THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

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THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.
A Family Newspaper:
DEVOTED TO
Politics, Education, Agriculture, Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, The Markets, and Amusement,
BY
J. M. NEWSON.

Poetry.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
O'er the lips that he had press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma had said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

And now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I sing.

Wit & Sentiment.

DREAMING FOR A BREAKFAST.

Down in Aroostook county, Me., a Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through the almost interminable forests of that region, and by some mishap had lost their way, and had wandered about in a starving condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel which was deserted save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly dispatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the supper of both himself and Sawney, and therefore made a proposition to his companion that they should spare their chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream would have the chicken, which was agreed to by the Scotchman. In the morning Sawney told his dream—said he thought angels were drawing him to heaven in a basket, and he never was so happy in his life. Upon concluding his dream Pat exclaimed, "Och, sure and be Jabers, I saw you going, and thought you wouldn't come back after the chicken, *and I got up and ate it myself.*"

SCENE ON THE OHIO.

Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among the crowd, stood a remarkably stupid looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his lip hanging down.—A dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all about saying; "Now, I'll have some fun, I'll frighten that green horn."—He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the "green 'un," exclaiming:—"Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for you a week." The fellow suddenly started at his assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared—but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell solid and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the river. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looked around. "May be," said he, "there's somebody else that's been lookin' for me a week."

SELLING UNDER PRIME COST.

A lady seeing at the window of a linen draper, who had long been in business, that very common lure—"the goods of this shop selling under prime cost!" stepped into a friend's who happened to live within two or three doors, and inquired whether he thought his neighbor was selling under prime cost, and would let her have any good bargains," replied the friend, "I am really at a loss to answer; but with respect to selling *under prime cost*, that I can most positively assure you, must be impossible, for to my certain knowledge, he has never *paid a single farthing* for a thing he has in his shop."

PAID WITH INTEREST.

Thomas Fuller, who was a lively writer, but rather addicted to punning, was occasionally re-paid his puns with interest. He was exceedingly corpulent, and as he was out riding with a friend named Sparrowhawk, he could not resist the opportunity of cracking a joke upon him. "Pray, what is the difference," said he, "between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" "An owl," replied his friend, "is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

A DARK TRANSACTION.

"How are you? I came to town on Saturday. A nigger sat next to me in the cars—a pretty spruce gentlemanly 'Pancko' as 'ever you see.' The sun shining directly through the window, I was forced to lean away from him, like the leaning tower of Pisa. At last he took umbrage. Said he, looking very black in the face, 'Is my presence disagreeable to you?' 'Not at all," said I; 'I was getting out of the *sun*, not out of the *shade*.' He said that altered the case very much.'"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

A colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty in the Second Municipality, New Orleans, and putting in his head, in a very pious tone asked the owner of the domicil, who happened to be in at the time, "if he would accept of a tract of the Holy Land," meaning, of couse, an essay upon an interesting portion of the world. "Yes, be jabers," was the reply of the Hibernian, "a whole section, if you give a good title deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it in prarie, or if new settlers are subject to the ague?"

BETWEEN A WALK AND A STAND.

"Who but an Irishman," writes a distinguished judicial friend, "subject as they all are to an extraordinary confusion of ideas, could give such an answer as this?" Court.—How fast were you driving, James? Witness.—Oh, very slow! your honor; very slow! Court.—But *how* slow pray? Witness.—Why, your honor, *between a walk and a stand*. Court.—I don't understand that. Brady, of counsel, suggested that it was very plain. A hackman's *stand* is always on the *walk!*

PRINCE JOHN'S LATEST.

John Van Buren met Mr. Fillmore at the time of his last visit to Albany. "What are you going to do for us, Mr. Fillmore, now that you are in office?" said the hopeful heir of honor. "Do for you?" said the Vice President elect, good humoredly, "we shall do nothing—we don't know you." "General Taylor will certainly redeem his pledge to us," said John. "Pledge! what pledge?" "The one he gave at Buena Vista, not to leave his wounded behind him."

AN ODD PRESCRIPTION.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions—"Swallow one every two hours."

An old man at Nottage, while at prayer, was robbed of £170. The thieves wrote on his door, "Watch while you pray."

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink keg.

Why are Presidents like vagabonds?—Because they are always associated with *Vices*.

Temperance.

For the Carolina Republican.

Sons of Temperance.

The various eras of the Temperance Reform—the rise, progress and extent of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, &c.

At the time this order arose, there was felt a demand in all minds for some new mode of working in the Temperance enterprise. The various eras of the reform had, one after another, spent their vitality and energy. The first open attack upon the grosser forms of the vice that sent its awakening through the land, had died away years before. It had its mission and accomplished it. It called attention to the wasting destruction of noon-day, but did not reveal the pestilence that walked in darkness. It wept over visible desolation, but did not discern the ever active causes. It arrested the main streams but left the hidden fountains still rolling on. The history of the first era was complete.—The second was ushered in by a new principle of progress; and *total abstinence* was the battle cry that ran along the ranks. This onset was terrible and effective, and the common enemy was greatly crippled. His power of offensive opperations was greatly cut off, but he was still left in undisputed possession of his old fortresses.

"They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!" No one thought of attempting a rescue for those already enslaved to his rule. The work of the second era was done.—Then there arose to herald the entrance of the third, a new and mightier spirit. It went abroad proclaiming like a gospel preacher, healing for the *broken-hearted*, deliverance to the *captives*, recovering of sight to the *blind*, liberty to them that were bruised, a year of jubilee. When it spoke, many listened as to one raised from the dead. Its words were rude and homely, but they stirred the heart like the blast of trumpets. This movement, linking to itself, without sullying it, the noblest name in American history, sent its restoring influences as on magnetic wires almost instantaneously through the land. Miracles of healing were wrought, and the last victories seemed about to be won. But this agency shortly lost much of its magic and power. The tide of sympathy had reached its flow, and began to ebb. The third era was waning, and still the mighty pestilence raged on every line of latitude that crossed the homes of our land.—What shall be done, was the sounding question philanthrophy asked of all her sons, "By whom shall we go up?" and the response came. The order of the SONS OF TEMPERANCE arose, and raising a tri-colored banner aloft, glittering in front with the inscription "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," and on the reverse, "Industry, Sobriety, and Good Morals," lifted its voice among the hesitating councils, and said, "HERE AM I, SEND ME;" and if we do not mistake, we have in this agency the genius of the last, and triumphant era of the Temperance reform.

The merest glance at the statistics of its progress is inspiring as a prophets end. In September 1842, sixteen men stood over its cradle. How little could they have dreamed that the littte one should so soon become a strong nation. A year later, at the first annual session of the Grand Division of New York, there were nineteen subordinate Divisions enclosing a membership of 1,499. Six months from this date, the National Division was organized, in June 17th, 1844, with a jurisdiction over six Grand Divisions, and seventy-one subordinate Divisions, with nearly 6,000 members, tripling the number reported in October previous. The third annual session gave in a sum-total of fourteen Grand Divisions, six hundred and fifty subordinate Divisions, and a membership of over 40,000; the number of our subordinate Divisions more than tripled, and 25,000 added to those within our covenant. At the fourth annual session, the National Division found under its care twenty one Grand Divisions, one thousand three hundred subordinate Divisions, and not far from 100,000 members. And in June last, at the fifth session of the National Division, they reported thirty Grand Divisions, two thousand eight hundred subordinate Divisions, and 160,000 members.

The history of any association in the annals of time, may be safely challenged to match a progress like this. And which of us does not feel like congratulating himself upon the character of those with whom beneath our banner, he stands associated.—The profession of medicine, the bar, the pulpit, the university, the first walks of mercantile life, the mechanic arts, and the stainless yeomanry of the plough, have poured in their volunteers to swell our ranks. In the past history and working of the order the prosperity now shining upon its path, we read a promise for the furure in the fulfilment of which we shall rest from our labors, our issues won. And this institution, began in such feebleness, and sustained amid such hostility and prejudice, shall become like the Banian tree of India—springing on this soil, its branches shall take root in all lands, and under its shade the kindred of the earth shall take repose.

Lincolnton, March 1, 1849.

MISCELLANY.

Death-Love and Warning.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James street. The servant of each as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wood apron of the cabriolet, and sprung to the head of the horse; but as to the destination of the equipage for the evening there seemed to be some dissensions among the noble masters. Between the line of coroneted vehicles stood a hackney coach, and a person in an attitude of expectancy, pressed as near the exhilerated group as he could without immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the clear sweet voice of the last one from the club. "I secede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen."

"Now what the deuce is afloat?" said the foremost, again stepping back on the side walk. "Don't let him off, Fitz. Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove, you shant leave us."

"But you shall leave me, and so you are not foresworn, my friend. In plain phrase, I won't go with you. And I don't know where I shall go; so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel—

'I see a hand you cannot see.'"

"A a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring of his blood horse, followed by all the vehicles at the door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent, as if waiting for permission to go on.

"Well," replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

"I come to you with an errand which perhaps—"

"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me? for I am ready."

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man. "Has another messenger, then—"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord a dying girl has sent for you."

'Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once—and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand though, indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear."

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's Church struck twelve, as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place from whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with bare head and folded arms in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some powerful emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in the street close upon the river that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

"She was a moment since—but be quick."

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his conductor, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of a back room, they entered. A lamp, shaded by a curtain of spotless purity, threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"Here he is," she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from the other world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembled beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud, the noble poet standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face reawakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all femanine in its language; and in motion of her hand, and even the slight motion of her graceful neck there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal, passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summon to her bedside

"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My Lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has long been burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say, and die! Beautiful," she said, "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me! the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord, that, at a moment so important to myself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow faded, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed, "near enough to point you almost to heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgement. Oh, my Lord! with your glorious powers, with your wonderous *gifts*, be not lost! Do not for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angellic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; do not on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death-pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upward, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her, that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast, and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadily at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow and her eyelids dropped, she murmured, "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

The Rescue.

It was in the month of February, 1841, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at anchor inside the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off the coast, cutting northeasters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most part of the time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made port, all hands were worn down and exhausted. We could not have held out two days longer without relief.

'A bitter cold night, Mr Larkin,' I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish may cigar.

The worthy Down-Easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up at the moon, and felt of his red nose before he replied—

'It's a whistler captain, as we used to say on the Kennebeck. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets such a night as this.'

'The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterward, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

'Excuse me for disturbing you, Captain,' said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, 'but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible.'

'Why, what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?'

'Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice that swept by at a little distance a moment ago; I saw something black on it, something that I thought moved—the moon's under a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but so help me god, I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice.'

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty, the cake of ice, floating off to the leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot; more, I could not make out.

'Get the glass, Mr. Larkin,' I said, 'the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly.'

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with the glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

'Forward there,' I hailed at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand to look for himself. My God!, he said in a whisper, as he set to work in getting out the boat, 'my god, there are *two* children on that cake of ice!'

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed, by the men who took the oars.—I rigged the tillers, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

'Do you see that cake of ice, with something black upon it, lads? put me alongside of that and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to night, and a month's extra wages when you're paid off.'

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes where uneven, and feeble. They were used up by the hard work of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a loosing chase, and Mr. Larkin who had suffered torture as he saw how little he gained, cried out,