

Department of State

# THE LINCOLN REPUBLICAN.

"The tendency of Democracy is toward the elevation of the industrious classes, the increase of their comfort, the assertion of their dignity, the establishment of their power."

BY ROBERT WILLIAMSON, Jr.

LINCOLN, N. C., APRIL 21, 1841.

VOLUME IV, NO. 47.

**NEW TERMS**  
OF  
**THE LINCOLN REPUBLICAN**

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.  
The LINCOLN REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at \$2 50, paid in advance, or \$3 if payment be delayed three months.  
No subscription received for a less term than twelve months.  
No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, until all arrears are paid.  
A failure to order a discontinuance, will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted conspicuously for \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. more than the above prices. A deduction of 50 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.  
The number of insertions must be noted on the manuscript, or they will be charged until a discontinuance is ordered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
To insure prompt attention to letters addressed to the Editor, the postage should in all cases be paid.

**Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines.**  
THESE medicines are indebted for their name to their manifest and sensible action in purifying the system and channels of life, and enabling them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHEXIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefited, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which their consequent acts.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every form and description. Their first operation is to loosen from the coats of the stomach and bowels, the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them; and to remove the hardened feces which collect in the convolutions of the smallest intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these, and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual costiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhoea, with its imminent dangers. This fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death; and hence the prejudice of those well informed men against quick medicines—or medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons. The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means, the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs. The bladder which takes its color from the agency of the liver and the lungs before it passes into the heart, being thus purified by them, and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, renews every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in its blooming cheek.

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn and Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Languor and Melancholy, Costiveness, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scurvy, Ulcers, Invertebrate Sores, Scrofulous Eruptions and Bad Complexions, Eruptive Complaints, Sallow, Cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In Fever and Ague, particularly the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so that in the Fever and Ague districts, Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

All that Mr. Moffat requires of his patients is to be particular in taking the Life Medicines strictly according to the directions. It is not by a newspaper notice, or by any thing that he himself may say in their favor, that he hopes to gain credit. It is alone by the results of a fair trial.

**MOFFAT'S MEDICAL MANUAL**, designed as a domestic guide to health.—This little pamphlet, edited by W. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price 25 cents, for sale by Mr. Moffat's agents generally.

These valuable Medicines are for sale by  
D. & J. RAMSOUR,  
Lincolnton, N. C.  
September 2, 1840.

**PROSPECTUS**  
OF A  
POLITICAL NEWSPAPER.  
TO BE ENTITLED  
**THE EXTRA STANDARD,**  
THOMAS LORING, Editor.

THE EXTRA STANDARD is intended to accommodate those of our fellow-citizens who desire a cheap publication, containing sound political doctrines, and the news of the day; and will be published semi-monthly.

The Editor will endeavor to make this publication acceptable to the public; especially that portion who are friendly to Democratic Republican principles.

The price will be \$1 per year, payable in all terms in advance. As the price is low, the errors must be compiled with—no paper will be sent to any one without the amount of ONE DOLLAR in advance, and all papers will be discontinued at the end of the year, unless the advance for the second year is sent by the time the first expires.

Twelve copies will be sent to one address, for one year, or to different individuals, on the payment of ten dollars in advance.

A specimen number will be issued in a few days.

Should the subscription justify the undertaking, the first number will be issued about the 1st of May next.

Raleigh, March 3, 1841.

**KATRINA SCHUYLER.**

"KATRINA, my dear, come and sit on this stool, by my side, I have something to say to thee."  
"Wait a moment, father, till I have tuned my guitar, and then I can practice this sweet air while you are talking."  
The old merchant, though an austere man in his warehouse, was, like many of his class, indulgent to a fault to the members of his family, so he sat quietly in his arm chair, with an open letter in his hand, while his daughter, Kate, the spoiled darling of his widowed heart, went on screwing up the keys of her guitar, trying the strings with her slender white fingers, and humming snatches of a Neapolitan boat song, as if utterly forgetful that her father had spoken to her.  
"Make haste, child, I am waiting," said the old merchant.  
"One moment, father, while I shorten this band; there, now, it just fits," and flinging the black ribbon over the whitest and most beautiful neck in all Amsterdam, she scoured herself at her father's feet, and raising her smiling face to his, said,—"Well, now, what do you want to say? Be quick, for I have not half got my lesson."  
The old man had scarcely commenced the subject, which, from the gravity of his face seemed to be somewhat important, when Kate struck up a lively air, and completely overwhelmed his voice. Even his habits of indulgence could not withstand this. He impatiently grasped the lute hand which wandered like a restless bird over the strings, exclaiming:  
"Listen to me, Kate, this subject is of importance."  
"I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear father! Pray, what were you talking about?"  
"This letter has just arrived from Paris," said the old man, raising the open sheet in his hand.  
Kate caught a glance at the seal. She knew the crest; that careless, half-provoking smile instantly vanished from her face, and her voice faltered as she said:  
"Well, father, where is he now?"  
"In Paris, dear, on his way to claim his betrothed."  
For a moment Katrina's face wore a thoughtful expression. She turned away her eyes, and after a little hesitation, said:  
"I have made up my mind—that is, I had rather not marry Lord Gilbert."  
"Nonsense! not marry Lord Gilbert? Pray, what has given rise to this new caprice?"  
"Oh! I've a thousand reasons. I dare say he is abominably ugly, and as proud as Lucifer."  
On the contrary, child, he is deemed one of the handsomest men in all England; and as to pride, methinks his willingness to take to wife the daughter of a humble Dutch merchant is sufficient proof against that. Nay, start not up and look so proudly, child; I tell thee this same English Lord might have his choice among the fairest & highest of his own proud land; and a humble maiden like thee, Kate, should deem it high honor when he casts his thoughts so much beneath his own level."

But Katrina Schuyler, merchant's daughter though she be, deems it no honor to be hartered off unseen, and certainly unloved, like an article of merchandize! I say again, I will not marry this Lord, who thinks to drag me from my own dear home at a moment's warning, and to install me into his proud dwelling, like a Dutch toy, only to be endured for its gilding—for conceal it as you will, father, I know that this coronet is to be purchased with a dowry, such as no English noble can count down to his titled daughters."

"Thou hast nothing to do with that, child," said the old man with some degree of confusion, "and if thou hast no better reason to give—"  
"But I have a better reason—I will not wed Lord Gilbert—because—because—I intend to marry somebody else."  
"Marry somebody else?" said the astonished merchant starting up, as if a bullet had passed through his heart. "May I be permitted to ask what high personage has been selected for my son-in-law?"  
"Certainly, father—it is the music-master you have been so good as to allow me."  
"A music master! My daughter marry a poor, beggarly, tramping fiddler—a—"  
"Don't get in a passion—don't, father, I entreat you!" exclaimed the malicious girl, trembling all over, and yet half laughing at the storm she had raised.  
"A passion! a passion! By my father's soul, if I thought, child, that this were not handiwork—mere idle sport, I would turn thee into the street this instant!"

Now Katrina Schuyler was a much better general than Napoleon Bonaparte; for she knew just how far to extend her power; so, instead of heaving her father's anger, as the haughty imperialist did the Russian winter, she threw her arm over the guitar, and retreated into the garden.

Though Mynheer Schuyler was, as I have said, by no means remarkable for mildness of temper, he never indulged in the luxury of anger beyond the precincts of his counting room, and always reserved the highest ebullitions of his wrath for the special edification of his clerks and retinence.

It was therefore with no little astonishment, that the passers by saw him issue from his house with a face as red as a penny, and flourishing an open letter in his hand with the most startling ferocity of manner.—Had it been a drawn sword they would have run for their lives; but being only a piece of harmless paper, they stood still, opened their mouths, and wondered what on earth could have come over Mynheer.

Some very wise man has said that habit is second nature. If this be true, it had been the merchant's nature, for twenty years, to descend the steps of his dwelling about ten o'clock each morning, with business arranged in the extremity of neatness. After gazing for a moment up and down the street, he would fold his hands under his coat behind, and thus walk leisurely to his warehouse, bowing graciously to the acquaintances whom he passed on his way, and in every manner deporting himself with the staid dignity befitting a man of trust & substance. But this morning the merchant outraged his habits terribly. His wig was awry, his coat unbrushed, and his shoes with their broad silver buckles, lacked their usual exquisite polish. Without stopping for a moment on the steps, he clapped his hands under his coat, for it is to be doubted if he could walk with them in any other position, and hurried along the pavement as if propelled by a double power locomotive.

Mynheer Schuyler's warehouse stood on one of the numerous canals, which carry the commerce of nations into the heart of Amsterdam. He was hurrying along the brink of this canal, in the situation we have described, when he came in contact with a porter who was running at the top of his speed to overtake a boat which lay a little ahead. The concussion was fatal to the angry merchant. He lost his equilibrium, and the next moment, found his polished shoes, with their silver buckles planted three inches deep in the mud at the bottom of the canal. Here was a predicament for the richest merchant in Amsterdam to find himself in. Up to his chin in water, his feet sticking in the bottom of a canal, his bald head just rising above the surface—for his wig and the letter which had given rise to all this mischief, were very tranquilly floating down the stream together—his arms extended as if in an effort to swim, and altogether bearing no inapt resemblance to one of those apocryphal heads which one sometimes meets with upon an old-fashioned tomb stone, with flat noses, big mouths and wings growing where their ears should be. But Mynheer was no tomb stone ornament; nor had he the slightest inclination to become the subject of one. So, as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprise of his immersion, he essayed to call for assistance. But as he opened his mouth to let his voice out, a quantity of muddy water took the liberty to let itself in. Here he began to make very faces, shake his head, and to beat the water with his arms, in a manner which added very much to the delight of some half dozen ragged boys and lazy porters, who stood grinning and clapping their hands at his struggles on the opposite side of the canal.

The unlucky merchant had nearly exhausted himself in vain struggles, and was sinking deeper in the mud every instant, when a youth, apparently a foreigner, with eagle eyes and hair like the wing of a raven, happened to pass, and saw his situation.

"Can I do any thing for your assistance, friend?" he inquired kindly.

The luckless merchant made one more desperate effort to speak; but lost his footing, and his head suddenly disappeared beneath the turbid water. The youth floog his velvet cap upon the pavement, stripped off his coat, and plunged into the canal. He soon succeeded in fishing up the unfortunate merchant and supporting his head above the water, called out lustily for assistance. This was soon rendered, and Mynheer Schuyler was safely conveyed to his warehouse.

A servant was despatched for dry clothes and a new wig, and Mynheer Schuyler lay upon the sofa in his counting room, his dripping garments, completely exhausted by his cold bath, when the foreign youth who saw that he could be of no farther service, was about to retire. The merchant observed the movement, looked up & recognized his daughter's music-master; the very man whom half an hour before he had reproached with kicking him from his door steps, did he ever presume to ascend them again.—The youth stood very quietly with his cap in his hand, while the old man's face changed from a look of astonishment to a haughty frown, which, after a moment, gave place to an expression of warm-hearted gratitude, such as a kind man would feel toward one who had saved his life.

"Young man," he said, grasping the hand of the youth, "this day shall be a fortunate one for you, as well as for me; I pledge you the word of a grateful and an honest man."

The youth bowed, and muttering something about an engagement, hurried from the warehouse. Meantime, Katrina had proceeded to a fountain in the garden, where, as the season was summer, and the weather pleasant, she had been in the habit

of receiving her music lessons. A rustic seat stood at the foot of a drooping elm which shadowed the green sward a round the fountain, and a thicket of roses rendered the retreat fragrant and secluded. Katrina looked upon the vacant bench and then upon the sun. It was full time, yet no master had arrived. She busied herself in gathering the roses and scattering their leaves, & half open buds, upon the water in the fountain; then, tiring of this, she seated herself on the brink of the marble basin and began to dip up the water in her little pail, and to shower it on the flowers blushing about her. At length, weary of the employment and half-pouting, she flung her pail on the grass and sauntered away into a more secluded part of the garden, where, for the first time in her life, she began to reflect, seriously, about the future. She was standing with her hands clasped under her apron of wrought muslin, and her sweet oval face turned away with an expression of more serious thought than usually visited her beautiful features, when the music of a guitar came tinkling with a sweet merry sound, through the rose bushes which surrounded her. A smile broke over her face, like the flash of warm sunshine; her hands unclasped and she darted forward with the graceful eagerness of an uncaged bird. The youth whom we have already introduced to the reader, was sitting beneath the elm with the guitar in his hands.

"And so my lady bird has learned to come to her master's call!" he said with a quiet smile, as the pouting girl placed herself on the bench beside him.

"And for a very good reason, because she never expects to obey it again," replied Katrina, striving to look sullen, and obeying a sudden impulse to make her lover miserable for having kept her waiting.

The youth looked in her face, where a smile was struggling with affected gravity, and said, with undisturbed tranquility, "Well, my pretty tergiversant, what new quarrel have you with me now; was my last visit too short, or my lesson too long?"

Kate shook her head very demurely, and tried her best to look solemn and important. "You will not speak so lightly when I tell you my father has received a letter from the English lord, whom I have told you of, and that he is on his way to carry me to England." While she was conveying this startling intelligence, the mischievous girl stole a glance, from under her long lashes, to mark its effect upon her lover. A slight color spread up to his high, white forehead, and a very peculiar smile disturbed the repose of his expressive lips; otherwise his composure remained undisturbed.

"Katrina was pushed and more than half angry. 'I will make you feel,' she said in the bottom of her rough little heart; so she looked as resolute as possible and went on—'Yes, my father is determined that I shall fulfill the engagement which he has made for me, and I think that I shall obey him—'  
"That is right, my sweet Kate! It is a daughter's first duty to make her parents happy; and after all, what is there so very terrible in being married to a rich, well principled man, whom your father has chosen with a reference to your own exaltation and happiness?"

At the lover's interruption, Katrina started raised her eyes to his with an expression of astonishment, which deepened as he spoke into absolute dismay.

"Are you serious?" she inquired, in a tremulous voice.

"Perfectly so!—for notwithstanding all the pleasant nonsense which we have talked together, you cannot suppose that I, a wanderer, without country or name, would drag you from an opulent home—cause you to break the heart of a good father, and expose you to all the ills of poverty and repentance, for repentance would follow! Or, to reverse the picture, that I should pretend myself as the heir of your father's money, and become a pensioner on my wife's fortune. In neither case could we be happy; nor could I be just in unting your fate with mine."

Katrina turned her head away, and anguish was, for the first time, busy with her heart. It was more than a minute before she spoke; then her voice was cold and constrained, and the smile which she strove to force died away in a tremulous motion of the lips. "We have forgotten our lesson—hold the music for me if you please." And taking the guitar she went over the lesson with a calmness that surprised herself. But she did not sing; that had been beyond her power. When she had finished, she arose, and said, "I think you pronounce me a tolerable proficient on this instrument; call at my father's counting room and he will reward your services; I shall not require them in future." And with a slight inclination of the head she turned to leave the fountain.

The youth followed and laid his hand on her's. "Katrina," he said, "forgive me if I appear unfeeling, if—" but she shook his hand off, and with a haughtiness of spirit, for the first time called into action, swept by him and entered the house.

Katrina found her father in the sitting room; his heart was overflowing with kindness and gratitude. "Come hither

child, and kiss me, for I have determined to make thee happy; happy in thy own way," he cried, opening his arms to embrace his daughter. Kate threw herself on his bosom and burst into a passion of tears; and when the old merchant went on to tell her of the peril he had been in, and of the generous conduct of the foreign youth, the poor girl only wept more bitterly than before.

"Don't weep, Kate," said the old man kindly. "I will have no more to do with this foreign marriage; thou shalt wed thy youth to-morrow, if thou wilt."

"No, no father, I will not!—I wish to marry Lord Gilbert and make you happy."

"Then, after all, thou wert only jeering this morning, and I, like an old fool, got angry about a shadow!"

"Yes, father, it was all a jest—a very, very unfeeling one; yet still but a jest!" and Kate's tears redoubled as she spoke.

"Well, then, I will send off my answer to Lord Gilbert, and a thousand guilders to the good youth."

"Send him two thousand—half your fortune! He is poor and proud and—Here Kate began to cry again, and sobbing out something about a head ache, she left the room.

Early the next morning, Mynheer Schuyler sent a purse of gold, with a letter of thanks, to the music master; but the servant returned with word that the youth had discharged his lodgings and had left Amsterdam.

The preparations for Katrina's bridal were commenced on a magnificent scale.—She was to be married in the English fashion; brides maids were chosen and the tussle was ordered from Paris. At length Lord Gilbert arrived. Katrina declined seeing him till they should meet at the altar; but the merchant visited him at his hotel and returned home absolutely beside himself with delight. The wedding—morning brought a pretty, three-cornered note from the bride-groom, with a case of diamonds, such as had seldom before on the brow of a Dutchess. The brides maids were in ecstasies, and even Katrina's pale face brightened a little when she saw them sprinkling among the soft, bright tresses and flitting them upon her white arms and neck. She was sitting in her dress of white satin and unequalled lace, with the jewels twinkling like starlight through the delicate folds of her bridal veil, when a carriage and four swept up to the house. The brides maids passed, in a body, to the little mirrors in the windows.

"There he is!—that is Lord Gilbert—the tall slender one with black hair!" exclaimed the foremost. "Kate, do come here one moment. Why! where has she flown to!"

Poor Kate—she had taken advantage of the confusion and had stolen into the garden, that she might have one moment of solitude before her destiny was sealed forever. She hurried forward to the fountain and threw herself on the bench where those dear, dear, music lessons had been given. The place had been neglected with leaves; and the rose-bushes were drooping and out of blossom. Every thing looked desolate of late. She leaned her cheek against the rough trunk of the elm and, burying her face in her hands, abandoned herself to sorrow. She was sitting thus with tears trickling through her slender fingers, and falling unnoted, on her bridal dress, when a hand was laid softly on her arm, and a familiar voice pronounced her name.

The voice!—it went to her heart like a gush of music. She looked up, and she saw the face she had driven from her presence, with scorn and anger, was standing by her side. She forgot her engagement—her pride, every thing—in the dear consciousness of his presence, and sprang to his bosom as joyfully as a frightened bird flies to its nest home in the green leaves.

"My own sweet Kate!" whispered the youth, laying his palm, caressingly, on the warm cheek, whose fellow was nestling in his bosom. "Look up, love, and say that you forgive all the sorrow and anxiety I have occasioned you."

Kate's arms tightened about his neck, and she murmured in a soft, happy voice, "I forgive all, every thing, only say that you will save me from this marriage."

"And has it never occurred to you that you may have been deceived? that your affianced husband, may have sought to win the heart before he demanded the hand of his fair mistress; in short that the humble music-master and Gilbert Foster may be the same person? Nay, struggle not to free your self from my arms, sweet bride. Is not your lover the same in all things, as when he was used to set your luckless guitar with his skillful hands?"

"Can this be sober truth?" murmured the young girl, doubtfully. "What, you so kind, so gentle and good—can you be the proud, fastidious Lord Gilbert whom I so feared? Indeed, I cannot understand it!"

"Do not try, love. Remember we have a whole life time to explain it. Let us go to the house now, the bishop is waiting.—Do not tremble—there is nothing so very terrible in the ceremony."

"No, there is nothing terrible in it now,"

whispered the happy Kate, as Lord Gilbert Foster drew the bridal veil over her face, and raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

**THE CONTEST.**

The following appeal to the Republicans of Virginia, by the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, may be as appropriately addressed to the citizens of North Carolina, to urge them to energetic action in this important contest. It is obvious that there is yet a chance to save the House of Representatives from the clutches of Federalism;—if we can do this; if we can elect a majority of Republicans to the House of Representatives of Congress, the calamity of a National Bank, a Tariff, Assumption of the State Debts, and all extravagant appropriations for Internal Improvements may be avoided. Arise, then, Republicans! and do your duty.—Fight under the Democratic banner.—Stand by those who will stand by your rights;—and all may yet be well.—*Mecklenburg Jeffersonian.*

*From the Richmond Enquirer.*

**TO THE POLLS! TO THE POLLS!**

Awake, Republicans of Virginia! Turn out, turn out! Organize yourselves. Carry a majority of the next Delegation in the House of Representatives.—An Extra Session of Congress is at hand, which threatens mischief—a national bank, a distribution, a protective tariff. Maintain every inch of ground—Send every man you can into our public councils, who whatever be his previous party name, is devoted to the great State Rights principles of the Old Dominion. Never despair of the Republic—Never be intimidated by the boasts or the menaces of the whigs. Do not believe them, when they tell you, that it is vain for you to struggle, that your fate is already sealed; that they have the majority in the House of Representatives, whatever be the vote of Virginia. One of their presses at least reads a very different lesson.—And that press is the pet press of Daniel Webster—we mean, the Boston Atlas. It proclaims to the whigs throughout the Union, that they are in danger; that the following is the political character of the members already chosen:

Whigs 84. Loco Focos 65.

The Atlas says, that among them it has included Butler of South Carolina, Alford of Georgia, as well as the new colleagues of the latter, and the successor of Mr. Dawson in the same State.—They may all yet be found following the lead of Wise and Mallory, and opposing the leading measures of the new administration. Counting these chances against us, the members chosen will be 77 who support the measures of the administration, and 72 who will oppose them; and the following is the character of the members in the last house in the States which have yet to choose:

That supposing the next Congress to remain the same, the friends of the administration would stand 123, to 119 who will oppose its leading measures. The next loss of three members of those that remain to be chosen, would throw the administration into a minority, or rather make it dependent upon a handful of such men as Mallory and Wise, than which it would be far better to have a majority of out and out Loco Focos."

And in a suit of panic the Boston Atlas asks "And is there no danger that we may lose even more than this three? Are we alarmed with no grounds for alarm? The same apathy in Connecticut as we have just seen in New Hampshire, would not fail to carry with it a loss of four or five members of Congress." The general ticket law in Alabama renders almost certain the loss of the two in that State. In Kentucky the whigs are madly allowing themselves to be divided in five districts, and as a plurality chooses there, a continuance in such an insane course would bring with it the loss of no less than half the delegation from that State. We cannot depend upon the election of more than our present number of sound whigs from Virginia; and although we may gain a member in Maryland, and another in North Carolina, yet if we encounter these losses elsewhere, we shall be further in the minority than we were in the last Congress.—These are not idle fears. The danger is imminent. The whig ascendancy in the next Congress is in danger, and it behooves the whig press throughout the country to sound the alarm."

Danger—danger to them—and hope to us! Rise up then, Republicans of Virginia, and do your duty to Virginia. Stand by candidates who will stand by your principles.—Let us contribute to save the Union from a national bank and a tariff, which an Extra Session is convened to establish, before the multitudinous whig party break up their discordant elements—and before the Legislature can meet to instruct their Senators.

And to you, Republicans, who are to vote for Delegates, Senators in the State Legislature, destined to be again, as it was