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State, the Heads of Departments, &c.

Gen. Cass.—Forty-nine years ago, Gen. Cass, then a boy of seventeen, crossed the Alleghany mountains on foot, and with but one dollar in his pocket at his journey's end. Now he goes, greeted at every step by thousands, the candidate of the dominant party for the presidency. The Northwest then contained twenty thousand people—now numbers more than five millions. What a contrast—and what a commentary upon our country and its institutions!—*Phila. Times*.

Strike on.—How much like a rock the ocean, against which the waves have beat for centuries, is the man of sterling truth and robust integrity! To the waves of unholiness—to unsanctified popular applause, he cries, "Strike on, I shall not be harmed." The seductive influence of vice is all around him; but he is unmoved. Wealth is at his command, if he will but swerve from the path of duty. No—you could as soon remove a rock in the sea.

When the great and good Algernon Sydney was about to be executed, he calmly laid his head upon the block.—He was asked by the executioner, if he should rise again? "Not till the general resurrection—strike on," was the remarkable reply of Sydney.

When unholiness would remove you on account of your virtue, may calmly, strike on, but do not yield to sin. Be firm in your principles, even though death should stare you in the face.—Strike on; be this your motto, whenever assailed by wealth or power, and gloriously will you triumph—if not in this world, in that which is to come.—*Portland Empire*.

Lamentations in Mexico.—The *Que-retaro Progresso*—the Mexican Journal from which we quoted last week, to prove that "aid and comfort" had been offered by Whig leaders in this country—thus notices the ratification of the Treaty of Peace:

"The pen flies from our hands, while we comply with the sad duty of announcing to our readers, that the day before yesterday the ruin of the Republic was consummated, our State giving the finishing touch to the work of Sr. Pena y Pena and his Minister Rosa. More than half of the Mexican Republic, that is to say, eighty-two thousand square leagues of rich and fertile lands, comprising a part of our beautiful Tamaulipas, Coahuila, Sonora, Chihuahua, New Mexico, and the Californias, have been sold for a small amount of money to the government at Washington, the implacable enemy of our friends."

Whig orators and editors are in the habit of declaring that the Territory obtained from Mexico by the Treaty of Peace, is barren and worthless; but be it borne in mind that this Mexican writer, who knows what he is saying to be true, announces that the United States have acquired from Mexico "eighty-two thousand square leagues of rich and fertile lands." Show this to the Whigs.

Latest from Mexico.—At the latest dates, Gen. Butler had officially announced to the American army that a Treaty of Peace had been concluded with Mexico, and orders had been issued to put the troops upon the march for home. We see no order in relation to the homeward movement of the troops on the line of the Rio Grande; but we suppose the North Carolina Regiment, which is to be mustered out of service at Fortress Monroe, in Virginia, may be expected about the middle of July.

Mr. Sevier, one of the American Commissioners, had taken leave of the government of Mexico, and had announced that Mr. Clifford would remain as resident Minister. The President of Mexico stated to Mr. Sevier that his government would soon send a resident Minister to the United States.

Nebraska.—The boundaries of the new territories of Nebraska, as proposed in the bill now before Congress, are as follows:

"Commencing at a point in the Missouri river, whence the fortieth parallel of North latitude crosses said river; thence following up the main channel of said river to the forty third parallel of North latitude, thence West of said parallel to the summit of the Roey Mountains; thence South to the fortieth parallel of north latitude; thence East on the said parallel to the place of beginning."

Beautiful Extract.—"God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the rind that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written, "None of us liveth to himself." And I probably were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is most useful in the heavens we admire the most.

"And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has power of suffering deeper misery and higher happiness than any being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will; is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—not for himself, but for others!"

Hurrah for Cass and Butler!—Every Democratic paper in Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi, has run up the flag for Cass and Butler. Speed the good work, brother democrats! It is a contest between able civilians and gallant warriors, sustained by principles, against a mere military chieftain with no principles!

Mrs. Partington says she has always noticed that, whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.