

**THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.**  
A WEEKLY DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,  
FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION  
BY  
**J. H. NEWSON.**  
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# CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

[VOLUME I. LINCOLNTON, N. C., AUGUST 31, 1849. [NUMBER 38.]

**THE REPUBLICAN.**  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1849.  
Agent at Charlotte.—A. H. MARTIN, Esq., is our authorized agent for the Republican at Charlotte.

**LITERARY NOTICES.**  
**Godey's Lady's Book.** For September, filled with a variety of the choicest literature and decorated as usual with the most superb embellishments, made its appearance this month in advance of all its competitors.  
**Sartain's Union Magazine.** which also reached us in good time, contains a continuation of "Romance, or where is Utopia?" by C. H. Wiley, of this State, who has given offense to Southern readers, by putting incendiary language into the mouth of one of his characters. The personal friends of Mr. Wiley, however, are of the opinion that the offensive matter has been given by the author to afford him an opportunity more fully to refute it in a future number. We hope he will succeed, for the sake of the "Old North State" whose reputation would be sullied by the defection of a son so talented.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE** which commenced a volume of unrivaled splendor with the July number, lies on our table. The enterprising publishers, having sent a distinguished artist to Europe to collect attractive novelties, and having made a variety of improvements, invite the patronage of the public. The new prospectus can be seen in our office.

**PETERSON'S TWO DOLLAR "LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE"** which, in many respects, equals those at a higher price, reached us by the last mail. A continuation of "Palaces and Prisons" is the attractive feature in it. If Mrs. Stephens will only finish it and let it all appear at once, her readers will feel grateful to her long after she has had an appetite for the good things she describes on old Mrs. Gray's market table, and at her farm on Long Island.

"Holden's Dollar Magazine," says the Raleigh Standard, "is replete, as usual, with interesting matter. For families there are few Periodicals, American or English, which will compare with it. The 'Topics of the month' of this number, gives the floating gossip of the day in its characteristic style; and the 'Review' contains critical notices of all the Publications. Mr. Holden acts as agent for the purchase of any books that country subscribers may wish to obtain. Address C. W. Holden, 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.—Price of the Magazine one Dollar."

**THE SCIENTIFIC EXAMINER.**—We are indebted to the politeness of the publisher for a copy of this monthly, which purports to be an impartial investigation of late developments in Science, embracing Electro-Magnetism, Human or animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Medicine, and various other scientific subjects, by Samuel B. Smith, inventor of the Torpedo Electro Machines, No. 293 Broadway, New York. Price 50 cents a year—payable in advance.

**SOUTHERN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.**—This is the title of a valuable monthly, devoted to the great cause of Education. It is edited by S. A. Jewett, and published at Knoxville, Tenn. The terms are only one dollar per annum for a single copy. Clubs see get twenty copies in one package for \$12, being only 60 cents a piece. We advise the scholars in our Schools to club together, and see either for this, or for the Common School Advocate published in Greensborough in this State.

**SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.**—This is a well conducted weekly paper of large dimensions; but some friend having taken away the copy politely sent to us and neglected to return it, we are unable to give the terms. We shall, perhaps, be favored with another copy of which we shall take better care.

**THE RINGGOLD REPUBLICAN,** published at Ringgold, Walker county, Ga., has been enlarged and otherwise improved. It merits a generous patronage.

The "Wanderer Argus," an efficient political paper favoring federalism, but other-

wise a valuable family newspaper, conducted by a gentleman of fine talents, spiced with a dash of pleasant wit, is to be removed to Cheraw. While we wish him all possible pecuniary success, we hope he may catch nothing but "tartars" in his political net, while fishing for guilty ones lower down on the Pee Dee.

**NEW YORK LITERARY AMERICAN.**—This is a literary paper of the highest character, in which will immediately appear the "Child of the Islands," a thrilling romance, founded on the wild adventures of a party of California Gold seekers, who were wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific. Address G. P. Quackenbos, 165 Nassau street, N. Y.  
**NEW YORK REVUE.**—A large two-dollar weekly paper with the above title, is about to be issued at New York, as will be seen by a prospectus published in this paper of the 17th inst. It promises to be neutral in politics, but will favor upon Northern interference with Southern rights. If this promise be redeemed, which we have no reason to doubt, it will merit, and consequently receive the support of all true friends to the continued union of these states. Address J. L. Brown & Co., office of the "Reveille," New York city.

**THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.**—This paper has perhaps more claims upon the patronage of mechanics, farmers, and business men in general, than any other one paper in the union; and yet we fear that many who can well afford it, neglect to give it their support. We refer our readers to the prospectus for a new volume in another column.

## DEMOCRACY MOVING IN MARYLAND

The first Wednesday in October is the day of the Congressional election in Maryland; and we are pleased to see that a determined spirit to administer a rebuke that will long be remembered by Taylor's irresponsible federal and abolition cabinet, has been awakened among the republicans of that State. In Washington county, on Saturday, the 11th inst., large and enthusiastic Democratic meetings were held in every election district, for the purpose of sending delegates to the county convention, to nominate a candidate for Congress, and others for county officers, with a view to unite all sound republicans in support of the men and measures of the Democratic party, and in opposition to the administration conducted by the "cabinet," composed of federalists and abolitionists who have usurped the powers which were delegated to the president by a confiding people, and to which he has proved unfaithful.

The Hagerstown Mail, of the 17th inst., a paper conducted with singular ability and fidelity to the principles of free government, contains the proceedings at length of not less than nine of these large assemblies.

That our democratic friends in North Carolina, may see how the republicans of Maryland discharge their political duties, we insert the proceedings of one of these meetings entire:

**Williamsport District.—No. 2.**  
In compliance with a call made, the Democratic voters of District No. 2, in large numbers assembled at the house of Mrs. Donnelly in Williamsport, on Saturday last at 2 o'clock. The meeting was organized by calling JOHN W. MILLER, Esq., to the Chair, and appointing John Wolf, Secretary. The Chairman then stated the object of the meeting—when, on motion, the Chair appointed the following Gentlemen a committee to appoint Delegates to the Convention to be held in Hagerstown on Tuesday the 21st inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress from this Congressional District; also to nominate a candidate for Commissioner of Washington County. viz:

William Steffy, John Stake,  
Wilfred E. Hawken, John Wyant,  
and Abraham Newson.

The committee retired, and after a short absence reported the names of the following gentlemen, who were duly elected as delegates to the convention:

Henry Brewer, Isaac B. Rowland,  
William Lynch, William Jones,  
John Kandel, G. Wash. Sword,  
John Baker, S. S. Cunningham,  
James H. Long, A. H. Malone,  
W. E. Hawken, Wm. Steffy,  
Wm. Corby, John Chaney,  
John Wolf, John E. Brambell,  
Henry Lefever, Daniel Piper,  
B. F. Hollman, Edward Morrison.

On motion of B. F. Hollman a committee was appointed by the Chair to draft and report Resolutions to the meeting, the com-

mittee reported the following Resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That in the administration of Gen. Taylor we can recognize nothing of the "earlier Presidents," and that in surrendering himself, in his amiable weakness, to be led by an unprincipled Cabinet and the corrupt and intriguing tools thereof, the Old Hero has exhibited just about as much sense and discretion as might be expected from his warm friends and compatriots, Old Whitley and John Donkey.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Republicans to secure a majority in the next Congress, in order to check the profligacy of Gen. Taylor's Secretaries and advisors, and keep the Ship of State in the old Democratic track, and that we will do our utmost to effect that object.

Resolved, That as it regards the Reform, the wings of No. 2, 3, &c, should not be held accountable for the Reform resolutions at their District meetings, as they were called out by fear of the halter which they saw dangling before them, and should therefore be excused by the Old Federal salts of that party whose feelings have been so grossly outraged thereby.

Resolved, That the Hagerstown "Mail," under its present management, is entitled to the approbation and support of the party, as well for its fearless defence of Democratic men and measures, as for its well-timed and well directed assaults upon the opponents of Conventional Reform.

On motion of Henry Grosh it was

Resolved, That the proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and be published in the Hagerstown "Mail," when on motion the meeting adjourned.

JNO. W. MILLER, Chairman  
JNO. WOLF, Secretary.

## For the Carolina Republican.

### MODERATION.

One of the first lessons, both of religion and of wisdom, is, to moderate our expectations and hopes; and not to set forth on the voyage of life, like men who expect to be always carried forward with a favorable gale. Let us be satisfied, if the path we tread be easy and smooth, though it be not strewn with flowers. If we look around us, we shall perceive that the whole universe is full of active powers. Moderation is indeed the genius of nature. By motion and exertion, the system of being is preserved in vigor. By its different parts always acting in subordination one to another, the perfection of the whole is carried on. The heavenly bodies perpetually revolve. Day and night incessantly repeat their appointed course. Continual operations are going on in the earth, and in the waters. The resources of virtue remain entire, when the days of trouble come. They remain with us in sickness, as in health; in our dark and solitary hours, no less than when surrounded with friends and cheerful society. The mind of a good man is a kingdom to him, and he can always enjoy it.

M. A. J. R.  
Dallas Academy, August, 10, 1849.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Fearful Dream.

THE LAST SATURNALIA.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow, a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Archibald B., who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipation. One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream.

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and that he was proceeding towards his own house—then a seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized the horse's rein, saying, "you must go with me."

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited uncomfortable terror in the youth, who, plunging his spurs into his horse attempted to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew the stranger was still beside him; till at length in his desperate effort to escape, the rider was thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling—falling—falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger, and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "to hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared which soon increased to a blaze, but instead of cries, and groans, and lamenting, as the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusements, employment, or pursuit of man on earth, but was there being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. There the panting horse still bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the gauded race! There over the midnight bowl, the inebriate still drew out the wanton song or maudlin blasphemous! The gambler plied for his endle's game, and the slaves of Mammon toiled through eternity their bitter tasks; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which met his view.

He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances whom he knew to be dead, and each he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was that had formerly engaged him; when finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D—whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo, requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with what a cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell, that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures, and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever-burning flame! These, they said were the pleasures of hell; the choice on earth was their inevitable doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth, but as he quitted him, he said, "remember!—in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of the dream the sleeper awoke, feverish, and ill; and whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days, during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

It was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the causes of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again—resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the President rising to make his accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, and a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c.

The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but, ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his instructive thoughts—till, in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards the horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road side, about halfway between the city and Mr B's house, while a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said, introducing this story, it is no fiction. The circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative has been reprinted.—*Crow's Night Side of Nature.*

**RATTLE SNAKE.—Crotalus horridus.**  
Riding a few days since, near the Amite river, I discovered a large rattle snake in the road. His appearance was quite handsome—being marked with quite brilliant colors, arranged nearly in the diamond form. With the fragment of a split stake, I soon broke his back, and deprived him of power to put himself into a coil. He still, however, attempted to bite, and exhibited a pair of formidable fangs. With a blow of the weapon, I crushed the back part of his head, by which his mouth was left open, and one of the fangs fully extended. Immediately on lifting up the stake a semi-transparent liquor of a greenish yellow tinge fell in four or five drops from the extremity of the crooked fang. This, I doubted not, was the matter of poison by which the bite of this reptile is rendered so fatal.

Among interesting queries connected with the natural history of this creature, not the least would be "in what property of this liquid does the virulence of the poison consist." It is said to contain some acid, as

proved by its effect upon vegetable colors. But whether its acid character is the cause of the virus, seems to be uncertain, as the poison of some other serpents are said to have no such property.

How, or whence this deadly property is collected, is said to be a question of some interest among the students of physiology. It is probable, however, that all their researches will never reveal the entire manner in which it is formed and deposited at the root of the curiously formed hollow, and keenly pointed weapon of that animal's defence. Interesting and valuable as are numberless parts developed by physiologists, it is presumed, that a great part of animal economy must remain unknown to all but Him who is nature's source and Author. (Liberty Advocate.)

**THE CHOICE.**—A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new year's gifts.

"Well my friends," said the Quaker, "here are four gifts, choose fifteen francs or the Bible."

"I don't know how to real," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad of about fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness.

"Will you too, take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it and read it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs.

The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

**A DREAM REALIZED.**—The following dream, foreshadowing the fate of the famous Major Andre, is of an old date, though but little known. The truth is vouched for by a writer in Ainsworth's Magazine, of a recent date:

"Major Andre, the circumstances of whose lamented death are too well known to make it necessary for me to detail them here, was a friend of Miss Seward's and, previously to embarking for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire to pay her a visit; and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak, and introduce Andre to Newton, her minstrel as she called him, and to Mr. Cunningham, the curate, who was also a poet.

While these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of the guests, of whose intentions they had been apprized, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that on the preceding night he had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest, the place was strange to him, and whilst looking about, he perceived a horseman approaching at a great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket and seized his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person.

"The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him, but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city, among thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood brought out and suspended on a gallows. When Andre and Miss Seward arrived; he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream."

**GAMBLING HOUSES AT NEW ORLEANS.**  
—The Daily Republican, published at Saratoga, contains the following description of something we have in New Orleans, but which few have seen. It purports to be an account of the gambling-houses at New Orleans:

These rooms are very splendid, richer than any private apartments at the North—more luxurious sofas, couches, mirrors, painting—necar and music of seraphs, enchant the senses.—How many wretched forms have reclined upon these very couches! How many haggard faces have been reflected from these very mirrors! Here the suicide has thought of his beggared wife and his boy, the first born of their union, and burying his face in his hands, formed the awful resolution. Here, too, the old and respectable planter has sat in mute despair to contemplate his bankruptcy and loss of reputation, but he did not think of suicide. The old love life, though they know it to be pain and sorrow. Can splendor, and music and gaiety and youth throw even a gleam of joy over apartments so accursed? The air is death. Men will not grow wiser by any thing but their own experience. Though all the dead bodies of suicides, and all the mental pangs personated, sat by to warn the gambler, he would not stop. Yes, all goes on now as before. The cards that are handled to-day, and the dice that rattle so merrily, and the spots so well drawn, have been handled and rattled and seen by fingers and eyes that now clasp the worm, and furnish a nest for the coiling reptile.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

MADAM.—Most worthy of admiration, after a long consideration, and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation.  
On your approbation of this determination, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and I can obtain commendation, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation and high gratification of  
yours,  
SANT DISSIMULATION,

### THE ANSWER.

Sir.—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination, and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination, though of great variation, in each respective signification.  
Now, without disputation, your labonous application to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation.  
Yours,  
MARY MODERATION.

### YOUNG MARY MODERATION.

I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?—Some ungallant fellow thus hits off the young ladies who are fond of "showing off." However, we suspect he is not the only one who is ready to exclaim "I wouldn't—would you?"

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a bonnet  
That cost fifty dollars when first it was new,  
Who sports a large muff with a hairy tale  
On it,  
That hangs down in front of it just as it grew;  
I wouldn't give much for this female—  
would you?

I wouldn't give much for a woman who prances,  
Promenading all the thoro'fares through;  
Giving winks to the clerks, or else amorous glances,  
Enough to turn her eyes all askew;  
I wouldn't give much for this female—  
would you?

Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchester, was lady of the bedchamber to the princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, borrowed half a crown of her; he sent it to her next day with a gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was ready to accept it."

A lady, who had been very submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time I almost imagined she had none," "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it is very long since."

An Irishman getting on a high mettled horse, it ran away with him, upon which one of his companions called to him to stop him. "Arrah, honey," cried he, "how can I do that when I've got no spurs."

**NOT GUILTY.**—A lawyer in a neighboring parish, celebrated for his talent and shrewdness, was applied to by a criminal to defend him for the commission of a flagrant offence, punishable with imprisonment for life. The lawyer told his client that he feared his ingenuity could not save him; the facts were to plain. "But," said he, "as a last resort, get you friends to have a horse ready near the court-house door—and if the jury find you guilty, you must break for it." The trial came on, the case was argued, and the prisoner, getting as far from the seat of the justice as he could, anxiously awaited his fate. The jury came in, and the prisoner prepared to hear his doom. The verdict was "not guilty," but the foreman of the jury pronouncing the word not almost in a whisper, the word guilty only reached the prisoner's ear. With one bound he cleared the bar, rushed out the court-house, mounted the horse, which he put to the best of his speed, and has never since been heard of—leaving the lawyer to whistle for his fee, and "doing" his friends out of a first rate horse.

"Father," said a four year old, "I think you are a fool." "Why, my child?" "Because you have brought that baby here when mother is sick, and you have to get a woman to take care of it."

**TOO KIND.**—An old servant drinking to the health of his young mistress who was that day made a bride, said: "I wish her many happy returns of the day."

The Pittsburg Mercury, recording the marriage of Miss Holmes, President of the Martha Washing Total Abstinence Society, to a Mr. Andrew Horn, appends the following:

Fair Julia lived a temp' rance maid,  
And preached its beauties night and morn;  
But still her wicked neighbors said,  
She broke the pledge and took a Horn.

"Have you made choice of a profession?" inquired a young lady of a gentleman, who was endeavoring to do the agreeable. "I," replied the gentleman, "am a journeyman shoemaker." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the lady, apparently much disgusted. "I thought you were a student?"