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Upon the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace with Mexico on the thirtieth of May last, the temporary governments which had been established over New Mexico and California by our military and naval commanders, by virtue of the rights of war, ceased to derive any obligatory force from that source of authority; and having been ceded to the United States, all government and control over them, under the authority of Mexico had ceased to exist. Impressed with the necessity of establishing territorial governments over them, I recommended the subject to the favorable consideration of Congress in my message commencing the ratified treaty of peace, on the sixth of July last, and invited their action at that session. Congress adjourned without making any provision for their government—The President, by the transfer of their country, had become entitled to the benefits of our laws and constitution, and yet were left without any regularly organized government. Since that time, the very limited power possessed by the Executive has been exercised to preserve and protect them from the inevitable consequences of a state of anarchy. The only government which remained was that established by the military authority during the war. Regarding this to be a *de facto* government, and that by the presumed consent of the inhabitants it might be continued temporarily, they were desired to conform and submit to it for the intervening period before Congress would again assemble and could legislate upon the subject. The views entertained by the Executive on this point are contained in a communication of the Secretary of State, dated the seventh of October last, which was forwarded for publication to California and New Mexico, a copy of which is herewith transmitted.

The small military force of the regular army, which was serving within the limits of the territories at the close of the war, retained in them, and additional forces were ordered there for the protection of inhabitants, and to secure the rights and interests of the United States. Revenue has been or could be collected at the ports in California, because Congress failed to authorize the establishment of customs-houses, or the appointment of officers for that purpose. The Secretary of the Treasury, by a circular letter addressed to the collectors of customs, on the seventh day of October last, a copy of which is herewith transmitted, exercised all the power which was in his hands by law. In pursuance of the act of the fourteenth of August last, extending the benefit of our post office laws to the people of California, the Postmaster General has appointed two agents, who have proceeded, the one to California, and the other to Oregon, with authority to make the necessary arrangements for carrying its provisions into effect.

The monthly line of mail steamers from Panama to Astoria has been required to "stop" at every port on the route, as the Diego, Monitor, and San Francisco. These mail steamers, connected by the isthmus of Panama with the line of mail steamers on the Atlantic between New York and Chagres, will establish a regular mail communication with California.

To be Continued.

THE WILMOT PROVISIO.

With their President, the Whigs have secured a decisive majority in the House of Representatives, and there is sufficient reason to presume that they will, by the full use of all the resources of a victorious party, contrive to neutralize the present majority of the Democrats in the Senate, and that the Congress of 1850 will open with their power secured over the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government. Until then we do not expect them to make any serious attempt to realize their party designs. However eager the manufacturers may be to enter upon their career of plunder, the politicians, remembering the special session of 1841, will shrink from repeating so ominous an experiment. For the present, the veto, in the hands of President Polk, hovers like a thunderbolt, ready to strike Protective Tariff, Bank, Internal Improvement, and Wilmot Proviso. Impatiently, and with many bitter denunciations and revolutionary threats, the Whigs will yet bide their time, and wait for the next Congress, to develop and establish their policy.

What is this policy? They have declared that it is so well known that a declaration of it by the Philadelphia Convention was unnecessary. We have run over its leading features, except one, in former articles. So far as the Territories are concerned, their policy is embodied in the one word—Free Soilism. We do not say that the Whig party are unanimous in this; but we have the highest and the largest authority for saying that the Whigs of the Free States are not only perfectly agreed upon it, but perfectly determined to carry it out. Moreover, they have, in solemn forms, announced that they looked for the sympathy and aid of the Southern Whigs, and still more confidently, from every quarter of the North, it has been proclaimed that they had pledged of the co-operation of the President-elect. It must be remembered, too, in estimating the action of the Whigs, that two thirds of their whole party in the House of Representatives are from Pennsylvania, New York, and the States east of them; and that New York alone sends to the next House as many Whigs as there are in the present one from all the slaveholding States together. As a party, the Whigs cannot, therefore, exist, except under the domination of this compact, homogeneous sectional majority. In every cause their section has the decision in its hands; not merely by superior unity and determination, but by numbers. What they say, will be law; what they decide to be the principles of the Whig party, must stand as such. May they not do what they will with their own?

But the Northern Whigs will have more than their own strength to wield against us. We believe fully, that if Gen. Cass had been elected, the Northern and Western Democracy, especially the latter, would have united with the South in applying the Missouri Compromise line to our whole territory, and that the question would have been settled on that line at present session. We look for such a result now, such union and no just given. The very general supposition will probably break up the harmony of the Democratic party, and deprive us of the support of many of the Northern Democrats. They will say to the South, "You have treated us as enemies, and the Whigs as friends; we take you at your word, and leave you to the protection of your chosen allies." We are not speaking of the morality and propriety of this proceeding; we merely say it is what we must make up our minds to expect.

The Wilmot Proviso, then, will pass the next House of Representatives by the general concurrence of the members from the Free States. Allowing it to have the same support in the Senate, it will depend upon the casting vote of Vice President Fillmore. Nobody doubts how that vote will be given. Besides that there are Mr. Benton, and two or three Southern Whigs, by no means to be relied on. In all human probability, the bill will go to the President; and with every wish that we may prove wrong in the opinion, we are bound to express our conviction that he will not interpose the veto. We have a right, then, to anticipate that in little more than a twelve month from this time, the Wilmot Proviso will have passed through all the forms of Legislation, and that an act embodying the denunciation and degradation of the South, will be enrolled among the laws of the United States.

From the New York Sun, Dec. 19. CROWD AT PANAMA.

A gentleman, who arrived yesterday, direct from California, informs us that he found at Panama no less than six thousand persons, mostly South Americans and West Indians, waiting for conveyances to the gold region. There were no vessels to be had for any price; and the greatest excitement prevailed among the unfortunate adventurers. The price of board was six dollars a day, in the commonest negro and Indian boarding-houses. He also confirms everything that has been said relative to the gold region, and the vast productiveness of the mines. Parties were preparing to go out during the wet season, when the valley is overflowed, for the purpose of exploring the mountains, and discovering the rocks from which the gold is supposed to have been washed. There was some quarrelling at the mines, consequent upon the arrival of a few desperadoes, who were plundering the miners of their clothing, ore, rations, &c. It was proposed to organize a temporary government, for the preservation of order and the protection of life and property. Our informant suggests that owners of vessels would find it their interest to stop at Chagres and send over to Panama for the passengers now waiting there, as the latter would prefer to go round the cape rather than spend months in uncertainty and at great expense, waiting for vessels bound up the coast.

The route to gold.

The New York Tribune thus describes another route, through Mexico, to which attention has been drawn.

"Another route to the gold region is via Vera Cruz, city of Mexico, and Acapulco, on the Pacific. The passage to Vera Cruz is \$80, made in about eight or ten days. From Vera Cruz via Mexico the transit occupies about ten days, at a cost of \$75. The portion of the journey between the city of Mexico and Acapulco is performed on horseback. From Acapulco, where the American mail steamers are to stop, excepting the first one, the passage is \$125, and the distance about two thousand miles. The cost, therefore, by this route would be \$280, and the time occupied about forty days. If the passage from New York to Vera Cruz was made in a steamer, the time would be reduced to thirty or thirty-two days. Another route still, and one which presents some advantages, is to go from the city of Mexico to Mazatlan, on the Pacific, via Guadalupe. The journey from the last-named place would be made on horseback, and the whole journey from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan performed in about twenty days, at a cost of about \$125. When at Mazatlan the traveller is 2,000 miles north of Panama. The cost of passage by the mail steamers from Mazatlan to San Francisco is \$75. Mazatlan is a place of large business, and there are almost always vessels there by which passage could be obtained up the coast. The cost by this route to San Francisco would be \$275, and the time occupied about forty five days. In companies of ten or twelve Americans, there would be no danger of robbery in travelling either of the above named routes.

The California Gold Fever.

It will be seen by news a month later from that country, rages there as fiercely as ever, and the people have held a public meeting, at which measures were adopted to fix the value of the gold dust.

The Kentucky Papers

are beginning to discuss the subject of emancipation, which they say will form a prominent topic before the coming Constitutional Convention. The Louisville Courier says that nothing can be hoped for short of the removal of the negroes from Kentucky.

New Year's Address.

The News-boys toil from week to week, But never must presume to speak, Till rather Time's moment stops To breathe, ere off again he hops. Then, readers, then and only then, Before old Grey-head starts again, Can we poke in a single word That 'bove a whisper may be heard.

But now, at length, has come our time To run, or not, read, or rhyme; The Press is stopp'd, the door is tight, The Boat is gone, and all is right. For once again the coast is clear— There stands the empty old arm-chair— There on the table burns the taper, Adorn'd with a clean white sheet of paper. Now all is still, no noise nor clatter; Not even a cricket dares to chatter; The mouse there peeping from the wall, Admits that we are lords of all.

But, hark!—old never-tiring Time Is ringing out his midnight chime, In wrath, old shrivell'd Forty Eight Goes out, and slams the creaking gate; While o'er the sill comes bounding in The new-born year, with dimpled chin, His cheeks are red, and, with his hair His brow is smooth, and wondrous fair; His form erect, his footsteps light, His laughing eye is full and bright. Says he,—"Good morning,—how d'ye do,— Nobody doubts how that vote will be given. Besides that there are Mr. Benton, and two or three Southern Whigs, by no means to be relied on. In all human probability, the bill will go to the President; and with every wish that we may prove wrong in the opinion, we are bound to express our conviction that he will not interpose the veto. We have a right, then, to anticipate that in little more than a twelve month from this time, the Wilmot Proviso will have passed through all the forms of Legislation, and that an act embodying the denunciation and degradation of the South, will be enrolled among the laws of the United States.

So, thus, kind patrons, readers dear,

Thus said, or sung the new-born year—

Before the Fall, in Eden's rosy bowers, Where Adam dwelt with Eve among the Flowers— Where innocence and love and pleasure reigned, Where man the cup of blissful joy drain'd, Where first the song of tender love on his tongue, The Serpent came with venom on his tongue, To whisper into unsuspecting ears That which has almost drown'd the world in tears. Poor mortal Eve!—thy heart was doubtless kind— Perhaps thou wast a little bit inclin'd, To listen to a tale so strange and new, So interesting whether false or true; But in thy breast no thought of evil slept, Until the Devil came too near thy creeps, And, like the tempter of the present day, He said, "Here all thy blissful innocence away. Oh! hadst thou been born a stranger more reserved, Hadst never from old Eve's wily prudence awerved, Or hadst thou been like little Moses shy— Had Adam kept on thee a watchful eye! Hadst thou been less like blue-eyed beauty pure, Who calmly listens with a look demure, While Passion, fondly sighing, lingers near, To pour his honey'd poison in her ear— Or, like a coyish frozen-hearted bride, Hadst thou but treated Mr. Devil wile, And, with disdain becoming, Adam's bride, Hadst spurn'd the wily tempter from thy side; And chok'd thyself upon the apple core, Thy race would not in sin and sorrow bow, And Father Adam might be living now.

The Devil gann'd poor old mother Eve; And all, therefore, regard him as a curse, An arrant knave, a cheat, or something worse.

Dear readers, then, pray let your vengeance fall Upon old Satan, who deserves it all, But ever to your kind remembrance bring The "PATRON'S DUES"—quite another thing!

From morn till night, from night till rosy morn, His feeble frame with care and labor worn, He patient toils, your leisure to amuse, To lay before you all the weekly news, While others wander through the sylvan grove, To pluck the fairest sweetest flow'rs of love— Or linger 'neath the shade of balmy trees, Or revel in the drowsy lap of ease— Or with the charms of blushing beauty toy, And daily drink the brimming cup of joy— Or, when the Storm-King wildly howls around, And spreads his icy mantle o'er the ground, They take their comfort at the social fire— The sleepless printer never comes to tire, In pain he daily is constrained to pore, That from the dross he may extract the gold, The purest gems of science to unfold. The historic leaf he too must scan, To learn the workings of the heart of man— Must wade through tales of wrong, and crime, and blood,

Which happen'd since, and long before the flood, Must dwell upon the sacred volume too, Containing holy teachings ever new, Which never fail to touch the pious heart, And to the soul a blissful hope impart. The mighty deeds of arms of olden times, Their triumphs and their dark atrocious crimes, The eloquence of ancient Greece and Rome, Unlike our modern fury, froth, and foam— The Arts and Sciences of the present day, Which to forgetfulness would pass away— Both all, all, all! the Art of Printing save From sinking to oblivion's nameless grave.

Dear Patrons, Savereigns of this mighty land, Where Freedom's lofty temples proudly stand, While gaily you for independence toil, The lords and masters of the fertile soil, And look with pride upon your verdant plains, In distant regions millions toil in chains, In boasting Britain, nurse of crime and woe, Where haggard breed and royal babies grow— Where paupered lords intrigue for pow'r and place, While haggard famine stares them in the face— Is daily heard an awful, fearful sound, Which some day soon, will break out long and loud, When finished is the "Robber-nation's" shroud. But here no leading's foot pollutes the sod, No haughty tyrant rules with iron rod, Here patriots sit around the council fire, And none to legal sway would dare aspire.

When Jackson's son, preparing for the skies, Amid a weeping nation's tears and sighs, Each freedom's heart more anxious daily grew, About to crumble, said it was to see The tough old weather-beaten "Hick'ry tree," But as it totter'd, e'er 'y anxious eye Beheld a sturdy sapling standing by, And with one voice the nation loudly spoke— "Hurrah hurrah, hurrah for 'Jimmy Polk'!" His name was lisped by every infant tongue, In city, town, and mountain-glen, was sung, As walked o'er Freedom's whole domain, Then, delc'd from the ocean, back again, Now standing calmly at the helm of State, Surrounded by the wise, the good, the great, He shuns the breakers, pushing boldly on,

With firm resolve to "run the pirate down," Should be he skulking in Columbia's seas, With bloody banner floating in the breeze, Each year our Eagle takes a higher flight; Then seems almost to melt away in light; Self-poised in air, his shrill and startling scream Is waking tyrants from their peaceful dream; And while, like frightened rats, they quake with fears, Their crumbling thrones fall rattling round their ears.

But time is flying fast away, And we have something more to say.

When dew-drops fell in nightly showers, Like jewels glittering 'mong the flowers, When the refreshing summer breeze Shook the large rain drops from the trees, When Love, in whispers soft and sweet, Was sighing at a lady's feet, And shining his unerring dart To play the mischief with her heart,— When loud was heard the song of joy, Of the young careless farmer boy, Who urged his plough team o'er the hill, Or took his produce to the mill,— Enclosed within his sooty nook, The Printer no cessation took. He sometimes failed, but ne'er refused, To send to you the "weekly news." It mischaps came,—as come they will— He plied himself more closely still; If often proved no vain, He nerved himself to try again.

Then when bleak autumn stole along, And drove away the feathered throng, And hushed the music of the love,— And almost chilled the voice of love,— And when the biting northern breeze Stripped off the foliage from the trees, And strewn the summer flowers around, All dead and faded on the ground; When Nature seemed to take repose, And bring her labors to a close, Proclaiming that her work was done, The Printer's daily toil went on.

When Summer gone, and Autumn past, Old Winter blew his stormy blast, And shook his chilling icy beard; And grimly o'er the mountain bleared; And Boreas from his bosom crept, And down the peaceful valleys swept, And, whistling wildly round the hills, Congeal'd the little sportive rills;— While thus all nature seemed to sleep, The huntsman mounts the craggy steep; With "Tally-Ho," and bound and hurri, He breaks the silence of the morn;— Within, in social converse free, Is heard the just and repartee— And lovers sometimes slyly meet The old told story to repeat;— Thus, patrons, you enjoy life, With every worldly comfort rife, Forgetting, while you thus are blest, The "Printer's Dues!" has no rest.

We stick up type, and clean the "case," We pick up "pie," and wash the "chase." Collect the news and let you know it,— Oh, we're the little boys to "go it." We keep an eye on agitators, And scan the deeds of legislators. Some spout, and tell such plumping lies, oh! And others favor the "proviso," But all the wise, the good, and great, Stand by the good old ship of state.

As long as wisdom holds the helm of state; So long as virtue animates the free, Or "Hickory" flourishes in Tennessee, Thy Eagle shall still high and higher fly, Until his pinions seem to touch the sky. Thy gallant tars on every ocean wave, Like white-winged birds, their barks shall gaily glide, From post to post, upon the rolling tide; Returning home, thy mariners will sing— "The tribute of the world to thee we bring."

Most noble has our gallant "Jimmy Polk" The blighting spell of "special favors" broke, Proclaiming—"fair protection" unto all, As the refreshing dews of Heaven fall. Dear patrons, now our yarn is almost spun, Or we would take a trip to Oregon; Would show you up a piece of shallow sham, With which John Bull would chisel Uncle Sam Out of those fertile fields and crystal mountains, Away beyond the lofty Rocky Mountains; Would wander down "mong Texas balmy bowers, Where dark eyed maids repose on beds of flowers, Where herbs are green, and clouds are almost sunny. And woman's lips are sweeter far than honey; Would go to California's mountain streams, Would take you to the crimson field of gore, Where many a free man fell to rise no more, And then would tune our softest, sweetest strain To sing of gentle Peace returned again.

If we had time and space, we'd get astride The fiery lightning's buck, and take a ride— Would laugh at steam, would pass a ray of light, And in a trice would leave it out of sight— Would hurry back and tell you all the news, Before old Time could buckle on his shoes. But time and space will not permit our muse To ramble on wherever she may choose;— Or we would tell you all about the "erfo,"— And how we met a Waterloo defeat, oh! How Taylor came, and sent us up Salt River, To leave us in the briny bog to shiver.— But go we must, we cannot daren't refuse— The very thought has killed our lazy muse!

Please pardon blunders and our limping rhyme, And if encouraged, we'll improve next time. Kind friends, we wish you all a happy year. To each abundance of the best of cheer— The only caution we would leave with you, Is,—Don't forget to give the De'il his due.

A. P. & J. E. NEWSON

173 Negroes FOR SALE.

THE Negroes (173) belonging to the estate of the late Joseph Pearson, will be sold at the "Point Plantation," about six miles from Salisbury, on Monday 22d. Jan'y. 1849. The sale will be positive and without reserve. C. P. MALLETT, Agent for Representatives.

Dec. 20, 1848.



THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

Lincolnton, S. C. TUESDAY JANUARY 2, 1849.

VOLNEY B. PALMER, Esq., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper, and to make collections and receipt for the same, in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore.

The general reader, and our fair friends will please have patience; as soon as we can, we will have a pleasing variety. Foreign news, the markets, and much editorial matter prepared for this paper, have been crowded out to make room for Legislative and Congressional proceedings.

Our friends, at Raleigh, will please accept our thanks for highly prized favors.

The weather, for some weeks past, has been immoderately warm.

Peach Blossoms.—Last week, the peach trees were in bloom on the plantation of Mr. John J. Seagle near this place.

The Wilmington Journal comes to us in mourning for the death of its editor, David Fulton, Esq.

Caution.—\$10 counterfeit notes, on the Cape Fear Bank, are in circulation.

France.—It is thought that Louis Napoleon will be elected President of the French Republic.

The Cholera, is still progressing in New York. Its appearance in New Orleans, also, has occasioned great alarm; 20 deaths were reported on Monday in the latter city.

The Season.—We congratulate our kind readers upon the return of the season for "merry making." It would afford us much pleasure to discourse of social greetings, friendly meetings, and the welcome visits of the jolly old St. Nicholas to the little holocaust boys and girls; but we have only room to say to all "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Major General.—We have the gratification to announce that Col. John H. Wheeler has been elected Major General, by a majority of 25 votes over his competitor.

President's Message.—The reader will observe that we have commenced the publication of Mr. Polk's Message on our first page. We had intended to prepare a synopsis; but, on giving it a more attentive examination, we came to the conclusion that, as a whole, it was too valuable to be disjointed; and therefore, we determined to publish it entire, even at the risk of delay. Avoiding a reference to party, it lays down and argues great constitutional principles in connection with important facts with which every citizen should be conversant; and therefore, we were unwilling to expunge a line. We hope its length will deter none from giving it a careful perusal.

Our Members.

At the opening of the Legislature, we had the pleasure to pass some days with our members, Messrs. Conner, Shuford, Stowe, White, and Reighard. They entertained us hospitably, at the house of Mr. John Hutchings, an accommodating landlord with whom they are boarding. Old Lincoln should be proud of her representatives. They are all practical business men, influential members of the Legislature, devoted to the public interest, and faithful to the political creed of their constituents.

In our next, when we have more space, we shall notice the Desl and Dumb Assylum, and other matters of interest at Raleigh.

Mad Dogs.

The appearance of a dog supposed to be rabid, has occasioned considerable alarm in this community. It is said he passed through this place, by a promising boy at Lincoln Factory, and afterwards, passing southward, attacked Dr. Asbury and some other persons, before he was killed. The Doctor immediately removed the slight wound of the dog, by cutting out a considerable portion of flesh. The other cases were treated in a similar manner, some hours after the bite.

Many dogs have, doubtless, been bitten by this animal, and, therefore, every caution should be observed. No dog that could have come in contact with the rabid one, should be permitted to run at large. To us, an attack of hydrophobia appears to be the most awful calamity that can overtake humanity.

Superior Court Judge.

The recent election of John W. Ellis, Esq., to be Superior Court Judge, will be highly gratifying to the republican portion of the people of North Carolina. However much we may admire the talents and learning of his able competitor, yet we rejoice at the election of Mr. Ellis, partly because it will remove the impression, which prevails to a great extent, that none but a proscriptive whig can hope to rise to eminence in this state; and partly because we believe that from his elevated position, the pure republican principles of Mr. Ellis will exert a salutary influence upon the community. Mr. Ellis possesses great natural abilities vastly improved by varied acquirements, which