

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.
A Family Newspaper:
 DEVOTED TO
 Politics, Education, Agriculture, Domestic and
 Foreign Intelligence, The Markets,
 and Amusement.
 BY
J. M. NEWSON.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.
*Special privileges are offered to a Republic-
 can People.*
Lincolnton, N. C.
 FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1849.

NEW PROSPECTUS
 OF THE
CAROLINA REPUBLICAN;
 PUBLISHED AT LINCOLNTON, N. C.,
 AND DEVOTED TO STATE RIGHTS,
 SOUTHERN INTERESTS, POLI-
 TICS, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, LITERA-
 TURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

For the last six months, the subscriber has been publishing the Carolina Republican, at \$2.00 per annum; and although it is as low, if not lower than the generality of Southern Weeklies of equal size, yet its circulation, now only about seven hundred, is not, in the opinion of the undersigned, equal to its merits.

One of the chief obstacles to a more extensive patronage, is the competition of Northern papers with subscription lists numbering many thousands, enabling the publishers to afford a handsome paper at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, and at that, to realize large profits. This appeals to the pockets of our people who do not choose to pay \$2.00 for a Southern paper, when they can get a Northern one for half the money. They do not reflect that by supporting those papers, they aid in the gradual dissemination of the dogmas of Abolitionism which is undermining our institutions; and which, if unchecked, will render the beautiful South the "permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, poverty, misery, and wretchedness."

The undersigned, who sojourned long enough in the north to understand the nature of the crusade against Southern rights, is, by birth, by education, and by habits of thought, a Southern man, with all his liberal sympathies flowing in unison with his Southern brethren; and attracted by the health of the location, he has permanently settled with his family at Lincolnton, having resolved to devote his time and what talents he possesses to the service of the principles of Republicanism, as taught by Thomas Jefferson, the father of American Democracy which embraces not only the sovereignty of the States and the preservation of Southern rights, but the thorough education of the mass of the people, and submission to an intelligent popular will.

The Republican will continue to be firmly, but not violently democratic, addressing itself to the understanding, rather than to the passions of the reader; and while it will not shrink from exposing the dangerous doctrines of Federalism, cloaked up under the pretense of a "no-party" organization having no avowed principles, it will, in no case, invade the sanctity of private life, nor make uncalculated personal attacks upon individuals, further than is necessary to discuss subjects of public interest with which they stand connected.

In view of the competition of the Northern DOLLAR NEWSPAPERS referred to, the undersigned, relying upon the South to sustain him, has determined to enter the list, and contend with them upon their own system, for the palm of victory, asking only to be placed upon an equal footing with his Northern competitors.

He proposes to publish the CAROLINA REPUBLICAN AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE, with the perfect knowledge that to enable him to do so, without pecuniary sacrifice, a very large accession to his subscription list is necessary. The appeal is made to the South to sustain their own DOLLAR NEWSPAPER; and the publisher pledges himself to renewed exertions to merit all the patronage that may be bestowed upon him. The improvement of the paper will be commensurate to the support it receives.

Desiring to extend the usefulness of the Republican as far as possible, the undersigned has made this proposition in the spirit of patriotism, hoping that a generous public will not withhold an adequate reward.

Who will not give ONE DOLLAR to encourage this Southern enterprise?—Who, though he differ from the editor, in politics, does not see merit enough in this undertaking to offer a generous assistance?—What democrat is there who cannot spare a single dollar

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

[VOLUME I. LINCOLNTON, N. C., JUNE 22, 1849. [NUMBER 28.]

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.

to aid in building up such a paper as this promises to be? There are none—there can be none. We, therefore, flatter ourselves that every liberal minded man within our sphere, will take our Dollar Paper; and that before the end of the year, not less than two or three thousand names will be added to our subscription list.

J. M. NEWSON.

TERMS
 One Dollar a year, in advance.
 Two Dollars, if charged.
 We ask liberal men all over Western Carolina to act as our agents.
 JUNE 15, 1849.

THE HEIR OF LINN.

There is a beautiful Scotch Ballad by this title as I ever saw in my life; but it made a very strong impression on me. As the ballad is not to be found, I will endeavor to tell the story in plain prose:

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland. Besides the lands and dwellings, he had flocks and herds and good store of gold. Moreover, he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the men of Galway avoided his company, and the whole country sided with him. Nevertheless, his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what hoaps of treasure he had snugly concealed.

The Laird of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after their marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his existence. Though naturally of a noble and generous temper, he was wild, reckless, and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay his hands upon among low and dissolute companions in drinking and riotous living. So true it is that one extreme often produces the other. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him; he only grew worse as he grew older and older.

At last the Laird of Linn lay on his death-bed. He had no friends, so that he was obliged to leave all his substance to his son; and besides, next to his gold, he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death he called the Heir of Linn to his bedside, and thus spoke to him:

"My son, when my lips are cold in death, and my tongue silent in the grave, I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your ancestors, and all the gold I got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my only dying command, and if you disregard it, may a father's dying curse cling to you. You know the upper chamber of my house in Kippeltringan. It is now locked up, and I have thrown the key into the sea. When you have lost both gold and land, when you have not a friend who will lend you a barley, and when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger, break the door open, and you will find a certain relief, but if you open the room before the time, I say again may a father's curse cling to you."

With these words the old man fell back and expired.

The Heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon after threw open his house to all comers. His forests fell beneath the axe, his chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board and he bought him horses and hounds and lent money without counting to his dissolute companions. He feasted and drank and gambled; and, as if he could not get rid of his substance fast enough in all these ways, he took no care of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff or steward named John of Scales, who was a knave and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in various ways, and put more than half his rents and money into his own pocket.

At last what the Heir of Linn's father had foreseen came to pass. His money was all gone, and he had no means of keeping up his excesses except by selling his lands; but there was no one rich enough to buy them except John of Scales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young Laird was in a desperate want of cash to pay his gaming debts, and was moreover heated with wine, when this unjust steward offered to buy his estate. It was a hard case; but, after much discussion, he agreed upon the bargain.

"Give me your gold, good John of Scales, and my lands shall be yours forever," said the Heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good red gold, and a hard bargain his master had made. For every pound that John agreed the land was well worth three.

The last money went like the first, and the Heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own but now belonged to John of Scales, to seek some relief. He looked into the window of the great banquetting hall; but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out, the dinner table was taken

away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," said the Heir of Linn. John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to the friends he had spent his money upon foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some pretended not to know him, and not one would lend him a farthing, or even offer him a dinner. So he wandered about forlorn and hungry for two days, for work he could not, and to beg he was ashamed. At last, in his extreme misery, he thought himself of his father's dying words. "I have not sold the old house in Kippeltringan yet," said he, "for no one would buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber. My father told me I would find relief there, and perhaps he meant treasure. If it should prove so, I will be a wiser man than I was, and not waste it upon knaves."

To the house, then, he went and broke the chamber door open. He found relief indeed. There was nothing in the room excepting a high stool, and directly over it, a halter hanging from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words:

"Ah, graceless wretch and wanton fool! You are ruined forever. This is the only relief for those who waste their patrimony as you have done. Be bold, then—put the halter round your neck, jump from the stool, and save your family the disgrace of ending a beggar."

"Very excellent counsel" said the Heir of Linn, "and as I must either hang or starve, I think I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shorter death of the two."

So he mounted, fastened the halter round his neck, and kicked the stool from under him.

But the heir of Linn was not to die so. The board into which the hook was driven gave way with his weight and he fell on the floor with a shower of gold coin rattling about his ears. I will not say that he felt no pain in his neck the next day, but at the moment he certainly felt none. Joy rushed into his heart like a torrent, at seeing himself rescued from death and beggary. The space between the ceiling and the roof contained an enormous treasure. On the upper side of the board from which he had thought to suspend himself, was fastened a letter addressed to him,—he hastily tore it open and read as follows:

"My dear son, I know your character, and no exhortation or advice can wean you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery sharper than death can work the cure on you. If, therefore, your misfortunes and sufferings should be so grievous that you prefer death to their endurance, you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial, take my gold, redeem your land, and become a wise and better man."

The Heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to Heaven for the soul of a parent whose admirable wisdom had discovered the means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude he resolved to amend his life from that day forward and become all a father's heart could wish.

But first he thought he would make one more trial of the false friends on whom he had wasted his time, his substance, and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth a secret until he heard that John of Scales was to give a great entertainment, and that all the lords and ladies of Galway would be there.

When the Heir of Linn entered his father's hall, it was crowded with richly dressed gentry, but he was in beggar's rags. He appealed to the charity of the company, saying he was starving. To one he said, "You have feasted at my board a thousand times—will you deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another, "I lent you a thousand pounds, and never asked you to repay me; and so on to the rest of the company. But instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him and called him spendthrift, beggar, and all manner of vile names. Some said it was a shame that such a wretched object should be suffered to come among them, and one to whom more than all the rest his purse had always been open, called on the servant to thrust him out of doors.

But one man took his part. It was Master Richard Lackland, a poor younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said: "I never rode his horses or shared his purse, or received favor from him to the value of a farthing. But what then? He was a worthy gentleman when he had means. I have twelve good nobles, and that is all I own in the world, and there are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And as I am a gentleman, no one shall lay a finger on him while I wear a sword. A glad man was the Heir of Linn, to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles, and advanced towards John of Scales, who was standing at the end of the hall attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You, at least," said the Heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my necessities, for you are grown rich upon my ruin, and I gave you a good bargain of my lands."

Then John of Scales began to revile him, and to declare that he had given much more for the lands than they were worth; for he did not like to be reminded of his extortion before so much goodly company.

"Nay," said he to the Heir of Linn, "if you will but return me half of what I paid for your father's estate, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I will find friends who will lend me the sum," said the Heir of Linn. Therefore give me a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done.

John of Scales knew that few people of the country had so much money, even if it were a common thing to lend money to a beggar, and he had just seen what reliance is to be placed on friends in such a case.

He had not the least idea that the Heir of Linn would ever be owner of a hundredth part of the sum. He therefore called for pen and ink and paper, and sat down before the company and wrote the promise, and right sofftly gave it to his former master.

Then the Heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it, and took a bugle from his tattered garb, and blew it till the joints and rafters shook with the din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up, well armed and mounted, leading a mule with them, laden with treasure. They dismounted, and brought the bags of gold into the hall.

"My father's land is my own again!" cried the Heir of Linn, joyously, and before the company had recovered from their astonishment, he had counted down to John of Scales the just sum he had agreed to take. Then turning to his servants, said:

"Scourge me this viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips." And it was done.

The company then crowded a round him congratulating him on receiving his patrimony, and excusing their own neglect and ingratitude. But he said to them; "Caitiffs, slaves, dogs, begone! Pollute the floor of my house no longer. If ye enter my grounds again, I will have the servants loose the hounds upon you!"

To Master Lackland he said, "Come to my arms, come to my house, and share with the Heir of Linn in all things."

And the Heir of Linn became another man, and was an ornament to his country and a blessing to his tenants.

Should we Encourage the Northern Press?
 —When we consider the hostile attitude the North has assumed towards us and our institutions, the question forces itself upon us, should we encourage their prints that are the vehicles through which we are to be insulted. We know it is rather a difficult task to convince a great many amongst us of the impropriety of such a course, from the fact that we may be regarded selfish in this matter, and that these prints are afforded cheaper than those published in our own land. And again that it is too much the case that we are prone to believe things brought from a distance better than those at home. No one can deny the fact upon comparison, that the newspapers of the South are conducted with as much ability as those of the North; true they are not so cheap, but give us the same amount of subscription and this will most assuredly be the case. It is a matter of surprise when we look into the different post offices around us, to see the number of Northern papers that find their way into the hands of Southern readers—papers too which overlook no opportunity to vilify and denounce us, and whose only recommendation is a weekly love tale, the sickly production of some visionary idler, or sentimental school girl. We have known very intelligent men amongst us to discontinue their subscriptions to papers published in this State that were every way worthy of patronage to subscribe for some overgrown Northern weekly because it was afforded cheaper. Should this be the case at the present time when insult after insult has been heaped upon us by these prints?

The press of the North is the great power that has wrought the rapid and important change upon the question of abolition that has taken place within the last few years in this country. It has groaned under the weight of villainous publications that have covered the land as a flood doing secretly their work of mischief, and undermining the very Constitution itself. Under the name and garb of philanthropy, appeals have been made to the people to shake off the sin of slavery, a thing offensive both to God and man. Where these have failed, resort has been had to caricature and insult, and the Southern master represented as the veriest tyrant upon the earth, holding over his down-trodden slave the rod reeking with his blood. Nor has this system of injustice and insult yet abated one jot, but our calumniators are as zealous as ever in endeavoring to prejudice the world against us. Argument the most convincing and remonstrance have alike been expended in vain by the South; and now there is nothing left us but to oppose to this fell spirit the most determined resistance and non-intercourse.

Shall we then continue to read their papers under the existing state of things, and with our funds, furnish them the means to still insult us? It is high time we were looking to the matter, and that we should begin to consider our means of redress and defence.—*Abbeville Banner.*

THE MORAL QUESTION INVOLVED IN THE BREACH BY GEN. TAYLOR OF HIS PLEDGES.

Before General Taylor received the nomination of the whig convention at Philadelphia, he voluntarily and of his own free will made the following pledges to the people of the United States in relation to the course which he would pursue in the administration of the office of President, in the event of his election. In his various letters he says:

In no case can I permit myself to be the candidate of any party, or yield myself to party schemes.—*Letter to James W. Taylor.*

I will not be the candidate of any party or clique; and should the nation at large seek to place me in the chair of the chief magistracy, the good of all parties and the national good would be my great and absorbing aim.—*Letter to a citizen of Lansingburg.*

Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammelled, AND BE THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE PEOPLE, AND NOT OF A PARTY.—*Letter to Edward Delony.*

If I ever fill that office, it must be untrammelled with party obligations or interests of any kind, and under none but those which the constitution and the high interests of the nation at large most seriously and solemnly demand.—*Letter to Peter Skew Smith.*

I am not willing to be the candidate of any party, to pledge myself to any political creed save that which springs directly from the constitution, and the best and paramount interests of the country, and which they solemnly demand. If elected to the Presidential office it must be without any agency of my own, (it will be at variance with my most cherished aspirations;) and to those duties I must go untrammelled by party pledges of every character.—*Letter to J. A. Birkey.*

Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could enter upon the duties pertaining to the Chief Magistracy of the country untrammelled and unpledged beyond what I have previously stated as regards, the constitution; so that I could be the President of the nation, and not of a party. *Letter to C. L. Wilcox and others.*

I need hardly add, that I cannot in any case permit myself to be brought before the people exclusively by any of the political parties, that now so unfortunately divide the country, as their candidate for this office.—*Letter to S. F. Bronson.*

I shall offer no active opposition to the use of my name in connexion with this responsible office, as long as they continue to use it thus independent of party distinctions.—*Letter to William M. Murphy and others.*

In being thus nominated, I must insist on the condition—and my position on this point is immutable—that I should not be brought forward by them as the candidate of their party, or considered as the exponent of their party doctrines.—*Letter to Peter Skew Smith.*

I have no private purposes to accomplish—no party projects to build up—no enemies to punish—nothing to serve but my country.—*Letter to S. F. Bronson.*

If elected, I would endeavor to act independent of party domination. I should feel bound to administer the government untrammelled by party schemes.—*First Allison letter.*

Such were the pledges and assurances which General Taylor made to the American people when he was soliciting from them the favor of being considered as a candidate for the high office to which he has been elevated.

He had then been proposed as a candidate for the Presidency by various persons and cliques representing nearly every shade of political opinion, and including democrats, whigs, native Americans and others. His position in the army and his long service on the frontiers had in a measure abstracted him from the arena of politics; and so little interest had he taken in political affairs, that, according to his own admission, he had not exercised the right of suffrage for nearly forty years. That portion of the people, therefore, who were inclined to reward him with high civic honors for his military services; and who desired that an end should be put to the violence and asperity of political strife by which the country had been so long agitated, and who believed that such an object could be gained by the election of General Taylor, had a right to take him at his word, and to confide in his professions that he was not a party man, and would, if he were elected, be the President of the whole people, and administer the government for the good of the whole, and not for the benefit of a party.

And it was under such circumstances, and with these pledges before them, that the delegates of the whig convention at Philadelphia nominated him. As the leaders of the whig party then acknowledged, its favorite measures had been overthrown, its principles had become obsolete, and its great champion, who had for more than a quarter of a century represented the principles of that party, and borne its flag gallantly and heroically upon every battle-field in defeat or victory, had become so odious to the American people that there was no possibility of his success if he were nominated. Therefore,

by nominating Gen. Taylor under such circumstances, the leaders of the old whig party virtually abandoned their old principles and associations, and gave in their adhesion to the no-party platform which had been laid down by their candidate, and especially did they subscribe to and confirm his pledges upon the subject of proscription. And, in conformity with this view of the subject, Mr. Crittenden, who had been the chief intriguer by which Mr. Clay was overthrown and deposed from his old position at the head of the whig party, and General Taylor chosen its standard bearer, made the following declaration in a speech at Pittsburg on his return home to Kentucky:

He [General Taylor] is a good and true whig, but he will proscribe no man for a difference of opinion. He hates, loathes proscription. HE LOVES THE FREE, INDEPENDENT UTTERANCE OF OPINION. He has commanded whigs and democrats on the field of battle—has witnessed their patriotic devotion and invincible courage while standing together, shoulder to shoulder—has seen them fight, bleed, and die together; and God forbid he should proscribe any man on account of a difference of political sentiments. He would as soon think (said the speaker) of running from a Mexican!

Thus did the distinguished leader of the Taylor party recognize and reaffirm, in language the most expressive and pointed, the pledges of General Taylor, particularly in reference to proscription. And these pledges of their candidate, confirmed by the deliberate and solemn declaration of their chief tactician, were also recognized by the advocates of the election of General Taylor, in the press and upon the rostrum, and proclaimed everywhere as the ground on which the government would be administered in the event of his election. The people confided in those pledges. They were made as they supposed, by a frank and honest old soldier who would scorn to violate them, and they believed in them. Men of all parties supported Gen. Taylor, and he was elected.

Then came the test of those pledges in the action Gen. Taylor as President. It is true, when he entered upon the duties of his office, he surrounded himself with a cabinet, several of whom were known to be whigs of the most ultra and proscriptive stamp. Yet it was believed that the integrity and firmness of Gen. Taylor would restrain any attempt to resuscitate the policy which it was alleged had been condemned by his election. And this belief was confirmed in the minds of many by the following pregnant paragraph upon the subject of appointments and removals contained in his inaugural address:

So far as it is possible to be informed, I shall make honesty, capacity, and fidelity indispensable prerequisites for the bestowal of office; and the absence of either of these qualities shall be deemed sufficient cause for removal.—[*Gen. Taylor's Inaugural.*]

Here was a reiteration of his former pledges upon the subject of proscription. "Honesty, capacity, and fidelity," he declared should be the tests which he would apply to persons appointed to office; and the absence of these qualities only would be considered good cause for removal.

Now, will it be pretended by any honorable and high-minded man belonging to the party of Gen. Taylor that he was not most solemnly pledged to his countrymen, and in the presence of Heaven, against proscription for opinion's sake? And will it be denied that, by means of these pledges and professions, thus disarming the opposition of many democrats, and attaching others to his cause who felt grateful for his military services in Mexico—will it be denied, we again ask, that by means of such pledges and promises on the part of Gen. Taylor and his friends he succeeded in the election? We think this will not be denied by any of the friends of Gen. Taylor who are imbued with just sentiments of truth and honor, whatever may be said upon the subject by quibbling pettifoggers in politics, or unprincipled partisans, who hang, like jackals, about the rear of successful armies, intent only upon seizing the spoils of victory. We think no honest man will pretend that these pledges were made to the whig party only, or to those of all parties who voted for General Taylor. They were made in the face of the world, to the whole American people. They were made also to democrats, as the letter of Gen. Taylor to George Lippard esq., written after his nomination by the Philadelphia Convention, clearly shows. In that letter he reiterated the declaration, I AM NOT A PARTY CANDIDATE, and if elected, I SHALL NOT BE THE PRESIDENT OF A PARTY, BUT THE PRESIDENT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE. By no evasion, quibbling, or subterfuge can these pledges of General Taylor be denied or evaded. They compromise him as a man of honor and as a man of veracity, and he cannot evade their obligation.

Now, how have these pledges been redeemed? By the most sweeping and ruthless proscription of democratic office-holders that the country has ever witnessed, which still progress and bids fair not to stop as long as a single democrat is in office. And will it be denied that all pledges of General Taylor have been most recklessly and wantonly violated? And can this violation of solemn professions made to the American people on the miserable and dishonorable pretext, both in themselves untrue, that the