



ASK NOTHING THAT IS NOT RIGHT.

SUBMIT TO NOTHING THAT IS WRONG.—Jackson.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

MADEIRA POETRY.

"Come Davy, bring out the machine, put it in order, and let us grind out a few verses for the benefit of the nation." (Davy brings out the machine.) "It's in your service, in complete order." "Well, turn the lower screw a little and commence."

(He commences.)

My home is on the rolling deep, I spend my time a feeding sheep, And when the waves on high are running, I takes my gun, and goes a gunning! "Hat tat, Davy, that screw is a little too tight—loosen it a little." Davy loosens it. "Now commence." Davy turns.

Shoots dry ducks in big snipe holes, And drinks gin-sling from two quart bowls. "Oh, the—! that won't do. Grease the wheels." He greases them. "Now commence." He turns.

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, Without a wooden shirt to wear, "Hold up! hold up! that'll never do—talking about woolen shirts and dark despair. The hobby is out of order—drive in that nail—now try it once more. He turns very fast.

The lightning roar, the thunder flash, And granny's tea-pot went true smash. "There—put up the old thing—it won't go worth a darn."

From the Jackson Democrat.

A Song.

Come, Mary, with me, O'er the dark blue sea, Come, come, where the sea-birds roam; My barge shall be A palace with thee— Come, come, from your mountain home.

As we gaily glide O'er the rolling tide, And list to the hissing spray; "Well be my bride With my mountain bride, To dwell where the dolphins play.

Then hasten with me O'er the star-lit sea, Where the mermaids gaily rove; My barge shall be A palace with thee A home of unbounded love.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms, And left it sleeping; Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a mother with her child, And o'er it languish; (she smiled, Years brought me back—yet through life's tears In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished; I returned, And stood before her; A lamp beside the childless widow burned— Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears, On God relying, And I returned again in after years, And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair— A wife—a mother— And then a childless widow in despair— Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part To meet—oh, never! 'Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart, To live forever.

From the Boston Daily Times. The Soldier's Reply to the Whig Appeal for his Vote.

[BY F. A. DURIVAGE.]

Give you my vote! No! not to save This shattered body from the grave. Your prepared party I disclaim— Treason in nature, whig in name. To those who would my reason know— 'Tis this—I, ve fought in Mexico.

While thro' our ranks swept grape and shell, And yielded none—though hundreds fell— While each who sank in the advance Was spitted by a brigand's lance— While we our country's colors bore Triumphant through the battle's roar— You gave the murderous human aid, You whetted each assassin's blade; Yes: to the coward's courage gave, Heaped curses on your country's brave; And now you chinge at once your note, And ask a soldier for his vote!

Think you your votes could not reach To Vera Cruz's conquered beach! Or that your curses died away Before the walls of Monterey? No! In every conquered town You were quoted as your own; In every printed Aztec sheet, Your speeches were sure to meet; I vote your fraudful trick! No! For I have fought in Mexico.

And say that Taylor leads you on; My vote for Taylor must be through; He gave the soldier's laurel leaf, He is the soldier's honor'd chief; 'Tis true. His honors are his own— He won them by the sword alone. But where the honor to command Of traitor Whigs a ravenous band, Who heaped dishonor on the cause In which he won the world's applause?

To bring him from his proud estate, Elect him as your candidate; But do not ask a soldier's hand To stamp him with the foul whig brand. Against his fame I strike no blow— I fought with him in Mexico.

Give me the men who true and bold Their country and their flag uphold; Whatever force our shores assault, Whatever war-cry fills the gale; Stoop not to wrong from high or low, An insult answer by a blow: Who make our flag on shores and seas The proudest flag that floats the breeze; Give me the democratic creed, Bold men in word and brave in deed, No flatterers, sycophants, and knaves, None who dishonor soldiers' graves; None who when evil days betide Are ever on the foe's side, Who gallant hearts heap insult on; But cheer them when the victor's won.

(Sings)—shrink not, friend—I mean no harm; In Mexico I left an arm— Peace has been ratified you know, And Mexicans are all safe now. Seek some deserter, would you win A vote to help your party in! Or, better still, for voters go, To rally 'round the Whig.

Miscellaneous. TAKING A NEWSPAPER. "A pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill," said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat by means of a fan.

"Very fine day, friend Alton. Any news?" returned the individual addressed. "No, nothing of importance, I believe. I have called over to see if you don't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is two dollars; but by taking three copies, we can get the whole for five—which is you see, something of a saving."

"Nothing is cheap that you don't get," returned Gaskill in a positive tone. "I don't believe in newspapers, I never heard of them doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into the house, my girls are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it is read through. They wouldn't be good for a cent if a paper came every week. And, besides, dollars ain't picked up in every corn-hill."

"But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information your girls would get, if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading it, would be nothing to what they would gain."

"And what would they gain, I wonder! Get their heads filled with nonsense—and love stories. Look at Sally Black. Isn't she a fine specimen of your newspaper reading girls? Not worth to her father three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising little bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally. She began to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meetin. After that she must be sent off to school again, and that at the very time she began to be worth something about the house. And now she has got a forte piano; and a fellow comes every week to teach her music."

"Then you won't join us, neighbor Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

"Oh, no. That I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of them doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your

newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at that price."

Mr. Alton changed the subject, soon after left neighbor Gaskill in his own lathers. A wise man was found willing to make one of the proposed clubs, and by then the five dollars were sent, and the papers procured.

"Ogday, about two months afterward, they met, at their old home frequently during the interim of the times.

"Have you any wheat yet?" asked Mr. A. "Yes, I sold it day before yesterday. How much did you get for it?" "Eighty-five."

"No more!" "I don't know that I had any right to expect more. Wheat hasn't been above that for two months past."

"But it is above that now." "How do you know?" "Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-two cents! To whom did you sell?"

"To Wakefield, the storekeeper in R—. He met me the day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price, and I sold him for what he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday, he sent over the waggon and took it away."

"That was hardly fair in Wakefield. He knew that prices had advanced. He came to me also, off he had to my crop at eighty-five. But I had received my newspaper, in which I saw by the prices current that in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-two cents, which, after some haggling, he was quite willing to give."

"Did he pay you ninety-two cents?" exclaimed Gaskill, in surprise. "He certainly did."

"Too bad! Too bad! No better than down right cheating to take such shameful advantage of another man's ignorance."

"Certainly. Wakefield cannot be justified in his conduct," replied Mr. Alton. "I can't see the right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wilfully ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough standing ready to avail themselves of his ignorance."

"Had you been willing to expend one dollar and sixty-six cents, for the newspaper for a year, you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop alone fourteen dollars. Just think of that, Wakefield takes the newspapers and watches them closely. He knows every week the exact state of the market, and is always prepared to make good bargains out of you and some dozen others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only safe avenues of information on all subjects—the newspapers."

"Have you sold your potatoes yet?" asked Gaskill with some concern in his voice. "Oh, no, No yet. Wakefield has been buying me offers for the last ten days. But the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they must go above thirty cents here."

"Above thirty! Why I sold mine to Wakefield for twenty-five cents."

"A great dunce you were; if I must speak so plainly, neighbor Gaskill. It's only yesterday that he offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels. But I declined. And I was right; they are worth thirty-one to day; and at that price I am going to sell."

"Isn't it too bad!" ejaculated the mortified farmer walking backwards and forwards impatiently. "There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk in the sea. That Wakefield has cheated me most outrageously."

"And because you are too close to spend two dollars for a newspaper. I should think that was saving at the spigot, and letting out at the bung hole, neighbor Gaskill."

"I should think it was indeed. This very day I will send off money for the paper. And if any body gets ahead of me again he'll have to be wide awake, I can tell him."

"Have you heard about Sally Black?" Mr. Alton said after a short silence.

"No. What of her?" "She leaves home to-morrow morning for R—."

"Indeed! What for?" "Her father takes the newspaper you know."

"Yes." "And has given her a good education!" "So they say."

"But I could never see that it had done any thing for her, except to make her good for nothing."

"Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed."

"Two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches in a seminary at R—. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The Trustees of the Seminary liked her very

much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of classes."

"You cannot surely be in earnest," farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

"It's every word true," replied Mr. Alton, "and now you will hardly say that newspapers are dear at any price, or that the reading of them spoiled Sally Black."

Gaskill looked upon the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half ejaculated with a sigh: "If I haven't been a most confounded fool I have come very near it. But I'll be a fool no longer. I'll subscribe for ten newspapers to-morrow—see if I don't."

RULES FOR LADIES.—ISRAELICTIONS. As a general rule, do not introduce a gentleman to a lady without first privately asking her permission.

In going through the ceremony of introducing pronounce the name of the lady first, adding, "permit me to present you to Mr.—"

In introducing two gentlemen present the younger one to the elder, or the one of lower rank to the one of higher. If the gentlemen are about the same age, and equals in society, present the stranger to the one with whom you are most intimate.

The best form of expression that can be used in introducing two gentlemen, who are in the same circle, is to say, "Mr.—, permit me to acquaint you with Mr.—." But if you are addressing an elderly gentleman always say, Mr.—, permit me to present to you Mr.—.

A lady should always be perfectly at her ease while introducing her friends to one another, as she has, while performing this necessary little ceremony, great opportunity of proving whether or not her manners are truly graceful.

It is not considered fashionable to introduce two persons who accidentally meet in your parlor, and who are paying you a morning visit. The object of this custom in France, (where it first arose,) was to prevent formality, as visitors were expected to converse without an introduction, and were afterwards at liberty to recognize each other or not, just as they pleased. It is therefore in good taste, if you find your guests do not converse together without introduction, to present to one another.

Never introduce in the street, unless the third person joins and walks with you.—You may make an exception to this rule when the parties are mutually desirous of knowing one another. If you are walking with one lady do not stop to converse with others who are unknown to her, as she must necessarily feel unpleasant. If you are walking with a gentleman you may follow the bent of your inclination, for if he is well bred he will attend your pleasure without evincing either impatience or awkwardness.

A lady is at liberty to take either another lady or a gentleman to pay a morning visit to a friend, without asking permission; but she should never allow a gentleman the same liberty; if he desires to make any of his friends known to her, he must first ask if the acquaintance would be agreeable.

A lady who is invited to an evening assembly, may always request a gentleman, who has not been invited by the lady of the house to accompany her.

Acquaintances made in travelling, or accidentally in public places, have no claim to more than a passing bow if you afterwards find that the acquaintanceship is not particularly desirable.

When a gentleman is presented to a lady, if she is in her own house and desires to welcome him, she may shake hands with him; but on any other occasion, unless the gentleman is venerable, or the bosom friend of the husband or father, this practice is reprehensible.

The same rule should be observed when a lady is introduced to a lady, although in this country the habit of shaking hands is very general.

In introducing a friend, be as cautious of saying too much in his favor as too little, for if the introduced be really the possessor of very good qualities, they will soon be found out, and more appreciated than if they had in the first instance been all told.

At a large dinner or evening party, although some persons strictly adhere to the French custom of not introducing, the mistress of the house shows real politeness by presenting to one another those persons whom she thinks will assimilate in their dispositions. If there are strangers present, a party in America is apt to become formal through the omission of introductions; not so in Paris, where every body converses with his neighbor without going through the unnecessary ceremony of a presentation.

From the Boston Post. THE PHILADELPHIA CATECHISM. Who announced to the Mexicans that Paredes had proclaimed war, and that "we come to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future?" General Taylor.

Who called the war the President's war and pronounced it unjust and aided and

comforted the enemy? The Whigs. Who advised the advance of our army to the Rio Grande in October, 1845?—Gen. Taylor.

Who says the boundary between the U. States and Mexico ought to be the Sierra Madre? Zachary Taylor.

Who declares that Gen. Taylor was nominated by the Whigs of the free States and that they might have prevented it?—George Ashmun.

Who raised a black flag and tolled the court-house bell when they heard of Taylor's nomination? The Whigs of Elquis, Ohio.

Who felt like doing the same thing?—The Whigs of New England.

Whose words are these—"in no case can I permit myself to be the candidate of any party?" Zachary Taylor's.

Who said he would give no pledges?—Gen. Taylor.

Who says Gen. Taylor approves of the pledges made for him in the Chinese Museum? Bailie Peyton, Logan Huntton, and A. C. Bullitt.

What party first nominated Gen. Taylor for President? The Naives.

Who says Gen. Taylor's nomination "cozzed up, as it were, from the people"?—Abbott Lawrence.

Who "stabbed" Abbott Lawrence in the Chinese museum? Judge Allen and the Naive Cobbler.

Whom did the Whigs in 1840 permit to go around and make speeches for Gen. Harrison? The Naive Cobbler.

Who says, so help him God, he will do all he can to defeat Gen. Taylor? The Naive Cobbler.

Who says "no gentleman can vote for Taylor"? E. L. Keyes, counselor, to Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

Who said the war was becoming of such a character that no gentleman could engage in it? The editors of the Atlas.

Who declares the war was a crime, and that all engaged in it were participating in the crime? The Whig legislature of Massachusetts.

Did Gen. Taylor participate in the "crime"? Well, he did, ho.

Who will cast the vote of the State for Gen. Taylor? The Whig legislature of Massachusetts.

Does this involve any contradiction? In Whig ethics, it does not.

On what point did Gen. Taylor say his position was immutable? On this: that he would not be brought forward by Whigs Democrats, or Natives, as the candidate of their party.

Who says these parties "unfortunately" divide our country, thereby censuring them all equally? Zachary Taylor.

Who retired from the Whig press at Greenfield rather than sell his principles and support Taylor? C. J. Jagersoll.

What were Mr. Ingersoll's principles? The same as those avowed by nearly all the Whig papers in New England before the Philadelphia nomination.

What editor in Boston retired rather than support Taylor? J. T. Buckingham, author of the anti-war report adopted by the Whig Legislature of Massachusetts.

Who pledged the vote of Ohio to Gen. Taylor for President, and to his old white horse for Vice President? Mr. Collins, delegate to the Whig National Convention.

Who said that the nomination of Taylor was an insult to the virtue and intelligence of the American people? The Whig editor of the Lafayette, Ia., Journal.

Who says that Gen. Taylor is in favor of the Wilmot Proviso? Northern Whig editors.

Who says the whigs will learn that Taylor "believes slavery to be a curse to the country, (!) desires its extermination (!) and is opposed to the further extension of slave territory"? The editor of the Boston Atlas.

What proof do Northern whig printers offer that Taylor is in favor of the Proviso? The Signal letter, in which, in May, 1847 Taylor wrote that he approved of the Signal editorial which said the extension over the continent, beyond the Rio Grande, of the ordinance of 1787, is an object too high and permanent to be baffled by Presidential votes.

Who has a letter from Gen. Taylor stating that in his Signal letter he did not mean to commit himself to the editor's opinions on the Wilmot Proviso? Mr. Doolittle, barnburner, of Wyoming.

What was the Signal? The first Taylor paper in Cincinnati.

Where is it? Dead—and the editor, J. W. Taylor, has just formally renounced allegiance to his name sake.

Who says that Gen. Taylor is opposed to the doctrine of the Wilmot Proviso?—Col. Haskell, Whig member of Congress from Tennessee.

Who says Gen. Taylor is the best man to countenance the extension of slavery? Col. Johnson, of Upper Piqua, Ohio.

Who declares that Taylor is opposed to restrictions upon new territory, and is even in favor of the gradual annexation of Mexico herself? John M. Botta, of Virginia, the man that slept with Taylor.

Who says the whig party, whether Taylor be elected or not, is doomed to death that knows no resurrection? Mr. Earl,

whig member of the Massachusetts legislature from Worcester.

Whose friends told him he was the only Whig in a slave State who could get the Whig vote of the free States? Henry A. Jones.

Who said if Mr. Clay couldn't carry Tennessee no whig in the Union could? Gov. Jones.

Whose voice first in New York?—Gov. Jones.

Who called the "Signal letter" a forgery, and the author a "mean, miserable, lying fellow, who would steal your purse or stab you in the back! The editor of the National Whig, the original Taylor paper in Washington.

Who was the author of the Signal letter? Zachary Taylor.

Who says Taylor's nomination was effected by a conspiracy between the cotton planters and traffickers in human flesh of the South-west and the cotton spinners and traffickers of the north-east, a conspiracy between the lords of the loom and the lords of the lash? Charles Sumner, of Boston, a whig.

Who pronounced Henry Clay the whig Messiah? Horace Greeley.

What does he call Taylor? A journeyman throat-cutter.

Which of the epithets do all the Democrats condemn? Both unhesitatingly.

Which do Whigs approve? Some one, some other.

Who says he never heard Gen. Taylor swear? Maj. J. P. Gaines.

What was said Rough and Ready's exclamation when he heard of the surrender of Maj. J. P. Gaines? "By G—d, I would have fought a hole any day."

What evidence have we that Gen. Taylor in battle made use of the words "Give 'em hell!" That of the New Orleans Picayune.

Who edits the New Orleans Picayune? A. C. Bullitt, one of those authorized to say that General Taylor will abide by the pledges made for him by the Louisiana whig delegates.

Who found fault with those words, "Give 'em hell!" The anti-war whigs generally.

Extract of a speech delivered in 1841 by Henry Clay, of Kentucky.

"Regardless of all imputations, and proud of the opportunity of free and unstrained intercourse with all my fellow-citizens, if it were physically possible, and compatible with my official duties, I would visit every State, go to every town and hamlet, address every man in the Union, and entreat them by their love of country, by their love of liberty, for the sake of themselves and their posterity—in the name of their venerated ancestors—in the name of the human family—deeply interested, in the fulfillment of the trust committed to their hands—by all the past glory we have won—by all that awaits us as a nation if we are true and faithful in gratitude to Him who has hitherto so signally blessed us, to pause—solemnly pause—and contemplate the precipice which yawns before us. If, indeed, we have incurred the Divine displeasure; and if it be necessary to chastise this people with a rod of vengeance, I would humbly prostrate myself before Him, and implore Him, in His mercy, to visit our favored land with WAR, with PESTILENCE, with FAMINE, with any scourge other than MILITARY RULE, or a blind and headless enthusiasm for mere MILITARY RE-NOWN!"

A gentleman wishing to get rid of a visitor, and not liking to tell him "to put on his hat and make himself scarce," modified it thus:—"Elevate your golgotha to the summit of your perier annum, and allow me to present to your oculor, the scientific piece of mechanism that forms the egress portion of this apartment."

"Job Printing!" exclaimed an old woman, some time since, as she peeped over her specs at the advertising page of a newspaper, "poor Job, they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first learned to read; and if he wasn't the most patient man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them that they were small potatoes. "We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

Time should be reckoned by events, not hours; the heart is the truest time-piece, at least as concerns ourselves.

The parent who punishes his children for doing evil, while he sets them a bad example, is like the rider who continually spurs his horse forward, while he holds him back by the reins.

A newspaper and Bible in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.—FRANKLIN.

The authorship of the following beautiful and just thought is ascribed to Napoleon: "A beautiful woman pleases the eye; a good woman astuties the heart; the eye is a jewel, and the other a treasure."