

TERMS.  
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THE REPUBLICAN.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.,  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1849.

WEEKLY AND CORN.—The printer, at this time, stands in need of these necessary articles. Who can spare us some in payment for dues to this office?

**Business in Mecklenburg.**  
L. B. Watson & D. M. Lee give notice, in the Charlotte papers, that a school, under the charge of Miss GRAHAM, will commence on the first day of October next.

A. H. Martin, Esq., of Charlotte, advertises for sale on the 25th inst., a tract of land of 90 acres, five or six likely negroes, and some household furniture, Horses, cattle, Hog, &c.

**Stolen Property Found.**  
Pocket Books, stolen from E. B. Sloan, in August, 1848, have been found in Lincoln County and returned to the owner.

Notice has been given that the fourth instalment of five dollars the share, in the Charlotte and South Carolina Rail Road Company must be paid before the first of October next.

**Negroes for Sale.**—Leroy Springs, Charlotte, offers for sale, on the 10th inst., 18 Negroes, late the property of Wm. J. Alexander, Esq.

**Branch Mint.**—The operations of the Mint, at Charlotte, will be suspended from the 15th inst., until the 1st of October, next.

Rock Island Woolen Factory, on the Catawba, about ten miles from Charlotte, is now in successful operation.

James P. Henderson, at Davidson College, gives notice that the business of the late firm of Henderson and Smith must be closed without delay; and that on his own account, he will continue to sell goods at the old stand, as cheap as they can be bought elsewhere.

**Negroes Wanted.**—Leroy Springs, of Charlotte, wishes to buy 20 negro boys and fellows, from the age of 16 to 25.

**Subscriptions to Rail Road Stock.**—The books to take subscriptions to the stock of the North Carolina Rail Road Company, were opened on the 12th ult., and will remain open at Concord until the 12th inst.

Dr. Pritchard is located at White Hall, Mecklenburg county.

ASHEVILLE MALE ACADEMY opened on the 2nd inst.

**LABORERS WANTED.**—Leroy Springs, advertises that Wm. Murchok, at the Old Nation Ford, wishes to hire 20 white or colored laborers.

SHARON ACADEMY, situated 7 miles South of Charlotte, was opened on the first Monday in June. Boarding \$6 per month.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

**Alleged Infidelity of a Wife.**

Some women living in the lower part of the city, who are particularly fond of wagging that unruly member, the tongue, and whose imaginations are very fertile, took it into their heads, not long since, for reasons best known to themselves, to make up some beautiful stories, about a young and lovely woman who had but a short time since entered into the married state, which stories would have had the tendency to affect her character as to her honor and fidelity, if they had gained credence. To use their own language, "they half a remarkable and painful case before them, and one that required investigation."

The lady, they argued, was young and inexperienced, and therefore it became their duty to obtain an interview, and endeavor to lead her back to the path of rectitude and virtue. Many were the plans that were laid—many the exclamations of sorrow and regret made by these female care-takers of the other people's morals.

After having discussed the matter, to their heart's content, it was finally resolved that one of the party should pay the young wife a visit, for the express purpose of conversing amicably and freely upon the subject, that she might be made sensible of her error, and see the necessity of retracting her steps without delay, before she was entirely lost. It was a painful duty, but it must be done.

So, accordingly, one of the company, who had an extreme sense of propriety, repaired to the residence of the fair stranger. She was in, and could be seen, were the replies given to the inquiries made at the door. After our boy friend had waited a few moments in the parlor, the young wife made her appearance, glowing with health and beauty. No wonder she was admired: Any one could have

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

[VOLUME I.]

LINCOLNTON, N. C., AUGUST 17, 1849.

[NUMBER 36.]

After some unimportant remarks made by the visitor in a melancholy tone of voice, the lady began to state the object of her visit at that time. She declared it was a painful duty, and one she would gladly have got rid of, if possible; but duty it was, and, therefore she dared not shrink from it. She conceived she owed it to her as a kind friend, and hoped she would regard her interference in the matter, about which she was going to speak, in that way, and not take anything she should say on the subject unkindly. The young wife looked at her as fast as possible, thinking that the woman had taken leave of her senses. But being desirous of knowing what all this preamble meant, she said:

"I do not understand you; explain yourself." "I will, my dear," was the reply. "But I wish you to answer some questions frankly, and without reserve, as I have your good at heart."

"I am willing to do that, if they are proper. But I am anxious to know, my dear, what the subject is that you have been so long coming at."

"Well, it is this, my young friend," said the lady. "It is said that a man, with whom you have often been seen in the streets, is thought to be not only too intimate with you, but also contributes to your support. Now, you will have to be careful; you are young and need advice. All we can do is to give you the best we can."

"The young wife was silent for a few moments, as if musing what reply to make; her face was pale; her lips trembled with anger; her eyes glistened. She soon, however, regained her composure, and calmly replied:

"It is so. I do not wish to conceal it. Is it possible?" exclaimed the lady, as if she did not believe it herself; "and you know how it is unbecomingly? You shock me. I can scarcely believe my own ears."

"It is all true, and that gentleman is in the house. I will call him; perhaps you may show him the impropriety of his conduct."

"O, no; by no means; I wish to speak to you alone, and—"

But the wife had already reached the entry, and our friend was left alone.

She began to think she was not in a very comfortable position, and manifested an escape. But it was too late; the wife reappeared immediately, with a good man, remarking:

"This is the man with whom I have been frequently seen in the streets, with whom I am particularly intimate, and who contributes towards my support."

The lady looked from one to the other, with perfect astonishment, if she did not, at this time, know whether to believe her own eyes or not. There they stood in perfect silence for a few moments, until the lady exclaimed:

"Why, madam, this is your husband!" "You can call him what you please, but this is the gentleman."

"And now, madam," said the husband, stepping forward, "I trust from this morning's occurrence you will learn a lesson never to be forgotten. You must certainly perceive how much harm might have been done to this lady's character, by allowing stories of any kind being spread about, the truth of which no one knows, and few believe or hear, if it were not for those who delight in talking scandal. And please make a note to those females—who have I understand, manifested so much interest, when it has not been asked—my thanks, and say to them, and they will undoubtedly accomplish more good in the world, and leave a better name behind them, if they will obey the scriptural injunction, 'mind your own business.'"

**Influence of a Mother's Imagination.**

The third No. of Dr. Dixon's *Scalpel*, one of the most spirited periodicals in the country, which promises to do good services in the suppression of quackery in the medical profession, is creating quite a sensation. We copy the following article from it, showing the influence of the mother's imagination in the formation of her child:

Mr. A. of the northern part of this State, married some forty years since a lady of an adjoining State. Pecuniary circumstances at the time of the marriage rendered offspring undesirable. Within a year, however, it became evident to the wife that their wishes were no longer to be realized; on expressing this belief to her husband, she was at the moment, quite shocked at the dissatisfaction with which he received it. Taking his hat shortly afterward, he left the house, and was absent for near an hour. He was distressed on his return to find his wife in tears. He assured her immediately (for they were devotedly attached) that he was rejoiced to learn the probable realization of her announcement; that he was now satisfied with the condition of his pecuniary affairs, and convinced of their stability.

The wife dried her tears, but soon expressed her conviction that in some way her expected offspring would suffer from her agitation. Her husband endeavored to remove her apprehensions by gentle and affectionate remarks. But her fear continued at intervals during her early months, and gradually

increased as gestation advanced. The relief of the parties was great at the birth of a healthy and well-formed boy. No peculiarity of conduct in the child was observed till several months had elapsed, and then their fears were renewed by its extreme unwillingness to approach the father. This gradually increased, until its dissatisfaction was manifested by loud and continued screaming when brought near him. As age advanced, the most persevering efforts were made to overcome this repugnance; the utmost degree of persistiveness and ingenuity, diversity of childish gifts and sports, all were tried in vain, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The feelings of the father may be judged by parents, for he was, and is, an exceedingly affectionate man.

This continued, and at the time of our receiving the information from a near personal relative, the son, then an active and rising member of the bar, had never been able to speak a word to his father, though the most painful efforts were made. We give this case as we heard it from a lady and her husband, whom to know is to reverence. It was told us by the lady, just arising from what we all supposed would be her death-bed, and an offer was made at the time to introduce us to the parties. We now regret that our years induced us to decline the proffered introduction. We did not feel willing, at the time, to make any personal inquiries in a matter that had been productive of so much distress, and that time had somewhat obliterated.

There was a case, nearly similar, occurred in this city, within a comparatively short time. A gentleman, who had lived with some married friends, had the husband for a constant companion in his rambles, contrary to the wishes and inclinations of his wife, who gently remonstrated at being left alone during the evenings. Her remonstrances were, however, unheeded, and the husband absented himself at will, thus causing in his wife a dislike to her boarder, who was the innocent cause of her troubles. It was remarked after the birth of her child, and when it was of sufficient age to observe, that it exhibited a dislike to the presence of the person alluded to, which could not be overcome, and even now it will flee at his approach.

Another case was told us a few days since, which we think can be relied upon. A lady now residing in a small village in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, refused, from some cause or other, to speak to her husband for a short while, and her daughter, who is now some fourteen years old, has never spoken to her father.

**SPUNK.**  
This is getting to be a very popular word—quite as much so that good old English word "Bum-bazle," which Senator Benton sometimes used to say. The necessity which some people feel of showing their spunk, when trifling annoyances cross them, is productive of a vast amount of heart-burning, bickering and spleen.

Many a quarrel has arisen in early life, and cost its shade of bitterness and hatred, even over the graves of one of the parties, which had its origin in an innocent mistake on one part, and a determination to "show spunk" on the other.

"I will let you know I've some spunk," said a dunder-headed to his creditor, one day, on acknowledging the receipt of a dun. How did he do it? He cursed, raved, swore and black-guarded, paid his bill, and then, to spite his creditor, went to another house to buy his liquor, and paid more money for poorer goods. This was "showing spunk" the proper or popular way.

Merchants sometimes get severely tried by the thoughtlessness or heartlessness of customers, some of them sacrificing their personal interest, their dignity of character, their temper, their peace of mind for the next twenty-four hours, merely to show their spunk. Because their customers are reckless, unaided, or heartless, they will degrade themselves to a still lower level by displaying spleen and frolic reproach.

Farmers often go to law on disputed land marks, merely to show their spunk; and though neither may be quite right, and though the dispute may be settled by a disinterested party for fifty cents, and though the amount in dispute be not five dollars, they will sometimes spend five hundred dollars each in law and neither get any thing but beggary for their trouble. This last is not a very rare case.

Many an individual, wishing to show the world that they are "not to be trod upon," will only show that they are unfit to be trod upon, owing to their having so mean a spirit of "spunk."

So we have seen married people pass years in continual recrimination and antagonism, merely because both were "spunky," and neither would yield a jot. Their home was a perfect hell, and their children grew up in strife. Flirtation and impudence on her part, and vice and profligacy on his part succeeded the rational happiness of conjugal life, and the very prime of life was changed to a long and tedious interval of discordant existence—and all this because each wanted to show their "spunk."

Spunky people may depend upon it that the only proper way to show their spunk is to war with incessant activity against all bitterness, hatred, peevishness, littleness, inde-

corum, discourteous language and undignified demeanor in every possible shape; and by so doing they will soon find that gentle words will come cheaper and pay better than any other, and that true peace of mind is worth more than all else, and is the necessary consequence of being "real gentlemen and ladies."

[From the New Orleans Delta.]  
**Mat Morgan, Who was Cured of the Cholera by a Prig.**

We have heard of several persons whose fear of the cholera invited its attack. We know of no case, except Mat Morgan, from whom fear banished it. Mat was gardener, grocer, and man of all work, to a merchant up town, and an honest fellow he was—and is, for that matter—and most assiduous in the discharge of his multifarious vocations. At an early hour he might be heard, as he cultivated his vegetable, singing a "high faluting" song of some twenty one verses. And then at evening, when he brushed the boss's horse, he might be heard whistling in tones of thrilling pathos the "Colleen Bannochan" and the "Black Bird." Mat was taken suddenly ill on the 21st of last month with cramps in his stomach, and he thought that his whistlings were all over with him.

"Oh! ah! ee!" said he, running into the house of his employer, who happened at the time to be at his office; "oh! ah! ee!" he repeated, clasping his hands over his abdomen.

"Why, what's the matter, Mathew?" said the wife of his employer.

"Oh, dearth, ma'am! I'm kilt entirely. I feel my bowels tumbling in my belly like coals in a barrel. I've got the cholera morbus. Oh! ah! ee! There it is again!"

"Well, then, Mathew," said his mistress, "Samson has the buggy at the door; get into it, and he will drive you right off to the Charity Hospital, for I am told that the cholera patients have the very best nursing and medical attendance there."

Mat did as she bid him, and he was soon in the Charity Hospital. As soon as he went in, some medicine was administered to him, which alleviated in some measure his pain. He then looked about him, and sooth to say, he did not like the appearance of things in his ward over well. Some poor fellows were writhing in pain, others, prostrated by the disease, were as still as if death had already set his seal on their lips; and others were heaving as men dying when life is about to depart from them. Now some poor fellow was carried in, cold and livid—a strongly marked case of the disease—now the porter's bell rattled fitfully, and two men entered and carried a corpse out of the bed, where it lay, rattled it between them down stairs. It was too much for poor Mat; up he jumped from his bed, and thrust himself into his clothes, and in twenty minutes he was back to the house of his employer, whom he found before him.

"Why Mat," said his employer, "I thought you were at the hospital?"

"So I was," said Mat.

"And why did you not remain there?" said his employer. "Surely you are not well yet?"

"Naw, it's better in my life, sir," said Mat. "Ow, half an hour in that establishment ought to kill or cure any one?"

"How so?" asked his employer.

"Oh, there's such moral sights there," said Mat. "I was near well laid in my bed, when I heard the bell; it was not a natural ring, but a kind of a growl, like the bark of a dog in a grave yard."

"What's that?—fire, is it?" says I, to an old fellow that was twining a bit of paper with my name on it to the bed post.

"No, it's the dead bell," sez he. "No, it's taken to the dead house?"

"What for?" sez I.

"To be dissected," sez he.

"What! like a pork pig," sez I, "divided at the joints?"

"Just so," says he.

"And what's that for?" sez I.

"For the benefit of science," sez he. "And sure enough, a couple of fellows come in, and very unconsciously they rolled 97 into their bad bargain, and carried him off."

"There it is again," sez I.

"What's that bell?" sez I.

"Yes," says he, "it's '78's turn." "And does he go to the dead house, too?" sez I.

**THE LAST REFUGE OF A SCOUNDREL.**  
"There is another platform; it is that of an honest man, who says that he is a whig, but if elected to the Presidency, he will not be the President of the people—that he has no enemies to punish—no friends to reward."

"The patriotism of mere politicians which explodes in deceptive party pledges; is understood to be, as Dr. Johnson defines it, 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.'"  
—Speech of Hon. J. M. Clayton, in Senate, 5th July, 1848.

The Taylor papers first justified Taylor's odious proscription, by telling us that only a few office holders had been turned out!

When this position felt by its own weight, they next told us that the system of proscription would only extend to men put in by President Polk.

When this failed by the proscription of men put in office under Tyler, under Van Buren, and under Jackson, then we were told that the fact that it was to be justified from the facts that Democrats held all the offices.

This excuse having failed them, from the fact that many Whigs have been holding offices under all our administrations, the next plea is, that Jefferson, Jackson and Polk have removed Whigs from office.

Thus, then, has there been shuffling, subterfuge, and prevarication, to sustain a man who has committed a wilful and premeditated falsehood in declaring that he would allow no party feeling to govern his appointing power, but that he would make "honesty, capacity and fidelity," the standard for the bestowal of office, and their absence the "cause for removal." (See Inaugural.)

In the face of this declaration, of a dozen other similar declarations, before declaration, and the declaration of such men as Crittenden and Clayton, it is to be wondered at that the supporters of Taylor should find themselves driven to the most contemptible shifts and evasions to justify his course!

Mr. Clayton intended to be very severe when he spoke of "the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is language which may be used by men claiming all the decency, but never could have originated from a Democratic senator. It is now a suitable time for Whig orators and Whig presses to tell us what is the last refuge of a scoundrel, if a violation of all sacred obligations, and the treachery of a Partisan faith are to be the subjects of their justification?

**GOOD ADVICE.**  
There is much good sense in the following, which, although old, deserves to be repeated once a year.—*Constitution.*

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one—it degrades him in the eyes of others; and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increase the power and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better; for ourselves; the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you—the wisest way is just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

**SOCIETY IN BRAZIL.**  
The Journal of Commerce gives the following remarkable picture of the State of society in Brazil:

"Of the seven millions constituting the entire population of Brazil, three millions are estimated to be negro slaves; two and a half million aboriginal Indians and free negroes; and the residue, a million and a half whites. The social state of the population is not marked by the distinction of color, so operative elsewhere in the production of classes, but only by that of freedom and servitude. The blacks have access to all, and are in possession of many offices of honor and trust, and engage in every department of business. The white race and the black meet on terms of perfect equality in social intercourse, and intermarry without scruple, provided there exist no obstacle in the relative position in life of the respective parties. A writer in the North American Review knew 'the wife of an Admiral, whose hue was of the darkest among Africa's daughters,' and mentions 'the dismay of an American diplomatic agent, at the entrance of a venerable jet black colonel into the court, where he had just undergone his presentation.' We have the same authority for the fact, that, not long since, the Brazilian ambassador to England was a mulatto, and that at the present time a large majority of the army, as well officers as privates, is of African descent."

**GIVE IT TO HIM.**—A Boston contemporary utters the following malediction:

"Oh for a tongue to speak the doom The wretch deserves, so basely, vile, As to sneak into the editor's room And steal his very best and latest exchange."

**OFFICE SEEKING.**—The new collector of New York, Mr. Maxwell, enters upon his duties to day. He has received since his appointment about 5,000 letters of application for office, and 19,000 letters recommending applications, making in all 24,000 letters. When it is known that all the appointments that he will be able to make during the first six months will not exceed one hundred and fifty, it must follow that the number of dis-appointments will be about 4,850.—*Balt. Sun.*

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, "Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

**PARTING BETWEEN GENERAL JACKSON AND MR. POLK.**—The Louisville Democrat in announcing the death of Mr. Polk, relates the following incident: "We shall always recollect the farewell between Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, when the latter was about to leave for Washington in the winter 1845. The old hero then counselled his friend, and bid him a last adieu. He raised his wasted form erect, and seizing James K. Polk by the hand, said—'Farewell, my friend; I shall never see you again in this world.' Do your duty like a man, and we shall meet in heaven.' They have gone hence. May they build sweet communion in the world of spirits!"

**NOTHING LOST BY CIVILITY.**—A gentleman, who has filled the highest municipal offices in one of our cities, owed his education chiefly to a single act of civility. A traveler, in a hot summer's day, wanted some water for his horse, and, perceiving a well near the road side, turned his horse up towards it. Just then a lad appeared, to whom the stranger addressed himself, saying:

"My young friend, will you do me the favor to draw a bucket of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off and on?"

The lad promptly seized the bucket and soon brought a supply of water. Pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, the traveler inquired his name, and so deep was the impression made on his mind, that the name of the lad and his place of residence were remembered until several years afterwards, when the traveler had occasion for a clerk. He then sent for this young man, and gave him a responsible and profitable place from which he arose to the chief magistracy of a city.—*Temperance Courier.*

**MANUFACTURES AT THE SOUTH.**—The New York Star says: "Capitalists are gradually withdrawing a part of their investments from agriculture, and commencing manufactures at the South. The stocks for building cotton and wool mills are soon filled, and female operatives from Lowell, of experience, are invited, by high wages, to instruct Southern girls in the art and mystery of fancy spinning; and they are also laying the foundation for educating the poor girls at the South, who never, until now, had the prospect of realizing anything from practical industry. The experiment is a great and profitable one, and will go on, from article to article, until the South will supply the market with cotton goods, iron-ware, and every article of domestic consumption. Averse as the South is to white labor, yet finding it difficult to unite white and black labor in mills, the slaves released from the fields, will be placed in the forges and steam planing mills, and in various out-door labor. The North has fairly roused up the South to a consideration of her resources, and the surest means for its development; but the reaction, while it will establish industrial pursuits in the South, will deprive the North and East of a valuable payable customer. The South, however, will never be able effectually to throw off all dependence on Yankee industry. If they refuse to buy anything down East, the Yankees will go South and do their manufacturing for them. If they will sail their own vessels, the Yankees will navigate them, and, if necessary, build them—they do not care whether they are paid in cotton at Boston, for their labor, or in coin at South Carolina. Still it is a revolution injurious to the East, and beneficial to the South, brought on by an uncalculated interference with Southern rights and Southern institutions."

**EDWARD H. HORRELL, ESQ.**—About twelve months since, Dr. Joseph Dellinger was shot dead in the town of Pulaski, Wayne county, by E. H. Horrell, Esq. A good deal was published about the affair at the time, and it produced very great excitement in the southern part of the State. The justification for the act was, that Dellinger, who was the family physician, put into circulation slanderous reports about Horrell's wife. Horrell was indicted for murder, by the grand jury of Wayne county, and the indictment came on for trial at the June term of the Circuit Court. The trial commenced on the 22d; but it was not until the 28th that a jury was obtained. William Cunningham, Circuit Attorney, and M. M. Parsons, of Jefferson City, conducted the prosecution; Jno. S. Phelps and John S. Waddle, of Springfield, were counsel for the prisoner. The killing was admitted, but the counsel for the defendant contended that the homicide was justifiable in the eyes of all honorable men; that it was the only alternative left to him that it was a duty Horrell owed to himself, to his family, and society, to take the life of Dellinger; and that the evidence would show that the slander was the blackest and most damnable ever known in any country. Several days were occupied in examination of testimony. On the 4th of July, the arguments of counsel commenced, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, the jury, without any difficulty, returned a verdict of acquittal. —*St. Louis Republican.*

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