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JOB PRINTING. Neatly executed at this office, on NEW TYPE, and on moderate terms. Circulars, Hand-Bills, Horse-Bills, Sale-Bills, Cards, Labels, Blank Deeds, And all kinds of COUNTY, and SUPERIOR COURT and MAGISTRATE'S and CONSTABLE'S BLANKS.

POETRY.

To the Catawba River.

Flow oft along thy banks, fair stream, I've watched the fading light of day, And lingered till day's latest beam, Had I but seen before the night away.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR McDOWELL, OF VIRGINIA.

An Eloquent Appeal for Compromise on the Slave Question.

The most eloquent and thrilling speech delivered during the late session of Congress, was that of Gov. McDowell, of Virginia, on the bill to form one or more States out of the territories of California and New Mexico.

But, Mr. Chairman, when I pass by the collective parties in this case, and recall the particular ones; when I see that my own State is deeply implicated in the trouble and the danger of it as any other, and shares, to the full, with all her southern colleagues, in the most painful apprehensions of its issue.

But in all this she felt and knew that she was more than your political ally—more than your political friend. She felt and knew that she was your near, natural-born relation—such in virtue of her higher attributes of a congenial and kindred nature.

self-denying, almost ascetic pilgrim of Plymouth. A proud but misguided legality drives the defenders of the Stuarts to the shores of the Chesapeake, that there, in privation and in poverty, if need be, they might follow out the impulses of their own honor and their own free will, without let or hindrance from human authority.

They were the first, as a consequence, to proclaim and resist the aggressions of England, and never after, even in the fainting hours of the struggle that followed, were they absent from the duty or the spot where their valor or their counsels were required.

Nothing but a sense of the magnitude of the task that lay before them, and a sense of the honor that would be theirs if they were to stand up for their country, could have sustained them in their noble and unflinching course.

Gentlemen, Representatives of Massachusetts, what say you? Are you agreed? Your equals before the Revolution began—your equals when it did begin—confederated as your equals in 1777—united as such in 1787—co-operating with you as such in the administration of our common country from the declaration of independence to the present hour, and so confederated, united, and co-operating with you with all the local rights and institutions which are objected to us now—are you agreed that what we were, are, and ought to be, and must be, we shall always continue to be, your equals—inviolably your equals still?

As the powers of this Government, and therefore, the great extent, the destinies of this country are intrusted officially to our hands, it is our duty, to give all vigilance of ear and eye and thought—to everything that can affect them. It is for us, then, to be warned by that voice that comes toadmonish us, that lost republics are lost forever; that though their spirit never dies, but abides

upon the earth to enlighten, to improve, and to bless it, yet that it never revives to regenerate themselves.

Look at the reptile and the tiger as they have dwelt for ages in the habitations of the Holy City; look at despotism, worse than either, as it has nestled and brooded with its raven wing upon the very bosom of buried republics, and be warned of that mysterious doom, that evident ordination from on high, which connects in eternal fellowship, the privileges with the punishment of nations, and never allots the highest blessings but side by side with the heaviest woes.

Give us but a part of that devotion which glowed in the heart of the young Pitt, and of our own elder Adams, who, in the midst of their agonies, forgot not the countries they had lived for, but mingled with the spasms of their dying hour a last and imploring appeal to the Parent of all Mercies that he would remember, in eternal blessings in the land of their birth; give us their devotion—give us that of the young enthusiast of Paris, who, listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human rights, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot, and as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again and again, with impassioned voice—"Here, take it—take it—oh! take it from me; let me die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish!"

Nothing but aggravation of heart and of lot have been brought upon the poor slave by the rash and unwarranted efforts which have been put forth to relieve him. They have broken down the footing he had reached, crushed the sympathies he had won, embarrassed and accursed the fortunes they were intended to control.

Should it ever happen as the result of any interference and action here, that some insurgent ebullition of the slave will break out amongst us, the blood of our people will be made to stream in our dwellings, and ooze up from the bosom of the soil that feeds it, will cry aloud, like that of Abel, for vengeance against the brother's hand that shed; and vengeance would be had, though every drop that was left should be poured out in one anguished and dying effort to obtain it.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics, eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor.

Give up our common and united country—give it up at the call of some sectional interest—sacrifice it to the phrensy of fanaticism or of passion—let it go down, down, under some monstrous and horrible struggle of brother with brother, and you will get it back as you have it now—the home of happiness, the city upon a hill towering up for the light and for the healing of nations—you will get it thus again when the "shadows shall go back again upon the dial of Ahaz!"—when He who sent out the luminary of day upon his march shall again put forth his hand and stop him in his pathway of light.

Give to me, who am a son and representative of that same West Augusta, give to me as a banner the propitious measure I have endeavored to support, help me to plant it upon this mountain top of our national pride, and the land of Washington, undivided and unbroken, will be our land, and the land of our children's children forever.

Every history of England that has thus far been written has immortalized the biography of Titus Oates, a most infamous hypocrite and scoundrel, in the larger sense, who during the period he flourished as a preacher of the gospel, in the reigns of James and Charles of England, was the cause of the sacrifice of thousands of lives.

James, a short time before his accession, had instituted a civil suite against Oates, for defamatory words, and a jury had given damages to the enormous amount of a hundred thousand pounds. The defendant had been taken in execution, and was lying in prison as a debtor, without hope of release.

Among the upper and middle classes Oates had scarcely a friend left. All intelligent Whigs were now convinced that, even if his narrative had some foundation in fact, he had erected on that foundation a vast superstructure of romance. A considerable number of low fanatics, however, still regarded him as a public benefactor. These people well knew that, if he were convicted, his sentence would be one of extreme severity; and were, therefore, indefatigable in their endeavors to manage an escape.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics, eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor.

The tribunal, however, was desirous to make his punishment more severe than that of felons and traitors, and not merely put him to death, but put him to death by frightful tortures. He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habit, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led round Westminster Hall, with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two days, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn.

This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed. On the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard, he was mercilessly pelted and ran some risk of being pulled to pieces; but in the city, his partisans mustered in great force, raised a riot, and upset the pillory. They were, however, unable to rescue their favorite.

After an interval of only forty-eight hours, Oates was again brought forth from his dungeon. He was unable to stand, and it was necessary to drag him to Tyburn on a sledge. He seemed quite insensible, and the torments reported that he had stupified himself with strong drink.

Well John, I am going east and what shall I tell your folks? Oh, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I have got some. TAYLOR WHISKERS. Your whiskers remind me very much of old General Taylor, said a gentleman the other day to a young fellow who was cultivating a very unpromising and sandy crop of hair on his face.

History of the Sabbath. The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with but little sleep or none; but when the process is long continued, the overdriven powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death comes on; nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief.

SEVERE REBUKE. A French officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice for fighting on each side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he "fight for honor."

LEFT NONE FOR HIMSELF. A writer in one of the Reviews, was boasting that he was in the habit of distributing literary reputation. "Yes," replied a friend "and you have done it so profusely, that you have left none for yourself!"

HIS LAST FOLLY! A volatile young man, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last, married. "Now, my dear," said his spouse, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "depend upon it, this is, my last folly!"

DEFINITION. "She has given him a kick," is the elegant phrase now employed to signify that a lady has rejected a gentleman; or rather, that a gentle and amiable animal has put its bony hoof against you and moved you a few paces towards nothingdom. Chivalry.—In the year 1369, John the Second, Duke de Bourbon, instituted an order of chivalry. One of the statutes of it is curious, and shows the high opinion he entertained of the influence of the female sex upon the virtue and happiness of mankind.

Time.—Time is a traveller that never stops in his course, but moves with a steady, even and uninterrupted tread. Mindless of our delays he hastens on. After he has past and gone, we lift our hands imploringly for his return in vain. The present moment is all that we can call our own: if we misimprove it, it is gone forever, it is a lost treasure, that nothing can redeem. Let us then adopt the economical maxim of improving present time by present duty.

Labor, Industry, and Virtue, go hand in hand. Idleness and leisure lead to wickedness, immorality and vice. Down with all aristocracy and up with the nobility of true virtue and honest industry. Toil either of the brain or the hand, is the only true manhood, and the only true nobility.

Well John, I am going east and what shall I tell your folks? Oh, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I have got some.

TAYLOR WHISKERS. Your whiskers remind me very much of old General Taylor, said a gentleman the other day to a young fellow who was cultivating a very unpromising and sandy crop of hair on his face.

A lawyer, said Lord Brougham, is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.