

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
Literature, Education, Agriculture, Domestic and
Foreign Intelligence, The Markets,
and Amusement,
BY
J. M. NEWSON.
POETRY.

Song of an American Editor.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne a simple chair;
I seek no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my nod;
My couriers walk the road;
The lightnings lift the flaming manes,
At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Do monarchs wear the crown?
I waft my pen across my page,
And crowns have tumbled down.
The clouds float on—the nations drive;
Without the thunder rolls;
Within, I brood the quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
The dead around me throng;
Their awful voices whisper Truth!
Their eyes forbid the Wrong.
From them I gather joy and strength,
Nor heed pale Error's curse,
My faith in God large as the arch
He gave his Universe.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My heart, embattled types—
With them I quell the tyrant's horde
And rear the stars and stripes;
I give my hand to all my race,
My altar, freedom's sod;
I say my say, and bend my knee
Alone, alone to God.

The Days of Childhood.

A SONG—BY C. D. STUART.
The pleasant days of Childhood,
How swiftly have they flown,
Like young flowers in the wildwood,
When Autumn winds have blown;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
They will no more return,
Though Memory holds them in the heart
Like ashes in the urn.

The happy days of Childhood,
When innocence and glee
With gentle fingers, tuned the heart
To music wild and free;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like rivers to the main,
Their dancing waves of joy and mirth
Will never return again.

The holy days of Childhood,
Ere evil thoughts came near,
When in the heart no sin was found,
And on the cheek no tear;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like foot-prints on the shore,
Washed out by Time's relentless waves,
They will return no more.

The pleasant, holy, happy days,
Life's only blossom time,
Where are your buds which promise gave
Of flowers in Summer's prime?
Though gone, though gone forever,
Ye haunt the heart and brain,
And Memory keeps ye to anoint
Life's after years of pain.

MISCELLANY.

Woman's Eye.

A THRILLING SCENE.

I passed upon the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle, until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one seemed to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the words, and the fragrance of the health seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white banded creatures around me, with their pointing lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animal character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth, when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time on his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations and the preacher's discourse, had inspired in my heart—doubting not that the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart beat with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced, I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit—for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought evinced some emotion at recognizing me: the stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her. "Noble young creature!" thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!"

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."
"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly: "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half-dollar three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"

Reader, did you ever take the shower-bath?

Riches and Genius.

An Allegory.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

"Riches and Genius once started on a journey; but they soon parted company, for riches rode in a splendid car, and was carried by large and rapid couriers, while Genius walked by the way-side, and often paused to contemplate the skies and earth—with her mountains, rivers, trees and flowers. Riches had not proceeded far, before he perceived the castle of Pleasure, in a green and sunny meadow. All around and within it was enchanting. The air was soft and balmy, blowing freshly, fraught with odors, and reviving to those on whom it breathed. The birds sang melodiously—the streams fell with gentle murmurs—and the fruits were golden. Pleasure, lightly and magnificently arrayed, came smiling forth to meet her guest. Bowing gracefully, she invited him into her luxurious halls, which, wide and lofty, were filled with musicians, dancers, and all who could in any way contribute to charm away the hours. Her tables, covered with inviting viands, were set in the midst. The mistiness of all things delightful was herself surpassingly fair. Dimples beautified her delicate cheeks; her silken hair fell, in wreathed tresses, around her marble neck; her eyes had a laughing and sweet expression, blest with a soft dreaminess. Poor Riches, not knowing her to be a coquette, soon became violently enamored,—while she, amused at her power over him, smiled more bewitchingly than ever. Long time he tarried in the abode of Pleasure; but, at length, becoming ill, and chancing to groan, she became offended,—told him that Pain was her mortal foe, and that she thought it best for him to leave the castle. Riches obeyed with reluctance, for Pleasure seemed more charming in his eyes when he knew himself obliged to leave her. Being forced, however, to comply with her commands, he ordered his proud chariot, and, melancholy and dispirited, again commenced journeying.

"Mean while, Genius pursued his path towards the dwelling of Knowledge—a memorable and wise sage. He paused, it is true, at Pleasure's attractive abode, but, after some consideration, resolved not to halt—knowing Riches to be there, and distrusting the smiles of the siren. Now Riches was gaily dressed, while Genius wore garments that were threadbare. He was proud and sensitive, in spite of this, and feared Riches would insult him. Continuing on, he soon arrived at the habitation of Knowledge. The old man rose to receive him. His countenance was dignified, and his bearing noble. Time had shed its snow on his head, and had increased instead of diminished his strength and majesty. He led Genius into his well filled library, and addressed him thus: "Here, O, Genius, is food for the mind. I am glad to see thee seek Pleasure and seek better things, for her voice is deceptive, and she often leads to death. I know that thou wert tempted to her hall—for who is not? but the wisdom of thy choice will appear in the end. The way to renown, O, Genius, is before thee! It is steep and thorny; yet he who has conquered the wiles of deceitful Pleasure, evinces greatness of mind, and thou has but to persevere in the path I show, to win fame." Genius bowed himself to the earth, assured that the words of the sage were those of truth.

"Riches oppressed with pain—a weary pilgrim—at last died in a wretched hovel, never ceasing to deplore the loss of his beloved Pleasure, though she had proved so false and heartless. Neglected and obscure was his end, and there is no record of his vain life to be found.

"Genius climbed the hill of Renown, lived to a good old age, died lamented, and left a name dear to the world. Pity weeps at his urn, Glory unfolds her banner over the place of his repose, and his memory is honored among men."

"The Kentucky Forger in Texas. It is related that an unfortunate man, Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin himself had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the colonial law passed by him, was most strict, prohibiting an asylum for refugees, and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they might be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost rigor. Hence, as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to depart within three days, on pain of summary punishment. The messenger was William S., Austin's private secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon, and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was their dinner hour.

S—forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over, and then said mournfully:

"Tell Gen. Austin that I shall never move from this spot till I move into my grave. It is true, I committed a great crime in my native State; but I also suffered the severe penalty of the offended law; and then with my dear wife and children, who still loved me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wished to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but on my family's account, I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughters implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and, if necessary, to prepare a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, tears and entreaties were alike vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer, in a calm sad voice— "I chose my place of burial the first day I set eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change my mind now."

S—returned, deeply touched with the scene he had witnessed, related to General Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the charms of a beautiful Emma," said Gen. Austin, with a smile.

S—tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General; "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its old mask of marble tranquility. His story, told to Gen. Austin, was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the state prison, and while a member of the Senate, opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many banks. Those banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, and among the rest, me and my children. I was then tempted in order to save my family, to perpetrate forgery, or to do that on a small scale which the State and the banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in splendid affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have kept my vow and now have but one sole desire, to be let alone or die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever afterwards his steadfast friend.

S—, the private secretary, made other visits to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a 'bright particular star' of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request,) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume, with his right hand raised towards heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder. His biography proves a great truth—one which all the tones of human history proclaim, as with the warning cry of a million trumpets— "That the crimes of governments never fail to produce their counterparts in the vices of their individual subjects."

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

PUZZLING A DOCTOR.

Dr. M. an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke, (if not perpetrated at his own expense,) and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen-officers, who were more renowned for their courage than their scholarship.—One day, at mess, after the deacon had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Capt. S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor—who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers,— "Dr. M., are you acquainted with Capt. G?" "Yes, I know him well, replied the doctor," "he's one of the new set. But what of him?" "Nothing in particular," replied Capt. S., "I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells cat." "Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager." "Well commence guessing," said S. "K, a, double t." "No." "K, a, t, e." "No! try again." "C, a, t, e." "No! you have missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C, a, double t." "No, that's not the way; try again—it's your last guess." "C, a, g, h, t." "No," said S., "that's not the way; you have lost the wager." "Well," said the doctor, with much pertulance of manner, "how the devil does he spell it?" "Why he spells it C, a, t," replied S., with the utmost gravity. Amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the Doctor sprung to his feet, exclaiming, "Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."

DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

Mr. L— resides in Henry street. His wife who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to the French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. "Is madame within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband who is of a jealous disposition, replied, "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I am dying for her, said." "You dying for my wife; get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic into the street, when the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

THE MAN WHO WILL ABANDON A FRIEND FOR AN ERROR.

The man who will abandon a friend for an error, knows but little of the human character, and shows that his heart is as cold as his judgment is weak.

PERSEVERE.

"Persevere, persevere," said a lady friend of ours to her 'help,' "it's the only way we can accomplish great things." "One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are those dumplings?" I managed to get through 'em ma'am." "Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?" "Persevering, ma'am," answered Sally.

MODEST—VERY.

"John, my son," said a doating father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking into the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Sampling & Father." The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but couldn't adopt.

BOWING.

Some witty chap, who knows the ropes, shrewdly says that bowing is a science by itself, and must be attended to by those who would, by turning and twisting themselves, keep in the sunshine of fashion.—Bow very reverently to a million of dollars, most respectfully to a hundred thousand, courteously to fifty thousand, civilly to ten thousand and never know poverty by sight.

DOUBTFUL.

"Do you think Mr. Welsh a very ugly man?" inquired a young lady of her companion. "Well, I don't know," was the reply, "he has a very fine figure. He would look beautiful if his head were off!"

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Pat to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. "Not in the least, honey, 'twas stopping so quick that hurt me."

A military man in his last moments, opening his eyes beheld three doctors in consultation over him. Said he, "Gentlemen, I surrender, if you propose to fire in platoons," and extending his limbs, breathed his last.

"I can boast of rank," as the butter said to the cheese, "and I am strong and witty," as the cheese replied to the butter.

"Who is the strongest man?"

"The man that can lift his notes every day without borrowing."

"The idler is a dangerous member of our society. He becomes a prey to his own passions, and scourgings others with his vices."

"Whoever speaks" should have something to say," and some good motive for saying it.

"Have a benevolent eye, a modest spirit, and an humble mind. These qualities will draw love from your friends and the respect of all mankind."

"A woman of sense should never take a lover without the sanction of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her reason."

A western editor says that no man who has paid regularly for his newspaper was ever known to be bitten by a mad dog.

The man that doth no paper take,
Grudging the price of one a year,
Will never a good husband make,
Because his wife can never know
what is going on in the world, and his children will very ignorant appear.

The last line is rather too long for good metre, but the moral is sublime.

POLITICAL.

The Revenue Law.

AN ACT to increase the Revenue of the State.

WHEREAS, there are many wealthy citizens of this State, who derive very considerable revenues from moneys which produce interest, dividends and profits; and who do not contribute a due proportion to the public exigencies of the same:

1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That hereafter there shall be levied the sum of three cents upon every dollar of interest, safely secured or actually due or received, upon all sums of money at interest, whether in this State or out of it—at any time during the year next preceding the time when the owner thereof shall give in his, her, or their tax-list.

2. *Be it further enacted,* That hereafter there shall be levied the sum of three cents upon every dollar of profit or dividend safely secured, and actually due or received, upon all sums of money vested in trading in slaves, or vested in sailing or steam vessels, (excepting the profits of such vessels, as are under the burden of twenty tons,) or any other species of trade, or vested in stock of any kind, or in shares of any incorporated or trading company, whether in this State or out of it—at any time during the year immediately preceding the time when the owner or owners thereof shall give in his, her, or their tax-list. *Provided,* that this act shall not authorize the taxing of any stock or shares in any of the incorporated Banks of this State, already taxed by law; and *provided further,* that no person whose interest, dividend, or profit shall not exceed the sum of sixty dollars, shall be subject to the tax imposed by this statute.

3. *Be it further enacted,* That so much of the capital stock in trade of any merchant or jeweller, wholesale or commission merchant, as is now taxed by the 14th section of the 102d chapter of the Revised Statutes, shall be exempt from the provisions of this act.

4. *Be it further enacted,* That each and every person whose interest, dividend, or profit is subject to taxation, as heretofore provided, shall have an amount equal to the sum of interest which he, she, or they owe or pay, or secure to be paid upon his, her, or their own debts, exempt from the provisions of this act.

5. *Be it further enacted,* That the taxes by this act imposed, shall be returned on oath to the Justices of the several counties in this State, appointed to take the list of taxable property in their respective Counties; and shall be collected by the Sheriffs of the several Counties in this State, at the same time and in the same manner in which they now collect other State taxes, and shall by them be paid into the Treasury of the State at the same time and under the same penalties which are now prescribed by law for the collection and payment of other State taxes. *Provided further,* that this act shall not extend to the interest or dividends accruing to any literary institution.

6. *Be it further enacted,* That hereafter there shall be imposed and levied annually the following taxes, to wit: On all surgeons dentists, all practicing physicians, all practicing lawyers, and on all other persons (except Ministers of the Gospel of every denomination, Governor of the State, Judges of the Supreme and superior Courts,) whose practice, salaries, or fees, or all together, shall yield an annual income of not less than five hundred dollars, the sum of three dollars. *Provided, however,* that every physician, and lawyer, and surgeon dentist shall be exempt from the provisions of this law for the first five years of his practice.

7. *Be it further enacted,* That hereafter there shall be imposed and levied annually a tax upon the following articles, to wit: On all gold and silver plate in use by the owner or owners thereof, in value fifty dollars, and not exceeding five hundred dollars, the sum of two dollars; and on all gold and silver plate exceeding in value five hundred dollars, four dollars: On all pleasure carriages in use by the owner or owners thereof, with four wheels, exceeding in value two hundred dollars, the sum of one dollar; on all gold watches, in use by the owner or owners thereof, twenty-five cents; on all silver watches, in use by the owner or owners thereof, ten cents; on all harps, in use by the owner or owners thereof, the sum of two dollars; on all piano fortes in use, the sum of one dollar, except in Seminaries of learning; on all retailers of spirituous liquors, ten dollars, instead of four dollars, as now taxed by law; on all public billiard tables two hundred dollars, instead of five hundred dollars, as now taxed by law; on all bowling alleys, whether called nine-pin or ten-pin alleys, or by any other name, twenty-five dollars; upon every pack of playing cards, ten cents—and every merchant, shop-keeper, and public dealer in goods, wares and merchandize shall state on oath how many packs he has sold within the last year. *Provided,* that this enactment shall not be in force before the first of April, in the year 1850.

8. *And be it further enacted,* That every person who shall bring any horses, mules, or hogs into this State from any other State, by the drove, and shall dispose of the same or any part thereof in any county in this State, shall pay the Sheriff of every such