

THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN,  
A WEEKLY DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,  
FOR UNIVERSAL CIRCULATION.  
J. M. NEWSON,  
FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1849.

# CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

[VOLUME I. LINCOLNTON, N. C., JUNE 29, 1849. [NUMBER 29.]

OFFICE NEAR THE METHODIST  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LINCOLNTON.  
ADVERTISING.  
Advertisements will be inserted in the Carolina  
Republican, at the usual rates—that is \$1 a square  
for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents  
for each continuance.  
Post masters and other responsible persons are  
authorized to act as our agents, and may retain 10  
per cent of all money received and transmitted to  
us for papers and advertisements.  
THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.  
Lincolnton, N. C.  
FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1849.

We copy the following original lines from  
the *Clear Spring Sentinel*, a neat little paper,  
published in a town of considerable size  
which stands at the base of the mountain,  
not far from where the Potomac emerges  
from the Alleghenies; and where, in our school-  
boy days, stood a solitary farm-house nest-  
ling cozily among the shrubbery that  
shaded the pellucid spring which gurgles out  
from a mossy eminence, and from which the  
place derives its name. Here, and in  
Williamsport, a few miles below, where the  
Catoctin range enters the Potomac from the  
Maryland side, we spent the happy days of  
joyous boyhood. Here we once thought that  
green fields looked greener, and tall trees  
taller, and *clear-springs* clearer, and dark eyes  
darker, and blue eyes bluer, than at any  
other spot in the whole wide world.

For the Clear Spring Sentinel.  
**Song of the Sea.**  
BY H. G. DU BOIS.  
Some love the wild frank—but I love the  
Sea!  
So limitless, fathomless, mighty and free!  
Where waves like huge mountains, arise to  
the sky,  
As if proudly to cede; how mighty am I!  
Tis beautiful, when zephyrs skim slowly  
along;  
Tis glorious, when the Wind-Spirit chants  
her wild song;  
Tis grand, when billow on billow uprears;  
Tis terrible, when "thunder-Springs" hurl  
lightning spears.  
To watch this great strife, 'tis sublime—it is  
grand—  
And know there's one holds them in the  
"hollow of His hand;"  
We then feel His greatness, and well might  
we cry,  
"How little! how LITTLE! how LITTLE!!!  
am I!"  
O! I love the ocean, the fathomless deep,  
Where mysteries unnumbered in coral caves  
sleep;  
Where down, far beyond the vision of  
sight,  
The Sea Nymphs are sporting in joyous de-  
light;  
Where, in those bright halls, beneath the  
blue sea,  
There is music and dancing and high jubilee;  
And where they have lived since ages have  
rolled  
To us unsuspected, their wonders untold.  
O! I love the ocean, where speeding along,  
The fishes unnumbered in myriads throng;  
And sport in the sun-beams, like beings of  
light,  
Mourning on a billow—then vanish from  
sight.  
O! I love the ocean, the mirror of sky,  
An emblem of greatness to each wondering  
eye;  
So mighty—so beautiful, boundless and free!  
O give me! O give me a home on the sea!!  
Williamsport, June, 1849.

**LITERARY NOTICES.**  
OLIVER AND BROTHERS, of the "New York  
Organ," extensively engaged in the publica-  
tion of works on Temperance, are exerting a  
salutary influence upon the morals of the  
country.  
We make our acknowledgments to them  
for sending us "THE NEW YORK ORGAN  
PICTORIAL FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY"  
which, besides a vast number of highly  
finished engravings, several amusing anecdotes,  
and a large amount of pleasant ridicule level-  
ed at the folly and vice of Intemperance,  
contains two original stories which will be  
found especially truthful and interesting.  
One is a tale of the revolution, of deep interest,  
by T. S. Arthur, the scene of which is laid  
in the Carolinas, during the siege of Ninety-  
six; and the other is a thrilling Temperance  
story, by Mrs. Denison.  
We have also received, from the same  
source, "OUR CHILDREN: HOW SHALL WE  
SAVE THEM?" a PRIZE TALE, by T. S.  
Arthur, which drew a premium of Fifty  
dollars, paid by the publishers. See card  
in another column.  
SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE. — The  
July Number of this splendid work which is  
the commencement of a New Volume, has  
been received. It is superior to any of its  
predecessors; and the publishers promise to  
make each number surpass the last. The con-  
tents of this Magazine are entirely original.  
THE LADIES NATIONAL. — The July  
Number has appeared; and Peterson's nume-  
rous readers will thank him for the improve-  
ment he has made. All the back numbers  
of "Palaces and Prisons," the great new  
novel, not yet finished, by Mrs. Stephens,

are republished this month; so that, if Miss  
Impatience cannot continue the perusal of  
this interesting story to the close, she can go  
back to the commencement and begin again.  
GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—This  
beautiful monthly, for July, has reached us,  
and fully realizes the expectation of those  
who have been impatiently awaiting its arri-  
val. It contains no less than twenty-eight  
original productions, and seven magnificent  
embellishments. We will attempt no de-  
scription of its numerous attractions, lest, in  
failing to do it justice, we detract from its  
merits.

**Godey's LADY'S BOOK.**—The July No.,  
the first of a new volume, excels all our most  
extravagant ideas of beauty in a literary  
magazine. Godey has more than kept his  
promise, fully eclipsing all his competitors.  
The one before us is a double No., containing  
84 pages of the finest literature that the age  
can produce, and 13 superb embellishments.  
He says that he gives "24 pages more than  
Graham, and 20 more than Sartain;" that his  
"increase this year has been 20,000," and  
that he issues now "40,000 copies." This  
is certified to, by the artists employed in the  
execution. The expense of printing the July  
No., exceeds the sum of \$6,000; and, notwith-  
standing the increased expense, the  
Lady's Book and Lady's Dollar Newspaper  
are still furnished one year for three dollars.

**Durable White-Wash.**  
As numerous applications have been made  
for a good composition for White-Washing,  
a friend has handed us the following:  
Take one peck unslaked Lime,  
1-2 lb. Glue, dissolved in warm water,  
2 lb. Salt,  
1 lb. Sugar,  
2 lb. Flour,  
2 qts. of sweet milk.  
In a sufficient quantity of water, boil the  
above ingredients for two or three hours,  
occasionally pouring in as much more water  
as may be necessary. When boiled, and  
before using it, strain the composition through  
a fine sieve, or cloth.  
Apply the Wash with a Paint-brush, and  
rub it well into the wood.  
White-wash made in this way, and well  
put on, will not easily rub off.  
The wash should be of the consistence of  
paint.

**Common School Advocate.**  
The first number of an ably conducted  
Monthly, edited by NEREUS MENDENHALL,  
of Jamestown, N. C., and devoted to the  
subject of Common Schools, and the cause  
of Education in general, lies on our table.  
The great value of such a work to the com-  
munity, and the low price, at which it is  
supplied to subscribers, commend it to an  
extensive patronage. If its general circula-  
tion cannot be effected in any other way,  
Societies should be formed, and measures  
adopted to introduce it into every family in  
the country. It is only FIFTY CENTS a year,  
paid in advance.  
As a matter of the deepest interest to every  
reader, we insert the following from the  
work itself:

**PROSPECTUS, &c.**  
We propose to publish monthly a paper of  
the size and form of this sheet entitled  
the Common School Advocate. Its object  
will be to diffuse information on the subject  
of education, with the special view of im-  
proving the character of our Common Schools.  
It is intended to give an account, drawn  
from the public documents and other sources,  
of the origin and progress of our Com-  
mon School system, to compare it with that  
of other States here and in Europe, thus  
noting our improvement over former years  
and suggesting the means of overcoming  
the defects and difficulties under which we  
still labor. This will lead us to investigate  
the sources from which School funds are  
derived, the modes of application, the preser-  
vation of order in school, the selection of  
proper books for study, the recreation suit-  
able for the pupils, the treatment necessary  
for different dispositions, &c.  
And believing that the State which would  
improve its schools must first improve its  
Teachers, a portion of our columns will be  
devoted to the questions—How are our schools  
to be supplied with competent Teachers?  
How is the standard of education to be  
raised, and the services of a band secured  
who are qualified to go forth, and in the  
spirit of love, labor for the advancement of  
the children who are placed under their  
charge?  
But Education is a word of very exten-  
sive meaning, and although the primary ob-  
ject of the publication may frequently take  
us into the school room, we do not intend  
to be always confined there. Our subject  
matter is the human mind and the influ-  
ences—good and bad, with a view of pre-

venting the one and strengthening the other  
—which can be brought to operate upon it.  
That this is a theme of the deepest moment  
none can deny. It grasps the interests not  
of this world only—it reaches through eter-  
nity. We shall not hesitate then, as occa-  
sion may demand, to enter the family circle,  
to place ourselves on the streets or mingle  
in the busy crowd, and there set forth the  
rules of life and principles of conduct which  
we believe will promote the good of our race  
here and redound to their everlasting welfare  
in the life which is to come.

Is it indeed true, that the tree is inclined  
as the "ig is bent, and that the tender and  
impressible minds of children may receive a  
bias determination their future and eternal  
condition? How important then that every  
well-wisher of his race should diligently seek  
for light on a subject so momentous, and  
that all reasonable care should be taken that  
the beings now young and inexperienced,  
whose little barks, richly laden, have been  
launched on so dangerous a sea, may safely  
enter the haven of rest.

"Is not the life more than meat and the  
body than raiment?" Shall all our energies  
be swallowed up in pursuit of the perishable  
trash of this world while every germ of a  
nobler life is stifled? Shall more pains be  
taken to deck ourselves in gay clothing than  
to learn the physical laws and by obeying  
them to ensure to ourselves and our posterity  
healthy bodies and sound minds? Who of  
us all has not suffered untold injuries,  
bodily and mental, from the mismanagement  
of our schools, from deficient or excessive  
exercise, from improper diet, from extravagant  
dress—from yielding to the dictates of igno-  
rance and its twin sister vanity?

Henry IV of France desired to place a cap-  
on the table of every peasant in his  
kingdom—a Sabbath dinner for the family.  
A wish truly benevolent. But far higher  
the aim of him who labors that every man,  
woman, and especially that every child may  
be placed in the way of receiving solid in-  
struction, that the influences by which they  
are surrounded may constantly become bet-  
ter and more operative, so that their paths  
illuminated by the light of science and reli-  
gion may grow brighter, all converging in  
the throne of the Eternal.

All Communications, Newspapers, Period-  
icals, &c., for the Editor, should be directed  
to NEREUS MENDENHALL, Jamestown, N. C.  
Letters must be post-paid.

**EASY JOE BRUCE.**  
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.  
'Whew-ew-ew!' whistled Mr. Joseph  
Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe  
Bruce, for as he was a noble, easy fellow,  
nobody thought of allowing him more than  
half his name, or of anything else which be-  
longed to him; 'I see by the paper that  
Hawk & Harry have assigned. I meant to  
have secured my debt yesterday! He left  
his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the thresh-  
old, and went almost at a run to the count-  
ing-room of Hawk & Harry. One half that  
speed on the day before would have saved his  
debt, as it was, he was just in season to put  
his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half  
preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He  
went back to his unfinished breakfast with  
what appetite he might.  
'Why did you neglect this so long, Mr.  
Bruce?' said his helpmate and comforter.  
'I meant to have attended to it yesterday,  
my dear.'  
'You meant! That is always your way,  
Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your  
business to the last moment, and then put  
yourself, in a haste and a heat for nothing,  
my dear.'  
'Really, Mrs. Bruce—'  
And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of  
the feminine, and none of the masculine gen-  
der, could have kept pace with her. Cer-  
tainly, Easy Joe could not. The clatter of  
a cotton mill would not have been a circum-  
stance to the din she raised—nay, we doubt  
whether a philippic against one of those said  
mills, from the lungs of Benton Tonans, could  
have been heard above her voice.  
Easy Joe pulled a cigar case out of his  
pocket, clapped his feet on the fender, and  
it almost seemed that the smoke rendered  
his ears impervious to the bleatings of that  
gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his  
countenance, as the vapor escaped in grace-  
ful volumes from his mouth. People over-  
shoot the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did.  
Had she spared her oration, the morning's  
loss would have induced her husband to have  
been punctual to his business for one day  
at least. As it was, he took a sort of pride  
in neglecting it under her lecture.  
'Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce.'  
'Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I  
wish I could impart one little of my ener-  
gy to you, Mr. Bruce—I—I—'  
Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came  
an elegant mantel clock down upon the  
hearth,  
'There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has  
stood there three months without a fasten-  
ing, a single screw would have saved it,  
but—'  
'Well, I meant—'  
'You meant! Mr. Bruce, you meant wot  
pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harry's note!  
You meant, indeed!'  
Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few  
minutes he was on 'Change. Nobody could  
read in his face any traces of the late matri-  
monial breeze, and nobody would have sus-  
pected from his countenance that Hawk &

Harry failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce.  
'Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him.'  
'Who?'  
'Our friend Check. Pingree was chosen,  
president of the—Bank this morn-  
ing. One vote would have stopped him.'  
'How unlucky. I meant to have been  
present, to vote for Check, myself.'  
'Never mind Bruce,' said another.—  
'You are a lucky man. The news of the  
great fire at Speedville has just reached town  
by express, and I congratulate you that you  
were fully insured.'  
'Not a penny,' said Bruce. 'My policy  
expired last week, and I meant to have got  
it renewed this morning.'  
'You posted home in no very happy humor.  
When an easy man is fairly up, he is the  
most uneasy and unreasonable man in crea-  
tion.'  
'Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to hear  
you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant  
to have got insured this morning—I did not.  
Speedville is burned down, and I am a beg-  
gar.'

'Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr.  
Bruce?'  
'I was thinking of Hawk & Harry.'  
'Thinking! Why did you not secure your-  
self?'  
'I meant to, but—'  
'But—use no but.'  
'You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce.'  
'Never in better.'  
'Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars.'  
Mrs. Bruce sat down, clapped her feet on  
the fender, after her husband's manner in  
the morning.  
'We are beggars, madam,' Bruce repeat-  
ed.  
'Very good. I will take my guitar, and  
you shall shoulder the three children. We'll  
play, under Mr. Hawk's window first, then  
under Mr. Harry's, and then we will beg our  
way to Speedville to play to the ashes of  
what was once your factory—which you  
meant to have insured. I should like beg-  
ging above all things.'  
'You abominable woman, I shall go mad.'  
'Don't, I beseech you Mr. Bruce.—They  
put mad beggars in Bedlam.'  
Bruce sprang for the door. His wife in-  
tercepted him.  
'Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have  
shown you this morning.'  
'A policy! And dated yesterday.'  
'Yes. You meant to get it renewed yester-  
day; I meant it should be done yesterday;  
so I told your clerk, from you to do it. Am  
I not an abominable woman?'  
'When I said so, I was in a pet. I  
meant—'  
'No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me  
who is first on Hawk & Harry's assignment.'  
'Your brother.'  
'His claim covers you both.'  
'You are an angle.'  
Easy Joe became an altered man, and  
his wife was released from her watch over  
his out-door business. She died some years  
before him—but we are half inclined to sus-  
pect, that after her death Joe partially re-  
lapsed into his old habits—so true is it, that  
habit is a second nature. Both were buried  
in the grave yard at Speedville, and our  
suspicions are founded on something like the  
following conversation, between the grave-  
digger and his assistant:  
'Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?'  
'I don't know exactly. His will says next  
his wife.'  
'Where was she laid?'  
'That I don't know. Easy Joe always  
said he meant to place an obelisk over her,  
but it was never done.'—*Lady's Dollar  
Weekly.*

**WOMAN'S REVENGE.**  
In the course of the trial of Mrs. Howard in  
Cincinnati, for the murder of a woman who  
was living as a wife with her husband, (of  
which charge she was acquitted on the ground  
of insanity,) the following testimony was  
given by Mr. Scott, who met Mrs. Howard  
on the night of the murder, as she was com-  
ing from the boarding house where the mur-  
der had been committed.  
I thought there was something unusual  
with her at the time, though she looked like  
a person enraged. Her manner was hurried  
and wild. As she approached me, she  
looked me directly in the face, and asked  
this question: "Mr. Scott, do you think I  
can make anything off of Howard?" It oc-  
curred to me that Howard had met and  
abused her. I answered: "No, why do  
you ask the question?" Then looking  
down, I discovered her fist was bloody.  
On this she raised her cloak, exposing her  
right arm; in her hand a butcher knife, all  
covered with blood exclaiming: "There is  
the heart's blood, of the wretch who has been  
living with him and keeping me from my  
children.  
I said to her: "My dear madam,  
what have you been doing—have you been  
killing somebody?" She said, "Yes! I went  
down there and have murdered—"  
My countenance expressed horror, which she  
seemed to notice with surprise, saying to  
me: "Do you blame me for it? Would it  
have been better I should have suffered, or  
that I should have taken revenge as I have?"  
I replied: "My dear madam, I can't judge.  
This is a terrible affair." "Oh!" said she,  
you ought to have seen her! How polite  
she was—she came mincing into the room,  
and I said to her, "are you Mrs. Howard?"  
she answered me [imitating the manner of

the deceased,] "Yes, m'am." "This [con-  
tinued Mrs. H.] roused all the demon in me  
and I sprang at her and said, "You wretch,  
you, I am Mrs. Howard!" and then let her  
have it." I then inquired of her where  
this happened. Instead of answering me,  
she exclaimed: "Oh, if I only get hold  
Oh, if I only had got hold of him!"  
Mrs. Howard, up to the time of Mr.  
Scott being called, had held up her head  
and maintained a great degree of composure;  
but as he proceeded with his evidence, she lost  
command of her countenance, was much  
moved, and finally sunk down quite overcome.

**A small Chapter on impartiality.**—I  
must tell you a "good un" which happened  
this summer on the same day that I went  
up the North River on board the Hendrick  
Hudson. After the passengers had retired  
to their berths, the following dialogue en-  
sued in the ladies' cabin, the door of which  
was left partly open to promote the circula-  
tion of the air.  
A rheumatic old lady and an asthmatic  
old lady could not each be satisfied with  
reference to the door. They kept singing  
out in alternate strains from their night-  
caps.  
'Chambermaid, shut the door! I shall  
surely die.'  
'The asthmatic would shout—'  
'Chambermaid, open the door! I shall  
surely die.'  
So the contention went on for some time,  
and the yellow maid with a bandana hand-  
kerchief on her head, fairly frustrated.  
At last, an old gentleman disturbed by the  
altercation, and willing to show no partiality,  
sung out from his own berth—  
'Chambermaid, for Heaven's sake open  
that door and kill one of those ladies, and  
then shut the door and kill t'other.'

**A National Bank.**—The federal candi-  
date for Governor in Tennessee, in a late  
speech on the stump, declared that a United  
States Bank and Protective Tariff were  
"leading measures of the Whig party," and  
added—"they are not dead—they only slumber  
—and the day will soon arrive when they  
will be resurrected. If I had the power,  
I would charter a United States Bank.  
It is the first desire of the Whig party  
that a bank should be established to regu-  
late the currency, and make every citizen  
prosperous and happy. I am sorry that it  
was ever broken up."  
**Pat and the Alphabet.**—Prof. Goodrich,  
in this amusing publication for the young,  
the Museum and playmate, relates the fol-  
lowing, said to have occurred in a private  
school:  
'Ah Pat! Pat!' exclaimed the school-  
mistress to a very thick-headed urchin, into  
whose brain she was attempting to beat the  
alphabet,—"I'm afraid you'll never learn  
anything. Now, what's that letter, eh?"  
'Sure I don't know, m'am," replies  
Pat.  
'I thought you recollected that,'  
'Why m'am?'  
'Because it has a dot over the top of it.'  
'Och m'am, I mind it well, but sure I  
tho't it was a fly speck.'  
'Well, now remember, Pat, it is L.'  
'You, m'am?'  
'No, no,—not U, but L.'  
'Not I, but you, m'am—how's that?'"  
'Not I, but you, blockhead.'  
'O, yis, faith, now I have it, m'am.  
You mean to say that not I but you, are a  
blockhead!"

**THE RIGHT SPRING.**  
A lady brought a child to a physician in  
Utica, to consult about its precarious health.  
Among other things she inquired if he did not  
think the springs would be useful? "Cer-  
tainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he  
eyed the child and then took a pinch of  
snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in re-  
commending the springs, and the sooner you  
apply the remedy the better." "You really  
think it would be good for the dear little  
thing, don't you?"  
'Upon my work it is the best remedy I  
know of.'  
'What springs would you recommend,  
doctor?'  
'Any will do, madam, where you can get  
plenty of soap and water!"

**A YANKEE PREACHER ON PRE-  
DESTINATION.**  
Let us for argument's sake, say that I,  
the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am fore-ordained  
to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry  
next Tuesday morning, at twenty minutes  
after 10 o'clock, and suppose I know it, and  
suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary, and  
accountable agent—do you suppose I am  
going to be drowned? I rather guess not: I  
should stay at home; and you would never  
catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's  
ferry no how, nor near the river either.

**RUSTIC COURTSHIP.**  
At a rustic merry-making, Roger was seated  
facing Patty, enamored of her beauty, and  
stung by the arrows of the little god, he  
only vented his passion in sly looks, and  
now and then touching Patty's toe with his  
foot under the table. Patty, either fearing  
that the purity of her hose might be soiled,  
or determined to make the youth express a  
passion which he appeared so warmly to feel,  
at length exclaimed with spirit: "If you  
love me, why not tell me so, but don't dirty  
my stockings."

**"THE GREAT REPUBLICAN PAR-  
TY"—WHIGERY AGAIN CHANG-  
ING ITS NAME.**  
"There is no room to doubt that the great  
republican party will present an unbroken  
front to the assaults of the principle upon  
which it was marshalled at the late canvass."  
*Republic of Tuesday.*

Thus it seems the whig party is again un-  
dergoing one of its periodical metamorphoses.  
It is a genuine humbug. Every six or eight  
years it goes through all the stages of change  
—egg, grub, chrysalis—but it always comes  
out a genuine bug—a humbug—the verita-  
ble thing in color, shape, and nature, which  
it was before the transformation. It has  
gone through many of these periodical  
changes even in our day. It began its being  
under the name of the "federal party." It  
was then composed of the Tories, monarchists,  
and aristocrats of the revolution—the men  
who hated and despised democracy in all its  
forms, and sighed only for the establishment  
of such a glorious government as that of  
Great Britain, even "with all its corrup-  
tions." Having been defeated by the de-  
mocratic party under the lead of Mr. Jeffer-  
son, it became the "commerce party" dur-  
ing the embargo. From 1807 to 1812 it  
was the "war party," and loudly clamored  
for war with England. After war was de-  
clared, it became the "peace party," and  
gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy, as it  
has since done to Mexico. From that time,  
it has assumed various forms and names.  
It has been the "national republican party,"  
the "democratic whig party," the "whig party,"  
and has now become "the great republic-  
an party." Still the rogue is known, un-  
der whatever alias it may assume; and it  
will be. It can no more disguise its true  
character than the leopard can wipe out its  
spots. That distinctly appears in all its  
phases and metamorphoses. It is the party  
forever at war with the true interests of the  
masses. It is the party that builds up banks  
and corporations, and goes for high duties  
and taxes, that it may pamper its privileged  
favorites. In short, it ever battles for the  
capital of money against the capital of labor.  
Instinctively conscious that its designs are  
odious to the people, it seeks to attain its ends  
by deception and chicanery. Hence its  
change of form and name, and its professions  
of principles; which it does not believe in  
nor carry out in practice.

The Republic says Henry Clay, belongs to  
this "great republican party." So does  
Daniel Webster. They both, it is said, have  
received favors from, and are pledged to sus-  
tain, the Taylor administration. That is  
enough. Democrats now know what sort  
of a cat is covered up in the meal of "the  
great republican party."

**HENRY CLAY—REQUEST TO  
RESIGN.**  
At a meeting of citizens of Trimble coun-  
ty, Kentucky, held on the 29th ult. at the  
court-house, in the town of Bedford, without  
any distinction of party, the following resolu-  
tions offered by John Robert, esq., a whig,  
were adopted:  
Be it further resolved, That the doctrines  
published to the world by the Hon. Henry  
Clay, in relation to emancipation, are calcu-  
lated, if carried out, not only to violate the  
constitutional rights of this commonwealth,  
but greatly to injure the condition of the  
slaves by corrupting them.

Be it further resolved, As the sense of the  
meeting, on the opinions of the said Henry  
Clay, now made manifest, upon the subject  
of abolition or emancipation, that he is no  
longer deemed a fit instrument to carry out  
the wishes and defend the rights of the good  
people of this commonwealth in the Senate  
of the United States; and, therefore, as the  
first act of the next legislature of Kentucky,  
he, the said Henry Clay; should be formally  
requested to resign his seat in the Senate of  
the United States.

**THE FALSEHOOD ACKNOWL-  
EDGED.**  
The Republican—the real organ, par  
excellence, of this pretended no-party Presi-  
dent—comes out boldly and claims Gen.  
Taylor as the whig President, and says, in  
plain terms, that all he said in his letters and  
his inaugural about honesty, fidelity, and  
capacity, was idle ridiculous gammon—pal-  
pably absurd and false—that he has put out  
the incumbents of office for opinion's sake,  
and that he will continue to do so. Thus at  
the very outset, does the new organ stamp  
upon Gen. Taylor the burning brand of  
falsehood and hypocrisy, and consign him to  
the merited scorn and contempt of every  
honest man. What will the whig press say  
now to removals for cause? Will they, after  
this, dare to blacken with their foul insinua-  
tions the characters of their pre-determined  
victims? If so, we would place a whip in  
the hand of every man, "to lash the rascals  
naked through the land."—*Baltimore Argus.*

Maria Monk, whose fabulous book on  
convents created such a stir in the religious  
community a few years since, is now in the  
sick-ward of the Black-well's Island peni-  
tentiary, New York. One who saw her  
recently, says that she is "apparently in the  
last stages of an ill-spent life." She is yet  
a young woman, and sinks to the grave in  
the last earthly resting place of the aban-  
doned women of New York.