

The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, Editor.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor. And all letters to the Proprietors, or Jobbers, &c., must be addressed to the Publisher. All letters must be post-paid and they will not be attended to.

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Doctr.

My Children.

I have two little darlings
With eyes of deepest blue,
Their hair is like the golden corn,
And the pompadour is new to them,
I watch their minnie expanding
With fond and anxious care,
Like fragrant little blossoms,
Whose petals daily open.

Frank says his mother's a rebel,
And little brother Willy,
In my bed-time says,
I cut them both my neck-ropes,
For like music in my ear,
Are their merry voices,
As they sing and play.

What shall I do to the flowers,
The rainbow in the sky,
Are these children to my pathway,
Which they clear and beautify,
They play and sing with gladness,
With thankfulness and praise,
They are away my sorrow,
And leave no gloomy days.

Though many other blessings
I find my children's love,
My children and their father,
Are chief among them all,
My little ones look with joy,
When I kneel on my knees,
And they the brightest jewels
Within the diadem.

Then bless me on my darling
Bright blessings from above,
God grant their future journey
Be not a journey of woe,
O may my days be lengthened
Throughout their early youth,
To lead them in the pathway
Of Honor and Truth.

God grant to me His spirit,
To guide their souls aright,
To walk in His holy way,
And when His life is paid,
My all when He has given
United form a family,
Within the courts of heaven.

Miscellaneous.

The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass.
A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

At the entrance of one of those gorges or gaps in the great Appalachian chain of mountains in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge, in the early settlement of that country by the American race, and drove a thriving trade in the way of iron axes and pointed galls for the settlers, and showing himself for a wayfarer in their transit through that country to examine gold mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and with make a conspicuous figure in the narrative, some of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life in a homely manner of his own—"Pay up ye ye ye,"—he had acquired some money, and was out of debt, and consequently enjoyed the privilege of being independent, to a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a greater portion of this world's attention than himself. He was a burly, well-looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development, and just old enough to have amassed sufficient experience of men and things, to make the past serve as a finger-post to his future journey through life. With shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a genial expression in the corners of his eyes, that spoke of fun.

The laughing devil in his eye was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength and agility; and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his great predecessor, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front page in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own lank legs to the fair proportions of his friend.

Now, although Ned Ferguson for such was the name he had inherited from some Gothic ancestor, was a good natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage, and the admiration which a successful exercise of his power never failed to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbors; and from the success which always crowned his best efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of education, he had, nevertheless, at different periods, collected a mass of heterogeneous information, which he was very fond of displaying on all occasions. He was a sort

of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison, on any subject, and was referred to on all disputed points, that arose among the candidates for legislature and country politicians. This he boasted on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well-thumbed copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and affected skepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Blaham and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being fond with a copy of Taylor's "Dissertations," although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the "Ruins," or knew what Dregmas meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the pestiferous Mr. Edward Ferguson to the preachers of the gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the "whypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion, and using unbecomingly language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and serious direction.—A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of speaking his discourse with anecdotes, once made the blacksmith the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. All this came to the ears of Ferguson, with such adulations and embellishments as a story usually received in passing a third person.

It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain stream as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. The blacksmith swore in his wrath that he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge for the insult.

Ferguson was a man of his word, as the "brained features of many a John Wesley's disciples could testify." His character soon went a great way, and the good old mountains of the surrounding country, on each side of the mountain, trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really so romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the place to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies, of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell, in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes—in despite of the gladiator of beating cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons with the broad way that leads to destruction. And Ned Ferguson, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes of this Satan in majesty, by many a mountain girl, who could doubtless have fallen in love at first sight with him, under any other name.

The preacher whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain, at the time Ned's fulflet was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him on the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Ferguson with a huge sledge hammer ready to dash out his brains, and would start with such violence as to awake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certain. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duty faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter, he did not use his way toward the gap, as he came in from the show, the blacksmith was striking his last blow on a shovel and singing to the tune of "Clear the kitchen."

"Old George is a noble State,
His laws are good, and his people great!"

On catching a glimpse of the person, who had battered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sang out—"Stop there, you ornery old bully, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation!"

The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word or deed.

The man's subdued look and earnest voice had half subdued Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers, served him to do what he felt was mean. Let any one pause a moment, and reflect if he has never been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr. Ferguson is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on the ears, and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart; and when that permission was received, he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this man made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry, convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remark, or if he had a preference that some worthy brother should occupy the healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Ferguson's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was a sore apple and severe justice to others, who had heard of his name. It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and there was no little winking, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist Church.

After a time it was agreed that the Rev. Mr. Subbieworth was the doomed individual, and when the announcement came, many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good natured face, to see how the dispensation was borne, but he expressed no concern. With a quiet smile, he expressed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the hands of a potter," he said. If he "pissed" himself on a

staid indifference to the blacksmith's punning, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself he never disclosed but he appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His professor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the jaws of some terrible grismakin.

Mr. Subbieworth arranged his few sublimity, and bidding his friends adieu, mounted his old roan, and departed for his new home of trials with a song of hope on his lips. Let us hope the best for him.

The Rev. Mr. Subbieworth was very much pleased with his new station. Having been transferred from a level pine woods country, near the confines of Florida, the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere seemed to inspire him with new life.

The time arriving for his departure to the transcendent portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimera's any," sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quoted their fears by appealing to the power that "temers the wind to the storm lamb," with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined. And he departed singing.

They watched him until his party person and horse grew dim in the distance, and then turned away, sighing that the good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith.

Ferguson had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. O, what a nice baiting he would have! He has heard, too, that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped that this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing that the preacher must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and reclining on a bench, regarded himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher.

It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
"And late laid up their treasures above!"

Sung in a clear, full voice, and soon the tone relaxed toward the angle of a rock, rode leisurely up, with a cheerful smile on his face.

"How are you, old chap?" Got off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have many notes to read," replied the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend; I'll call as I return."

Your name is Subbieworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, is it?"

"My name is Subbieworth," he replied meekly.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Ferguson, the blacksmith, what ships every Methodist minister that goes through the gap?" was asked with an audacious leer.

"And how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Ferguson's name, but presumed that he did not molest well behaved travelers.

"You presumed so. Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trot about leather, any how. Well, what'll you do, if I don't whip you this time, you'll be the do-diddle, you'll!"

Mr. Subbieworth professed his willingness to do any thing reasonable to avoid such a disgrace.

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear that last will and testament of Tom Paine next to your heart; read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you are to get into."

The preacher looked on during these novel propositions, without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you have got to a whaling to submit to, then. I'll bargain you like hicks-I'll tear you into doll rags, corse ways!—Got down, you long faced hypocrite!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Ferguson walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity, and dismounted.

"I have but one request to make my friend; that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. I was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you brazen-faced imp!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse of himself and his sect; and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw his garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Ferguson a tremendous blow between his eyes, and laid that person full length on the ground with the paragon of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Subbieworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with a quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy—

"Tongue cannot express
The sweet content and peace
Of a soul in its dear-est love!"

until Mr. Ferguson, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded hastily, "Nough! nough! nough! Take him off!" But unfortunately there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass, and looked on as quietly as if his master was happy at a companying.

"Now," said Mr. Subbieworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist again."

Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows, and sang—

"I rode on the sky, freely justified,
And the moon it was under my feet!"

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures something else, caused him to cry out, "Well, I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Subbieworth, "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian."

Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine Creek meeting house and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer some excuse, "I—I—that is—"

When the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand—

"My soul melted higher," chanted of Ned, "Nor did ever Elijah his feet!"

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words redolent of gorgeous imagery died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now the third and last demand I make of you is perempory."

Ned was all attention to know what was to come next.

"You are to promise to seek religion day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."

The fallen man looked at the declining sun and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter suddenly began to raise his voice in a song once more, and Ned knew what was coming next.

"I'll do my best," he said in an humbled voice.

"Well, that's that a man," Mr. Subbieworth said. "Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before, and went to obey the laudatory injunction of the preacher, while that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said—"Keep your promises, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Ferguson—I'll look for you to-morrow; and off he rode with the same unperishable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business. What would people say if they knew Edward Ferguson was whipped before his own door in the gap, and by a METHODIST PREACHER, too!"

But his own wishes were soon in sorrow then in anger.

The dejected countenance of Ferguson was of course the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Ferguson looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his "black eye" from a recent scuffle, to the rainbow spectrum scene—"blending every color into one." Or perhaps, he had never read that story, and only muttered to himself, "Ned Ferguson struck by a Methodist preacher!"

His dreams that night were of a confused and disgusting nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct recollection of a something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not remember the cause of his feelings, but the bruises on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The glimpses of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used so much. Strange stories are circulated as to this metamorphosis of the jovial dare devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very rightly, that "his spirit had entered him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and "browed his face." Others gave the price of darkness the credit of the change; but some suspicion the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vantage to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Ferguson visited a camping meeting. The Rev. Mr. Subbieworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieve it of a burden, and the song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
"And late laid up their treasures above!"

was only half through, when he felt like a new man. Ferguson was from that time a "shouting Methodist." At a time, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conversion and conversion to the astonished neighbors. The Rev. Mr. Subbieworth who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact; I did mind the grace into his unbelieving soul there is no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

Family Companion.

Miss Barrett Coatts has been elected "a Fellow" of the Zoological Society in London.

HON. WM. R. KING, OF ALABAMA.

William Rufus King is a native of North Carolina. He was born on the 7th April, 1786. His father—William King—was a planter, in independent circumstances, whose ancestors came from the north of Ireland, and were among the early settlers on James river in the colony of Virginia. He was highly esteemed for his many virtues, and was elected a member of the State convention which adopted the federal constitution.

The mother of Mr. King was descended from a Huguenot family, which had been driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

William Rufus King received his education at the University of North Carolina, in which he was sent at the early age of twelve years. On leaving that institution, where his attention to his studies, and uniformly correct and gentlemanly deportment, had commanded the respect and regard of his fellows and the approbation of the professors, he entered the law office of William Duffy, a distinguished lawyer, residing in the town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, and in the autumn of 1805 obtained license to practice in the superior courts of the State. In 1806 he was elected a member of the legislature of the State from the county of Sampson in which he was born. He was again elected the year following; but, on the meeting of the legislature, he was chosen solicitor by that body, and resigned his seat. Col. King continued in the practice of his profession until he was elected a member of Congress from the Wilmington district, which took place in August, 1810, when he was but little more than twenty-four years of age; but, as his professional term did not expire before the 4th of March, 1811, Col. King did not take his seat in the Congress of the United States until the autumn of that year, being the first session of the Twelfth Congress. This was a most important period in the history of the country. The governments of England and France had for years rivalled each other in acts destructive of the neutral rights, and ruinous to the commerce of the United States. Every effort had been made—but in vain—to procure an abandonment of orders in council on the one hand, and decrees on the other, which had nearly cut off the commerce of the country by the roots, and a large majority of the people felt that to submit longer to such gross violations of their rights as a neutral nation would be degrading, and they called upon the government to protect their rights, even at the hazard of a war. In this state of things Col. King took his seat in the House of Representatives, and unhesitatingly ranged himself on the side of the bold and patriotic spirits in that body who had determined to repel aggression—come from whatever quarter it might—and to maintain the rights and honor of the country. The withdrawal of the Berlin and Milan decrees by France, while England refused to abandon her orders in council, put an end to all negotiation as to which of those powers should be met in deadly strife. In June, 1812, war was declared against England, Mr. King advocating and voting for the declaration. He continued to represent his district in Congress during the continuance of the war, maintaining with all his power every measure deemed necessary to enable the government to prosecute it to a successful termination; and until the rights of the country were vindicated and secured, and peace restored to the land did he feel at liberty to relinquish the highly responsible position in which his conflicting constituents had placed him. In the spring of 1816 Col. King resigned his seat in the House of Representatives, and accompanied Wm. Pickens, of Maryland, as secretary of legation, first to Naples, and then to St. Petersburg, to which courts Mr. Pickens had been appointed minister plenipotentiary. Col. King remained abroad not quite two years, having in that time visited the greater portion of Europe, making himself acquainted with the institutions of the various governments, and the condition of their people. On his return to the United States he determined to move to the Territory of Alabama, which determination he carried into effect in the winter 1818-19, and fixed his residence in the county of Dallas, where he still resides. A few months after Col. King arrived in the Territory—Congress having authorized the people to form a constitution and establish a State government—he was elected a member of the convention. Col. King was an active, talented and influential member of that body, was placed on the committee appointed to draft a constitution, and was also selected by the general committee, together with Judge Taylor, now of the State of Maryland, and Judge Henry Hitchcock, now no more—to reduce it to form, in accordance with the principles and provisions previously agreed on. This duty they performed in a manner satisfactory to the committee. The constitution thus prepared was submitted to the convention, and adopted with but slight alterations.

On the adjournment of the convention Col. King returned to his former residence in North Carolina, where most of his property still was, and having made his arrangements for its removal, set out on his return for Alabama. On reaching Milledgeville, in the State of Georgia, he received a letter from Gov. Bibb of Alabama, informing him that he had been elected a senator in the Congress of the United States, and that the certificate of his election had been transmitted to the city of Washington. This was the first intimation which Col. King had that his name even had been presented to the Legislature for that high position; and injuriously as it would affect his private interests—in the then condition of his affairs—he did not hesitate to accept the honor so unexpectedly conferred upon him, and leaving his people to pursue their way to Alabama, he retraced his steps and reached the city of Washington a few days before the meeting of Congress. His colleague—the Hon. John W. Walker—had arrived before him.

Alabama was admitted as a State, and her senators after taking the oath to support the constitution of the United States, were required to draw for their term of service, when Major Walker drew six years and Col. King four. At the time that Alabama became a State of the Union, the indebtedness of her citizens for lands sold by the

States—under what was known as the credit system—was nearly twelve millions of dollars. It was perfectly apparent that this enormous sum could not be paid, and that an attempt to enforce the payment could only result in ruin to her people. Congress became satisfied that the mode heretofore adopted for the disposal of the public domain was wrong, and a law was passed reducing the minimum price from two to one dollar and twenty-five cents the acre, with cash payments. This change was warmly advocated by our senators Walker and King.

At the next session a law was passed authorizing the purchasers of public lands, under the credit system, to relinquish to the government a portion of their purchase, and to transfer the amount paid on the part relinquished, so as to make complete payment on the part retained. At a subsequent session another law was passed, authorizing the original purchasers of the lands so relinquished to enter them at a fixed rate, much below the price at which they had been originally sold. To the exertions of Senators King and Walker, Alabama is mostly indebted for the passage of these laws, which freed her citizens from the heavy debt which threatened to overwhelm them with ruin, and also enabled to secure their possessions upon reasonable terms.

Col. King was elected a senator in 1823, in 1828, in 1834, and in 1840. His firm but conciliatory course insured for him the respect and confidence of the Senate, and he was repeatedly chosen to preside over that body as President pro tempore, the duties of which position he discharged in a manner so satisfactory that at the close of each session a resolution was adopted, without a dissenting voice, tendering him the thanks of the body for the ability and impartiality with which he had discharged those duties. In the spring of 1844 Col. King was offered the situation of minister to France, which he declined, as he had, on previous occasions, refused to accept other diplomatic situations which had been tendered to him, preferring, as he declared, to be a senator from Alabama to any office which could be conferred on him by the general government. At this time the proposition for the annexation of Texas was pending, and there was but too much reason to believe that the British government was urging that of France to unite with her in a protest against such an operation. It was therefore, of the highest importance to prevent, if possible, such a joint protest as, should it be made, must have inevitably resulted in producing hostilities with one or both of these powers; for no one for a moment believed that the government of the United States would be deterred from carrying out a measure which she considered essential to her interests from any apprehension of consequences which might result from any combination of the powers of Europe.

Colonel King was a decided advocate of the annexation of Texas; and when urged by the President and many of his friends in Congress to accept the mission he consented, under these circumstances, to give up his seat in the Senate. Colonel King, feeling the importance of prompt action, did not even return to his home to arrange his private affairs, but repaired at once to New York, and took passage for Havre. Arriving in Paris, he obtained an audience of the King, presented his credentials, and at once entered upon the object of his mission. After frequent conferences with the King of the French, who had kindly consented that he might discuss the subject with him, without going through the usual routine of communicating through the Foreign Office, Col. King succeeded in convincing his Majesty that the contemplated protest while it would not arrest the proposed annexation, would engender in the minds of the American people a feeling of hostility towards France, which would operate most injuriously to the interests of both countries now united by the closest bonds of friendship; and his Majesty ultimately declared that "he would do nothing hostile to the United States, or which could give to her just cause of offence." The desired object was accomplished. England was not in a condition to act alone, and all idea of protest was abandoned. Col. King remained in France until the autumn of 1846, dispensing a liberal hospitality to his countrymen and others, and receiving from those connected with the government, and a large circle of the most distinguished individuals in Paris, the kindest attention.

He returned to the United States in November, 1846, having requested and obtained the permission of the President to resign his office.

In 1848 the Hon. Arthur P. Bagby was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Russia, and resigned his seat in the Senate. It was then that Col. King was appointed by the governor of Alabama to fill the vacancy thus created; and in 1849—the term for which he was appointed having expired—he was elected by the legislature to a full term of six years. In 1850, on the death of Gen. Taylor, the President of the United States, Mr. Fillmore, the Vice President, succeeded to that high office, and Col. King was chosen by the unanimous vote of the Senate President of that body, which placed him in the second highest office in the government. Colonel King has ever been a republican of the Jeffersonian school. He has, during his whole political life, opposed the exercise of implied powers on the part of the general government, unless expressly granted power—firmly impressed with the belief, as he has often declared, that the security and harmony of the country depended on the federal government was not in adhering to a strict construction of the constitution.

In all the relations of life Colonel King has maintained a spotless reputation. His frank and confiding disposition, his uniform courtesy and kindness, have endeared him to numerous friends, and commanded for him the respect and confidence of all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Colonel King is about six feet high, remarkably erect in figure, and is well proportioned. Brave and chivalrous in his character, his whole bearing impresses even strangers with the conviction that they are in the presence of a finished gentleman. His fine colloquial powers and the varied and extensive information which he possesses, render him a most interesting companion.

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