

J. M. NEWSON.
TERMS.
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POETRY.

For the Republican.
Autumnal Breeze.
The chilling winds has come at last,
Diffusing bleakness o'er the land;
For none can bear the surly blast,
Crashing round on every hand.
The summer's green will disappear,
The leaves must tumble to the ground;
And all be clad in sadness drear,
While Boreas will whistle round.
We hear the sound among the trees,
We feel the bleak and piercing blast;
But eye has never seen the breeze,
That hastens on the death-like cast.
Obscured to sight, it travels on
O'er all creation's wide expanse;
And whispers as it fits along,
Of frigid Greenland's icy haunts.
B. H. P.
HIGH SHOALS, N. C. Oct. 10th, 1849.

MISCELLANY.

A TRUE STORY.

The Old House, and Young Wife.

BY RAPHAEL.

Dr. Lawrence Bell had a grievous fault; he would go to Boston every few months, and be away from a week. And somehow it was in his absence old chronic diseases and rheumatic pains would elude the light. "But what took him there?" "Ah there is the rub."
As a set-off his public grief, however, Doctor Bell had many, very many virtues. He was kind to the poor. The needy had often cause to bless the bounty of his hand. Where sorrow and sickness were, there was he, soothing the one and robbing the other of its pangs. He was the good angel of many a heavy heart, and the feet of infancy grew lighter in his presence. Indeed he was a very "daring of a man," and it puzzled the wits of all to say which loved him most—the venerable matrons, or the amiable young misses of his native town.
His parents were long since dead; but the Doctor still lived in the quaint old homestead.
It was an ancient pile; a gloomy, dingy looking pile, both out and in. Its dormitories, with lights of seven by nine; its massive doors of oak; its low, broad chimneys; its flattened roof, scarcely fifteen feet from "mother earth," and other unmistakable marks, evidenced that it was a house of the olden time—a puritan structure—a monument of other and more honest days. And the Doctor really and truly loved that homely, dingy house.
The little village of W—arose from his breakfast table, one morning, and found itself in commotion. What could it mean? Why a painter was seen at work on that old building of Dr. Lawrence Bell; the carpets were stretched on the garden paths; and the waiting maid was dusting, and washing, and cleansing every thing before her. Conjecture mounted her swift wing of steel, and flew from door to door; and that most innocent of all innocents, village gossip, flattered by her many colored robes, in ecstatic rapture. She knew all about it; the Doctor was about to leave for Boston; for the fourth time, and desired to have his cottage renovated whilst away, that he might avoid the annoyances which necessarily attend such an operation.
Well, the Doctor went to Boston. A week rolled by, and so did a dainty little carriage, and rined up short at the Doctor's house. Many an eye followed it until it stopped, eager to discover what it might contain. The blacksmith poised his hammer in his hand; matron and maid crowded the windows, the teamster halted his oxen; the merchant left his counter and the clerk his quill—all, all anxious to see what was to be seen. The Doctor smiled; and the next thing presented was a neat little foot, in a dainty little gaiter, pressing the step of that little carriage; then came a modest little hand, encased in a lustrous little glove, of which the Doctor modestly took possession; next a rose colored bonnet, plumed, and gay as a bird of Paradise; then a fashionable shawl, with as many hues as a peacock's tail and finally half a web of satin, containing a woman!
Thus the Doctor had thus unceremoniously taken himself a wife. And a very beautiful she was too, with rosy cheeks, big black eyes, and cherry lips, which when parted, displayed two rows of teeth as white as Caylon's ivory. A shower of glossy ringlets deluged her sunny neck.
"And Diana's grace was in her step,
Apollo's music in her voice."
She was in the very spring of life, and never did the sun unfold a lovelier blossom.

"Our future home, my dear." It was all the Doctor said, as he handed her into the little parlor of twelve by fourteen. Charlotte Bell was not thunder struck by any means, but slightly bewildered. She looked and probably felt like a newly caged emerald bird. There were the windows with small ridged lights and uncouth sash. There were the mirrors, but barely long enough to reflect her pretty face, and not ceasing in gold, at that. The drooping ceiling hung above her with an appalling bonness; and a huge eight day clock as old as the "oldest inhabitant," standing alone in the corner, with a fall moon above its face, was ticking the pulsation of time as regularly as if no one was executing it at all.
Weeks and months passed pleasantly. The Doctor pursued the even tenor of his way—healing the sick, and spreading the sunshine of gladness around the path of poverty. Charlotte who was accounted a belle in the city, got along bravely in her new position. Her visitors were kindly treated, and her hospitality was the theme of general praise. All they could say about her was that she was a little proud—just a little—and that was uttered for wisps of straw to friends alone.
The Doctor was a quiet man. If he said little he thought a great deal; in the common parlance of the village "he knew a thing or two." Charlotte was sly and cunning as a fox, the little rogue; and began to hint to him about a fine brick house, with marble front and folding doors; crown glass windows and full length portraits; Brussels carpet, and mahogany chairs; rose-wood tables, and yielding divans, &c. &c. &c. She served him with a dish of these in simple style at first; but as the symptoms became more favorable, increased the dose, until the Doctor felt himself ready to cry *pecore*, and yield at discretion.
Weeks and months passed by, and poor Charlotte was beginning to despair of realizing her pleasant dreams. She would look at times a little sad at Dr. Bell. "This even said the Doctor surprised her in a flood of tears. But she was always kind and gentle, and an ungenerous thought towards him were treason in her breast. She loved him with her young heart's best and purest love, and seemed to live upon his smiles—yet, when alone, she could not help contrasting the rough and unseemly house in which she lived, with the stately mansion of her father, in which she passed her former years.
"This won't do," thought Dr. Bell. "I must school that gentle heart, for I know the soil is there to grow the choicest flowers whose fragrance will cheer the duldest hours of her life, add sweetness and adornment to her being, and yield their rich perfumes wherever she may set her feet." And the Doctor drew up his second glass.
There is a peculiarity in the climate of the old Bay State. A native can sniff the air, and though there be a cloudless sky, tell within an hour of the time of rain. It was a sober, golden afternoon in autumn. Stirred by the saucy breeze, the yellow leaf rustled in melancholy eloquence. Eddying gusts were sporting on the hills, and the valleys sent up their plaintive murmurs to the ear. A thousand birds of every hue and song, were chirping in the shrubs and trees.
"Charlotte, Charlotte, slip on your bonnet, and go along with me this afternoon," said Dr. Bell. An hour in thirty minutes they were jangling stately and pleasantly along the road. Now and then the clear and silvery laugh of Charlotte rang sweetly through the woods. The Doctor cracked a joke or two, and talked with a volubility which was rare to him. "How would you like to live in such a house as that?" said he pointing to a low level near the road. Charlotte cast a furtive glance in the direction of the hut, and would have doubted that it contained a human being, had she not seen a snake curling lazily from its roof. "Some miserable drunkard or peevish thief, I dare say, makes that his home to screen him from the eyes of honest men," said Charlotte, in reply. "We'll see," thought Dr. Bell. And they travelled on.
An hour had not elapsed, when the Doctor remarked,
I perceive, my dear, we are to have a little rain, and may be caught before we can reach home."
Charlotte looked back towards the west, and discovered that heavy clouds were rushing wildly up the heavens. At that moment a deafening peal of thunder startled her. The Doctor turned the head of his steed homewards. It was a sublime scene that now presented itself to the trembling Charlotte. The approaching storm was in full view, and the clouds, "marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky, were tossed and fro by the storm breath of the Almighty." The electric fluid shot forth in livid flame, and the deep thunder shook the earth. The sobbing winds swept furiously through the howling woods, and the leaves darkened the light of heaven. Then came a calm, and big drops of rain. The Doctor plied the lash; and before the storm burst forth in its fury, he arrived at the little hut to which he had before called the attention of his wife. Here as they alighted from the carriage to seek shelter the rain fell
"—in sheeted floods,
That slanted not before the baffled winds—

But with an arrow and unswerving rush
Dashed hissing o'er his wife's head."
There, indeed, in that wretched hovel, were objects of melancholy interest. Charlotte, who was already drenched with rain, and shivering with cold, saw neither of her preconceived beings. Instead of a bloated sot and coveting thief, a care-worn mother, surrounded by four trembling children, seated in the centre of the floor—she only dry spit in that frail tenement.
A little girl was repeating in sweet and plaintive tones our Lord's prayer; the sobs of the others were severely reclin'd upon that wretched lap. As she gazed upon their dejected, her damp garments betrayed that she felt all of Nature's saddest, tenderest sympathies for her little ones, and a saintly smile and Christian resignation beamed from her half-tearful eyes. Charlotte stood for a moment in the door of the tenement, unnoticed by the inmates, and at a single glance saw their painful destination of the confiners of life. In one corner was a sad apology for a bed, close to the head of which stood a plain, unvarnished stool, supporting a well-thumbed bible. Not a third of carpet was to be seen. A half-quenched fire was struggling into life upon the hearth; an old family cupboard, with out doors, exhibited a meagre assortment of knives, forks and dishes. Recognizing Doctor Bell, the widow sprang to her feet, and clasped his hands in her's with feelings akin to emotion. Charlotte was not a little astonished at such a reception; but they were introduced—and the poor woman at once took her by the hand and led her to the chair which she had just left.
"You are welcome, my dear madam, to such shelter as the God of the shelterless has provided for me. But you are cold—very cold," and she laid her hand upon Charlotte's shawl.
"Yes—a little—I am—but—" and it came to Charlotte's mind that the poor woman, too, was cold with her plain and unseasonable dress; and it were cruel in her to complain in her presence. Charlotte looked her full in the face. Never had she seen such beams of tenderness—There was something heavenly in her eyes, which awakened the most painful admiration. Then, in the countenance of her children there was a sweet sadness which made her sick at heart. She asked of them their several names, and was promptly but modestly answered. After some time spent in broken conversation, the storm began to abate, and it was not long till the clouds disappeared from the face of heaven. The Doctor stepped out to prepare for leaving; and as if to seize the opportunity, the widow poured into Charlotte's ears a strain of eloquent and enthusiastic praise of her husband, rapid and full of feeling, such as she had not expected to hear.
"Good, kind creature," she said, "he never permits me to thank him as I should. Oh! he is generous indeed; you know not how much we owe him for the amount of happiness we have of life."
"By what means, may I inquire, has he secured so large a claim upon your gratitude?"
"Many; by his constant and untiring labors around the cradle of my poor, dead husband—by his ceaseless and most anxious prayers when he breathed his last; by his regular visits since his decease, and the consolation he has afforded from his words of kindness; by the most substantial evidence of his goodness of heart, in leaving me the means of subsistence, from day to day, until I was able to provide for myself; by—"
"Nay, no more," interrupted Charlotte, "how can you live in such a house as this?"
"Oh you know not how happy I am here, with God for my Father and His land, and these dear children to live for. I am taught in that blessed book to be of good cheer; and I know he is able to provide for me according to my wants. These very storms prepare my heart to enjoy the sweetness of the calm that follows."
This was a strange part of the philosophy of living to Charlotte's mind. She became engrossed with what she had heard and seen. She felt that she was in the presence of a superior nature; and that true excellence and refined morality were not confined to marble halls. The Doctor's frowns were beginning to germinate.
Just before leaving, Charlotte slipped half an eagle into the widow's hand and whispered, "you shall hear from me again." They were soon on their way home—the Doctor studiously avoiding any allusion to the scene they had just witnessed, and Charlotte recalling to her mind everything that had occurred since they first set out. When he helped her from the carriage to her room, she was almost paralyzed with cold. The transition was enchanting. There was a warm room, and a warm fire blazing cheerfully on the hearth. The windows and mirrors looked larger than when she left them, the ceiling appeared higher; the carpet felt as soft and rich as any Brussels her little foot had ever pressed; and even the face of the old clock was transformed with pleasant smiles. In short everything stood out in luxuriant relief, combining comfort with utility. Tears of gladness really stole into her eyes.
A few days afterwards, the Doctor and Charlotte were sitting together in their little parlor. The winds were howling mournful-

ly around the house, and a cheerful fire crackling on the hearth. She felt that she was surrounded with every conceivable comfort. "In the course of the ensuing spring," said Dr. Bell, "we will lay the foundation of a new house, my dear—what do you say to it?"
"I think, Doctor, the foundation has been already laid," answered Charlotte, pressing her hand upon her heart, and smiling most bewitchingly on her delighted husband; "our house is good enough; and may I never want a better one." The Doctor's frowns were in full bloom, shedding an infant freshness about his heart.
THE TURN OF LIFE.
From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His mental strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to attacks of disease, and experience has given him judgment at the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early childhood, and passes through life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But about this river is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the "Turn of Life" is a turn either to a protracted walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength—whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set.—*The Science of Life, by a Physician.*
WRONG ACTIONS.
Remorse does but add to the evil which bred it when it promotes, not penitence, but despair. To have erred in one branch of our duties does not unfit us for the performance of all the rest, unless we suffer the dark spot to spread over our whole nature, which may happen almost unobserved in the torpor of despair. This kind of despair is chiefly grounded on a foolish belief that individual works or actions constitute the whole life of man; whereas they are often but fair representatives of portions of that life. The fragments or rock in a mountain stream may tell much of its history—are in the fact results of its doings, but they are not the stream. They were brought down when it was too turbid to see now be clear; they are as much the results of other circumstances as of the action of the stream; their history is full; they give us no sure intelligence of the future course of the stream, or of the nature of its waters; and may scarcely show more than that it has not been always as it is. The actions of men are often but little better indications of the men themselves.
Friends in Council.
LISTENING TO EVIL REPORT.
The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:
1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill-report.
4. Always to moderate as far as I can the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe, that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.
HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN THE BERKS COUNTY ALMS HOUSE.—The Reading (Pa.) Press of Tuesday says,
The hospital of the Berks County poor House has been the scene of a bloody tragedy, which is almost unparalleled in the history of human actions, involving the destruction of a family, consisting of a wife and daughter, by the father, and his death by suicide, after he had inflicted dreadful wounds upon the head and throat of the wife, with a razor and hammer, and severing the throat of the daughter, a girl some 18 years old, with the same instrument. This shocking and sanguinary deed was committed in one of the chambers of the hospital, occupied by the unfortunate victims for the last ten months, on Saturday evening last between 7 and 8 o'clock. His name is Frederick Stahl, a native of Germany, and his conduct has always been marked with propriety; but he may have been led to the act by the hopeless condition of his wife who is insane,

and that of his daughter, long confined to her bed by lameness, and unable to utter a word. The wife made her escape from the chamber, with her neck dreadfully lacerated by the razor; and her head battered with the hammer, the handle of which broke in his hands. When the overseer entered, he found Stahl reclining to the floor, where he instantly expired—the daughter lay in her gore on the bed, with her throat cut from ear to ear.
REMARKABLE CASE OF ACCUMULATION.
An illustration of what a little money will become in time, if put out on interest, and properly taken care of, is afforded by an incident reported in the New York Journal of Commerce, by an old resident.
He stated that 50 years ago a bequest of \$10,000 was left to an idiot on Long Island. He was then in his infancy, and is, consequently, now but little over 50 years of age. Soon after his father's decease, three respectable inhabitants of the city, all of whom are yet living, were appointed trustees for the care of the bequest, with authority to appropriate \$500 annually for the idiot's mainenance, which was accordingly done. This left at first but a small accumulation, but latterly the increase has been rapid, and the principal now amounts to over \$100,000. Should the party live 50 years longer, as is not improbable, he will die worth a million of dollars. Pretty well for a fool.
HEALTH, HOW TO PRESERVE IT.
Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance, and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, and indiscriminate dosing and drugging have ruined the health and destroyed the life of more persons than famine, sword and pestilence. If you will take my advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know, and follow nature.
Water-Cure Journal.
The darkest hour of the night is just before the break of day. Though prosperity is a desirable state, adversity is often beneficial. A man brought to the ground is awakened to a just perception of his duties, and takes courage to try again. Milton was blind when he found Paradise Lost, and Cowper, in great distress, when he translated Homer. Ye that are down bent, take fresh courage and try again.
YOUNG GIRLS IN LOVE.
My own amiable girl says to herself, "I have read that love is passion, which of two souls makes but one; which detaches them from everything, supplies the want of every thing, and makes their mutual happiness, their only care and desire. Such is love, and according to this idea of it, it will be very easy for me to distinguish in myself, and in others, the illusion from the reality."—O her young ladies whom we have known, chatter about marriages being made up in heaven, and profess themselves fatalists &c., because their little foolish hearts have been prepossessed with a love-attack, which if it could be properly viewed and considered, would not continue for the space of two hours. They cherish it, however, for a long time; and find out suddenly how much they have deceived themselves.
CURING LAZINESS.
The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.
HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.
The following, from a sheet of Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston, accords precisely with our notions of what constitutes the true mode of teaching the young—
If you find an error in the child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled wrong, be sure that the class is right before it is dismissed. Repeat, and fix attention on the exact error, till it can never be committed again. One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child full possession of one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching—no matter what time it takes—never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought.
FRANKNESS.
Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion; and and take it for granted you intend to do what is right. If a friend asks a favor you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend not to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly

with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say and speak out of doors as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing to be read of by men. It is best as a matter of policy.
THE DRUNKARD'S END.
Moses Stevens of Ipswich, an intemperate man, came to town on Monday last, to peddle fish, and put up at Savory's Hotel. He complained of being unwell, and exhibited symptoms of delirium tremens. He retired about 10 o'clock, but arose about 2, and going into the street with nothing on but his night clothes, ran about half a mile crying "stop him, stop him!" Aroused by his cries, those in the vicinity went out to learn the cause, and found him crawling upon his hands and knees in the middle of the road, and exclaiming that his horse was running away and he was trying to stop him; that the Devil was on the seat with him, and that he was trying to turn him out; begging for help. He then began to pour out a stream of the most horrid oaths that ever passed the lips of man; in a few minutes after expired. Such is the drunkard's end, such his preparation for eternity. In his wig was found several bottles of rum. He was about thirty-five years of age.
L. Cour.
HAVING been repeatedly called on for a copy of the last week's Hornet's Nest sent to us, containing the following publication, about which many of our readers manifest much interest, we insert it as an item of news. We exceedingly regret the occurrences which called it forth; but the established character of Capt. Hoke, and the high estimation in which he is held in this community, are ample guarantees that nothing but the most extraordinary conduct on the part of Rufus Barringer, would have led to his humiliating exposure. The whole difficulty grew out of improper personal attacks for political effect, made by Barringer against Capt. Caldwell, the Democratic candidate, in the late contest for Congress.—*Ed. Repus.*
TO THE PUBLIC.
In justice to Capt. G. W. Caldwell and myself, I submit the following statement:
On the 3rd inst., at Concord, as the friend of Capt. G. W. Caldwell, I handed to Rufus Barringer a note from the former containing a direct invitation to the field; which note the latter received and carried off. After delivering the note, I urged the necessity of a speedy arrangement, as public suspicion was already excited. He replied, that he must have some three or four days to make his arrangements. I then remarked, that I could not remain in Concord, and asked, if he knew who would be his friend, and if he could get Dr. Henderson again. He replied, he could not tell, for Henderson had acted before with reluctance. I then told him, that if he could give me any intimation as to who his friend would be, I would retire to some point in the country and wait on him. He said, that he would meet me on Sunday, the 7th inst., at the Tuckasee farm. I urged Saturday, the 6th, but he insisted on Sunday, and I acquiesced.
I parted with him under the full belief that there would be a meeting on the field on the following Monday, and so informed Capt. Caldwell. After these facts the public may well judge my surprise upon learning that he had gone to Charlotte, with the *Challenge in his pocket*, and gazetted Capt. Caldwell as a coward; and had, in the same publication, declared in advance that he would not fight any of Capt. C's friends! Do the annals of honorable warfare afford another such instance of base cowardice? What, gazetted *man after receiving his challenge!* Where, but in the low mind of Rufus Barringer, could such an idea arise?
Now, if it was his intention to refuse to meet Capt. C. on the ground as stated by himself, he should have declined receiving the challenge when it was offered. Receiving Capt. Caldwell's note, and making arrangements under it, was an acceptance of the challenge, and he could not afterwards take exception to Capt. C. as a gentleman. This is a plain rule, sanctioned by custom and common sense. But there is another circumstance that fixes the stain of cowardice indelibly upon him; we will suppose for argument's sake, that his ground or refusing to fight Capt. Caldwell was a good one, and that he could avail himself of it after the acceptance of the challenge, upon what principle could he refuse in advance to fight me, or any of Capt. Caldwell's "friends?" I had had no connection with the former affair, and he could not pretend that my honor had been stained by it. Why then, I again ask, refuse to fight me? The truth is, the ground of his refusal to fight Capt. C., as stated by himself, is a miserable pretext suggested by his cowardice. He was AFRAID TO FIGHT ANY BODY; and he reported to the Gazette, with the design of diverting public attention from his own baseness by a "Bilingsgate" and "Fishmarket" tirade against Capt. Caldwell. In this, he has not succeeded.
I have now done with Rufus Barringer forever. In his recent publication, he proclaimed his own infamy. By his dastardly conduct, he has put himself under the ban; he can no longer be recognized among gentlemen. Henceforth, let the world look down upon him as a creature whose heart is malicious enough to devise evil, but whose spirit is too cowardly to defend it.
J. F. HOKE.
Oct. 8, 1849.