

# The Weekly Register

VOLUME LIV.

CITY OF RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1853.

NO. 38.

## THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

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"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace; Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1853.

### DEATH OF THE VICE PRESIDENT.

We but chronicle a long anticipated event when our statement is made that Col. WILLIAM R. KING departed this life at Cahaba, on Monday last, a few hours after he reached that place, on his journey towards Selma, which was his home, and only ten miles farther up the Alabama river.

Mr. King was a native of North Carolina, and was born in 1786. He was, consequently, about 67 years of age. He entered public life before he had attained his 21st year, when he was chosen by the people of Sampson county to represent them in the Legislature of his native State. At the age of 24, in 1810, he was elected by the people of the district of his residence to the Twelfth Congress, which held its first session in the autumn of 1811. It was that Congress which declared war with Great Britain; and for that cause the Democratic or Republican party, Mr. King voted, as well as for the various acts for carrying on the war with vigor. He was re-elected to Congress in 1813 and 1815, remaining a member until a year after peace was restored. In 1816 he resigned his seat in Congress, in consequence of receiving the appointment of Secretary of Legation to Mr. William Pickens, Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg. During his two years' residence in Europe Mr. King became well acquainted with the affairs of the continental governments, and the condition and character of the people.

Returning from Europe, Mr. King soon after removed from North Carolina to the territory of his Constitution, previous to its admission into the Union as a State. He was chosen by the Legislature one of the first Senators from Alabama, (John W. Walker being his colleague,) and took his seat in the U. S. Senate in 1819. He continued a member of that body for seven consecutive years, having been re-elected in 1823, 1825, 1833, and 1841. He resigned his seat in the spring of 1844, in consequence of being offered the mission of France by President Tyler, which appointment he accepted mainly with a view of preventing the joint protest of France and England against the annexation of Texas.

In November, 1845, Mr. King, having obtained permission to resign his office of Ambassador, returned to the United States. In 1848 he was again appointed United States Senator from Alabama, in place of Arthur Bigsby, sent to Russia; and in 1849 he was elected by the Legislature consecutive years, having been re-elected in 1850, Mr. Fillmore, the Vice President, having succeeded to the Presidency by the death of General Taylor. Mr. King was chosen by the Senate their President pro tem, a place he had held in former years, from 1836 to 1841. Being compelled to leave the country for the benefit of his health, he resigned his seat in the Senate during the late session.

It is not important to remark upon the succession to the Vice Presidency. The President of the Senate, we presume, in case of the demise of the President of the United States, would, *ex officio*, fill his station, until an election could be held, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress of March 1, 1792.

ON BEING CROSS.—There are very many cross people in this world. The philosophy of sleep has been written, and so has the anatomy of melancholy; but who has ever attempted to write the philosophy of crossness, or to analyze this prevalent and most uncomfortable distemper? What is crossness, and how is it produced? It is not anger; neither is it fretfulness; these are both excited by external provocations and are talkative, explosive, and violent in their nature. Not so with crossness. This is very generally inbred and taciturn. Anger and fretfulness would die away, if they could not get vent; but crossness does not care to speak for the hour at a time; and when it does speak it is in short and crusty monosyllables. Anger is generally short lived; from five minutes to an hour, according to circumstances, is sufficient for most men to get over a fit of anger; and few men fret more than a day at a time; but if you find one who is cross, you may expect him to keep so a week at least.

But, how is this same troublesome, cross distemper generated? We confess ourselves sadly at a loss to answer. We sometimes think its chief seat and origin is the stomach; then, again, we are of opinion that the toes contribute largely to produce the evil. The nerves, we know, generally are compelled to bear the blame; but the nerves are very much abused members of the body. They are no more blame-worthy for communicating uncomfortable sensations, than are magnetic wires for transmitting unwelcome intelligence; they are but common carriers, and are only responsible for the safe delivery of whatever is intrusted to them. Now, then, if a man is cross, he need not throw the blame on his nerves, much less on his neighbors; but just take it to himself. If his nerves are disordered, and this comes from the state of his stomach, he is to be blamed who has the care of the stomach; or if his corns are the terminus from which the irritation begins, neither the corns nor the nerves are to be cursed, nor even the poor shoemaker who made the boots which made the corns; but the whole blame is to be laid at his door who had rather his foot would look small than feel comfortable. So much, this time, on being cross. If any one has had more experience than we have had, and can do better justice to the subject, our columns are open to him.

It is stated by the Colonization Journal, that the late Samuel S. Howland, of New York bequeathed to the Colonization Society ten thousand dollars, to be expended in redeeming and settling in Liberia, individuals and families of slaves.

### THE CONNECTION.

The Railroad between Weldon and Gaston having been completed, the first train of Cars from Portsmouth passed over it on Tuesday, and brought to the City of Oaks a crowd of visitors from Norfolk and Portsmouth. They were met by a delegation of our citizens, upon the Gaston Road, nine miles from Raleigh, by whom they were escorted to the Depot, where they were formally received and addressed by the Mayor of the City, who welcomed them to our hospitalities. A very speedy fraternization then ensued, and quarters were provided for our friends both at public and private houses, where, we doubt not, their entertainment was creditable to our City.

An elegant supper was given at night, at Yarbrough's Hotel, to which our guests, and a large number of our citizens, sat down, at 8 o'clock. Ex-Gov. Manly presided, with Ex-President Tyler and Dr. Collins, the President of the Seaboard Road, on his right, and His Excellency, Gov. Reid, on his left. He was assisted by the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, Maj. C. L. Hinton, Hon. John H. Bryan, L. O. B. Branch, Esq., and Wm. D. Haywood, Esq., as Vice Presidents.

Several gentlemen of the Army and Navy were among our guests.

The utmost hilarity and good humor prevailed at the feast; and we trust our friends carried home with them a cheerful recollection of Raleigh manners and hospitality.

The absence of the Editor confines our notice to a mere statement of the occurrences of the occasion. There were toasts and speeches—sayings and doings—which is not in our power to record; but which will probably appear in our next.

Our guests were accompanied home on Wednesday by a large number of our citizens, who will doubtless receive first rate treatment and the best of good fare. They will give a good account of themselves on their return, and our Editor shall have the satisfaction of telling the story in his own good way.

We cannot, however, close this hasty and imperfect notice, without expressing our gratification at the consummation of this connection with Atlantic Virginia. In all of it, we think we see the signs of mutual prosperity—a springing up—an opening—of a trade which shall benefit the whole section of country connected by these roads to great commercial depots; and we trust that the good feelings now entertained by the citizens, respectively, of Raleigh, Norfolk and Portsmouth, may continue, and produce an identity of interest calculated to prosper and build up the three cities.

### MORE COPPER IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We learn from the "Asheville Spectator," that new discoveries of Copper mines in Cherokee county, in this State, have been made within a few days past, not far from Murphy, which are very rich, and supposed to be inexhaustible. The "Spectator" adds, that great excitement prevails in Cherokee, in consequence of these discoveries.

The "Charlotte Whig," we perceive, says that the opinion that "the mines in Mecklenburg county, which have heretofore been so productive of gold, is already beginning to prevail that they will prove to be still more productive of copper. We were shown a day, skilled in mineralogy, a few samples of copper ore, taken from a mine in this county, which has been profitably worked for the last twenty-five years as a gold mine, which we are convinced will yield as large a per cent. of genuine copper as the best mines that have yet been discovered in the Southern country. We are convinced that the application of a little science on the subject will develop great results in this country; and we take this occasion to invite investigation upon a subject that may lead to the investment of a large amount of capital, whose beneficial influence will be felt in every department of business."

### CHOLERA.

Seven deaths by cholera have occurred at Gaston, lately, caused by eating spoiled oysters, sold by a man named Richard Hamlet.—At a meeting of the citizens, some indignation was expressed against Hamlet, and he was "most respectfully" requested to discontinue the sale of oysters for this season. He promised to comply with the request; and, of course, there will be no more cholera on the Roanoke until next year.

Mr. GRAY, Editor of the *Plainsdealer*, has been appointed Postmaster at Cleveland Ohio!

### Exchange.

It is possible, says the "Aug. Sentinel," that in so large a city as Cleveland, the President could not find a better man than the notorious Free-Soil Editor of the *Plainsdealer*, to confer the office of Postmaster on? We merely ask for information, and hope some of the supporters of the Administration at the South, who recently denounced Free-Soilism so vehemently, will offer some explanation. Especially if that and the appointment of Dix do not afford any evidence of the "Free-Soil tendencies" of the Administration. Speak out, gentlemen, we have been accustomed to hear your violent philippic against Mr. Fillmore for his "Free-Soil tendencies," and we think no instance can be adduced of his making such an appointment as either of these. Speak out, or you may, perhaps, subject yourselves to the suspicion of insincerity, to use no harsher term, in the estimation of some of those whose good opinions you perchance value.

New York, April 18.—We understand that Senator Douglas, of Illinois, Fouts, of Vermont, and the late Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Corwin, contemplate a visit to Europe this Spring. Mr. Corwin has taken passage in the packet of the 23rd of May, Douglas will probably leave at an earlier date. Mr. Fouts goes chiefly to attend to the interest of a Georgia Rail road, of which he is President, and is expected to leave immediately.

### A DEMOCRATIC TROUBLE.

In the Wayne Congressional District, Mr. Wm. C. Loftin has thought proper to become a Candidate, by self-nomination upon the stump, the old fashioned way, which was pursued by the fathers of the nation long before Conventions or caucuses were ever heard of. Now, we have always found Democracy accommodating, principle being out of the question, of course, throughout the party. If no one else wanted to run, Mr. Loftin's stump nomination would be true Democracy,—every man having the right to do as he pleases. But, the leaders of Democracy, who take from the people the right of choosing for themselves, and assume the privilege of telling them how to vote,—they have decided that Mr. Loftin shall not go to Congress and that Mr. Thomas Rufin shall; and, therefore the Fayetteville Carolina "holds" that no man can be the Democratic candidate, unless he is the nominee of a Democratic Convention—and expresses the opinion, in advance, that Mr. Loftin wants "to foist himself upon the party against its wishes." If Democracy be liberty, as is pretended, that apostle of liberty, the Editor of the Carolinian, it seems to us, chooses Mr. Loftin most unmercifully in the name of Democracy.

From the Asheville Spectator.

HENDERSONVILLE, April 6th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—The citizens of this county, in attendance at the term of the Superior Court, were favored with a discussion on Tuesday last between Messrs. Clingman and Gaither, on the opening of the canvass in the district for a seat in the next Congress of the United States.

Mr. Clingman opened the discussion by complaining that Col. Gaither had become a candidate before his return to the district, that, while the Star, the Raleigh Register, the Messenger, and other Whig papers had been applauding Col. Gaither, the Asheville Spectator had been warning upon him; complained that Mr. Hyman had been brought into the district to oppose him. He attempted a justification of his political course, going on pretty much the same grounds that he occupied two years ago; as well as a reiteration of the principal portions of his late address sent forth to the voters of the district, and concluded by declaring that if any person charged him with betraying the whig party, or any other party, he pronounced the charge false.

When he concluded, Col. Gaither took the stand, and declared that he had no objection to a strict party vote; that he believed that election did not meet the approbation of a majority of the voters in the district, and that he had now become a candidate for Congress, as an appeal to the people from the votes of a majority of the voters of the district. But amidst the erasms of civilization and commerce, borne by the same breeze, riding in safety under the same sun, and guided by the same compass and stars, upon the same seas and oceans, ought also to be typical of a common sentiment and sympathy among all the different and distant portions of the earth. But amidst the erasms of human power and despotism, they seem to be no winged messengers of peace, but rather like mountains, to

Interpose and make enemies of nations, which had long been kindred drops being mingled into one.

Nevertheless, the picture is a beautiful one to look upon. And so, too, here are strange sights to foreign eyes upon both sides of the harbor. The ironing Moro, crowned with its turban, and adorned with its gaudy ornaments, and its tall, thin, pointed hat, from the water's edge to the summit, the fancy colored buildings of blue and yellow, green and white, and the best of which are crowned at the corners and at the centre of the sides with high fancy colored vases,—the heavy dark brown tiles that cover the buildings, and the other very low, and visible from on board the vessel, the Spanish birds of Paradise, behind which, peeping through the loop-holes of retreat, are seen the sparkling eyes of the Spanish *Socarras*,—all this was my first view of Havana on land and water. Add to the picture, crowds of painted boats thronging the harbor, crowded with the crews of African black and Creole men of shore, and Spaniards and Africans are in the thin dresses of our July and August,—and add to this again the combined ringing of the old church bells, hardly one of which has a modern sound; the voluble and expressive words and gestures of the speakers, and the noisy chatter of the slaves and free blacks, and you have a picture of a city, and one of the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

We descend from the vessel's side, take our seat under the covered canopy of a pretty boat, hand upon the dock, to the Custom House, with our trunks, and after a brief delay (with us without having to open a trunk) we are permitted to pass on to our hotel. We have been delayed on shipboard, however, for an hour and the pilot boat, manned by a dozen oarsmen, all neatly dressed in white linen, with a cigar in his mouth, boards us just outside of the Moro,—and to a captain who understands his duty and the harbor, he is about as necessary as two noses to a face, or a fifth wheel to a coach. The pilot knows hardly a word of English to begin with, but by the captain's assistance, and the assistance of the interpreter, continues to cry out, "steady," "starboard," and "larboard," and in ten or twenty minutes there is an end to his services. The physician's boat comes next, and being assured that there is no physical or political leprosy on board, we have his permission to land, and our passports are surrendered. We pay ten dollars for permission to land in the city, and it is necessary to have a new permit and to pay a new fee to go beyond it, as it is finally necessary to pay a heavy fee of six dollars and a quarter for permission to leave the island. Not to do this may prohibit your future return, and subject the vessel to a fine on her return. A fourth visit, and we may have the Captain General's permission to land. Thanks again for so much consideration. But the Spaniard is just as much delayed, vexed, and perplexed as the foreigner, except that his landing permit costs him one dollar, and that he grumbles at Spanish law and Spanish custom, that strangers here are treated no more rigorously and vexatiously than Spanish subjects, and foreigners of all countries are put upon the same level.

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Just "in the nick of time," I am here to see something of the Spanish or Cuban Holidays. Every thing looks strange and unlike to American eyes, but most of all the incidents, which I see around me of the Easter Holidays. I came here on the Sabbath, and the Sunday following Easter Sunday. The day was a holy day appearance throughout. The harbor, after passing the Moro, where our steamer had been signaled long before her coming, presented one of the most splendid scenes I had ever witnessed. The land is always doubly welcomed after a voyage by sea, even though it be a short one, and the contrast of six days on the appearance of land here and at New York, is most striking. There, I left bleak March winds and remnants of the snows of winter. But here, everything in the natural world was blooming and budding, and every man and woman a merry tree that is pleasant for the sight and good for food; and much of this verdure developed itself in the noble palms and flowers and shrubbery as we entered the city. Two or three hundred ships were in the harbor, and two or three scores of them were lying in the stream. Very seldom have we had, though in the record of Her Britannic Majesty's steamship *Buzzard*, and the *Buzzard* was beaten handsomely, notwithstanding she added sails to steam to push her onward. We entered the harbor before noon, and the flags of all nations were floating from the mast-head of the numerous vessels. Showy yellow and red stripes of the Spanish flag, were conspicuous above all the rest, as a great majority of the craft were Spanish vessels. Next came, in greater number, and most welcome to my eyes, vessels with the American flag. We had passed twenty or thirty vessels coming in port, the largest and finest of which were New England ships, most of them from Maine, and very many of them down hither in pursuit of freights for Europe, which, until very recently, have run very high. But all nations seemed to be represented among the shipping. The English had more than one public vessel in port, and are never without several here and on the coast—whereas it is but very seldom that we see any of their other ships of war here than at almost any point upon either continent. The stars and stripes of home, the cross of England, the heavy purple and blue ground stamped with the Russian cross, the long white flag, bordered with black, and bearing the black Austrian eagle, the crescent of Turkey, and various other emblems of civilization and commerce, borne by the same breeze, riding in safety under the same sun, and guided by the same compass and stars, upon the same seas and oceans, ought also to be typical of a common sentiment and sympathy among all the different and distant portions of the earth. But amidst the erasms of human power and despotism, they seem to be no winged messengers of peace, but rather like mountains, to

Interpose and make enemies of nations, which had long been kindred drops being mingled into one.

Nevertheless, the picture is a beautiful one to look upon. And so, too, here are strange sights to foreign eyes upon both sides of the harbor. The ironing Moro, crowned with its turban, and adorned with its gaudy ornaments, and its tall, thin, pointed hat, from the water's edge to the summit, the fancy colored buildings of blue and yellow, green and white, and the best of which are crowned at the corners and at the centre of the sides with high fancy colored vases,—the heavy dark brown tiles that cover the buildings, and the other very low, and visible from on board the vessel, the Spanish birds of Paradise, behind which, peeping through the loop-holes of retreat, are seen the sparkling eyes of the Spanish *Socarras*,—all this was my first view of Havana on land and water. Add to the picture, crowds of painted boats thronging the harbor, crowded with the crews of African black and Creole men of shore, and Spaniards and Africans are in the thin dresses of our July and August,—and add to this again the combined ringing of the old church bells, hardly one of which has a modern sound; the voluble and expressive words and gestures of the speakers, and the noisy chatter of the slaves and free blacks, and you have a picture of a city, and one of the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

We descend from the vessel's side, take our seat under the covered canopy of a pretty boat, hand upon the dock, to the Custom House, with our trunks, and after a brief delay (with us without having to open a trunk) we are permitted to pass on to our hotel. We have been delayed on shipboard, however, for an hour and the pilot boat, manned by a dozen oarsmen, all neatly dressed in white linen, with a cigar in his mouth, boards us just outside of the Moro,—and to a captain who understands his duty and the harbor, he is about as necessary as two noses to a face, or a fifth wheel to a coach. The pilot knows hardly a word of English to begin with, but by the captain's assistance, and the assistance of the interpreter, continues to cry out, "steady," "starboard," and "larboard," and in ten or twenty minutes there is an end to his services. The physician's boat comes next, and being assured that there is no physical or political leprosy on board, we have his permission to land, and our passports are surrendered. We pay ten dollars for permission to land in the city, and it is necessary to have a new permit and to pay a new fee to go beyond it, as it is finally necessary to pay a heavy fee of six dollars and a quarter for permission to leave the island. Not to do this may prohibit your future return, and subject the vessel to a fine on her return. A fourth visit, and we may have the Captain General's permission to land. Thanks again for so much consideration. But the Spaniard is just as much delayed, vexed, and perplexed as the foreigner, except that his landing permit costs him one dollar, and that he grumbles at Spanish law and Spanish custom, that strangers here are treated no more rigorously and vexatiously than Spanish subjects, and foreigners of all countries are put upon the same level.

The Sunday. I have taken my first walk in Havana. I find that there are two main thoroughfares in the city, and that they are the corners of the streets. Here are one and another, and many parties, playing cards—some the game of whist, and others some other game.—Here and there, they are playing checkers and dominos, all upon wide spread tables, barrel-tops, boxes, &c., and sitting upon chairs, doors, or on the corners of the streets. The players marvel more at my gage of astonishment, than I at their irreverence for the Sabbath. They would call me bigotted and superstitious, and I call them bestial, frivolous

### Splendid Lottery—May, 1853.

GREGORY & MAURY, Managers (Successors to J. W. May's & Co.)

Brilliant Schemes To be drawn at Wilmington, Del., in the Month of MAY, 1853. GREGORY & MAURY, MANAGERS.

\$40,000!

50 Prizes of \$1,000!

Lottery for the benefit of the State of Delaware, Class 111 for 1853. To be drawn at Wilmington, Del. Saturday, May 7, 1853.

### SPLENDID SCHEME

1 Prize of ..... \$40,000  
1 do ..... 20,000  
1 do ..... 10,000  
1 do ..... 5,000  
1 do ..... 3,000  
1 do ..... 2,000  
50 Prizes of ..... 1,000  
50 do ..... 500  
114 do ..... 300

Tickets, \$10—Halves, 5—Quar, \$2 50  
Certs. of Pk's of 25 tickets, \$100 00  
do do 25 half do 65 00  
do do 25 quarter do 32 50

\$50,000! \$25,000! \$15,000!

100 Prizes of \$1,000!

### LOTTERY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE STATE OF DELAWARE.

Class 111 for 1853. To be drawn at Wilmington, Del., on Saturday, May 14, 1853.

78 No. Lottery—13 Draw Balls.

### SPLENDID SCHEME

1 Prize of ..... \$50,000  
1 do ..... 25,000  
1 do ..... 15,000  
1 do ..... 10,000  
1 do ..... 6,000  
100 Prizes of ..... 1,000  
180 do ..... 500

Tickets \$15—Halves \$7 50—Quar. \$3 75

Eights, \$1 87 1/2

Certificates of packages of 25 White tickets 200 00  
do do 25 Half do 100 00  
do do do 25 Quarter do 50 00  
do do do 25 Eighth do 25 00

Orders for Tickets and shares and Certificates of Packages in the above specified Lotteries will receive the most prompt attention, and an account of each drawing will be sent immediately after it is over to all who order from me.

Address—P. J. BUCKLEY, Agent, Wilmington, Delaware.

NEW BACON.—10 hogsheads prime Sides and Shoulders in store. PEEBLES & WHITE.

Pet. April 22, 1853.

### Notice.