

# THE WEEKLY RALEIGH REGISTER, AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

Published every Friday, by WESTON R. GALES, Editor and Proprietor, at Three Dollars per Annum.

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NO. 52.

## The Register.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Tuesday, October 1, 1844.

Our's are the plans of fair, delightful peace,  
Unmarred by party rage, to live like brothers.

We had the first Frost of the Season yesterday morning.

### SUPERIOR COURT.

The Superior Court for this County is in session, His Honor, Judge CALDWELL, presiding. We believe that for the first time in many years, there are no cases on the Criminal docket, of a Capital nature.

The Rowan Whig gathering came off according to appointment, on the 21st ult. Effective Speeches were made by Hon. D. M. BARRINGER and N. BOYDEN, Esq.

### A LARGE BEEF.

Mr. JAMES H. MURRAY, of this City, sent us a few days since, a MAMMOTH BEEF, raised in his Garden, which weighed seven pounds and a quarter, without the top, and measured twenty-one inches in circumference.

### RALEIGH CLAY CLUB.

We had a glorious meeting of our Club on Friday night last. It was called to make preparations for attending the Alliance Mass meeting, and from the spirit manifested, we hope there will be a glorious turn-out on Wake on that occasion. A number of spirited Speeches were delivered, and amongst others, Mr. LORING, the former Editor of the "Standard," was called out and made a most capital talk. He knows all about the Loco Focos, and the way he used up them, and their Polk-stalk nominee for the Presidency, was a caution. We never heard Mr. LORING speak before, but have heard that he was both a fluent and pleasing speaker, and he is so. He gave a very interesting statement of the reasons which induced him to part company with the "Democracy," one of the chief of which was the new issue made up by them of "Texas or Disunion."

Before finishing the business of the meeting, a motion was made that the Club adjourn until this evening (Tuesday) and that a Committee then report arrangements for attending the Orange meeting. The motion prevailed, and there will be, therefore, another meeting of the Club to-night, which we hope will be fully attended.

### MALLORY'S LIFE OF CLAY.

This work, in two volumes, comprises the only full collection of Mr. CLAY'S Speeches ever published, containing about eighty Speeches in all, and nearly forty published in no other work. They are elegantly bound, and beautifully printed, and are embellished with four handsome Engravings, viz: An admirable likeness of Mr. CLAY—a view of his birth-place in the States of Hanover County, Va.—a representation of his residence at Ashland, and of the Monument erected in honor of him on the Cumberland Road, near Wheeling, Va. This work is for sale at this Office—Price, Five Dollars.

### AN AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

We recommend, says the Editor of the Baltimore Clipper, that the following sentiment be inscribed upon the banners of all parties, as evincing the American spirit which should animate all:

PALMED BY THE HAND  
which receives  
BRITISH GOLD,  
TO PUT DOWN  
AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

### HON. WILLIE P. MANGUM.

We regret to learn from his Physician, (says the Hillsboro' Recorder,) that Judge MANGUM is still seriously indisposed at his residence on Flat River. His disease affecting his lungs, entirely precludes the idea of his attending the Mass Meetings in the different parts of the State, as he was extremely anxious to do, and will probably prevent him from speaking in public for a month to come. We hope, however, he will be sufficiently recovered to attend the Alliance Mass Meeting on the 9th and 10th of October, even if it should not be advisable for him to speak on the occasion.

CALEB BARCO is the name of the Whig Candidate elect from Camden County, and not CORNELIUS G. LAMB, as heretofore published.

### MAINE.

At the second trial for the election of Representatives to the State Legislature from the town of PORTLAND, on Monday last, the Whigs elected their candidates, three in number. Their average majority is nearly a hundred votes.

### POISONED WEAPONS.

We regret to perceive a little bit of bluster, in the concluding portion of the Address recently put forth by the Loco Foco Central Committee. The Address says—

"It is FALSE, come from what quarter it may, to ascribe to us or to the democratic party of the South, hostility to the Union, no matter what may be the result of our Texas negotiations. We resent it as an insult; and an honorable opponent in politics will not use the weapon he knows to be poisoned. We go for the UNION AND TEXAS—TEXAS AND THE UNION—but for the UNION, Texas or no Texas."

We cannot, of course, after this, say that this Committee, or the whole Democratic party of the South, are disunionists. The Chairman must certainly have changed vastly, if he is one, for we well remember how proud he once made us, by the noble stand he took against them. But shall we not say, for fear it will be pronounced "false," that R. Barnwell Rhett, Langdon Chesnut, and a large number of Polk and Dallas men in South Carolina, are rank disunionists!—And must we not venture to breathe the fact, that they are a portion, at least of the "Democratic party of the South!" The fact cannot be disguised, and it is worse than folly to attempt to deny it, that there are mad disunionists in South Carolina, and that there are many such—and they are not insignificant, but men of high character and talent, and every man of them Democrats. And their political friends here are afraid to reproach them for their madness and folly. Let the Central Committee deal out some of their thunder against their allies, and they may do the country more service than by all their big talk about poisoned weapons.

Moreover, being "honorable opponents," we trust they will not hereafter, themselves, use poisoned weapons. We shall hear no more of that exploded, disproved, and unmanly charge of "Bargain, corruption and intrigue." That is a weapon, which they know to be poisoned, or, if they do not, we pity their ignorance. Being "honorable opponents," and not ignorant, they will please to write FALSE under that charge hereafter, "come from what quarter it may."

### READ! READ!!

We hope that the Address, issued last week by the Whig Central Committee, may attract universal attention. Whether viewed as a promulgation of simple facts—as a successful overthrow of a highly sophistical attempt at defence—or a sound exponent of the motives which should actuate the American people in the present contest—we think this paper unique.

We have read and re-read it. Our sides have ached with laughter, caused by the quiet satire, and we have been filled with admiration at the patriotic sentiments which pervade it. As a masterpiece of sound reasoning, let it be studied. We say, let it be copied into every paper in the Union. We go for no half-measures, but say let the man, thus proved to be the descendant of a Tory—and not a Tory because his opinions coincided with those of the mother country, but from the basest mercenary motives—as indignantly rejected by the American People, as though he were the descendant of BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The odium which attaches to Mr. POLK from his ancestry, might have been suffered to sink into oblivion, but for the pertinacious efforts of his misguided friends, to call attention to the fact. And now, that his ancestor's crime lies exposed in all its enormity, we do hope that Americans, the descendants of those whose sufferings in the cause of freedom yet cry aloud for revenge, will not place at their head the descendant of one who cravenly deserted them in their "hour of utmost need."

### "THAT LETTER."

Every Democratic paper in this City, more especially the "Signal," is constantly demanding the production of the Letter, said to have been written by Mr. CLAY to FRANCIS P. BLAIR, fully establishing, as they allege, the charge of "Bargain and corruption," so pertinaciously advanced by them as the greatest bar to his elevation to the Presidency. This charge, with which the Loco Focos would now make the very heavens re-echo, is no fresh discovery, but was as much discussed in 1828, when the whole subject was investigated by the Legislature of Kentucky. Mr. BLAIR was then examined by that body. What reason did he have for withholding the Letter? To all intents and purposes, he had already disclosed its contents—else why this universal demand for "the Letter." It may be considered certain, that unless he were now conscious that all the injury which could be inflicted, had been already perpetrated by this dishonest abuse of confidence, and that it would even gather renewed strength from the mystery in which he seems disposed to clothe it, he would not conceal the shadow of that, whose substance he has already betrayed. So far as relates to the past, bearing on the charge of "Bargain and corruption," Mr. CLAY, in his reply to the Administration Central Committee of Kentucky, dated June 5th, 1828, says—I must decline, therefore, authorizing the publication of our correspondence. But the Central Committee is at liberty to exhibit to the inspection of any gentleman, of any party, all such portions of it as relate to the late Presidential Election. And I will do the same upon any such application to me.

### THE "STANDARD."

Before the Elections in August, the "Standard" used the following boastful language:—"We can elect a majority in the Legislature, and we will. We can elect Colonel Hoke."

"The eyes of the democracy of the Union are upon us. Shall we disappoint them! No! Let us, then, go to work, and strike the first fatal blow at the Dictator of Ashland."

"A correspondent asks if North Carolina will prove true in August. He may depend upon us. She will be true both in August and November; and she feels honored in being one of the first in the phalanx of States to strike the death-blow at Henry Clay."

After the Election, on finding that the Loco had lost the Legislature by 21 majority, and lost their Governor, he says, "we are neither disheartened or discouraged;" but calls upon the "Democracy" to "organize," and says—"Every Democrat will do his whole duty, HENRY CLAY will not and cannot get the vote of North Carolina."

It won't do, Mr. "Standard"—you have proved yourself a false prophet, and all your predictions will avail nothing.

### LOCOFOCO CONSISTENCY.

The Locofoco party of New York are now running Silas Wright, as their candidate for Governor, and urge his election on the grounds that he is opposed to the annexation of Texas; while the same party is supporting James K. Polk for the Presidency, upon no other grounds upon earth except that he is in favor of immediate annexation. But this is not more inconsistent, however, than the acts of the party upon all the other great measures now before the country; for while Mr. Polk is held up in the South as the Free Trade candidate, and opposed to the Tariff of '42, his friends at the North declare that he is a better Tariff man than Mr. Clay, and have it inscribed upon their banners, that they are for "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of '42." This is very beautiful to come from a party who profess to go for the interests of the whole country!

The "Signal" announced to its readers, some time since, that DANIEL WEBSTER had made a long political Speech, in which the name of HENRY CLAY was not mentioned. We have now the gratification of informing the "Signal," that Mr. WEBSTER made a Speech on the 19th ultimo, on the Boston Common, in which he did mention the name of Mr. CLAY, and used the emphatic expression—"I give my vote heartily for Mr. CLAY." He not only spoke of him, but he advised every body to do as he intended to do, to go to the polls and vote for him, which recommendation produced shouts of applause from "whole acres" of Whigs assembled to hear him.

At a large meeting of the Whigs of Richmond on Friday evening, Wm. H. McFARLAND, Esq., who had lately returned from a visit to the Western part of the State, "assured the meeting that both from personal observation and from information derived from the most authentic sources, the Whig vote would be greatly increased over that of 1840; and that although the Loco Foco Presses were bragging very largely as to the Polk majority in Virginia, he had been unable to discover any signs which could insure their confidence, but on the contrary, such as to subject them to the apprehension of a most signal and merited defeat."

### THE GAME OF BRAG.

Those who read only the "Standard," can come to no other conclusion than that there is not a Whig left in the country. The brag game is played off by that paper incessantly. It is true the same game was played in 1840, and with as much barefacedness as now. Some idea may be formed of the result of the game played by them in 1840, from the following statement: They claimed 22 States, and they got 7. They claimed 261 Electoral Votes and they got 60. They claimed Pennsylvania, and lost it by 339 majority. They claimed Maine, and lost it by 411. They claimed Delaware, and lost it by 1,092. They claimed Michigan, and lost it by 1,802. They claimed New Jersey, and lost it by 2,317. They claimed Mississippi, and lost it by 2,513. They claimed Louisiana, and lost it by 3,680. They claimed Maryland, and lost it by 4,776. They claimed Georgia, and lost it by 8,221. They claimed Tennessee, and lost it by 12,102. They claimed Kentucky, and lost it by 12,394. They claimed New York, and lost it by 13,291. They claimed Indiana, and lost it by 13,695. They claimed Ohio, and lost it by 23,375. They claimed Kentucky, and lost it by 25,873.

### A GOOD SENTIMENT.

The political friends of Mr. Fillmore at Buffalo, on hearing of his nomination, proceeded to his residence, where he delivered a short address, in the course of which he said "he hoped that no friend of his, however warm his attachment might be, would be guilty of any dishonorable act to effect his election—so that the joy and happiness that they might experience, would not be marred by an unworthy or a dishonorable reflection. He entreated them to enter the contest with zeal and enthusiasm; but as they valued the sacredness of their cause, and the stability of their principles, to resort to no unfair means; that an honorable defeat was better than a dishonorable victory."

### EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, September 23d, 1844.

I intended to have had some "meat in my madness," when writing, but it is so irksome to put down the thoughts or facts which do not interest one, that I will follow the current of my feelings and write accordingly. The true recipe, after all, for writing a love letter, or at least a necessary preliminary, is to be in love, as necessary a one as that to Mr. GILSEA's recipe for cooking a Hare—"first catch it." The secret of making others feel what you write, is to feel while writing, or to interest others in what you say, is to be interested in what you say.

DR. LARDNER.  
Of Heavide notoriety, is at present lecturing amongst us. Although not a deep or original thinker himself, yet he has such a fund of general and scientific knowledge, and capital fact in arranging, condensing and popularly presenting the thoughts of others, that his Lectures, notwithstanding a somewhat unfortunate manner of delivery, are some of the most interesting and instructive ever delivered in this City. You know he induced a married lady to runaway and leave a family and "one of the finest looking men in England!" He is graceful as a country clown, and old enough to be a granddaddy. Perhaps he taught her Astronomy, his favorite Science, until she was "moon-struck," and carried her off during the full moon.

"THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES."  
How much more the Mechanism and Mechanical environment of things are examined in our day, than their inward being! With how much more interest is it generally asked in what place do they worship rather than whether in reality they worship anywhere. What Tailors and Respectabilities are about a man, rather than what spirit is in him, and how apt we are to patronize Religion, when we should live, move and have a being in it! These thoughts were suggested, perhaps unfairly, by examining a work now in the course of publication, which has for its title—"The History of the Churches." It is written by HENRY M. OSBERTON, the talented son of the Bishop of this Diocese, and treats, not of the history of the Church proper, neither of its outward and visible form or inward and spiritual grace, but of its clothes, i. e. the buildings in which it meets or worships. I am not disposed to quarrel with it; far from that, for it deserves high praise, in having faithfully and well done, all which it pretended to do, and it is worthy the attention of all who visit New York, and are interested in the subject, being "got up" with great care, and having a finished Engraving of the "early tabernacles." It speaks well too, for the outward welfare of the Church, that a costly work of the kind should be so it is, adequately supported.—The first part having reached a third edition before the last is published. I find in glowing eulogy its pages, that TRINITY CHURCH.

Or, at least, the Church which first stood upon the same site, and bore the same name as the present magnificent edifice, was erected in 1693, when New York was a mere town in size; and it was then the only Church in the City, and stood upon the "pleasant banks of the Hudson river." Old houses now stand where the Fishes then congregated, and three miles of houses and wharves extend beyond. The building was destroyed by fire during the great conflagration of 1776, when some four hundred houses were burned. The Church was immediately rebuilt, and in 1841, torn down to make way for the present edifice. The Church, as it now stands, is the most prominent object to be seen on approaching the City from any point. Its walls are from six to eight feet thick, its length is one hundred and ninety-two feet; its breadth, eighty-four feet, and its height, including the spire and cross, ten hundred and sixty-four feet. MARY DEBERRY observes, in one of her works, that "Architects are like frozen Musk." Think of that!—Is it not a fascinating idea for the imagination! I seldom pass Trinity Church without thinking of the lady.

How the bass, the tenor, the treble, swell out visibly in glorious harmony, in the heavy masonry of the foundation, in the beautiful proportion of the tower, and in the graceful lightness of its carving and Gothic windows; and then above all, higher, higher, rise the notes from the "flute stop." See them lose themselves in the clouds, as the delicate tracery in the spire, until the whole seems some visible embodiment of a glorious symphony. "I am not mad, most noble Festus." The above paragraph to the contrary notwithstanding. TRINITY CHURCH is of the Gothic style of architecture, built of brown stone, and beautifully and elaborately finished, without regard to its cost, and is one of the finest buildings in the City. I say one, for we have others which will vie with it, of which I shall speak at some future time. I would suggest to visitors in New York, that they should, by all means, take an opportunity to "climb its gaily height," and behold the scene presented to his view. The Rivers, the Bay, the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, the Islands, the Shipping, &c. &c. with the country and mountains stretching away beyond all form one of the most picturesque and magnificent coup d'oeil ever beheld, while immediately below Broadway, "The Omnibus panorama," and the City's din, rise to your ears, strangely mixing together the most sublime and most common-place of things.

Yours truly, F. C.  
"We can't get our folks to attend a Whig meeting every week," said a business man in a neighboring shoemaking town; "they are all full of work now that they have not time."  
"Why, how was it in 1840!"  
"Oh! then we had a meeting every night; neither employers nor workmen had any thing else to do."  
"Oh, well! just let Polk and Dallas be elected, while you are too busy to attend to politics, and then you'll have time to attend a Whig meeting every night again."—N. Y. Tribune.

Mr. FURON:—I would call the attention of all over-confident Whigs to the fact, that in the pending contest they have to contend against the combined force of THREE COALITIONS, more unprincipled in their aims, more unscrupulous in their means, more dangerous in their tendencies, than any by which Republican government has ever heretofore been threatened. I allude to the combination lately formed between Democracy and Tylerism, Democracy and Disunion, Democracy and British gold.—Down with the Tariff say the friends of England on one hand; down with the Union say the friends of immediate annexation on the other, while the whole favor and patronage of the Government are brought to aid the growing treason against our country and her best interests.

SPRIT OF THE WHIG LADIES.  
We have to record facts like the following. I gladden the very soul to find the gray-haired dames of a Revolutionary generation engaged now, as in former times, hand and hand in the Whigs of the country. But to the story:—Among all those who thrice welcomed their doors at the Great Whig Mass Meeting in Raleigh on the memorable 14th of August, was a venerable lady living on South street, called the east of Fifth. Anxious to contribute her mite, she prepared her own hands entirely unaided, she prepared a beautiful repast, made up of all the season's delicacies, and she prepared a most excellent and delicious season afforded, and was spread upon her hospitable board, with commendable grace and tact, she surveyed her contributions to sustain that party, to which in all her life she had given freely all her energies. She then sent forth her sons, with directions to bring to her table a score of good Whigs, and not to return unless they had that number.

At the dining hour fifteen or twenty "young men and true" stood at her board, when she thus briefly and thrillingly addressed:—"My friends, we are all Whigs! When you go home say to your neighbors that at the great Mass Meeting Whigs in Raleigh you were the guests of an old lady whose head was white with the snow of eighty-four winters; that she prepared solely with her own hands, all that is spread before you, as it may be the last act of a life already extended beyond the period allotted man; that in her youth she was for years an inmate of the houses of John Washington and Jefferson, and having learned from the lips of those worthies some of the genuine Whig Democracy, she has never forgotten them, and is therefore found at this day in the midst of the same great party with whom these Revolutionary fathers acted. Eat, then, for you are welcome! And may the same success attend you now that rewarded the heroic struggles of Washington and his army of Whig patriots!"

The old lady's guests were from our sister county Gaston, and as will warrant the editor of this issue until the first of November will tell well in the Whig papers of our neighbor, Zeno's Republic.

### TRUTH AND ELOQUENCE.

The following elevated appeal is from the Lexington Intelligencer:  
"Mr. CLAY is now in the sunset of his days. His life is his morning glory, in its maturity, glory, and its more tempered and declining radiance have been spent in the service of his country—in an honest, upright endeavor to promote her honor, her glory, and her prosperity. He never country had a faithful son, a faithful servant, a true patriot—his life and his soul were devoted to every crisis and peril, and our confidence has never been misplaced—we have never been deceived, or misled, or misled to the occasion.—His name and his fame are interwoven with the history of our country, and his name is a name which they are the brightest marks upon its pages, and will forever, not only illustrate them, but will recount the history of our nation, and sparkle in every corner where men, moral light and noble liberty are known and appreciated. In the course of nature he is long striding and eventual we must soon come to a close. This is the last time in all human probability, yes, the last, that he can ever appear before his countrymen on a public platform. He is old, and his strength is failing, and his mind is becoming feeble, and his health is declining, and his life is drawing to its close. He is now in the sunset of his days, and his life is his morning glory, in its maturity, glory, and its more tempered and declining radiance have been spent in the service of his country—in an honest, upright endeavor to promote her honor, her glory, and her prosperity. 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