

Am. Ch. Wheeler

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CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

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

WIT AND HUMOR.

THINGS THAT WON'T DO.—It is curious how many things there are which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, where we eat, sleep and get our dinners. For instance:

It won't do to plunge into a law suit, relying wholly upon the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimning purse.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick him back in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do, when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under the impression that you are killing the mosquito.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him, because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while "the back counties remain to be heard from."

"My dear," said a printer to his lady-love "permit me 2 m---n; when the terminant immediately made a---at him, and planted her---between his n, which put his HEAD INTO FL. "This conduct," said the gallant typo looking at her, "is without a---"

The following are infallible receipts. To make pi---play at blind man's buff in a printing office. To have music at dinner---tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady who lives across the way. To save butter---make it so salt that nobody can eat it.

HOW A LOTTERY CANTONER WAS DIED.—The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following good one, under the heading of "A case for forty thousand dollars."

A few days ago a gentleman (?) dropped in at a lottery office not far from Cincinnati, with the ostensible view of purchasing a ticket, but he slyly slipped another in his pocket, which he forgot to pay for. The seller discovered this but laid low---said nothing, determined he would have his joke at the expense of the purchaser. Now the purchaser was in the habit of receiving his drawings regularly, and the seller having a record of the very numbers which were on the ticket pilfered, sent a fictitious drawing to the former, which had the three first numbers corresponding with those on the said ticket. Here was a predicament. The person who held the ticket dared not go to the office where he obtained it for his \$40,000. So he packs up and started for Baltimore, after borrowing a hundred dollars or so to pay expenses. On his arrival there, he called at a lottery office and presented his ticket, stating that he would call again in an hour or two---that the amount was large and he would give them time to stir around. This alarmed the manager; but on another look he discovered the gentleman had drawn out one dollar and six cents. Soon after receiving this amount, the young Cincinnati retraced his steps homeward, fully convinced, we believe, that "honesty is the best policy." We will guarantee he will never steal another lottery ticket.

FAKING TOLL.—The St Louis Reveille is publishing a tale, purporting to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following extract:

A snow having fallen, the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh---don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze, in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked; "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll?" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Now, do tell!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells. "Dr. Mellows pretends that he don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn.

"Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go sleighing, claim a kiss, as toll, when they cross a bridge! Well I never!"

"But shall I tell it all?" The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to fear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed her face was turned directly towards my own, and the snow, glistening in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on of himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was "no use to resist," and she paid up as we reached it.

"But you won't take toll for every span will you, doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical negative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

MISCELLANY.

CONSTANCE; Or the Wife's Sorrow.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

Love on love on---aye, even though the heat we fondly build on prove like the sand. Though one by one the Faith's corner-stones depart, Add even Hope's last pillar falls to stand.

Constance Lascelles was a proud, high-spirited girl, full of kindly feeling towards those she loved. Warm-hearted and affectionate, there was nothing she would not do to serve those who treated her with kindness; no hardship she would have shrunk from undergoing for the sake of one who loved her---no trials too severe to endure in the cause of one she was attached to, by ties either of gratitude or affection. But strong as were her attachments, so also her aversions; she never took an unjust dislike, never judged harshly from slight appearance; but once offended or excited by oppression, injury, falsehood, or insult, her anger became lasting, her dislike unchangeable.

"I cannot forget; and, until I forget, I cannot forgive," was her reply to her brother one day, when he was urging her to overlook the conduct of a former acquaintance towards a young friend of hers.

"My poor Constance," said he, "you have much to overcome ere you pass this life---You will not find friendship in the world so steadfast and so pure as your own; nor will those who call you 'friend' be so ready to make your wrongs theirs."

"Then," she exclaimed proudly, "I will live alone. I will do without friends---at least, without the shallow, base, and ill-humored herd you term friends. If those I deem sincere deceive me, I will cast them off from my affection without a regret; content will take the place of sorrows; I could not grieve for one whom I knew to be unworthy of my esteem."

These were the sentiments of a pure heart, unchilled by intercourse with the cold, stern world. Deep and painful was the awakening from this dream!

Frank Lascelles brought home with him one vacation a friend called Riverson, who soon became charmed with Constance, and exerted himself to the utmost to gain her affection. In this he was successful. Riverson professed to love Constance with deathless affection; and she, without professing it, worshipped her young lover.---Hitherto Constance had either laughed at or rejected the attentions of all her male acquaintances; her heart, full as it was of kindly feelings, seemed insensible to the approaches of love; no lover-like devotion ever touched her. No attention, if it emanated from one who wished to be received as a lover, ever won a return from her beyond what common courtesy demanded; indeed, perseverance in attention, after she had once become explicit, only served to anger her; and all her nearest and best friends were at a loss to imagine how a girl with such warm feelings could be so cold and insensible to the attentions of persons who, in their eyes, appeared to be all that was desirable and worthy in man.

I saw her in company with Riverson, a few days after she had accepted his offer, and it was evident to me that her lot was cast with those who mourn; for under the apparent frankness of the lover, I discovered the greatest selfishness; his warmth of manner was assumed only as a mask to cover a cold and calculating disposition; passions, naturally bad, were in his heart, un-restrained by any countervailing principles. I communicated my impressions to the brother of Constance, and found that he entertained the same opinion of Riverson's character; and that, on discovering the attachment that existed, he had represented to his sister the danger of an alliance with such a man; but the determination of Constance was made---her fate was decided. She had accepted Riverson, and I knew there was nothing that friends could say, that would induce her to break faith in him.

The marriage took place. Riverson was proud of his accomplished wife, and she was too happy to admit a doubt of the sincerity of his affection; or to believe for a moment the perishableness of his attachment. Alas, that love so pure, and confidence so holy, should be slighted and betrayed.

One brief year elapsed, and I heard from Lascelles. He was at Florence and Constance was with him. He told me she was dying. I hastened to them, and oh! what a meeting was ours! Poor Constance! broken-hearted, crushed in mind and spirit, seemed but a shadow of her former self; every trace of the beautiful, high-spirited girl had vanished, and only a careworn, pallid spectre met my bewildered gaze. Many days elapsed ere Lascelles unfolded to me the full extent of Riverson's treachery, and of his wretched wife's misfortunes. For the first few months after their marriage, he had behaved with the same semblance of affection that irradiated the wedding day. The beautiful bride was a novelty, and as such possessed a charm in his eyes; and he treated her as a pleasing toy. But such love did not satisfy the bride; she expected to become the cherished companion of her husband's hours; to be treated as a rational being---not a mere plaything, tolerated by its owner for its beauty or its newness.

husband and counted the days when she expected to hear from him: her spirit still fondly clung to him as ever! She cherished the hope of one day being reunited to him. We were careful not to destroy this illusion. I now think it would have been more merciful to have told her the worst, or to have crushed in the bud those false and vain hopes which she was fostering; but the happiness of seeing her daily amendment of mind and body was so great, that we never contemplated the danger of allowing her to be buoyed up with hopes which could never be realized. We did not consider that sooner or later the truth must come to her knowledge, and that the longer we permitted her to remain in error, the greater would be the misery, and the more dangerous the reaction. We blindly hailed with joy her recovery, and saw not the precipice on which we had placed her.

One beautiful evening, when the setting sun had made both earth and sky one blaze of glorious light, Constance expressed a strong desire to visit the village of Galileo, and her brother, anxious to gratify every wish of hers, prepared to accompany her. The scene was beautiful beyond description; the whole vale of Arno appeared like a richly cultivated garden. Florence lay at our feet; her towers and pinnacles glowed like burnished gold in the rays of the setting sun. The river, winding thro' the olive groves and vineyards, could be plainly traced for miles, until its waters became lost in the distant Apennines, whose dark blue ridge formed the boundary to our gaze. The villa is a favorite walk with all the English at Florence, and this was one of the chief reasons why we had delayed taking Constance there, fearing that the sight of her countrymen might awaken the painful recollections. Tired with wandering in the grounds, we had entered the hall, around which seats are placed for the accommodation of visitors. It was already occupied by two persons---a lady and gentleman were standing before one of the open windows, and the noise caused by our entrance attracted their notice. In a moment we became sensible of the presence of Riverson, and the companion of his flight!

With a glad cry of recognition, Constance sprang forward, and would have thrown herself into her husband's arms; but the dark triumphant glance of his female companion met her gaze, and she paused; while Riverson with the female upon his arm, stalked out of the room. Constance remained for a moment in speechless wonder---the whole truth had flashed upon her mind, and, with a shriek, she fell lifeless at our feet. We took her up, and medical assistance was immediately at hand---but Constance was past all aid! her spirit had winged its flight to another and a better world.

The next intelligence we received of Riverson, was that he had fallen in a duel, into which he had been drawn by the faithless companion of his flight.

HELEN.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Of the manner in which Gen. George's surrender was brought about, we find an account in a Vienna paper of the Allgemeine Zeitung in which it was asserted, that George, who had long been discontented with Kossuth's government, proposed as early as the end of July, to finish the war, and that this proposal was conveyed to Prince Bismarck, who transmitted it to Warsaw. Upon this Prince Schwarzenberg was invited to come to the Polish capital; and his consent having been obtained, the memorable council of war was held in Arad, on the 11th of August, in which George and the officers of his party insisted upon Kossuth resigning his dictatorship in favor of George. The surrender was the consequence of that act.

The Vienna papers publish the two following proclamations:--

"KOSSUTH TO THE NATION.

"After the disastrous battles which have taken place within the last few days, we can no longer have any hope of carrying on the war of self-defence with success against the great force which the allied Austrians and Russians have brought into the field. Under these circumstances, the present and future salvation of the nation can only be looked for at the hands of the leaders of its armies; and it is my firm persuasion that the longer duration of the present Government would not only be useless, but even detrimental. I therefore announce to the nation that, instigated by that pure, patriotic feeling which induced me to dedicate my every measure and my whole life to my native country, I, for myself and in the name of the whole Ministry, lay down the reins of government, and invest General Arthur George with the supreme civil and military powers, as long as the nation shall not make use of its right to dispose of them in another manner. I expect from him that he will employ the power vested in him, as far as in his power lies, to preserve the national and political independence of our poor fatherland, as well for the present as the future, and for this I, before God, make him responsible to the nation and to history. May he love his country as disinterestedly as I have done, and may he be more fortunate in securing the happiness of the nation than I have been! My actions can no longer be of service to my country, but if my death could be of advantage to it, I would willingly sacrifice my

life. May the God of justice and mercy be with the nation.

"LOUIS KOSSUTH, Governor.

"BARTHOLOMEW SYEMERE, Minister of the Home Department.

"SEBASTIAN VUKOVICH, Minister of Justice.

"LADISLAUS CSANYI, Minister of Public Works.

"MICHAEL HOWATH, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs.

It is worthy of remark that the style of the original document is infinitely inferior to the former productions of Kossuth's pen.

"Citizens! The Provisional Government has ceased to exist. The Governor and the Ministers have voluntarily retired from their offices and the Government. Under such circumstances---military dictatorship is indispensable, and this, with the civil power, I provisionally take into my hands. Citizens! what can be done in such an afflicting position for our fatherland I will do, either sword in hand or by pacific means, but, at all events, so that fewer sacrifices may be required, and that persecution, cruelty and murder may cease. Citizens! the circumstances are so extraordinary and the blows of fate so heavy, that any fixed plans for the future are impossible. My only counsel and wish is, that you retire to your homes, and take no share either in resistance or conflict, even if the enemy should enter the town which you inhabit, as the probability is that you can only find safety for yourselves and your property, by remaining in your homes, and pursuing your usual avocations. Citizens! whatever lot God, in his inscrutable will, has destined for us, we will bear with manly fortitude, in the blissful conviction that the just cause cannot be lost forever. Citizens! may God be with us.

"ARTHUR GEORGE."

The Wiener Zeitung of the 24th publishes the following official explanation of the manner in which Gen. George's surrender was brought about:

"During George's retreat, and after his defeat at Waitzen, he made repeated attempts to treat, as well with the Russian Generals Rudiger and Tsochodajeff, as with the Prince of Warsaw, but as his missive only expressed a wish for an intervention or a pacification, and not an unconditional surrender, no notice was taken of them. On the 11th instant, however, a letter was addressed by George, from Arad, to General Baron Rudiger, in which he declared that, in consequence of the dissolution of the Hungarian Provisional Government, he found himself called upon to take a decisive step, and had therefore determined to surrender at discretion. He further stated that he, as well as the officers and soldiers of the army corps under his command, was prepared to surrender to the army of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia. George also expressed his conviction, that the chief of the other corps would follow his example and tender their submission. Although the hopeless position of George's troops, who, after being repeatedly beaten by the Russian troops, were closely pursued by them on the one hand, and by the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, Baron Haynau, on the other, left no doubt that the speedy disarmament or annihilation of George's corps must take place, still, the Prince of Warsaw, moved by the wish to prevent unnecessary bloodshed, and to save a part of the Austrian States from the further ravages of war, consented to accept the offer of unconditional surrender made by George and the troops under his command. General Rudiger accordingly received immediate instructions to surround the enemy's forces and to disarm them. The one hundred and thirty-eight guns, ammunition, horses, weapons, and military stores taken from George's army, were deposited at Grosswarden, where they were taken possession of by the Austrian troops. The Prince of Warsaw has also taken necessary steps for speedily delivering over the insurgents who are at present guarded in their camp by the Russians, and placing them at the disposal of their liege lord, his Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph."

The same paper publishes the following report from Gen. Haynau, dated Temesvar, the 18th Sept.:

"The victories which the troops of their Majesties obtained on the 9th inst, near Temesvar, did not only cause the immediate retreat of the Hungarian army which invested that place, but it gave also such a decisive blow to the forces of the insurgents, that their armies are now incapable of offering any effective resistance. The enemy in their disorderly retreat from Temesvar to Lugos, left the heaps of muskets and accoutrements, ammunition cars, cannon, and thousands of stragglers on the road. The number of prisoners and deserters who have fallen into our hands since the battle of Szeged, on the 5th, is already above 18,000. The same number have laid down their arms and retired to their homes, so that the infantry of the hostile army is in a state of dissolution. George, who, by the rapidity of his movements, managed to escape from the great Russian army at the Upper Theiss, had arrived by the way of Debresin (where his rear guard was routed by the Russians) and Grosswarden, at Arad, in order to join the Southern army of the Magyars. He already fancied that he had escaped the danger, and effected the wished-for union, but

the Austrian army of the Danube had already raised the siege of Temesvar, and menaced Arad on the left bank of the Maros. George came too late, for in the forenoon of the 10th of August, General Schlick, with a part of his corps, encountered George's vanguard, consisting of from 8,000 to 10,000 men, as it was debouching not far from Arad, and threw it back with great loss upon that fortress. Hereupon, George took the road by the way of Radnate, the Maros, where he formed a bridge, intending to pass by Lippa, to Lugos. Foreseeing that this would be attempted, I had already despatched a column to Lippa, which drove the enemy's vanguard, that had just come up beyond the river. The Magyars thereupon burnt the bridge. These last manoeuvres proved decisive, for there was no outlet for George. The Russian General of the Cavalry, Rudiger, coming from Grosswarden, was close upon his heels, on the Transylvanian side the vanguard of the allied army was at Deva, where the castle was blown up and a great number of the insurgents killed, (we know nothing of the particulars connected with the destruction of the castle.) The Austrian army of the Danube was on the left bank of the Maros. Thus shut in on all sides, George surrendered at Villagos on the 13th, with his whole corps, which was reduced to 25,000 men, although he still had 144 guns. In consequence of this the fortress of Arad also surrendered at discretion, on the 17th. The Austrian army boasts, inasmuch as having almost exterminated the enemy in six battles, it has led to the surrender of George's corps, and the fortress of Arad. Directly the siege of Temesvar was raised, I ordered the fugitive army, which was under the command of Bem, to be pursued by the third division, the reserve, and Wallmoden's cavalry division. After some feeble attempts at resistance, Lugos was taken, and the enemy's corps, which was almost in a state of dissolution, was pursued in the direction of Facset and Karessebes. This spitting of the retreating troops---for each division took an opposite direction---proves the disunion and confusion of the insurgent leaders. Weapons and accoutrements which had been thrown away by the fugitives were found on all sides. The carriages of the guns which could not be carried off were burnt, and the guns left behind. A letter of Kossuth's which was found, declared before he knew that George had surrendered, that the Magyar cause was irretrievably lost. The consequence of our rapid pursuit of the enemy is that immense stores of regimentals, military accoutrements, ammunition, &c. of a value of some millions of florins, have fallen into our hands. The Finance Minister, Duschek, came in and surrendered himself, and considerable treasure of uncoined gold and silver, (half a million of florins, or \$50,000.) On the 16th the Southern army, under the Ban of Croatia, Baron Jellachich, was united with the army of Danube. The bloody drama is at an end, and it may be considered as of much moment, that on the anniversary of the birthday of our most generous Monarch, this assertion, with the prospect of peace can be made."

Vienna papers of the 23d, inform us of the capture at Arad of M. Kossuth's bank-note press and the staff of his Ministry of Finance. It is also officially asserted that Prince Paskiewitch was preparing to transfer George and his disarmed troops to the custody of the Austrian Commander-in-chief. The exact number of the cannon which George surrendered was 138.

The state of public opinion in Vienna on the recent events in Hungary may be to some extent estimated from the following letter:

"The intelligence from Hungaria is confirmed in all its details. The courier, Count Sollich, only passed through Vienna on his way to Ischl, where the Emperor is staying; this is the reason the details are not generally known, though they are expected with impatience. No one, however, doubts the surrender of George and the flight of Kossuth and Bem. As to the surrender of George, it is variously commented on. All those who know the man acquit him of any motive unworthy of his chivalrous and hitherto stainless character. George's private conduct was always free from reproach, his patriotism was purer and less seeking than that of Kossuth, the agitator. No personal revenge, no petty hatred drove him into the conflict against Austria. He was a distinguished officer in her service, respected by his regiment; he voluntarily quitted the army and settled at Prague, where he passed his time in the study of chemistry and natural science. The revolution, however, awoke in him the old martial spirit. All who knew him at that time are aware that, though a thorough Hungarian, he did not seek the welfare of his country in a separation from the House of Hapsburg; he wished to secure its freedom but not to destroy the Monarchy; and he always cherished the hope of being able to effect this object till the Hungarian Rump Parliament declared that the House of Austria had ceased to reign. From this period George saw that his country was hastening to an abyss; he regarded the Dictatorship of Kossuth as a monstrosity; nevertheless, he thought himself bound to remain in the important post to which his courage and services had raised him; but he remained less from sympathy with the state of the cause than from a kind of military point of honor. Thus his position with regard to Kossuth, the absolute dictator, because every day more insupportable. After the taking of Ofen, the rupture between them became so serious, that a deputa-tion waited on George and demanded an explanation of his plans and intentions. They were made evident after the battle before Comorn. Kossuth wished that the whole army should be concentrated in the south. George saw in this measure only a prolongation of the sanguinary war; yet he obeyed, not so much the command of Kos-