CAROLINA REPUBLICAN. A Family Rewspaper:

DEVOTED TO alities, Education, Agriculture, Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, The Markets, and Amusement,

J. M. NEWSON.

POETRY.

Josiah Long, a young gentleman of superior abilities which were highly cultivated, passed some weeks at Lincoln Factory, in the summer of 1847. Having afterwards visited his parents in the north, he returned to the south, and died in Mississippi the following summer. During his brief sojourn here, we enjoyed much of his society; and seldom through life, have we ormed a more agreeable acquaintance. We admired his talents, respected his virtues, and loved his social gualities.

In a note of condolence to his parents, from a literary society in Amberst college, they called Josiah "a star of our Fraternity," This expression, says a near relative, suggested to me the following lines :

A Fallen Star. A star, a star of magnitude, Has fallen from our sky; Its rays, too brilliant long to last, But shined to fade and die. A blazing star has disappeared From our enraptured sight, Leaving the friends who watched its course. In deepest shades of night.

Great God, is this the certain doorn Of all we love the most, Because they are still more beloved By all the heav'nly host?

If such thy sovereign pleasure, We bow at thy behest, Since all thy saints must suffer To gain their heav'nly rest.

When "morning stars" again shall sing "Glory to God on high," And glory to the son of God Who passed the angels by,

Yet condescended to be born, To suffer and arise, To bring his ransomed children home To mansions in the skies, The absent star shall re-appear,

And join the vocal train, Prolong and elevate the sound Of each melodious strain-Heav'n and earth conspire to raise

A song of universal praise-Heav'n and earth unite them lays,

In one cternal song of praise

From the Dollar Newspaper. TO ******

Dear lady, with thine eyes of light, And soft ning smile screnely sweet, Thou canst not guess what dreams to-night My wandering, wayward fancies meet. Thou canst not guess-'twould change to

Those looks that fond impulses raise, And cloud that brow of op'ning morn That blesses the beholder's gaze. For thou hast wake? to wildest life A heart I vainly hoped was still, And stirr'd the dark and dangerous strife Where passion chains the struggling will. Once more my soul that slept so long,

Deep resting, in a calm like death, Her springs are stired with feelings strong, And troubled by an angel's breath. 'Tis not that liquid gleam thine eyes,

Like stars by dow-drops imaged clear, Nor all thy cheek's soft varying dyes, Nor tones that charm the list ning ear; No-'tis not that, nor these, nor all

That o'er thy face like sunbeams shine, Tis the fixed, the fond, true soul, That speaks and answers back to mine.

Oh, I am glad with painful joy, And troubled with a strange delight, And fearful lest the bliss go by, And vanish like a dream by night! For sombre shadows cloud with gloom

The path my spirit fain would take, And from the past a ghastly bloom thines on the things I should forsake.

Could I forget the flowers so fair That wasted their perfumes on me, And wither'd in the poison'd air That haunts me like my destiny;

I might be happy—I might feel
Within thy splendor rest and peace,
Nor blush for thoughts I must cone; al, Nor long for passion's surge to cease.

But now all lonely I must bear The changes of my rapture brief; would not ask one heart to share The love that is not joy, but grief. Yet—yet! ah, thus my heart will cling.
To the dear hope that time shall be:
When some such light as thine shall bring,

A change upon my destiny?

A Kentucky Rat.—A young lady residing in Louisville, whilst asleep a few nights in Louisville, whilst asleep a few nights in the fence of Lincolnton, by seeing unjust imputations cast upon her by "Examiner," a correspond to the first settlers of Lincolnton of New York.

Republican Monarchs.—The discovery of the California gold will enable the American Republic to supply the world with Sovewas some pumpkins.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

[VOLUME I.

LINCOLNTON, N.C., MAY 4, 1849.

[NUMBER 21.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.



Special privileges are odious to a Republi can People."

Mincoluton, D. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1849.

Gaston Superior Court.

The Superior Court of Gaston County commenced on Monday, the 23d ult., and closed on Tuesday, having transacted but little business. The new Court House not being finished, the Court sat in the ald tomporary building; and, doubtless, many cases that might have been tried, were continued in order to avoid a long session in the uncomfortable room hitherto used as the Court

The trial of the negro AMZI, who had been confined in the Lincoln Jail, took place on Monday, and was quickly disposed of. He received 39 lashes applied with a severity proportionate to his offence. He was remanded to prison to await the requisition of his owner who will have to pay the cost, and give security for his transportation out of

The following is some of the business transacted by the County Court which was also in session :

INSPECTORS OF ELECTIONS. Costner's Box. - Jacob Plunk, Jacob

Rhyne's Box, -A. W. Davenport, Daniel

Sandifer's Box .- A. Stowe, C. W. Hol-Oate's Box .- Alexander Wear, John R.

Mauny's Box .- F. Carpenter, Christian

JUSTICES TO TAKE THE TAX RETURNS.

Capt. Black's Company, Frederick Carpenter, " Featherston's " F. W. Holland,

" Rhyne's " Benj. Smith, " Henderson's " Milton A. Smith,

" A. W. Davenport, " Ratchford's, " R. M. Alexander. " Lorance's " A. Love,

" Fronebarger's, " T. P. McGill Tan Yard, D. F. Ragan, Duhardt's Creek, James M. Hanna,

County Trustee. -Col. Richard Rankin, Treasurer of Public Buildings -Andrew

Candidates.-We learn that our friends, John H. Roberts, the present efficient officer, and Col. M. H. HAND, are both candidates for County Court Clerk; and that W. R. HOLLAND is a candidate for Superior Court Clerk, JAMES QUINN, Esq., the present obliging incumbent, declining to fiction as truth. serve any longer in that capacity.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our table is adorned with the literary periodicals for May.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is, if possible, more attractive than ever.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE comes freighted with an unusually rich literary repast.

Sartain's contains some of the artist's very best productions; and, what will give this Magazine interest, in North Carolina, is the publication in its pages of " Roanoke, or where is Eutopia? illustrated," by C. H. WILEY.

gazine," has kept pace, in improvement, with the high priced periodicals. We wish the next number would be large enough to conclude "Palaces and Prisons," the end of which we are impatient to see.

its publisher has promised, and all that its patrons could desire.

For the Republican.

The Battle of Ramsour's

Mill. MR. EDITOR: I am not disposed to figure as a writer for the papers; but, being a citizen of "Old Linebln," I think it the duty of some of her sons, to correct any mistatements that may be made, calculated to produce erroneous impressions, and to lead the rising generation to attach more of the stigma of toryism to the first settlers of Lincoln-

respondent of the "Carolina Watchman,"

of the 26th ultimo, professing to give "An account of the battle of Ramsour's Mill." In defending Lincolnton, I will not attempt to retort upon "Examiner," by showing that, at one time or another, during the revolution, tories were to be found in many parts of the state; and that none of the then thinly scattered settlements could boast of being entirely unanimous in their patriotism and devotion to the cause of independence. To do justice to our ancestors, it is only necessary for me to show that "Examiner's" informants have drawn largely upon their imaginations; and that the narrater, having no " knowledge of the times and circumstances," has paid too little attention to the chronology of those times to render his "account" is all consistent with truth.

"Examiner" had become no safe retreat for the horse-thieves of the Forks of the Yadkin, says "they fled to Lincolnton, and there found a market for their horses and protection to their persons;" and the evidence he produces is, "the fact that several horses. stolen in the Fork of the Yadkin, were recovered at the battle of Ramsour's Mill." Now if these horses were stolen in the Fork. to whom were they sold at Lincolnton? and what become of the thieves? Is it not much more probable that the tories of the Fork were themselves the thieves who used the horses to convey them to the tory camp near the Mill? The reason for the tory encampment near the mill is apparent. Mills were then scarce; and both tories and patriots, for the sake of the provisions available, located their encampments as near the mill as they could do with safety. When one party departed or was driven away, the other took possession of it. The existence of the tory camp near the mill, is by no means evidence that the Fork horse-thieves received "protection for their persons" at Lincolnton which, it will be seen, on referring to well authenticated historical events, was not then in existence. In 1768, Mecklenburg county was divided and the portion cut off became Tryon, which then included Rutherford county, the county seat of which was 15 miles southwest of the present town of Lincolnton. No provision was made for the county of Lincolnton until 1779, not quite a year before the battle, which took place on the 20th of June, 1780; and it was not until 1782, two years after the battle, that the limits of Lincoln county were completed, by attaching a part of Burke which came down to what was then called Earl Granville's line, only about four miles north of the present town

In 1785, Commissioners were appointed to locate the county seat of Lincoln county; and those commissioners selected the present site on "vacant and unappropriated" land, which was granted in trust to JOSEPH Dickson, for the purpose of erecting a Court House and other necessary buildings.

At the time the battle of Ramsour's Mill was fought, and for five years after, long subsequent to the declaration of peace, there was no such town or place as Lincolnton known: and, consequently, "Lincolnton' could not have been "a market" for stolen horses, nor a safe place to hide and dispose

"Examiner" having erred so widely in this particular, the readers of the Watchman, if they have noted it, will give little credence to his labored "account of the battle of Ramsour's Mill," which contains fully as much

With your permission, I will procure, a correct "account" of that battle, which is in the hands of a friend, and send it to you for publication at an early day. In the mean time, the Watchman would do but justice to Lincolnton, by inserting this imperfect correction of some of the errors into which its correspondent has been, doubtless, unconsciously led. LINCOLNTON.

MOTTO ON THE BRIDAL RING. A young gentlemen of fine intellect and noble heart, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by everything that could make existance pleasant and happy-a wife that idolized him-children that loved him Peterson's, "The Ladies National Ma- him; the summons came and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded, placed a bridal ring upon the finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engrav-HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE is all that come when her wish should be gratified, and the earth, which is its own proper standard on Earth-I will meet thee in Heaven.

Personal Liability.—The bill to enforce the personal responsibility of stockholders in banking corporations, has passed the Senate of New York.

reigns,-Punch

The Literary Gazette gives from Hamlet motte for emigrants to California: "A pick-axe and a spade—a spade; Aye, and a winding sheet."

The seventy-second anniversary of the birth-day of Henry Clay was celebrated by the Whigs of New York, on Thursday the 13th instant. The number of guests who sat down to the sumptuous dinner provided for the occasion at the Appollo Saloon, is estimated at four to five hundred .-

Who would have believe it? Five years ago, this blessed month, Henry Clay was here, and every Whig, the Register striking the loudest notes of adulation, "bowed down and worshiped him"—and it was ununders of artillery, that more trian man, he "walked the earth a God!" Now-poor old man and base ingratitude of party-his birth-day is celebrated with pomp and rejoicing by a few of his still faithful and devoted followers in New York; and the Register extends to it a notice of just five lines and thee quarters in length, away off in the north corner of his columns, among the Pill and Lottery Advertisements! Verily it was a Lottery The brilliant Hal drew, and it was a blank but old Zac, by some strange revolution of the wheel, come up, rations and so on included, twenty-five thousand "better" than the famous orator. Well may Henry Clay exclaim, in the language of Marino Faliero,

the ill-fated Doge of Venice-"And have I lived to fourscore years for

I. who was named preserver of the City! I. at whose name the million's caps were flung

Into the air, and cries from tens of thou-Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me

blessings, And fame and length of days-to see this day?" Standard.

SHOWMAN'S SPEECH. I will now introduce you, ladies and gentlemen, to the wonderful Hipotymouse. He is a very singular beast and requires minute attention. As John stirs him up, (stir him up John,) you will perceive that he kicks with his hind legs, which he does because it is his nature. He is apt to do it in the water, to relieve his legs of the briars, and to go ahead in the same. The hipotymouse says little or nothing to those of his kind, because he is not a very observing anima and has not much to say. He is quiet and modest, and thinks more than he speaks. When the water is too damp, he lies down in the mud and rushes, and makes himself quite comfortable. He seldom fights, which proves him amiable, for he is brave and strong. This is partly owing to his being a strict Grahamite. He eats nothing but vegetables and grain, but he eats every grain he can get. I do not consider the hipotymouse, and enterprising animal; but think on the whole he enjoys a very good beastly character. Stir up his fore legs, John .-Boston Museum.

INSTINCT. We see anecdotes accasionally going the rounds of animal acuteness; the following coon trick, related to us by a friend, is as keen as we remember to have heard. A racoon was chained up near a tavern door in the country, in the neighborhood of which sundry chickens were scratching about. The coon wanted one amazingly, but they kept beyond his reach. At last some bystander dropped a piece of biscuit near the varmint; an idea struck him. He bit the biscuit into crumbs and after scattering them about within reach of his chain, lay down and covered up his eyes with his paw. The bipeds saw the crumbs, and picked up one and then another, growing bolder every moment, and advancing nearer to the sleeping beauty, until-slap! the wretch pounced upon one, and ended his life in an in-

IMMENSITY OF THE EARTH. as they only can love, and friends devoted to | ing the sea, the average depth of which is estate. - Lord Bacon. estimated at about two miles. This referred to our usual standards of comparison impresses us at once with an idea of the great amount of water investing the globe; and, accordingly, imaginative writers coned. The husband would never permit the tinually refer to the ocean as an image giver to read them, telling her theday would of immensity. But, referred to the mass of she should know the secret. Seven years of comparison, it presents a very different glided away, and a day or two since, when aspect. The distance from the centre to conscious that he must soon leave his wife | the surface of the earth is nearly four thouforever, he called her to his bedside, and sand miles. The depth of the ocean does with his dying accents teld her that the hour not, therefore, exceed one-thousandth part a certain length of time, and not ordering had at last come when she should see the of this extent, and astronomers has justly the same discontinued, was sufficient to hold words upon the ring she had given him. stated, that were we to place a representa- a person liable for the subscription price not-The young mother took it from his cold fin- tion of the ocean on an ordinary artificial withstanding he may never have ordered the ger and though heart stricken with grief, globe, it would scarcely extend in thickness paper sent.

In a recent response to a complimentary the manufacturer.

> The Mormons. - Charles R Dany represent that the number of Mormons now in Iowa is 17,000, and that the number west of the Rocky mountains is about 7,000. These comprise all the Mormons west of the Mississippi who preserve a distinct association. Almost every village through the West, however,

In answer to our correspondent." D. G., we have to say that the vote for CLAY in 1844, was 1,288,533-and for TAYLOR in 1848, was 1,356,697. The vote for Polk in 1844, being 1,327,325, and for Cass in 1848, 1,220,071. The entire popular vote in 1844, including the vote thrown for BIRNEY, the Abolition candidate, was 2, 678,121, and the entire popular vote in 1848, including the VAN BUREN vote, was 2,868,238. Pennsylvanian.

LIVE FEATHERS.

An editor tells a good story of peregrination down south. He was a young lawyer in attendance upon court, and the village where the court was held was thronged to nowever, procured a bed, he jumped into it,

but he was cut again in almost no time. 'What kind of a bed do you call this?' said he to the negro who officiated as master of the ceremonies.

'Feather bed Massa.' 'Feathers! I should think it contained

entire chickens.

'Can't be dat are fifty dollary nigger, Sam, trow de chick'n in!' murmured the waiter, dubiously, as he proceeded to insinuate his hand into the coarse bassing tick. Squash if he habn't tho!' said he, as he pulled forth a partly-picked rooster. 'I tole de stupied jack, behind his morn' when he was featherin' chick'ns for dinner, to empty de feathers into de fuss class beds, to prove de kerwality; and and de blind nigalways be avided. We hab a dozen niggers trimmin chick'ns all de time, and, cafedders when put 'em' way in de beds, but chick'n!

James K. Polk's administration? We ask snuffs the candles. The snuffing of candles for information that's all. Don't all speak is not a very interesting operation, but it Delta.

That's a "poser." Who will answer? Mr. Walker. We and the following card n the Washington Globe:

"Robert J. Walker will practice law in the Supreme Court of the United States. In answer to many letters, he thinks proper to say that he cannot attend to claims before Congress or any of the departments, but will devote his attention exclusively to cases intrusted to him in the Supreme Court."

Romantic.-It is stated that a marriage of rather a romantic character took place at Lockland, a village about twelve miles from the city on the Miami Canal. The daughter of a prominent citizen was betrothed to an industrious young mechanic, but she not being past " sweet sixteen," the parents oppose the wedding. The objections were removed by a compromise. The nuptials were celebrated, and in an hour the young bridegroom took leave for California, thence to return in two years and claim his bride.

Snoring .- 'My uncle Phil was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it, that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple, and never slept apart for many years. At length, my uncle was required to attend a court, at some hundred miles distant. The first night after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl; she took he had not seen the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once.

Knowledge.-Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless pirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variaole mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop A bout two thirds of the earth's surface for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the is covered with a sheet of water, constitut- glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's

Capital Punishment in Michigan.-The people of Michigan, having abolished the galws, seem determined to let it stay abolished. The committee, to whom the memorials were referred asking for its restoration have made a report, which was accepted, that it is not advisable to change the existing laws.

A Judicial Decision has just been made that the regular mailing of a newspaper for a lenght of time, is prima facia evidence of its reception, and that receiving a paper for

speech, Mr. Polk said, "I am no longer a servant, but one of the sovereigns, of the nation."

THE LAST OF THE REGIMENT. President Bonaparte has granted a pension to a widow with five children, whose case is an interesting one. She is the widow of the only man in the Fusileer regiment who was not killed in the retreat from Moscow One contains more or less of persons of this singu- day Capt. Jumontier came to announce to entirely too delicate to say such a person was Napoleon the arrival of Marshal Ney and removed.

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 Count and Ma-GISTRATE'S and CONSTABLE'S BLANKS.

his corps. Napoleon ordered him to rejoin his regiment. An hour or two afterwards. Napoleon perceived Capt. Jumontier standing near a soldier, whose singular dress atracted the Emperor's notice; his head was covered with a sort of cossack bonnet, and instead of his uniform, a torn vest which scarcely covered his shoulders. The Captain and the soldier were marching steadily Napoleon called to him in a tone of impatience and ill humor. Why have you not rejoined your regiment, and taken your place at the head of your campany?"

'Sire, I have not lost an instant in obeying your orders.'

What do you say? You don't under-'Yes, sire: the regre

" " my regiment". the Imperial Guard.'

'But where is it then?' Then a hoarse voice cried-'Present, my Emperor!'

The voice was that of the soldier near Jumontier; and the widow succored by Louis Napoleon, is the widow of this soldier.

CONVERSATION.

How often a company of well-dressed men and women feel very awkward for want of something to talk about! The weather cannot hold out above a few minutes. If there happen to be anything particular 'in the papers,' what a blessing it is; but it frequently happens that there is nothing in ger oberlook de chichen! In de hurry of the shape of a 'horrid murder,' or an 'awful business, business,' he continued in an conflagration;' and the condition of the comapologetic tone, 'dese little accidums can't pany is truly miserable. They look into the fire, or in each other's faces and the silence becomes truly terrific. A passing unsionly a foot or hand am oberlooked in de dercurrent of whispering commences between two married ladies, one in a blue turban, dis, ere am de fus time I ever found a hull the other in a fan cap, on the difficulty of getting good servants, or the utility of children wearing flannel from October to March. Has there been any defaulter under An elegant young man takes heart, rises and affords a new theme. Three or four remarks are made on the superiority of gaslight, and then another dead silence ensues. The host or hostess in these cases is greatly to be pitied, and should bring forward a handsome cat, a clever lap-dog, or a pretty child-the last is the best. The difficulty of starting subjects of conversation is often as observable when two acquaintances meet in the street. The unhappy pair exhaust all the necessary ceremonials in the space of of a minute, and then there is mutual agony till the embarrassment is concluded by an abrupt 'Good morning.'

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST The Philadelphia correspondent of the Boston Age And News, in a late letter tells the following story. We hope Thornly

won't blame us for printing it I heard a case of extreme modesty the other day, so extreme that it couldn't be un-

A lady went into Thornley's India rubber store, and inquired of the fascinating Mr. T.

'Have you any India rubber elegy encir-'What did you say ma'am,' said the store-

keeper, slightly confounded. 'Elegy encirclers,' repeated the lady with a blush. Thornley looked around the store first at the great piles of India rubber, then at gutta percha, then India rubber cloth, and so on, but without seeing anything corresponding to that name.

'You're sure it's made out of India rubber,' said Mr. T., inwardly declaring that there was nothing made of that article which

'Oh yes,' replied the lady. 'Do you see anything like it,' at length returned the bewildered fellow.

The lady looked around the well filled store, and at length her eye rested upon a box, which she blushingly pointed to. What do you suppose it contained? G-a-r-t-e-r-s,

She was soon helped to a pair and as she took her leave, it all at once occurred to Mr. Thornley, that garters were L-e-g encirclers. T-H-E A-X-E

Mr. Stubbs, Agent of Department of State at Washington has been suddenly removed from his office. He says that Mr. Clayton promised not to remove him without giving him timely notice. No cause is assigned for the proscription, tho' Mr. Stubbs made diligent enquiries to ascertain the reasons therefor.

So too, Mr. McCalla 2nd auditor of the Treasury department obtained from Gen. Taylor leave the other day to visit his sick family, and during his absense his place was filled by the permanant appointed of a successor. It is not pretended that these officers were not honest, capable and faithful in their respective stations; and inasmuch as Gen. Taylor promised in his inaugural, that "honesty capacity and fidelity" were the re-quisites he demanded, people are now begining to open their eyes and think a few. Our readers will recollect that in our last we inform them of the removal of Wesley Jones Esq., Marshal of the State; and no mail comes now to us from Washington, but what brings intelligence that come one has been appointed to such an office in place of the incumbent, though the official organ is