THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

ASK NOTHING THAT IS NOT RIGHT, SUBMIT TO NOTHING THAT IS WRONG.—*Jackson.*

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The following beautiful, original lines were brought to our notice without the knowledge of the author; and it required our most earnest entreaty to overcome an evident reluctance on the part of the writer, to give them publicity. We, however, venture to express the hope that we shall be frequently favored, by productions from the same pen:

Original.

Suggested by hearing Music by Moonlight.

Whence come those soft and gentle sounds?
What notes so heavenly float upon the gale?
Has the full choir of yonder glowing satellite,
Sent forth a peal from 'mid its practised band,
Which, softened and subdued, has reached our earth?
Have all the high angelic hosts,
Chanting with joy the praises of their God,
Paused in their homeward flight from some far distant orb,
To pour the melody of their united strains
Into the ear of man? With awe we listen!
Yet, methinks, the sounds, tho' rich, and thrilling
As the notes of mighty harp, or fullest orchestra,
Sent through the planetary space,
In passing sweet as angel's chords called forth by love,
Breathe still of earth.
Yes, bounded earth and earthly mould,
Send forth that clear, bewitching harmony!
Bathed in a flood of liquid light from glowing moon—
Touched by the soft breath of a summer's night—
Fanned by the waving of the tall green trees—
Inspired by scenes of nature and of love,—
They waken sounds that rival those born in the unknown world.
Oh! thanks for God's gifts to man! Thanks for the silvery light!
Which nightly makes our earth a paradise,
Thanks for the golden stars, the changing clouds,
The mild, soft air, and waving foliage;
And ceaseless thanks for that soul-stirring gift,
That gives to man the power to charm the heart,
And raise the soul to God! X.

September, 1848.

Miscellaneous.

JOE, THE SLAVE.

"All men are born free and equal" is a sentiment unsustained in principle, or fact. Thrust it home to the very warmest of its advocates and he will so prune the freedom and the equality, that it would seem he is the only one to whom the right belongs.

Carry it, with all its adjuncts, to the very bosom of the truest abolitionist, and he will not only disdain the poor black, but every one of his own race, except himself. It is mere verbage to cloak the supreme selfishness of the human heart, a mere motto, flung to the breeze to conceal the paucity of human benevolence. "All born free and equal," is said to be the first impulse of our nature, the radical thought of the heart, the primal inspiration of the soul. It is thus asserted with monarchs, kings, aristocrats, and rulers around us, with masters and servants, from creation down, even it is known that Servitude is not an institution of man; when it is known that intellect and propensities are not equally distributed; that some natures descend with all the glories of the universe around them to brutes; and others rise though in the dearth of dreariness to an angel's conception.

But, with all its falsity, it is the pretext of a party who have done as much towards making all men free and equal, as a bursting bubble towards agitating the ocean.

Abolitionism was born among enthusiastic, fickle souls; with but few exceptions, it has never received the ballast of earnest conviction; its own prejudice, and wilfulness counteracting what good it probably intended to accomplish. Unless an inborn or national evil has an unselfish, and pure good to oppose it, it can never be destroyed. If slavery be an evil, abolitionism will never destroy it; for it is in, and of itself, selfish, pendantic, arrogant, dishonest, and its motto is—*gammon.*

I am not going to uphold Slavery either in principle or precedent; but our present system of *Stealing* its contented victims, and bombastically *lying*, them into a liberty which to them is a *cheat*, is worse than useless, is wickedness, honeyed over with good appearances.

Although our legislatures have obolished the *traffic*, we had better not say much, for we are still living upon the money out pushed—over—the—limit—negroes brought us, the wealth we inherit, is the price our fathers received for flesh and blood. Let us wait until that is forgotten, before we point the road to our Sister South. We are too fresh in our new-born reformation to stand as peerless example; we forget that the puritan ruggedness of our nature and our climate, did more to unshackle our blacks than all the incipient seeds of goodnes of which we so foolishly boast. The South has just as much goodness, and God knows, a thousand times more enlargement of feeling, and generosity; and when she has come up to that individual exertion, that decided love for labour, to that noble ambition, and invincible perseverance that we have, she will be just as eager to break the bondage of her colored people.

We must have patience; for her climate, and the habitual helplessness of her population, are against us. We must throw our energy there, and keep our anathemas to ourselves; we must send there our industrious examples, and make her sigh, even in her inertness, for our healthy activity, *not* cheat and steal from her, her black skins, till she in very truth can call us dogs. As we proceed now, with this hot bed abolitionism, we only gain her contempt; *her contempt is not to be trifled with.*

I will now relate an instance that will come home to some of us, I fear; but let it come—a home-thrust is good, especially, if we push the spear ourselves.

A gentleman of North Carolina left his southern home, accompanied by his family, in his private carriage, to spend the summer with *us northerners.* This village was the home of his youth; he cherished a fondness for its lovely scenes, a deep affection for its inhabitants, and trusted that one season amid its hospitality, might leave an enduring gratefulness in the bosom of his *stranger* wife. The morning he left Lincolnton, his horses were restive, and he ordered Joe, a colored man, to attend him two or three miles. The servant rode all that day with his master, and, finding the horses no safer, continued with him the next. Mr——— finally concluded to bring him on. In the northern counties of Md, he told the boy that, in the next state, he would be free; that he might have his choice to remain there, hired out until their return, or come with them.—Joe begged to come; his master then hired him by the month, and drew up writings to that effect—with this proviso, that Joe might stay in the free States if he wished.

They had not been in our village one hour, before a caucus was called to liberate Joe. Barn, Stable, porch, kitchen, & field were alike rendeveux for persuasion and secret meetings. Money, food, raiment, and liberty, the burthen of their offers—Every string, from the worthiest to the lowest that abolitionism can pull, was touched—but in vain; the boy was faithful. At last, Mr——— fell sick, near unto death; then, by redoubled assiduities, and the promise of one hundred dollars, the boy left our village in a buggy, was carried to the Genesee river, placed in a waggon with four men, and driven to a village forty miles from here. The boy had been victimised, from village to village, with the promise of money, till finally, he pretended to sleep, and overheard his protectors mention Canada, as the end of his race for liberty! He then thought it was time to withdraw his long-sought-after society, and watched the "big Star" to find his way back. He arrived at A——, about light. After receiving "distinguished honors" at the house of a praise worthy, and pains taking abolitionist, he ventured to assume his own "dignities" and repaired to the stable to attend to the horses.

Finding his way *through the barn*, he *bolted* for the woods, and reached his master's room twenty four hours from the time he left it, *begging to be carried home.*

There are some features in this case which I design to bring prominently into view. O, I wish I were a lawyer, and a keen one; but, as I am not, I must be content with the absurdities that strike me. In the first place, Mr———had no intention of bringing a servant north, but fortunately for us, his horses were foolish; and we thereby had the pleasure of a summer's excitement. If he had thus intended, Joe would not have been the servant brought; for he had a wife and children on the plantation. When Mr——— found it impossible to discontinue his attendance, he offered Joe all that a man, the most humane, could offer—*the mastership* of himself.

They came amongst us, and what was our hospitality, our delicacy as to the family concerns of others, our innate independence of minding our own business, our openness of character, and that irresistable blandness which evinces an elegant tone in community? Let the continual and harrowing anxiety of both Mr. and Mrs——, answer.——Where was our kindness of heart, and unvarying good nature, our boasted philanthropy? Let the one remark of Joe, the slave, answer, "*I dont like the north, the whites wont speak to me?*"

Mr——did all that was necessary for a master, a christian, and a gentleman. Did we act the christian, and the gentleman?—Did we, with the flush of abolitionism upon us, strong, in its truth and virtue, go into the front door, politely ask if we might converse with the boy, and try to instil into his heart the beauties of liberty? Did we call upon the boy in open day, kindly take him by the hand, and persuasively urge our affection for his race, and our tears for his bondage? Let the stable, and the darkness answer.—Did we leave him to *his own will*? Let the incessant pleadings of white, black, rich, poor, high, low, learned, and unlearned answer—The thunderer, Jove, was never so unremittingly importuned. He must be a nice casuist who can detect the difference between liberty, and slavery, when one is against the will, and the other accords with the inclination. If we, as abolitionists, are honorable and sincere in our charity, why did that man run from the field in an adjoining town, when he saw church was out, fearful they would find him speaking with the boy?—If we are so very upright in our promises, why did not Joe receive the one hundred dollors, at the place appointed?

If we are so very benevolent, and patient, why did we take the time when the master was stretched low, perhaps, never to rise again, to remove from him one who certainly could serve him better than ourselves; for he knew the sick man's habits? If we are so very commiserating, and whole-hearted, why did we wish the change back in our own purses, we had unwittingly given to please?—But this is too small.—I will hasten on to another feature; nevertheless they are questions pertinent to some of us, although, startlingly mean.

It has been a hackneyed sympathy, tilted from heart to heart, for the poor slave separated from his family, as occurs in the casuality of selling.

Allow me to say it seldom occurs. Often an estate is sold on the death of the proprietor, and with it, the servants, but care is taken before or at the sale, by interested persons, that man and wife should go together. They evince much feeling on the subject, I have nothing to say, as to the genuine virtue of the feeling, for I am not writing for or against the south; but this much I know; they seldom if ever separate the two; if obliged, it is with evident repugnance. Where was the show of this fine feeling, in our immaculate abolitionists? Joe's wife, and children were in the south, where vines, sun, dew, and all the spontaneous fruits, and beauties of the earth do congregate, *a witching Paradise.* The husband and father was to be hurried into Canada, where snows, bleack winds, ice, and pinching cold, would soon throw him helpless into some cheerless poorhouse, or into still more cheerless charity—perhaps, endig his life in a dreary prison, murmuring "my wife, my babes, sweet slavery."

Abominable treachery! insufferable heartlessness! After he had been pushed from our sight, is there one who would have remembered him, who would have cheered him, when broken down by customs new, and repugnant, by servitude worse than slavery, in procuring just enough to sustain life? He would have died unfed, unclothed, and unrecollected; except at some annual abolition meeting, they might have hymned long, and rejoiced loud, *over one slave set free—his epitaph a musty report.*

He has gone home where his ailings are cared for, where his wife can greet him with a love as pure as ours, for it is alike the gift from the one God; where his little ones can welcome him with their gladsome prattle, and where, most blessed of all, *his grave will receive a tear.*

I confess I have had a dash at both sides. I could not well help it—I dislike bondage, either in spirit, or body; either in man or beast; and I dislike abolitionism in its present attitude.

This intance occurred in a section of the north where abolitionism exerts its full power; and, if it had any virtue, where it could have been nobly and beautifully exemplified, but we see how wrongly, how injudiciously, I may say how surreptitiously, its best advocates have acted. An influence which so debases human capacity, must be wrong from the begining, no matter how wicked the principle which it opposes. Slavery will abolish itself in time, for it is directly opposed to advancing knowledge, and true refinement; but the operations of abolitionists will never result in any thing but evil, they may, if persisted in deluge this happy land in the blood of her sons and daughters.

That no American may ever be enslaved to fear, passion or power, is the sincere wish of

R. M. M. MOSES.

For the Republican.

INDIAN CREEK, Sept. 27, 1848.

Mr. Printer:—Your paper comes to our Post office every week, to Uncle Kiah—his name is Hesikiah, but, for short, we always call him "Kiah;" and, after he has read it, he comes over to our house with it, and reads it to father until he gets as mad as fire. Father is mad any how, because, as he says, old uncle Zack has made such a fool of himself. I dont think he is our right uncle, only a little kin, a cousin or something of that sort. During the Florida war, when I was a little girl, father took me down south with him, when he went to see if he could'nt settle himself there; and, in our travels, we fell in at a tavern with a company of soldiers who had been sent to drive the Indians out of the swamps. While we were there, the officer began to curse and swear, because he could get none but filthy tobacco; but father offered him some that he got from a young Virginian, who had come to our house a courting my oldest sister Jemima. Then they got to be great friends, and scraped up some kind of a kin between them, because they both had the same name; but I did'nt like his cross looks; and, besides, he called me *pug nose* and I did'nt thank him much for it. They talked a good deal together; and he told father that he had wrote to Van Buren to send him some blood hounds to hunt the Indians; but father was a Clay man, and they had some sharp words about the blood hounds. They, however, made up again somehow; he got some more tobacco, and they parted very friendly, promising to write to each other often; and he wrote regularly until he got to be a candidate for president; but he never noticed us since until father wrote to him threatening to vote for Cass and Butler.

But I sat down to write to you about the fun we had last night, and the flare-up that Uncle Kiah made when he come in with your paper and a letter from Uncle Zack, which was wrote in answer to one sent to him signed by father and Uncle Kiah too. They had paid the postage on it, I heard them say, because they were afaid he would not take it out of the office.

The house was full, when Uncle Kiah come in. Sister Jemima and her husband with the two youngest children, had come from Viginia, and had brought some good tobacco. Bob Lykens had come a courting Kissian, Sam Wedford had come to see Levina, Amie Wilton had come in the back way crying, because old Wilton refused to let her have Jimmy Jackson, unless he would promise to vote for Uncle Zack; and soon after, in comes Jimmy, himself, vowing eteral love, and begging Amie to forsake all, and go with him to California as soon as the election was over.

While we were all talking, Uncle Kiah knocked, and as soon as I opened the door for him, I knew he brought us some news.

"Well, Kiah," said my father, "has old Zack answered our letter yet?"

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen" said Uncle Kiah, seating himself between Jemima and her husband, "let me fill my pipe, and take a few puffs; and then first I will read the Republican." And, after having heard your paper read for some time, father broke out and said "Uncle Zack is an old dunce, and I thought so when he wanted to hunt Indians with blood hounds;—Why does he not speak out and say whether he will veto the Proviso or not?" and he almost swore that, if he did'nt answer, at once, he would'nt own him as a relation.

Uncle Kiah laughed until the tears run down his cheeks; for he never believed that old Zach was any more our kinsman than the Bashaw of Egypt. When he got his face straight again, he said.

"Well, well, here is a letter from old Zack; and now let us agree that, if he speaks out like a man, and speaks our sentiments on the subject of slavery, we'll all vote for him; and, if he does not, we'll all oppose him."

"Argreed"! said all; and just at this moment, who should step in but Mr. Wilton.

"Agreed to what?" said he.

"To vote for old Zack, if he is sound on southern rights," and against him, if he is not" said Uncle Kiah.

"Agreed again," said Mr. Wilon.

Then, Uncle Kiah, winking at Jimmy Jackson and Amie Wilton, pulled the letter out of his pocket, and read:

Dear Kinsman:

"SIR: In reply to your inquiries, I have to inform you that I have laid it down as a principle, not to give my opinions upon, or prejudge in any way, the various questions of policy now at issue between the political parties of the country, nor to promise what I would, or would not do, were I elected to the Presidency of the United States; and that, in the case presented in your letter, I regret to add, I see no reason for departing from this principle.

Your obedient servant,

ZACHARY TAYLOR."

P. S. My love to the girls, and tell Kiah that I am running with Fillmore to get the vote of New York, and with Butler to secure South Carolina; and, if there's any bolting among my relations, in the neighborhood, he can just stick his name on, and then we can easily carry every thing before us, on Indian Creek. UNCLE ZACK.

Then Uncle Kiah burst out a laughing, father swore a great oath, Sam Wedford and Bob Lykens bawled out huzza for Uncle Kiah and Democracy; and just as they were slipping out with the girls, old Wilton took Jimmy Jackson aside, and told him that he might fence in the old field, build a house, and take Amie as soon as he pleased. "I am done," said he, "with the whole bilen of Janus faced politicians forever."

After the flare-up, the two old men, father and Mr. Wilton, got together and said they would be laughed at no longer by Uncle Kiah; and they intended to vote for Henry Clay any how; and that Uncle Zack and Uncle Kiah might both go to grass.

"Pagh, pagh," says Mamma and sister Jemima, "don't be foolish, go and vote for men of character like men."

"Well, yes," said they," I guess it is best after all;—"Kate," said father, turning to me, "I suppose, as you desire to do so, you may write for the Republican; we had best subscribe for it, and see what he says any how.

So, sir, you may send us your paper; and be sure to put in some love tales to please my sisters and Amie Wilton. If you can stick in something about making cheese and butter, it will please Mamma; and occasionally I should like to read something about foreign missionaries. Mr. Blissford, whose wife died in Asia last year, leaving four sweet little children, will soon return to America, and is coming to see us.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

KATE TAYLOR.

Mr. Fillmore's vote on establishing Diplomatic Relations with the Niggers of St. Domingo.—In the House, December 22d, 1838. The first business in order was the petition presented by Mr. Adams on Thursday last praying the establishment of international relations with the Republic of Hayti. The motion pending was to refer the petition to the committee on foreign affairs "with instruction to consider and report thereon." A division of this question was called for by Mr. Droomgoole; first on the reference and secondly on the instructions, and being taken on the reference was agreed to without a division. The question recurring on the instructions, Mr. Adams gave his reasons for moving to instruct the committee and addressed the House at some length upon leave. Mr. Bynum, Mr. Waddy Thomson, and Mr. Wise took part in the debate, Mr. T. deprecating the whole discussion as dangerous and worse than dangerous, dishonorable and degrading to every southern man. Mr. Thomson would not argue the question; he would not so far disgrace himself and those he represented. Mr. Wise explained that he had discussed it, necessarily, in defense of the rights, feelings and prejudices of the people he represented, &c. Mr. Campbell of S. C. moved to lay the motion for instructions on the table and demanded the yeas and nays, which being ordered resulted in 110 yeas, 46 nays. Among the nays are the names of John Quincy Adams, Bond, W B Calhoun, Corwin, Everett, FILLMORE, Giddings, Potts, Saltonstall and Slade, all avowed abolitionists except Fillmore, and there would be no doubt as to him, if he were not a candidate for Vice President on the Whig ticket. Well might Mr. Bynum, who took the side of the South in this controversy in Congress, say in a speech on Red River the other day that Millard Fillmore was one of the last men on God's earth that the South ought to vote for or that he ever expected to see presented for its suffrages. These proceedings may be found in Niles' Register, Vol. 55, pages 283–4.

Nachez Free Trader.

Iowa Elections.—The Keokuk Dispatch of the 26th ult. says that Thomson, (democrat) is elected to Congress, even should the spurious Mormon votes be counted; and that the democrats will have two majority in the Senate, and eleven in the House—thus securing two United States Senators. Iowa was one of the States in which the nomination of Taylor was to carry the local elections for the whigs. This is another State in which Greely may set it down that Taylorism "*has not paid.*" But to the democracy it is a most important result, as it will place the United States senate out of reach of the whigs for the next four years.

Washington Union.

Movement for Ireland—A society for promoting the periodical sittings of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin, has been formed. A petition to the Queen, has been graciously acknowledged, by her Minister's Secretary.

TO NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

We are requested to state that Maj. Wilder, Paymaster of the United States Army, having been directed to pay over to the discharged Volunteers, and to the heirs of deceased Volunteers, the three month's extra pay, allowed by the late act of Congress, will proceed to the Western part of the State in the course of a few days. During the ensuing week he will be in Chapel Hill and Hillsborough; and he will then proceed to Yanceyville and Wentworth, and thence West.

Volunteers and the heirs of deceased Volunteers, are requested to be prompt in meeting Maj. Wilder on his route, in order to receive their pay, as his stay will be short at each place.—*Standard.*

Going it at a Venture.—Parson Brownlow, the notorious reverend editor of the Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Whig, says—"Let all good whigs vote for Taylor *at a venture*, and when four years shall have rolled around, let them again put on the harness and wheel into line in support of their *principles*,"—a virtual admission that they have no principles *now.* Another consideration that induces him to go for Taylor, is, that before the four years expire, Taylor may die, and Fillmore, an unquestionable whig, will take his place! Of course the whigs will be disposed to pray that this may happen! The Parson is a cool calculator. But musn't the old General feel flattered at the support of men who will be inclined to wish him dead the moment he is elected, so that another may carry out the "party schemes" *he* refuses to carry out?

"*Go it Blind.*"—The Register says: "All sorts of rumors will, of course, be in circulation from now until November. *Let the Whigs shut their ears once for all to them.*" That is, "let whigs" have ears, but hear not—eyes, but see not—brains, but think not; let them neither see, nor hear, nor reason, for if they do they may bolt from the ranks, and vote for Cass and Butler! Will the intelligent Whigs of North Carolina obey that injunction? Will they "shut their ears" and refuse to hear the truth? No. They *will* exercise their reasons and their judgments; they *will* see, and hear, and *act* for themselves—the Register and other whig dictators to the contrary notwithstanding.

Standard.

VERMONT ELECTION.

Seventy-eight Towns have been heard from, and the Representatives elected stand as follows: Whigs 46, Free soilers 21, Democrats 9. The vote for Governor in twenty-five Towns stands: Whig 3142, Free soil 1611, Democratic 1050.

The New York Herald says: "The returns indicate that no choice has been made for Governor; and the most prominent changes have been in the democratic and abolition towns, where the change has been from both those parties to the Free soilers." We shall know the result by our next issue." *Standard.*

The Cherokee Nation.—The last Cherokee Advocate estimates the number of professed Christians among the Cherokees at not less than 2500—about or more than one seventh of the entire population. A Camp Meeting was held within the precincts of the Nation last month. It was very numerously attended, and excellent order preavited throughout. The National Council is announced to convene at Tahlequah on the first Monday in October. The Supreme Court will meet at the same time.

Consumption of Cotton.—The consumption of Cotton in the United States for the year ending September 1st, 1848, north and east of Virginia, says the N. Y. Herald, according to the best returns, was 531,772 bales, against 427,967 bales, for the year previous; showing an increase of 103,805 bales in 1848. This is the greatest increase ever realised in any one year in the history of the country. This consumption is confined to thirteen out of the thirty States of the Union, leaving seventeen States unaccounted for.

Fatal Rencontre.—On Wednesday morning last a rencontre took place between Thos. Schnell and Ransom Britt, two stage drivers, in the stage lot in this place, in which the former received several stabs, which caused his death in about 20 minutes. We give no particulars as Mr. Britt has been lodged in jail to await a judicial investigation.

Cheraw Gazette. 19th inst.

The Albany Whigs are not satisfied with letting the matter of the Charleston nomination of Gen. Taylor drop for fear of endangering the coming State election. Circulars have been issued for calling the ward representatives together to nominate Clay and Fillmore. The call is headed with the motto: "Do right and trust to Providence for results." When politicians trust to Providence for winning an election, it must be considered a marvellous sign and a very great improvement upon former practices.

Ledger.