

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

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BY
J. M. NEWSON.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

Thousands may be found in our country, who owe their present respectable, and prosperous position in society to the instrumentality of Camp Meetings. There is also a very favorable influence exerted on the public mind. Many seldom or ever go any where else to public worship; here they hear the gospel preached; they listen to its awful sanctions; they feel they are moral, and accountable beings; and, although they never become decidedly religious, yet their conduct is less out breaking, more orderly and dignified. Society then, in the general, reaps a great advantage from such meetings, although a portion of the public will not admit this fact. While the Church is increased in number and piety, the balance of the world is made better. Every lover then, of the social, moral, and spiritual interests of man, ought to feel an interest in them; here then, is "ample room, and verge enough" for the patriot and the philanthropist, as well as the Christian. Let parents then bring their children to such places, instead of carrying them to places of public amusement, and no longer give them a serpent for a fish, and a stone for bread. Both they and their children will be the better for their participation in the matter.

For the Carolina Republican.

LIBERTY.

Liberty should be viewed by man as one of the greatest blessings ever enjoyed on earth. It is a blessing that was obtained at a great price; it was procured by many valuable lives; yes by the lives of thousands of our ancestors. They fearlessly and unflinchingly laid down their lives to procure that liberty which we now enjoy. The men of the United Colonies, certainly were very brave and heroic, or they could never have withstood the mother country, which was acknowledged by all, as one of the most powerful and wealthy nations of the earth; and in military tactics she was superior to any nation. But the valiant people of America had enjoyed liberty for a short time, and had learned to appreciate its value. They had seen the great benefit which arose from it, and it was this that caused them to contend so manfully against England's proud forces, and procure liberty for themselves and their posterity. If we take into consideration, not only those that fell in the struggle, but also those that fell by the natural consequences of war, we cannot, for a moment, refuse to raise our hearts in gratitude for this inestimable blessing. We, now a free and independent nation, know nothing but freedom; and we should suffer our limbs to be torn asunder, or our bodies slain, rather than submit to tyranny and anarchy, or crouch at the feet of a proud monarch.

J. L. L.

Dallas Academy, July 8, 1849.

For the Carolina Republican.

METALS.

The Metals, found in different portions of the earth, are limited to ten sorts; these are, Gold, Silver, Platinum, Mercury, Copper, Iron, Tin, and Zinc. There are other substances generally called Metals, which in reality are not, but are a compound of two of the different sorts; for instance, Pewter is a mixture of tin and lead; and Brass a mixture of copper and Zinc. Steel is iron prepared by fire.

Metals are dug from the earth, generally mixed with some other substances, and in this state they are called ores.

Gold, Silver, and Platinum are the most valuable but not the most useful of the metals. Iron is the most useful; without it man could scarcely perform any work. It enters into composition with almost all the utensils of the farmer and mechanic, and it enters into composition, or bears an important part, in nearly all the inventions which have been found out by man. It bears an important station in the machinery of the steam engine, which was considered, until lately, to be the most important invention of man. Man, by the aid of the metals, has been enabled, within the last few years, to convey the news from place to place with the rapidity of lightning. After viewing all these things, and even more, are we not ready to conclude that the metals are great blessings to man?
C. K. W.

Dallas Academy, July 7, 1849.

SATAN.—This old gentleman, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very acute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul.

The cobbler took a sharp knife, and wiping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest.

"What does this mean?" cried the latter.

"Look at the contract!" replied the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt *sole*, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went off scratching his head; and he has been called "Old scratch" ever since.

The Discovered Husband.

BY KATE.

"Mary, my dear," said Charles Halwood to his wife, "come sit by me, while I read this beautiful piece in your magazine this week."

"Is it something very interesting?" said Mrs. Halwood.

"Oh, very, indeed; it is written by our new authoress, Alice Carlisle, of whom every one is speaking in such high terms.—I wonder who she can be? No one knows, and she seems determined to keep herself in seclusion."

"Perhaps she has special reasons for so doing," said Mrs. Halwood.

"I suppose she has," replied her husband, "but I should think one of her brilliant talents, and one, too, who receives so much applause from the public in general, would be proud to make herself known. But I will read to you her production in this number."

During the first year of Mr. Halwood's married life, he had lived very happily; but when the novelty had worn off, and he saw his wife from day to day wearing the same quiet smile, and preserving the same modesty of demeanor, he began to feel a sort of *ennui* when in her society. Instead of trying to throw off that kind of restraint felt by both, by spending his leisure moments with his wife, studying her character of mind, he devoted the most of the day with which his table was loaded. He had become very much interested, of late, with a new authoress who had suddenly made her appearance in the literary world, under the name of Alice Carlisle, and who had become very popular in the public prints, but still kept her name *inveiled*.

When Halwood had finished reading, he exclaimed, "Is not that beautiful? How pure and elevated the thought! Do you not think she is a fine writer, Mary?"

"Why, yes, pretty good," replied Mrs. Halwood, with seeming indifference, and turning away, busied herself with a book before her.

Halwood felt disappointed and pained; he sat for a few moments humming a short tune, and throwing down the book, he arose and wended his way to his office. "How stupid," he muttered, as he walked along, "not to see the beauty of such a production as this. Oh, that Alice Carlisle was my wife! Then I would be a happy man—then there would be a congeniality of thought and feeling."

He entered his office, but his thoughts were not there. He tried to dissipate his feelings, by looking over and arranging his papers; but still his mind would wander upon the fair authoress, and then he would compare what his imagination pictured her to be with his wife, and he felt more dissatisfied than ever. He made every inquiry and took every measure that prudence would admit to ascertain who she was, but all to no purpose.

Time wore on, but brought no relief to the mind of Charles Halwood. Since that day of which we have spoken, he had never mentioned Alice Carlisle to his wife, or spoke of her writings, but he had eagerly devoured every article of her's that appeared. He spent but very little time at home, and appeared reserved and silent in his wife's presence.

At length he broke through all restraint and resolved to address her by her fictitious name through the medium of the post office. Accordingly he penned a short note speaking in very high terms of her talents as a writer, expressing a strong desire to become acquainted with her, and ending by begging her to grant him an interview. He dropped his note in the post office, and anxiously awaited a reply; nor did he wait long, for he soon received the following note:

"Dear Sir: I received your note of this morn., and I am very grateful for the complimentary manner in which you have spoken of my writings. As you earnestly request an interview, if you will, at seven o'clock this eve, walk in M—street, you will meet a lady in a Quaker garb, turn and walk with her, and you will have the pleasure of conversing with—

ALICE CARLISLE."

When Halwood had read the note, he laid it on the table, and for a moment his better judgment told him that he had already proceeded too far in this affair, and conscience whispered, "Better sit with your wife this eve, whom you have sworn to protect." But he did not listen to the voice of conscience—an opportunity offered to gratify his desire, and he resolved to improve it. He had taken the first step from the path of rectitude, and it was easier going forward than backward.

Evening at length came, and Halwood waited with impatience for the hour to arrive for him to go forth to meet the Quakeress, for such he believed her to be. He had spent his evenings, of late, at the office, and being wholly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the street chosen for their meeting, he felt no fear of being recognized by any one during the interview, or that it would be known to his wife. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and drawing his hat closely over his forehead, proceeded with hasty steps towards M—street. It was dimly lighted; and there being none but dwelling houses in it, there were but few passing back and forth. He had walked up and down the street a few times; still

no one appeared that he could recognize as the object of his search, and he began, to think he was the subject of some trick, when suddenly turning round he observed the figure before him, wearing the close Quaker bonnet and cloak. He approached her, and was somewhat surprised that she immediately recognized him, although she was an entire stranger to himself. He joined her in her walk and entered into conversation.

He frankly confessed to her his situation in life—having told her of the unhappiness he experienced from having a companion who was not possessed of a mind congenial with his own, then spoke in glowing terms of the beauties of her productions, upon which he had so long dwelt, and bitterly lamented that he had not found such an one with whom to spend his days. The lady seemed somewhat agitated, and rather silent at first, and appeared inclined to keep her face hidden in her hat, so as not to give Halwood a view of it. After some hesitation, she told him that she loved him in secret—that she possessed the warmest affections of her heart—that ere he led his bride to the altar, she had looked upon him as the being above all others with whom she wished to be united—and that it was love of him alone that made her what she was—a writer. Halwood listened to her with breathless silence; busy thoughts ran over the associations of his former years, but among all acquaintances he could select no one to whom he could apply the character of the lady before him. He got a sight of her face as they passed a street lamp. There was a striking familiar look about it, but he could recollect none possessed of so much sweetness and beauty.

—True, he had got only a hasty glance, yet in that one look, he thought he discovered marks of a noble mind. He found the object for which he had so often sighed, and resolved to secure it while within his grasp. He proposed that she should leave the city with him—go to a distant city—there become his wife, and then sail to a foreign land where they could dwell together in obscurity, and enjoy each other's society undisturbed.

At first she appeared shocked at this proposal, and spoke of his wife, whom he would leave behind him broken-hearted; also the disgrace with which he would be looked upon by the world at large. But Halwood was eloquent in overcoming every obstacle she could present—if he remained as he was, he must be miserable; and said his wife could not be more unhappy to leave him forever, than to feel daily that although he acted the part of a husband, his heart was far from her. He finally succeeded in gaining her consent to his proposal, on condition that she should not reveal her true name until they should arrive at the first stopping place. Halwood promised to grant any request, if she should accede to his wish. She at length agreed to meet him at the steamboat landing in W—St., one week from that night, and take the night boat for P—, during which time to insure secrecy, they should have no communication whatever. Having made all necessary arrangements, they parted—Halwood to his office, and Alice to her home.

During the following week, Halwood busied himself in arranging his affairs, which were in a very good condition. He withdrew his money from the bank, and made a writing and placed it among his papers, should he not return, in which he gave his wife all the property he had left behind, which was sufficient to give her a handsome support. He told Mrs. Halwood and his acquaintances, that his business called him to a distant city, and that he would be under the necessity of remaining for a few months at least, and requested his wife to arrange his wardrobe accordingly.

The important evening came round.—The time had been shorter to Halwood than he anticipated. Having all things in readiness, he took a hasty leave of his wife, sprang into his carriage at the door and soon found himself at the steamboat landing. His fair companion had not yet made her appearance.—It was now 8 o'clock in the evening.—Half an hour and the boat would start. He waited twenty minutes between hope and fear, when a cab stopped near where he was standing, and from it issued the little Quakeress, dressed in the same neat, plain style, closely veiled. Halwood stepped forward, gave her a cordial greeting and conducted her on board to the ladies cabin. She then requested him to leave her until they should arrive at their destined port; he reluctantly did so as he had promised to grant all requests she should make.

Halwood retired to his state room, but not to rest. Now that he was left to himself, and had time for reflection, he found that although his wishes were in some degree gratified, he was far from being happy. He tried to close his eyes in sleep, but a calm quiet face would stand by his side, and look upon him with entreating sadness. It was that of his wife, whom he pictured at home lone and sad. He thought of the kindness with which she had always supplied his wants—the solicitude which she seemed to feel in all that concerned him, and more than once he wished himself by her side to ask her forgiveness. He tried, however, to dissipate such thoughts and feelings by thinking upon Alice Carlisle, who was now to reveal herself to him on the morrow; and the hours seemed "like" so many weeks—

such was the anxious state of his mind.—Morn at length came, and its first ray of light was a welcome visitor to the sleepless eyes of Charles Halwood. He rose and went on deck. The tall spires of the city of P—were just in sight; and when the sun had risen above the horizon, they neared the wharf; Halwood sought Alice, and, taking a carriage, drove to the City Hotel. Now they were alone and the time had arrived when he was to behold the object he had so long wished for.

Halwood stood in breathless anxiety; he longed and yet feared to see her unveil herself. She slowly raised her hands, loosed her bonnet and cloak, together with some smoothly-combed hair, threw from her—and, kind reader, *his own wife stood before him!* Halwood was thunderstruck. He stood for a moment paralyzed. During this one moment, the past, as quick as lightning passed through his mind; every thing was explained, and he rushed forward exclaiming "Forgive! oh, forgive!" And—but we will leave them to themselves, and just say that the next boat took Halwood to his home a wiser man.

GILDING ON SATIN FOR LADIES.—A new invention presented to the French Institute has made some noise. It is the solution of the great difficulty of gilding silken stuffs without deteriorating the material. Specimens, plain and figured, were handed round so that, probably, more splendour in the costume of our ladies may be expected. It is impossible to imagine the dazzling effect of the gilding upon satin. A hint was given by one of the savans present that this may have been the "asbestos robe all fire," spoken of by some of the old alchemists as having existed before their time, and sought by them in vain.

BRETTREN, SCOURGE HIM.—Never with in our memory has the American press been so disgraced as by the perpetration of the following outrage upon humanity and common decency: "Swift Retribution."—On Tuesday last the "Greenspot" was made doleful by the tolling of bells for the death of James K. Polk, late President of the Lofco party. The news of his decease was received by telegraph. The decease under which he labored was chronic diarrhoea, not cholera, as stated in our last. Thus his ambitious and wicked man been called early to the final settlement of his dear life. We would, in charity, have wished him a life time of ten thousand years in which to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

"We are taught in the Book of Books that for National sins there shall be National afflictions. Does it not, however, seem a little singular, just contemporaneous with the death of the author of the most shameful iniquities in which our country ever engaged, that the consequence of those iniquities should be so full upon us—that the scourge of decease should be sweeping the length and breadth of our land! Verily the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

Comment is unnecessary; but we do trust that our co-laborers in the editorial field will so apply the lash to the author of such sentiments, that he will be forced to make a speedy exit from the ranks of a profession which he has dishonored and attempted to degrade to the level of his own baseness.
S. Carolinian.

THE LATE DEATHS AT NIAGARA.
The following description of the recent painful accident at Niagara, is by a correspondent of the Rochester American: They departed for the Falls—seven in number Mr. De Forest, his lady and three daughters, with Mr. Addington and my friend. The eldest of the daughters was engaged to be married to Mr. A., and the youngest, Antoinette, was only six years of age. They arrived there, and about sunset went down together, crossed over to Goat Island, and thence to Luna Island, which lies still farther out in the river, toward the Canada side. Here, within about ten feet of the brink, and directly upon the edge of the hurrying masses of water, A. and his betrothed stationed themselves. A little in the rear of these were my friend and the second sister, and farther back still Mr. De Forest and his lady. Little Antoinette was running around in high spirits from one to another of the group, laughing and dancing, in all the light-heartedness of a childhood. The rest were conversing with peculiar vivacity and cheerfulness.

"It was nearly eight o'clock. They had conversed long and pleasantly. Little Antoinette was still dancing and playing as hard as ever. Her silvery laughter rang through the air, and her innocent gambols had brought many a smile to the lips of her parents. Soon, however, her father, perceiving that she approached nearer to the river, warned her away and called her to him. Young Addington immediately turned round and said, "Never mind; I will see that she is safe." With this, in girlish playfulness, she ran up behind him and pulled his coat. "Aha, you rogue!" said he, "I have you now; I will throw you over the falls!" Taking her gently and playfully by the arms, he lifted her up and swung her out just over the water. Alarmed at her situation, she struggled while suspended at the farthest, and slipped from his hands! The instant

she touched the water she was borne full six feet from the shore. Addington turned—spoke but a syllable to the horror-stricken girl beside him, and sprang after her—clinging her at the waist—struggled for a moment in the dark torrent; and then, with the precious burden in his embrace, was hushed like a bubble from the brink. The body of the fair Antoinette had been found upon the rocks below, disfigured and torn, and the sad duty remained to bear it to his roof that it might receive the last offices of friendship in affliction.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Most of our readers will doubtless remember an account of a shocking murder, which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, as having been recently perpetrated in the county of Putnam. Mr. David Ross, a very wealthy and prominent citizen of that county, was returning from his factory on the Oconee river, to his family residence, about half a mile or three quarters distant, at nine o'clock on a dark night.—While passing through the swamp on foot and alone, he was shot dead with a double barrel gun, in the hands of some person unknown. One of the charges took effect in the head, and the other in the body of the deceased. The assassin stood so near as to burn his victim with the powder.

The coroner's jury, after a patient and laborious investigation, rendered a verdict charging a son of Mr. Ross with the murder. We learn from a citizen of Putnam, that one of the circumstances which led to this conclusion, was the examination of one of the wads with which the gun was loaded. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased was the only subscriber to the *Macon Telegraph* in his neighborhood; and upon close examination, it was discovered that one of the wads was composed of a piece torn from that paper. And we learn from another source, that the number of the paper from which the wad was torn, was found in a shot-bag which had been used by young Ross, on the same day the murder was committed. The piece was compared, and fit so complete as to satisfy the jury that the wad had been taken from the same paper found in the shot-bag.

This, we understand, was one of the strongest circumstances that settled suspicion on the young man.—*Dutton Eagle*

More Annexation.
We give below a letter from Gen. Scott, favoring the annexation of Canada. It is supposed that this movement will be popular in the Northern States and it may be considered the General's bid for the next Presidency. It would be better, we think, that all such projects should be permitted to remain in abeyance for a while, at least until the effect of our recent acquisitions of territory is more clearly ascertained; but it may be as well to bear in mind that a resolution has already been offered in the Senate of the United States, with a view to the annexation of Cuba, and that Jamaica, and other British West India Islands, are as much dissatisfied with the misrule of the Home Government as Canada. Our Eagle cannot take further flight without extending her wings South as well as North.—*Charleston Mercury*.

WEST POINT, June 29, 1849.
MY DEAR SIR: The news from the Parliament of Great Britain, this morning, must, I think, increase the discontent of our neighbors on the other side of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes not a little; and that those discontents will, in a few years, lead to a separation of the Canadas, New Brunswick, &c. &c. from the mother country, seems equally probable.

Will those Provinces form themselves into an independent nation, or seek a connection with our Union? I think the probability is greatly in favor of the latter. In my judgment the interests of both sides would be much promoted by annexation—the several Provinces coming into the Union on equal terms with our present thirty States. The free navigation of the St. Lawrence is already of immense importance to perhaps a third of our present population, and would be of great value to the remainder. Below Quebec, would give us a better security against smuggling than thirty thousand Custom House employes strung along the line that separates us from the British Possessions on our Continent. I am well acquainted with that line, and know a great deal of the interests and character of the Provincials. Though opposed to incorporating with us any district densely peopled with the Mexican race, I should be most happy to fraternize with our Northern and Northeastern neighbors.

What may be the view of our Executive government on the subject I know absolutely nothing; but I think I cannot err in saying that two-thirds of our people would rejoice at the incorporation, and the other third soon perceive its benefits.

Of course, I am opposed to any underhand measures, on our part, in favor of the measure, or any other act of bad faith towards Great Britain. Her good will, in my view of the matter, is only second to that of the Provincials themselves, and that the former would soon follow the latter—considering the present temper and condition of Christendom cannot be doubted.

The foregoing views I have long been in the habit of expressing in conversation, I give them to you for what they may be worth. Faithfully yours,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

POOR OLD IRELAND.—The London Dispatch, speaking of the terrible picture, says, "Ireland has become a desert. The bones of her people bleach by the wayside, and grass grows in the streets of her villages."

THE BIGGEST LUMP YET!—A lump of California gold, weighing eighty-one ounces, and valued at about \$1450, was received at the mint in Philadelphia on the 20th inst.