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CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.
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BY
J. M. NEWSON.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

[VOLUME I.] LINCOLNTON, N. C., MAY 25, 1849. [NUMBER 24.]

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 MA-
GISTRATE'S and CONSTABLE'S BLANKS.

Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book for May.
THE PRUDE'S KISS.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

"News! news!" cried Harvey Hetherington, as he entered the drawing room and dispensed his favors to the fair inmates— "here's a letter for you, cousin Isabel, and another for Kate; none for Ellen, but she must console herself with the Lady's Book. North American, sir."

Old Dr. Hetherington, having adjusted his glasses, made an attack on his favorite journal, while all the ladies, with equal alacrity, devoured their respective favors.

"What a beautiful plate!" exclaimed Ellen as she opened her magazine.

"Oh! Harvey, Fanny will be here cried Kate.

Isabel pursued her letter in silence, while Harvey Hetherington availed himself of her downcast glance to peruse her lovely countenance—let us do the same.

From this point observe what a beautiful profile, and how wondrous L. r! What a richness of shining hair sweeps her rounded cheek, and is gathered up into the massive braid behind, and then, the long dark tresses, lustrous by their own shadow, partake of its luxuriance. Her mouth is modeled from Cupid's bow, with a short, full upper lip, that curls as proudly as though its mistress was a Cleopatra. We cannot see her downcast eyes but they must be large, dark, and eloquent. Stay—she looks up, and her flashing glance withers poor Harvey. That's for gazing so rudely at a lady, sir!

Helen tells me they have had quite an excitement in Philadelphia about the Hon. Harvey Gray; thousands of visitors have been flocking to see him and—

"Ah! glorious old Harvey," interrupted Dr. Hetherington, glancing over his glasses. The Hon. gentleman was an especial favorite with the doctor, after whom, in his enthusiasm he had named his son.

"And the ladies have caught their infection," resumed Isabel.

"Yes," chimed the Doctor; "only think—thousands of sweet kisses—kisses whom he pleases, he'll be cap! This is fame—oh, Harvey, don't it make you ambitious?"

"Thank you, sir, I would rather not have the bloom kissed from my young lips," said Harvey, with a comical affectation of modesty.

"Go along for a coxcomb," cried the old man.

"So, the ladies in Philadelphia have all kissed. Did Helen kiss him, Isabel?"

"Your pardon, uncle," said she with a smile; do not fancy the ladies do these things; it's only the feminine rabble."

"What! ejaculated the old man, taking off his glasses, and wiping them, with a puzzled air, as though he doubted his ears and fancied the spectacles were at the bottom of it.

"In that case, I would recommend Mrs. Gray to make her husband pass quarantine on his return," laughed Harvey.

"Ladies," resumed Isabel, "are or ought to be, distinguished by a delicacy of character, which should forbid their crowding to a public place to solicit a salute from a strange man."

"But he is not a strange man, niece, he is identified with their country's history. He has been known to them thro' his acts ever since they knew anything. He is famous! Why he's Harvey of the West!" The old Doctor was quite excited with his favorite subject.

"I don't perceive that his fame furnishes any pretext," said Isabel; "ladies at best are not very competent judges of public affairs, or public men; if, however, they entertain opinions, or preferences, they are at liberty to express them amid their friends, but I doubt the propriety of any public manifestation on the part of the ladies."

"But Harvey Gray; such a man as Harvey Gray!" persisted the Doctor.

"My dear sir," said Isabel archly, "as it is improper for ladies to rove, it surely must be for them to kiss public men."

"I don't believe Bella would kiss Gen. Washington, were he to appear!" said Ellen, closing her Magazine.

"Not without solicitation, certainly," laughed Isabel; and, if half of Philadelphia were to share the honor, I think I should decline."

"Nonsense," said the old man, testily; I like these manifestations; they're patriotic; they're—um—all—they're encouraging; show a great man he's appreciated; let him see the people are not ungrateful; that he has not labored in vain."

"Uncle, if Harvey Gray, or General Washington—could such a thing be—should visit Annapolis, would you or Harvey join the shouting multitude, in unharnessing his horse and drawing his carriage in their stead?"

"No certainly; that would be unworthy the dignity of manhood," responded the Doctor, quickly.

"And this kissing business is unworthy the delicacy of womanhood there, uncle, is a Roland for your Oliver. It is not so?"

"What a confounded prude!"

"She is a prude, as papa says; don't you think so, Harvey?" inquired Kate of her

brother, when the crowd dispersed to dress for dinner.

"She does well to be," responded the latter, "a kiss from her lips were enough to drive a man mad."

"As Ellen says, she would not kiss General Washington."

"She shall kiss a far humbler personage nevertheless," said Harvey with a very saucy air.

"Meaning yourself, Mr. Impertinence?"

"Exactly so."

"Pshaw! she'll do no such thing!"

"I'll bet you a diamond ring that, within a month, Harvey Hetherington, bachelor, will be thus favored."

"I take the wager, brother, mine," laughed Kate, "and devoutly pray that you may lose both kiss and ring; but what shall be my stake—a kiss?"

"Heaven forbid! you smother me already! That it shall be, and the stake will prove an incentive." He laid his delicate gold chain around her neck, as he spoke, and drew from its resting place a finely executed miniature of the beautiful cousin.

"I don't know, Harvey," said Kate, with hesitation; "I would not like to part with my picture of cousin Isabella; but what nonsense! you will never win, and I may safely risk it. But remember, Harvey! no love makings, or poppings of the questions, or any such iniquitous devices. It must be you, Harvey Hetherington, bachelor and likely to remain so, who obtains the favor."

"It is not likely," said Harvey, "that a person of my humble pretensions should ever aspire to the hand of a woman of Isabel's beauty and fortune. Thank Heaven! my pride is equal to her own; and although I may be a disappointed and unhappy man, I will never be a despised and rejected one." He paused and gazed at the picture in his hand, and pressing it to his lips, added less bitterly, "May the fates grant me the like from the original! and this fair semblance will be mine."

Kate watched with some anxiety the accomplishment of her brother's design; but as day after day rolled over, she felt more and more secure. She knew that Harvey was too much of a gentleman to think of rifling the prize from unwilling lips, indeed, he dare not—the dignity of Isabel's character would have repelled such an intrusion.

Harvey himself was also at a loss, his hitherto unflinching ingenuity was at fault, and while he would have had small difficulty with lesser belles, he knew not how to approach his queenly cousin.

Poor Harvey! reckless, mischievous, merry, maleap as he was, had a strong undercurrent of romance in his nature which swayed him powerfully on this occasion. He loved Isabel to distraction. I say to distraction, because he loved without hope. Her immense fortune, to a man of his humble means and sensitive honor, precluded all advances, while her haughty bearing of itself sufficed to keep even bolder lovers at bay. Not Isabel never could be his! But "one kiss to dream upon, one kiss to be remembered through life, one kiss in which to say farewell to happiness," and so on and so forth, thought Harvey.

Isabel's visit to her country cousins was drawing to a close, when Harvey, in despair, invited her to ride, determined that some good should come of it. The day was magnificent, and as they cantered over the turnpike, with the invigorating morning breeze on their brows, Isabel, in the excitement of pleasure, seemed less calm and cold, while Harvey felt emboldened to accomplish what he had so much at heart.

"There is a beautiful view at the end of this lane, which you must see before you leave us," said he, and turning their horses' heads, they entered the unfrequented avenue.

"Now," thought the lover, and he turned to gaze upon the lady at his side; but as he did so, his heart sank within him. She had never looked half so commanding as now, when thrown upon her noble steed, and undulating gracefully to his motions. Her magnificent figure was displayed to the greatest advantage by a riding dress, fitting tightly to the person; the skirt, springing in rich voluminous folds from the waist, fell nearly to the horse's fetlock; a small black cap rested on her brow, like a coronet, from which floated a single plume.

"She can never be mine!" said Harvey mentally, and he thought of the child who cried for the moon. However, his courage rallied, and he spoke.

"Isabel!"

"Cousin Harvey!"

"Cousin Isabel, our mothers were sisters—inmates of the same home—tender, loving sisters, were they not?"

"Indeed they were," said she with a sigh, and Harvey, emboldened, laid his hand on the pommel of her saddle, in a familiar way.

She gave her horse a tap with her whip, which caused the spirited animal to spring from the path; and the movement was so sudden that it tore the check rein he held from Harvey's careless grasp.

"No matter," said Isabel, as he strove to regain it, "I do not care to be in leading-strings," and she wound it around the horn of her saddle.

"Yes, our mothers were devotedly attached sisters," resumed Harvey after this inter-

ruption; "would it not impart joy to their spirits in heaven could they look down and see that their children loved each other?"

"Oh!—I mean—in a cousinly way?"

(The strongest illustration of the power of love is the facility with which it transforms a sensible man into a fool.) Again, in his earnestness, the encroaching hand was laid upon the saddle.

"Cousin Harvey," said she with mild decision, looking him full in the face, while she raised her whip over the offending hand, "how shall I succeed in making you understand that this is contraband here?"

"What a confounded prude!" ejaculated the young man, as the old one had done.

Finding his meditated appeal to her cousinly affection frustrated, Harvey had quite made up his mind to lose the kiss, the miniature, and the ring, when the fates kindly came to his aid with a small incident of their own.

One afternoon the stage-coach rolled up to the door, containing Fanny, Kate's expected friend. Harvey hastened to assist her in alighting, when a shaggy dog, barking and springing with impatience, attempted to leap through the coach door; which was opened to allow the lady egress. Harvey pushed him aside two or three inches, but the dog was pertinacious; when the gentleman seized him by the ears with one hand and held him back, while with the other he assisted the lady to alight. To this, it is not to be supposed the dog submitted quietly, but after violent struggles, releasing himself, inflicted a severe wound in the restraining hand. This was so painful, that he carried his hand in a sling for days, upon which the ladies rallied him with great glee.

One day they were all chatting merrily together, when Harvey entered, with a slow sad step, and throwing himself upon a seat, regarded them with an air of profound sorrow. They were so occupied with their conversation, that no one noticed him save Isabel, who felt a vague terror at her heart, as she observed his altered looks.

"Cousin Harvey, what is the matter?" she inquired hastily.

"I am going to leave you girls," said he in reply; "and have come to bid you farewell."

"Leave us?" echoed they all.

"How long will you be gone?" demanded Kate.

"I cannot tell," said he slowly, and every word seemed a pang, "but for a long long time—perhaps"—and his voice grew more mournful—"forever."

"Can this be the laughter-loving, jest making, spirited Harvey?" thought Isabel, as she looked in his face, now pale and haggard, and listened to his melancholy words; they were all terrified, and importunate for an explanation.

"Well then, listen," said he, taking his sister's hands in his; "Kate, Ellen, act like women now, and bear what I have to tell you, firmly. They have just killed a dog in the village, said to be mad, and I have every reason to believe it was the same that inflicted this wound" pointing to his hand.

"Hush! for God's sake, be calm, my sister."

They had burst into tears, and were clinging to his side with the most violent demonstrations of grief. Isabel sank on the sofa, and buried her face in its cushions, while Fanny stood in silent stupefaction.

He stooped his terrified sisters as well as he was able, and when they grew more calm, he continued:

"If as I fear, the seeds of this fearful disease have been sown in my system, the sooner I leave you the better; I will not stay and endanger your precious lives; I will travel to the C—Hospital, where the means of restraint, as well as Professors who understand the disease will be at hand; and there I will abide the issue. Remember me and pray for me, girls; and now, good-bye."

He embraced each of his sisters tenderly, and resigned them, weeping, into each other's arms. "Fanny, farewell," he continued advancing towards the fair guest, and kissing her pale cheek; "Isabel, will you not bid me farewell?"

The horror-stricken girl raised her blanched countenance to her lover, who tenderly pressed his lips to her cheek.

"Harvey, dear Harvey!" she cried, in vehement and passionate forgetfulness, "you shall not go! I will not let you leave us! we will nurse you—we will care for you—we will meet all risks for your sake—oh! heavens! can we abandon you in this awful hour?"

Her arms were wound round his neck with a convulsive clasp, while the haughty Isabel sobbed wildly on his bosom.

"Leave you! never—my beautiful beloved!" he whispered; "hush! there—be calm—there is yet room for hope."

Reader! what a Confounded prude.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the dog which the village boys victimized, was no more mad than you are; indeed I sometimes think it quite debatable whether a dog was killed at all, for Fanny tells me she met Harvey's old enemy in the village yesterday. For the honor of humanity, I hope young Hetherington believed the horrible tale, when he related it to his poor sisters. Kate, however, has her suspicions.

The Russian peasant considers himself well fed if he has rye bread and sour cabbage soup, with a lump of fat hog's lard boiled in it by way of a relish.

A Relapsed Savage.—The *Echo de la Frontiers* of Valenciennes (a French journal) relates the following distressing circumstance. "A lady of this town, just returned from Brazil, brought with her a servant, a man of the country, who, although originally a savage from the interior, appeared, by his calm and docile character, to have lost all the habits of his tribe. This man was entrusted with the care of her child. One day lately he and his charge were missing, and no time was lost in searching for them. At length the wretch was discovered in a forest, in the act of devouring the remains of the unfortunate child. The sight of a fine child revived in him the cannibal appetite, which he could not resist, and he fled into the forest to gratify it."

Canadian Sentiments.—The Pennsylvania extracts the following from a Canadian paper, as a fair specimen of the feeling of the male contents there:

They say they must and will have annexation—for they cannot, and will not do without it. One old tory we heard of the other day, who after coming home from the indignation meeting, d—d the Queen and Lafontaine, and swore he could stand it no longer. "Here I am, with a couple of thousand pounds worth of property, on which I have been trying for eighteen months past, to raise £160, and I'll be cursed if I can find a man to lend it to me. I tried one of these new fangled shaving shops, called the Building Societies, and I found I could, when my turn came, [that is, when I would be goose enough to overbid the jackass who was borrowing money there] get what I required, at an interest which, when I carefully calculated it, I found would be about 35 per cent."

"Now," said our old tory, "if Canada was annexed to the United States, I should not take \$30,000 for my property; and before a week, I could sell one-fifth part of it, clear myself of debt, and be independent for ever. D—n such humbugs; I have sucked my paws long enough; but I'll bear it no longer. It's against my stomach."

RATHER FUNNY.

The Democratic supporters of General Taylor held a meeting on the 28th ult. in Philadelphia, and among other resolutions passed the following:

3. That, in our opinion, a cabinet appointment should have been conferred upon one of the Democratic supporters of Taylor, in order to enable the President to fulfill his pledges, and effectually neutralize all the efforts and intrigues of mere partisans.

4. That the method in which the patronage of the administration is distributed by Taylor are appreciated, and how far the pledges of President Taylor are to be fulfilled.

5. That we advise all Democratic supporters of Taylor to keep up their organization throughout the State; and the following persons be a committee to report at an adjourned meeting upon the propriety of establishing an independent newspaper: Gen. Adam Diller, Col. J. Sidney, Hugh W. Teuer, Isaac Wayne, Olive Hugh Conwell, Patrick Brown, Win. Rheiner, and George Lippard, esqs.

The appearance of a Democratic Taylor newspaper at this time, taking all things into consideration, would certainly be rich.

Attack on a Printing Office.—A New York letter, of Wednesday says: "Ned Buntline's Own" is the title of a weekly newspaper published in this city, seemingly for no other purpose than to give impertinent publicity to domestic shortcomings. There was an attack made on the establishment at a late hour last evening by a party of five or six butchers belonging to Fulton market, which, but for the interference of the police, might have resulted in something serious. As it was, a good deal of damage was done to the building."

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written—writing what deserves to be read and making the world the happier and the better for having lived in it.

A WORD TO THE BEAUX.

The following article is from the Beacon Light, a paper edited by the Ladies:

While we would pay all due deference to the "Lords of creation," we would remind them of an error to which some of them betray symptoms of servility. They seem to imagine that when they would converse with ladies they must of course condescend, and talk only what they call "little things." If they think this the true way to secure the respect of the "fair sex," they labor under a sad mistake. If ladies do not know as much as men—and we challenge no debate on this point—they like to be presumed to know at least enough to converse on sensible subjects, in good, sensible English.—When conversation runs into small talk and nonsense, the way is usually led by gentlemen. Ladies, either from sentiments of deference to that stronger sex, or perhaps in some instances from the suspicion that the gentlemen addressing them does the best he can, often allow themselves to become more frivolous than they could wish—certainly more than they would be, if they whose duty it is to set the example lead the way, would conduct them to more verdant fields and refreshing fountains.—We abhor podantry, whether in man or

woman: nor do we believe it always being serious. We hold to a proper medium of relaxation and pleantry. But we confess ourselves not a little gratified when gentlemen converse with us as though they presumed us to know something—nor will we conceal the fact, that by so doing, at least sometimes, they cherish in us the charitable presumption that they know something too.

From a work just published by Lea & Blanchard entitled "Endless Amusement," *Artificial Earthquake and Volcano.*—Grind an equal quantity of fresh iron filings with pure sulphur, till the whole be reduced to a fine powder. Be careful not to let any wet come near it. Then bury about thirty pounds of it a foot deep in the earth, and in about six or eight hours the ground will heave and swell, and shortly after send forth smoke and flames like a burning mountain.—If the earth is raised in a conical shape, it will be no bad miniature resemblance of one of the burning mountains.

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the softest water is caught when it rains the hardest.

"Spitting a Little."—Some years ago in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, one of the members of that body, an odd stick from South Hampton, when the yeas and nays were taken on an important question, did not answer to his name. After the roll was finished, he arose and addressed the presiding officer in the following pithy language:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to let you know that I did not mean to dodge the question. I only squatted a little, in order to take a better view of the whole subject; and I now say 'No' to the critter!"

The manner in which this was done excited a universal burst of laughter from the members.

Editors Looking up.—A couple of editors in this city, walking coxily together, arm in arm, looked up, not in consequence of honors conferred, but to ascertain who it was that had emptied a basin of dirty water upon them from an upper window.

Delicacy in the Extreme.—A young gentleman lately bathing in the Missouri river, on observing some ladies approaching drowned himself from motives of extreme delicacy. Foolish young man.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said to the boy that cut his tail off.

The Ideal and the Real.

One of the Correspondents of the Boston Post, writing from Washington City, draws the following contrast between the ideal and the real Gen. Taylor. Mortifying as these truths may be, the people of all parties ought to know them:

"We who inhabited a great metropolis of the Union have opportunities of hearing and knowing things in the political world which do not always reach you less favored people of the provinces. We know that farces are here played which, in the 'magnificent distance' of this great republic, look verily like grave and legitimate drama. We know that the most grotesque masks are here put on, whose extravagant grimaces are softened down in the distance to the smooth and pleasing outlines of genuine respectability and countenances. We know, too, that politicians here have real tangible corporeal existences, while, to the wondering natives in the interior or on the frontiers, form and semblance are merely imaginary. And such happens to be the 'state of the case,' as the lawyers would say, with our present venerable and illustrious chief magistrate.

You are, I have no doubt, aware that they have two emperors in Japan—one to take care of civil, and the other religious affairs. The first is called the Zingoon and the other the Mekador. The first is a most potent monarch. He has a real tangible existence, and so has the latter, so far as flesh and blood are concerned, but he is of no account, being confined to his religious cloister, and occupied with religious ceremonies and the conversation of women.

Now, something like this Japan idea we have in real existence in these glorious and enlightened United States at the present time, under the figure and form of 'the President.' Although your name is Greene, I hope you are not so green and verdant as to suppose that the Gen. Taylor who makes inaugural addresses, receives foreign ministers, delegations from sovereign states, municipalities and trades corporations, to whose salutations he replies in well-worded and appropriate speeches, is the real General Taylor who was elected by the people President of the United States. If you do entertain any such absurdity, why, I must set you down among the greenest of all the green chaps away down in Yankeeedom. I can assure you that the real Gen. Taylor, whose corporeal substance does actually occupy the white house, is a very different personage from the General Taylor who figures in the newspapers as the President of the United States. The Gen. Taylor who lives in the white house is a real tangible body—that is, a body possessing all the properties of matter, viz—from, weight, inertia, color, &c., while the Gen. Taylor who figures as president in the newspapers, is a mere ideal fiction being. The former is of no more ac-

count, so far as the presidency is concerned, than the nickador of Japan. The latter—the ideal man, in the president—the Zingoon of the Republic of the United States of America. The President of the newspapers, par example, General Taylor, the President elect, on his way to this city, made many well conceived and appropriate speeches, in reply to speeches made to him. Whereas, the real General Taylor made none, or if he essayed to make a speech, it was a very different one from that which the ideal general made, and which appeared in the newspapers—*the speech-actually made.*

The real Gen. Taylor was invited before his inauguration to visit the people of Georgetown, they honestly supposing that he was Gen. Taylor, the president elect. He went accordingly, was addressed very appropriately by the mayor of that city, and might have stammered out something in reply. The ideal general, however, was made to speak in the newspapers, and lo, he spoke in a very different style from that of the real bona fide general. So I understand it was on the reception of the foreign ministers and others persons formally introduced to the real general at the white house; the ideal general always appearing as the spokesman in the newspapers.

Recently the magistracy of this city were introduced to the real general by Mayor Seaton, who made an appropriate address on the occasion. And the real general made a reply, as I understand, pretty much in these words—"I am glad to see the magistracy of Washington—pleasant day to-day. I think we shall have some good weather." But the ideal general, the figure of speech that personifies the president in the newspapers, would not allow the address to go out in this form, and accordingly it was fixed up in a very decent garb and sent forth through the press another affair altogether than the real speech of the real general.

One example more. A committee from Virginia came here the other day to present a sword to the real general whom the people elected president. The National Intelligencer, that curious antidiluvian fossil, which stands forth as the impersonation of the stupidity of genuine "conservative" whiggery, formally announced that on Monday last the presentations would take place. But the general was not ready. Col. Bliss had not got the reply to the address ready, and the general had not committed it to memory. Two days elapsed, and the ceremony came off. The chairman made a handsome speech so far as language and manner were concerned, and the general made a reply. This was a real affair. The good old man held the speech prepared by Bliss (or somebody else) in his hand and tried to read from it; but not being so familiar with the handwriting as his own, he made a bad piece of work of it. But he continued to stammer through it. And the ideal general concluded to accept this speech and let it go forth to the people as the speech of the president; but he the ideal general, had the bungling manner in which the real general read the speech explained in this wise in the newspapers—"Gen. Taylor read his reply, and was firm and manly, until he came to the paragraph wherein he was obliged to allude to the compliments paid to himself. What he said was not only appropriate, but said with deep emotion that sometimes checked his utterance." See "Ion," correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, April 25th. With this explanation the ideal general allowed the speech to go forth as that of the President.

The truth is—and it is well to tell the truth to the American people—Gen. Taylor is utterly incompetent for the place he now occupies. He is very far inferior in point of capacity even to Gen. Harrison, superannuated and incompetent as he was. And every candid and impartial man, who sees and hears him speak or converse, goes away from him with that mortifying conviction deeply impressed upon his mind.

It is this incapacity of Gen. Taylor for the duties of the presidency, in which is to be found the true cause of the shameful and shocking violation of his solemn pledges of which he has been guilty since he came into the presidency. He is but a baby in the hands of the wily and unscrupulous men by whom he is surrounded. If he would be honest and redeem his solemnly pledged word, he cannot. He cannot do a thing, or move an inch as president, without their aid. He is completely at their mercy, and they use him without scruple and without remorse. This mortifying fact is becoming daily more and more apparent, and soon the whole country will awaken to a realizing sense of its painful truth.

To the real patriots of the country, to the true lovers of democratic institutions, the fact that a man has been elected to the great office of president, with scarcely one qualification to befit him for its high and solemn duties, is not only mortifying, but it is alarming. It disgraces our country and belies the capacity of the people for self-government. But it is pleasing enough to the monarchist and aristocrat. They care not who is the *locum tenens* of the throne, or the presidency. They are willing, nay, would prefer, that it should be a weak woman, or an imbecile man, a Queen Victoria, or a General Taylor. In either case the monarchical theory of an irresponsible king and a responsible ministry is exemplified."