

THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

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and Amusement.

J. M. NEWSON.

POLITICAL.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL.

General Taylor's Inaugural.

Rather a low estimate by the press in general, without regard to party, seems to be put upon the inaugural of the new President. All are disappointed. Having declared no principles previous to his election, the occasion called for some expression of opinion to indicate the policy he is desirous to pursue. But the country is still in the dark. His speech, on taking the oath, affords no clue to the measures, to be favored by his administration. Whether the old Federal doctrines are to be revived, or the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy adhered to, he does not see fit to inform us. His supporters, differing so widely on questions of the greatest importance, had a right to expect some avowal of his political sentiments; and his opponents, who alleged that his party cherished a line of policy at variance with the best interests of the republic, naturally supposed, that the old soldier would embrace the first occasion after his success, to indicate the character of the government under his administration. At this, he scarcely hints. It is true, however, that in enumerating the duties of the executive, he says it shall be his "study to recommend such constitutional measures to Congress as may be necessary and proper to secure encouragement and protection to the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures;" but he takes care, or omits to say what measures he deems best calculated to secure such a result. Some suppose that the Federal doctrines of Hamilton, are the wisest and best; and others, including most of the President's opponents, believe that the principles which were taught by Jefferson, and which have contributed so much to the high position we occupy as a nation, are in accordance with the opinions of a large majority of the people, and are best adapted to the genius of the republic. Gen. Taylor, however, expresses no preference, leaving the country in suspense, until, perhaps, to their great surprise and mortification, the people will find Jeffersonian democracy trampled in the dust and Hamiltonian federalism ruling over them. Such an inference is deducible from the complexion of his cabinet, as well as from the fact that the only measure he specifies, as possessing favor in his eyes, is the "improvement of our Rivers and Harbors" by the General government, which, in its very nature, would tend to consolidation, and, consequently, to the destruction of state sovereignty, the consummation aimed at by the federalists at the very commencement of party organization.

The declaration that he will make "honesty, capacity, and fidelity indispensable requisites" for office, harmonizes tolerably well with his previous assertions that he was the candidate of the people and not of a party; but even this, in the opinion of his friends, appears to be equivocal; for they report that it is applied only to those who supported him! In reply to the Philadelphia Independents, he is reported to have said "that, in the distribution of offices, he would endeavor to give each of the divisions of his supporters their share of the burden of public duty, according to their proportion and numbers."

So then, it appears that, in his estimation, just views of our political institutions, and proper zeal for their preservation, are no recommendations in his favor. Subservience to him is all the qualifications he requires. If the applicant for office, having belonged to any of "the divisions of his supporters," voted for Gen. Taylor, he is a fit subject for the President's patronage.

Through the medium of the inaugural and other indications, all that can be learned of the new President, is, that the abolitionists, free-soilers, high tariffites, free-trade men, and the members of all other factions, are qualified for office under Taylor, provided they belong to one or the other of the several "divisions of his supporters."

It would seem, therefore, that, although the General repudiated a party nomination, he is not opposed, in the abstract, to such organizations; but he probably desires to in-

troduce some reforms upon a military model, arranging the privates into "divisions" similar to those of the army, each led by a subordinate who will obey orders without presuming to question the superior wisdom of the general in command.

He sees no merit in principles, and has no respect for opinions; and, therefore, neither the whig nor the democrat who failed to enlist into one or another of "the divisions of his supporters," can lay claim to his favor. Thus Gen. Taylor is aiming at the creation of a new party without principles. Will he succeed? We shall see.

POETRY.



From the Mountain Banner.

AN ENIGMA.

TO BE SOLVED BY THE SCRIPTURES.
Beneath the Heavens a creature once did dwell,
As sundry writers unto us doth tell.
It lived and flourished in this world, 'tis true,
Yet, sin or wickedness it never knew.
It never shall be raised from the dead,
Or at the day of judgment show its head,
And yet, in it a soul there was, that must
Suffer pain in hell, or dwell among the just.

WOMAN.

Actors in the play of life,
Seem a sister, mother, wife;
They can play the kindest parts
Round the scenery of hearts,
Yielding pleasure ne'er forgot
In the palace or the cot.
All can tell a mother's care;
With a sister none compare;
And a wife seems dearer still
When the cups of gladness fill,
Till the dream of life is told
Like a fairy tale of old.
May we in a brighter sphere
Meet a wife and sister dear!
When the dream of life is past,
May we meet on high at last!
And in realms of joy above,
May we find a mother's love!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For the Carolina Republican.

Too Long for a Grave!

"SOLDIER, WILL YOU WORK?"
Mr. Newson:
WHILE in Mexico, with the North Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, I was a witness to many amusing incidents, sometimes occurring amid scenes of affliction and sorrow.
When company "H." was at Saltillo, and many of the volunteers were sick and dying, the burial of the dead was a laborious duty to the survivors. Consequently, the graves were not unfrequently to short and too shallow, but never too long nor too deep.

Dr. McRae, of Fayetteville, whose kind solicitude for the sick soldier will never be forgotten, had charge of the hospital, and frequently admonished those who came to carry cut a corpse, to give it a decent interment.

James Wilson, a private, commonly called, "Jim Wilson, the cooper," enjoyed tolerable health, and by his dry jokes and devil-may-care manner, without any apparent effort at wit and humor, infused some life and animation into the remnant of the company.

It had just been announced that Richard Perry, who from his great height, had acquired the cognomen of "Long Perry," was dead; and a file of men, including Jim Wilson, the cooper, was detailed to measure the corpse and prepare a grave. On entering the room, Wilson paused apparently measuring the length of the body with his eye; then, shaking his head sorrowfully, and turning respectfully, with his cap under his arm, to Dr. McRae, who had not yet left the apartment, he asked seemingly with much sincerity:

"Doctor, don't you think we had better cut him in two?"
"Why, Wilson," said the doctor with surprise, "why ought he to be cut in two?"
"Oh," replied Wilson, "he is so monstrous long—it will take so much digging!"

OLD SOLDIER.

A SHORT CREED.

A skeptical young man one day, conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed, that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine.

THE BELL OF THE FANCY BALL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the height of the season at one of our most fashionable watering places, when a party of fair girls met to arrange the costumes they were to wear at the great fancy ball.

"I shall go as Cleopatra," said Laura Villiers, a superb creature, with queenly carriage, voluptuous form and flashing eyes, exactly the person to act the haughty Egyptian. "I shall go as Cleopatra, remember I select the part first, and now, girls, let me hear what you have determined on."

Each proceeded to tell the costume she had selected, until finally all but one had spoken. This was Clara Townsend, a fair-haired, mild-looking young woman, the orphan niece and dependent on Laura's father. Clara was now at the Springs as the humble companion of her imperious cousin.—When all had spoken, one of the company turned to Clara and asked what she was to wear.

"I am not going," said Clara, who had not received a ticket, and was, moreover, without the means to obtain a dress.

"Not going! Has not your uncle, or some one of the beaux invited you?"

Clara was about to reply mildly in the negative when her cousin looking up.

"I am sure, child," said Laura, "father would have procured you a ticket if he had thought you would like to go; don't suppose it was because you were not wished to be present; there," she added, imperiously, as Clara colored, "say no more about it; I will see that you have a ticket and dress; stay, what would suit the child; ah! here is the very character," she said, turning over the leaves of Byron, "Zuleika is just the thing for Clara; amiable and affectionate, you know, ready to endure all things, and romantically love till death."

There was a slight sneer on Laura's lips as she spoke, for, to tell the truth, she had more than once heard the amiability of Clara extolled by those whose good opinion she wished to monopolize, and as Clara was only a poor dependant, while she was an heiress, the haughty and petted Laura did not, even in public, give herself the trouble to regard Clara's feelings. In fact the orphan girl had many things to endure from her cousin. Oh! latter the bread eaten in charity. Often Clara stole away to her chamber in tears; often she prayed to be at rest beside her mother; and often she resolved to leave her uncle's house and earn her livelihood in the meanest capacity. But her uncle would never listen to her leaving him. She could not tell him that it was her cousin's superciliousness which made her desire to go, and he was not in the way to notice it, so she was compelled to remain.

"I hear George Custis is to be here for the ball," said one of the young ladies. "Is it true Laura?"
"I believe it is," was the reply. "Father received a letter from him a few days ago, announcing his return to New York, and promising to join us shortly. Father wrote back inviting him to come up to the ball, so I suppose he will be here."
"He is announced rich, is he not?"
"Yes! He was a ward of father's; hence I know all about it; his estate is princely."
"Ah there will be no chance for either of us," said one of the girls, with a sigh. "I suppose you will monopolize him yourself, Laura."

The proud beauty gave a toss of her head, which spoke volumes; but made no reply in words. Just then her eye happened to fall on Clara, who was listening intently to what was said.

"Oh! but I forgot," said Laura, "none of us can have any chance, for Clara here has appropriated him to herself: when she was a child, just before he sailed five years ago, he took her on his knee, and called her his little wife: since then the romantic creature has, I verily believe, nourished the belief that Mr. Custis will come back and wed her."
The cruel taunt was more cutting because Mr. Custis had actually done as Laura said, and because Clara had in her secret heart once or twice dreamed of the possibility alluded to; but she had instantly dismissed such day dreams; and, therefore, she felt how unjust was Laura's imputation. Yet she knew that the charge, coming from such a source, would find many believers. Every eye was turned on her immediately. The color rose to her cheeks at this, and when her cousin said "see, her blushes reveal it," she burst into tears and left the room. Poor Clara! as she heard Laura's heartless laugh on her closing the door, she wished herself dead, or anywhere if she could find peace.

The night of the ball soon came around. On the afternoon of that day, true to expectation, Mr. Custis arrived; but at so late an hour that he did not see Laura before the fête opened. The haughty beauty never looked more superb. The truth is she had exhausted all her own and the milliner's art, besides lavishing money profusely, in order to eclipse every one else; for she had set her heart on the fortune of Mr. Custis, and she well knew the effect of a first appearance. Though she had charged Clara with having designs on him, nothing was further from her real supposition; she had only said what she did in order to annoy her

cousin; but she knew that there were others as rich, if not as beautiful as herself, who would leave no scheme untried to secure her father's old ward. She determined to be before hand with them all, nor did she doubt of success.

Both Laura and her cousin were in the ball-room before Mr. Custis. He had been seen by no one but Mr. Villiers, who pronounced his old ward quite improved, and jocularly told the girls to endeavor to secure him.

"Of course," he said it would not do for me to show any favoritism; each must take her chance—and really you both look so beautiful that Custis will find it difficult to choose. You Laura are perfectly magnificent, and must take his heart by storm at the first glance; but if you fail in that," and he smiled on Clara, "my sweet niece here will prove a rival not to be despised, for she seems lovelier the more one looks at her. But ah! here he comes."

Both ladies looked up, and saw a tall, commanding figure, attired in the costume of a Turkish prince coming directly towards them, and smiling as if he had already recognized them. His countenance, at all times handsome, looked wonderfully so when lit up by that smile; and each of the females thought they had never seen any one of the other sex so worthy of admiration. Custis, in his heart, returned the compliment, but hesitated to which to give the palm of beauty. He first turned his gaze on Laura whose dark eyes, magnificent hair, and almost regal form struck him as equal to any he had seen in Spain, that land of glorious beauties. Laura wore the ancient Egyptian dress as seen on monuments, but modified so as to suit her peculiar beauty and not violate modern taste. Her attire sparkled with jewels, and, as she stood awaiting the approach of Custis, she looked every inch the Cleopatra who subdued Marc Anthony.

Clara's beauty, as well as costume, was in an entirely different style. She wore the oriental dress, consisting of the wide trousers, the jacket with short sleeves, and the snowy cymar on the bosom. Her waist was confined by a superb cashmere shawl. Around her neck she had a necklace of pearls; and she wore a head-dress of the same pure material. Her tresses flowed in thick, wavy curls over her shoulders, a perfect wealth of gold. As Custis approached, her bosom began to heave, for she remembered Laura's taunt, and involuntarily she clasped her hands on it to still its tumultuous beating. Thus standing, the color mantling on her cheeks, she looked almost a divinity.

"Ah! ma belle Laura," said Custis giving her his hand, "I have not forgotten the way you used to tease me; nor have I forgotten that privilege of your sex, I see; for, by assuming the part of Cleopatra, you mean frankly to tell us, I suppose, that our hearts are at your mercy."
"And you," said Laura briskly, "by assuming your present costume, intend to warn us that you have hearts for all."
He bowed low, and then turned to Clara. "Pardon me," he said, "but this is surely my little wife—may I no introduction, Mr. Villiers, you see I know Clara. Really, if you would not think it flattery, Miss Townsend," he continued, "I would say I think you have excelled even the fair promise of childhood."

The conversation now became general, Custis turning from one to the other of the cousins. Laura was gay, witty and animated, maintaining most of the conversation; but she failed to monopolize his attention as she wished: he continually turned to Clara to ask some question, which she answered generally in monosyllables, for the poor girl had not yet got over her confusion. She knew Laura's eye was on her, and that she should be taunted with these attentions as if it was a crime in her to receive them.

"What part do you intend, to sustain, tonight?" said Laura, at last, and desiring to draw Custis away, she continued, "if you were attired a little more after the Roman fashion I might allow you to be my Marc Anthony, if on your best behavior."
She intended this as a sort of challenge, and expected he would take it as such; but he either did not, or would not see it, and answered—

"Here as well as you are against me. I adopted this oriental costume in the whim of a moment, and now you tell me it prevents my doing duty to you as a Roman triumvir. Was ever destiny so hard?" And he bowed to Laura, but she could not tell whether seriously or ironically. "However," he continued, turning with a smile to Clara, "my dress will make a very passable Seyd, and I will do my best to deserve the rest of the character—that is," he added, with marked deference in his tone, "if Miss Townsend will permit me to aspire so high."

He offered his hand to Clara as he spoke, to lead her to the dance, a compliment which she blushing accepted; while Laura turned away and bit her lip, her eyes flashing, and her whole frame quivering with rage.

Once freed from the malign influence of Laura's presence Clara recovered her natural ease and simplicity of manner, and joined in the conversation with great spirit. She had read much and thought more, and Custis was completely charmed with her. He had seen so much of fashionable females, that a soul nursed like Clara's in secret, had a strength, an originality, and a freshness about it, that drew him toward it with a strong feeling of sympathy, for he too had lived in

the the crowd, but not of it. Her conversation was so different from that usually heard in ball-rooms, had so much solidity in it; and yet was so natural and sprightly, that when at last the mutual interchange of thought paused for a moment, he found to his surprise that he had monopolized Clara for an hour. He noticed many eyes directed on them, and saw at once that his attentions were marked; for Clara's sake, therefore, and lest the whispers of the room should embarrass her, he yielded her to another partner.

For there was now no want of admirers to the portionless girl. The attention of such a man as Custis was sure to introduce any one to notice; and the young men were astonished to find that they had not perceived before the extraordinary loveliness of Mr. Villiers' orphan niece. For the rest of the evening Clara was surrounded with beaux. The excitement of so novel a triumph gave additional lustre to her eye, and a richer bloom to her cheek, and long before the ball was over, she was conceded to be the belle of the evening. But nothing, throughout all the fête, gave her more exquisite pleasure than when she passed Custis in the dance, and received from him one of his smiles. It was like sunlight flooding her heart; every pulse thrilled deliciously. She went to bed that night thinking of Custis, and woke up in tears, for she deemed she saw him married to Laura.

And what thought Laura? At first she was angry at Custis, and resolved to show it; but reflection brought prudence, and convinced her that in no way could she so easily drive him from her. Her indignation at Clara, however, knew no bounds, nor did she think it necessary to conceal this. Her manner was so haughty and overbearing in consequence, the next morning, that Clara was glad to retreat, from the private parlor they occupied, to her own chamber.

As early almost as such a visit was allowable, Custis made his appearance. Laura chose to take his call to herself, and concealing her mortification, strove to make herself as agreeable as possible. But on Custis all this was lost. He had asked after Clara on his arrival, and Laura had answered carelessly that her cousin was well: finding at last that she did not appear, he rose and took his leave.

He was to dine with the family that day, and when he arrived Clara was already in the room. Bowing slightly to Laura, he passed on regardless of her smile of invitation, and took his seat by Clara who received him with blushing embarrassment. She had just heard of his visit in the morning, but from the manner in which it had been detailed to her, had imagined that it was intended for Laura; for she had not even been told that he had asked for her. The pang which her jealous cousin had thus inflicted, only increased, however, her present delight.

From that day Custis was always with Clara. In vain were Laura's attempts to draw him away from her cousin: he was true to his first preference; or rather true to that instinct that taught him to love amiability and avoid haughtiness and ill-temper. When Laura found that her scheme was hopeless, she vented her mortification and rage on our heroine. There are a thousand ways in which a person living in the same family with another, may render the latter miserable without the world seeing anything of it. Laura perfectly understood this.—Never had our heroine been so miserable as now.

Her troubles were increased by the sudden departure of Custis for New York, whither he had been summoned on important business. He was forced to leave at a few hours notice, and did not see Clara before he went: a hasty note with his adieus was all she received from him. She treasured this as a precious relic, for she could no longer conceal from herself that she loved. Laura added to her pangs by insinuating that Custis had only been trifling with her.

"A pretty match it would be—he a millionaire, and you not worth a sixpence," she said to Clara with a toss of her head.—"But if girls will be romantic and foolish, they must expect to suffer for it."—"I am sure that the business is only a plea to get off."

Clara left the room in tears. She could not deny to herself that there seemed some justice in what Laura said. It would have been easy for Custis to have written something more than a mere formal note—why did he not? Yet, when she recalled his manner, she could not believe but that he loved her? Alternating between such painfully conflicting views, she spent the miserable fortnight, which elapsed between the departure of Custis and their own return to New York. On the whole, however, her hopes declined. She had flattered herself at first that he would write to her, but he did not, and this completed her disappointment.

"Vain, foolish Clara," she soliloquized to herself, as she sat alone on the hurricane deck, her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes wondering vacantly over the water.—"What madness it was for you to think that one so good, so accomplished and so worthy, would stoop from his height to marry one so faulty, untaught and dependant as you. It is a bitter, bitter lesson, she mentally continued, while tears gathered in her eyes, "but the dream is past. I will meet my

fate with resignation, and live on unloved and alone."

Tears were now flowing profusely from her eyes, and she drew her green veil over her face to conceal them. Just then a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and a well known voice, that thrilled to her inmost soul, pronounced the single word—

"Clara!"
In an instant every gloomy thought was forgotten, and she started to her feet, her whole face radiant with joy. Custis stood before her.

"Clara, and alone!" he said. "Why I have been searching all over the boat for you. I was advised by Mr. Villiers that you would return to-day, and so I came up the river to meet you; if you had been looking in the right way you would have seen me come on board at the first landing. I found Laura in the ladies cabin; she told me you were somewhere about; and then resumed her book. But now that I have found you," he continued, with animation, "I feel rewarded for my long search. But tears on your cheek, dear Clara—ah! what can you have to make you sorrowful?—is it that you regret the pleasures you leave behind?"

"Oh! no," said Clara, quickly; and then she stopped confused: she feared Custis would read more in her words than she wished him to know.

But she need not have been alarmed for her delicacy; for Custis, before they reached the city, was her declared lover. Sitting almost alone together on the hurricane deck, with twilight just fading in the West, and the moon rising in the opposite quarter of the firmament, he told his affection, and won from Clara a half whispered reference to her uncle, which he knew how to interpret.

"Of his approval, dear Clara, I have no doubt: I hinted at this in my last letter, and received his hearty consent by return mail. As he was in the light of a parent to you, I did not think it right to proceed without his sanction, else dear girl, I should have written to you of my hopes in the note I sent you, or at least addressed you from New York."

The wedding was not long delayed. Clara was universally pronounced the loveliest bride who had been married from St. Paul's that season. Happiness increased her beauty by lending a gayer sparkle to her eyes, and a brighter bloom on her cheeks. Laura officiated as one of the bridesmaids, but could not restrain her spleen. "This was the first occasion on which Custis had ever seen an exhibition of it, and when he and his bride were alone in the carriage, whirling off to his country-seat, where they were to spend the honey-moon, he said—

"I always thought that Laura was ill-tempered: she was so when we were children together. It was my memory of your amiability which first attracted me toward you at the ball; but every hour afterward I liked you better and better, until you know the rest."
He kissed his lovely wife as he spoke, while Clara, with tears of happiness, hid her face on his bosom.

THE IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.

Burke, the great English statesman, used repeatedly, to declare that every care vanished the moment he entered his own house. He wrote the following beautiful descriptive prose paper, "The Idea of a Perfect Wife," which he presented to Mrs. B. one morning, on the anniversary of their marriage, delicately heading the paper as below, leaving her to fill the blank:

"THE CHARACTER OF MRS.—
I mean to give you my idea of a woman. If it at all answers an original, I shall be pleased, for if such a person as I would describe really exists, she must be far superior to my description, and such as I must love too well to be able to paint as I ought.

"She is handsome; but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion or from shape; she has all three in a high degree, but it is not from these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face cannot express, that forms her beauty. She has a mind that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority but by virtue.

"Her features are not exactly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be prized than to be loved; for it is never animated.

"Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"There is often more of the coquette shown in an affected plainness than in tawdry finery. She is always clean, without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens features without discomposing them. She is usually grave.

"Her smiles are inexpressible.
"Her voice is a low soft music, not formed, to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must come close to hear it.
"To describe her body, describes her mind!"