

CONGRESS.

(Continued from the National Intelligencer Report.)

IN SENATE. Tuesday, Feb. 22.

Before the reading of the Journal, the Rev. Mr. Tutton made a Prayer appropriate to the occasion. The Secretary of the Senate had just commenced the reading of the Journal, when Mr. Archer of Va. moved that the reading be dispensed with in order to entertain a motion which he would submit. He was quite sure that when the Senate adjourned yesterday, it was forgotten that this was the birthday of the Father of his Country. All here he was sure, too, would subscribe to the sentiment that there were two days in our history which should be observed as days of high jubilee throughout the country. The first was the birthday of a Nation's Independence, and the second day, the birthday of that illustrious man who under Providence had been instrumental in achieving our Independence.

A motion followed to adjourn. It was put by the presiding officer to the Senate, and carried without a dissenting voice.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Saltonstall rose and remarked that there were two days which this Nation ought always to hold sacred—the anniversary of its Independence, and of the birth of its Father. This was the 22d of February—the natal day of Washington—therefore, he would do what he had never done before;—he moved that the House adjourn. Mr. S.'s motion was responded to by acclamation, and the House adjourned.

IN SENATE. Wednesday Feb. 23.

Besides other business, the Debate on the proposed amendment for restricting the Veto was continued by Mr. Woodbury, who delivered his sentiments at large upon the subject.

The motion of Mr. Allen for a call upon the Executive for any further correspondence that may have taken place concerning the destruction of the steamer Caroline, was, after some brief discussion, ordered to lie on the table.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Barnard presented the amendment, of which he had given notice, to the bill reported by Mr. Cushing from the Currency Committee. The report of the Retrenchment Committee, after some general business, was discussed during the morning hour, and the residue of the day was devoted, in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, to the further consideration of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. Considerable progress was made therein. The Amendment of Mr. Barnard, above referred to, is in the form of an entirely new bill, by the title of "An act to authorize the issue of convertible Exchequer Bills, and further to amend the laws relating to the Treasury Department."

Hon. LYMAN LAW, an eminent Counselor, died at New-London on Thursday morning last, aged 71. He was a gentleman of the old school, and served in Congress with ability and honor during the Administration of President Jefferson. Mr. Law was not only a man of talents and learning, but a great humorist. It was he who made the witty reply to Willis Allston of N. C. respecting the drove of mules on their way to the South, which has been attributed to the late Senator Tracy of Connecticut. The incident was this: One day as Allston and Law were conversing by a window, a drove of mules came in sight. "Here Law," said Allston, "are a drove of your constituents—where are they going?" "To North Carolina, as schoolmasters," was the ready answer. The celebrated Mr. Giles of Virginia and Mr. Law were associates upon one of the Committees of the House. "Law," said Giles, one day, when chatting sociably together, "your Connecticut people are the greatest democrats when at home, of any in the United States, but when you get here you are the greatest aristocrats."—"The case is exactly the reverse with you Virginians," replied Law; "at home you are the greatest aristocrats in the world, and it is here only that you play the democrat!" Mr. Law, in his manners, was kind and affable; beloved by his family and friends; and now that he is no more, mourned by all.

Commercial.

HEALTH OF GREENSBOROUG.—We have understood that it is the impression, in some distant sections of the country, that Greensborough is unhealthy. Such is by no means the case; there is not a more healthy village East of the Mountains. Dropsy and Consumption—diseases common to every location—have lately carried off a few from the town and vicinity; but deaths from other diseases occur no more frequently here, than in any other portion of Western Carolina.—During the unprecedented prevalence of Fevers, &c. in a wide scope of country last Summer and Fall, the Town was remarkably healthy. Of the large number of Students, from all parts of the country, whom a change of location and habit of life might be expected to render more susceptible to disease, not one of the Male Institution, and but one of each of the Female Schools, have died within the past three years. This fact, with the comparatively few cases of mortality in a resident population of between 1500 and 2000 persons, should make us grateful to our Maker for the providence of one of his choicest blessings.—Patriot.

About sixty lots in the new Town of Hendersonville, twenty-three miles south of this place, were sold last week for something more than fifteen thousand dollars.—There are, we learn, about thirty-five or forty lots in market.—Highland Messenger.

We learn that two negro men and four horses, belonging to James Weaver, Esq., were drowned in attempting to cross French Broad river, a few miles below the Warm Springs, on last Saturday.—Ibid.

THE ELEVENTH WEEK OF THE SESSION.

Though more usefully employed than some of its predecessors, has not been productive of definite action by Congress on any question of a generally interesting character. A number of bills for the relief of claimants upon Government have, however, passed both Houses, and the ends of justice have thus been promoted to an extent which relieves the Government from reproach, to which a government is never more properly subject than when it fails punctiliously to discharge obligations which individuals have not the same means of coercing it to pay as they would have, under like circumstances, of compelling one another. A great number of bills for the relief of individual cases of suffering by inadvertent oppression or by denial of justice, on the part of the Government, yet remain on the Calendar of the two Houses, which there is a pleasure in believing it to be their intention to finally dispose of during this session. In regard to many of these claims, and especially such as have their origin in the wars in which the Government has been engaged, humanity no less than justice demands their immediate adjustment. Too long already has it been delayed. But still more imperative upon Congress, in a political sense, is the duty of providing for those claims arising out of solemn treaty stipulations; a duty which has been hitherto unaccountably neglected not by one party or another party, but by every successive party in power, no conclusive reason more worthy of respect by Statesmen than that it would cost too much to pay them; repudiation this, is it not, in the worst sense of the term? We do not know why we should trouble ourselves, however, about these old claims, such as those assumed by this Government under its treaty with France forty years ago, or those other claims arising out of assumptions by the Government of late date; but that, ever since we were driven to the brink of a war, three or four years ago, because of the delay of a few months by the French Government to execute its treaty for paying modern claims of our citizens for spoliations at sea, we have felt the blood tingle in our ears whenever we have thought of the delay of this Government to discharge its own obligations of a similar character, which it has put off, year after year, for forty years, until most of the original claimants have gone to submit their own merits to the Chancery of another world, leaving their claims and their children to the tardy justice of this. We are almost glad that we do not know personally, nor even by name, a single individual of these claimants, and are therefore prevented by no motive of delicacy, now that they are brought to mind, from speaking out on this subject.

Though there has been, as already remarked, no final action during the past week on business of a national description—unless the renewed attempt to defeat the operation of the Bankrupt Law be so considered—there have been originated some measures of a general and important character. Such certainly must be considered the bill to establish an Exchequer Board as an adjunct to the Treasury, accompanied by unusually able Reports for and against the measure.

Such also are the two bills concerning the Naval Establishment; the one to double the present force of the Marine Corps, and the other to create the rank of Admiral in the Navy—the first of which measures would in our opinion be an addition to the public defences far exceeding its proportionate cost, and the latter of which has been long a desideratum with the most intelligent and best-informed friends of the Navy. These measures, with the bill reported some days ago for the reorganization of the Navy Department, are, we believe, considered important to the efficiency of that branch of the public service.

As original propositions, the series of Resolutions moved during the last week by Mr. Clay in the Senate and Mr. Pope in the House of Representatives, must have attracted public attention. The former embrace a code of general principles which will command almost universal assent, excepting perhaps that one (which we were particularly glad to see) proposing a repeal of the provision of the Land Distribution Law which exacts a suspension of its operation in the contingency of a higher rate of duty being imposed upon imports than twenty per cent. on the value. This provision is inconsistent with the main purpose of that act, which was to settle the Land question, and prevent for the future its disturbing influence, on the Revenue, so unhappily experienced heretofore, and ought, therefore, never to have been admitted into the law.—The Resolutions of Mr. Pope embrace a declaration of principles, which although we heartily commend their national spirit, are too far advanced for the spirit of the times, too national, we may say, to stand any chance of receiving the countenance of Congress under the present circumstances of the country.

The Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives, broken up by the successive resignations of several Members, and of other Members appointed to succeed them, has been filled up during the past week, and, against the will of the House, and of the Speaker as its organ, now consists of nine Whigs, all the Opposition members appointed upon it having declined serving. The public interest, we may venture to hope, will not suffer from this unusual composition of the Committee.

The House has not, we are sorry to say, yet taken up the bill for the apportionment of Representatives in Congress, nor fixed upon any day for entering upon the consideration of it. As some compensation to the reader for this unwillingness on the part of the House to approach a knotty question, we may add that the Senate has, by declining an invitation to sit upon a day for the termination of the session, given a pretty intelligible intimation of a purpose not to end the Session before they have made an end of at least the indispensable public business committed to the charge of Congress.

National Intelligencer.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Register.

MY MOTHER!

Mother! There is music in that word, and no name in the English language looks like it, or leaves the lips with half so much fullness and softness. The child murmurs in its little mind long before it can articulate. The very savage, and every being that lives, learns to utter it as if from intuition. Mother! Mother! was there ever such another word? How well it fits the mouth! But why dwell upon the name, when I can picture to myself the being herself, though the wide ocean roars between us. One thought of her gives me a multitude of others. Whenever my mind wanders to her, she appears before me as quick as lightning. Her eyes lean upon me; that smile, that lit up a face which expressed all the sweetness that Heaven could bestow, is there still, and I can see her whole heart melting in it and calling me home. "Come home, my darling son, come home!" How often does that cry, that low wailing moan, thrill through my breast!

How little a child thinks of the sorrow his long absence in a foreign land inflicts on this Parent? Is there an hour in the day in which she does not sigh for him, and wish her long lost one back again? Neither time nor distance calms her. A part of her own self is far, far away from her, and without it she cannot be herself. The seat he used to occupy at table is ever to her mind vacant, and, no matter how acceptable and dear are the friends that surround her, there is still some one wanting. No tender counsel, nor sympathy of kindred spirits, can console her, so long as memory lasts. Even Religion, that balm from Heaven, without which every bosom is a waste, and whose power to heal the bitterest wounds is sovereign, loses itself in the effort to reconcile her. Mysterious chain, that binds a Parent to her offspring, thy links are all golden and made by Angel's hands! Thy strength is inexhaustible, and thy length knows no limits! Who can understand a mother's heart and all the feeling that lives in it! A mother is unlike all other beings; she suffers more and enjoys more. Her nature is the most exquisite and beautiful in all creation. If the Almighty could surpass himself in any of his works, he has done it in her.

Woman is, in every stage of her existence, always an object of the deepest interest; but it is only when she has been a wife for some months, and fast approaching the mother of the hallowed respect which we owe her begins to be felt. The young Mother! Oh, could heaven place on earth another more intensely interesting being. Is there anything in human nature, that can awaken in our bosoms thoughts that have so little of earth as she does.

But my mother is the theme. Now what would I take in exchange for her? Could a world of honors, or a sea of jewels, inspire me with the same delightful and heavenly sensations which contemplation of her yields me every time my breast runs home? No, no, no! She is my prayer; through her, I beg forgiveness of my sins; and why should I dread the jealousy of God in such adoration, for is she not like Heaven to me? She is the Deity's own; he will not be jealous of her.

The influence of that Mother, how far it reaches! How often I see her in my dreams—how many a night my pillow is wet with tears shed for her—how faithfully she is present with me whenever I contemplate the performance of an action that is wrong, and with a smile of love and wisdom lures me into rectitude! and, oh! when in my own voice, I fancy I hear hers, what pride and gratitude is mine! Every Mother that I see is to me an object of tender interest, for my own has taught me to reverence them. Shall I ever forget our meeting some years ago, after a separation of six long, long years, in a foreign land? How she flung her dear arms around my neck and wildly kissed me, while the tears flooded her cheeks! How eloquent, and beautiful, and grateful to God for my safe arrival, her silence then was; and how her eyes gazed, and gazed, and gazed on me, when her strength was too weak for her joy and she fell back in her Chair, and then the first words that left her trembling lips, how engraved on my heart shall they always remain!

A whole year passed like a summer day, until the time, the sad time came, when I was again to leave her. For weeks before the day of our parting, my feelings were in a state which I cannot describe. The tears would rush into my eyes whenever I looked at her, and whenever I wished to speak with her, my utterance was choked. Neither for breakfast, nor dinner, nor tea, had I any relish. My whole being and desire were absorbed in my Mother. I remember well how I forced myself to partake of the dishes she had served up for my particular taste, and how my face used to be bent over my plate, and how I could scarcely see what I was eating, much less distinguish who was round the table.

At length, the morning of my departure arrived, and all was packed up. My mother had subdued her grief up to the last hour, when human nature could endure no longer. We all, I recollect, sat down as usual to breakfast but not one of us could eat a morsel. My poor Father looked at me, then at her, then around him, and then wiped his eyes. He would then get up, as if for something he wanted, but his object was to hide his feelings. The servants were bustling up and down the stairs. Now, one of them would come in to get some instruction, but the moment she saw the eyes of my Mother, she retired immediately in silence. At last, I rose from the table and was leaving the room; my Mother followed me. "Mother," said I, as well as I was able, "I am not going yet." "I know you're not, Robert, but you soon will. I must follow you, I must see the last of you; when you leave me this time, I shall never see you again!"—and the tears would run down her pale cheeks whilst her poor heart was ready to break. "But, Mother, I will come back again soon." "No, no, you'll never come back again—yes, yes, you may come back, but your Mother will be in her grave," she answered.

She would then sit down and bury her face in her hands, sighing and sobbing all the time, whilst I pretended to be busy about something. I let the room and was going into an adjoining room. She rose and followed me, as if her very self was in me and she could not live where I was not. "Ah, Robert, stay by my side, let me look, look, look at your face; we cannot be together long," she would say and then press me to her bosom. "Oh, the Godlike love of a Mother! How was I able to leave her, how dare I tear myself from her embrace!"

At length the car drove up to the door. She was now inconsolable: the love of the Mother reigned supreme, and her grief was wild. How I parted from her last embrace I am not able to say, nor do I ever look back on the scene without self condemnation for having ever exiled myself from her dear presence. My trunk was put on the car, and an affectionate, well-behaved brother, accompanied me to Kingston harbour, about 10 miles from Dublin, where I embarked for Liverpool in one of her Majesty's Mail Steam Packets.

As we sailed out of the harbour into the beautiful bay, the scenery grew more and more interesting, and being a lover of romance and nature she appears in the green waves and rocky cliffs, and besides a lover of my country, I leaned over the stern and gazed as long as I could on the last glimmering of my native land, but my mother would come before my eyes. Still, still she followed me: my Mother, was all I could distinctly behold. That night! Oh, what a night of woe! What dreams! what visions I saw! My Mother was by my bed side, as I thought, imploring me to come back; but no; my destiny was fixed; the big waves rolled, the wind blew, and the reckless Ship hurried mercilessly along her midnight course, and bore me farther and farther from her.

But my heart is still with her; she is ever near me, and guiding me, and blessing me. I feel her influence in all my acts and thoughts. How wonderful is the love and power of a Mother!

O. P. RALEIGH, Feb. 20, 1842.

THE ORATION.

Mr. Henry having permitted or caused, garbled extracts from his 4th of July Oration to be published; to show his patriotic support of the War of 1812, we are enabled, by the kindness of a friend, to supply the parts suppressed. His first extract commenced in the middle of a paragraph, and the portion suppressed, being the first part of the paragraph, is as follows:—"Once more, my dear friends, we are called on to avenge (as it is alleged) the injuries of our country. Once more we are summoned to the sanguinary altar of ruthless war! Whether that summons be just or unjust, I forbear to say. The time to recall it now is past. That the voice of a great people is against it is most true. True! they denounce it. This, at least, proves its inexpediency."

The Oration was delivered in 1814, in the midst of the war; and what does Mr. Henry say of that war? Why, he first insinuates that it was not waged to avenge the injuries of our country, and then boldly declares that the voice of the people is against it; that they denounce it; that it was inexpedient! Is this supporting the war? or is it not such conduct as his brother Federalists of the Hartford Convention were guilty of, about the same time? The American flag had been subjected to numerous insults on the ocean. The British dared not only to search our vessels, but to take from them such seamen as they might want, until they had actually impressed in this way thousands of our citizens, compelling them to serve as sailors on their ships, and many of them were thus compelled to fight against their own country. And a war to put a stop to such outrages, to assert our rights and sustain our national character, was only "alleged" to be to avenge the injuries of our country! The voice of the people was against it! It was INEXPE-DIENT! And this evidence of his Federalism, of his hostility to the war, and of his willingness that his country should tamely submit to a course of insult which had been continued for years, Mr. Henry carefully suppresses, supposing, doubtless, that his own copy of the Oration was the only one extant.

But after giving the tail of that paragraph, Mr. Henry came to the following, which also he thought it prudent to suppress:—"Should knaves and parasites sicken us with calumnies, prudence (in a republic) demands a politic obedience, though a constitutional opposition, was against our own government, though we should oppose it as far as we can, constitutionally; such opposition is demanded by prudence." Where the first ought to end, when the last has proved ineffectual—may heaven, my dear friends, never make it out to us ascertain."

This paragraph, as printed in the Oration, and literally copied above, is nonsense. Let us try to make sense of it by a proper punctuation, interposing here and there a word of explanation, thus:—"Should knaves and parasites sicken us with calumnies, prudence (in a republic) demands a politic obedience, though a constitutional opposition, was against our own government, though we should oppose it as far as we can, constitutionally; such opposition is demanded by prudence." Where the first ought to end, when the last has proved ineffectual—may heaven, my dear friends, never make it out to us ascertain."

Such are the sentiments which are converted into burning patriotism, by the very convenient process of suppressing the evidence, when you think that no one else but yourself is in possession of it! Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Henry says in his Letter of Acceptance,—"the cause of truth and fair dealing demand that no concealment should be practised upon the people."—Fayetteville Observer.

Mr. Truman Kilburn, of Middletown, Vt., whilst cutting a hole in the ice on Wells Pond, dropped his axe through the hole, where the water was sixteen and a half feet deep. He threw off his clothes, dove through the hole where he lost his axe, swam to the bottom, got his axe and threw it upon the ice. This was done last week.

[From the Fayetteville Observer.]

Mr. Editor.—I observe that your Correspondents are endeavoring to teach the Alphabet to the Locos. "A" proved a hard lesson; it took them two weeks to become sufficiently familiar with him; as the school boy would say. As they had "B" last week, please cram them a little with C.

The following paragraph from the North Carolina Standard of the 26th ult. shall serve as my text:

"It is said that the New York nabobs have clothed their servants in British liveries—white turned with red and red turned with white—and that equipages are to be seen in Broadway with numbers of the fantastic services in front and rear, whose office it is to show off the wealth and greatness of their Republican 'Whig' masters."

I am reminded by this characteristic paragraph, of a little incident that occurred here, which excited some little merriment at the time, but might never have been deemed a fit subject for newspaper notice but for the example of the Standard.—On a certain day, about three months ago, a certain Carriage, appeared in our streets, fixed out in genuine democratic style, such as no Whig aristocrat has aspired to in our plain Republican community. How do you think it was, Mr. Standard? I'll tell you.—It had a driver and a footman, "in front and rear," both clothed in "livery"—whether "British livery" or not I cannot say—but both in livery. The only difference between this livery and the New York livery was, that instead of white turned with red and red turned with white, it was a streak of white and a streak of black,—the niggers being as black and ugly as the ace of spades, and the ribbons as white as if they had just come off a lady's bonnet.

And whose carriage do you think it was, Tommy Loring? "Colonel," said a wicked Whig to a leader of the Locos, look here at the livery of your Democratic Republican States Rights candidate for Governor? Isn't it stylish? And isn't it especially appropriate for such an old Federal Aristocrat? Do you think any of the British Lords can come up to that?"—The Colonel smiled.

In the afternoon, the Carriage again made its appearance, but the livery was doffed, and has since made its appearance in the streets of Fayetteville.

It is rumored that between the first and last appearances, the Colonel called a meeting of the Democracy, and that Mr. H\*\*\*\* made an unusually eloquent speech on the momentous occasion, and that the Resolutions adopted assured the "nominee" that he had mistaken the "stuff" to electioneer on. I may possibly report the proceedings hereafter.

GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Both parties in the old North State are rubbing up their armour, their weapons, and getting ready for the Governor's election, which takes place in August next. Louis D. Henry, of Fayetteville, is the Lococo candidate, and the present Governor, Morehead, will be run by the Whigs. Governor Morehead is one of the first men in North Carolina, and has by discharging the duties of the office to which he was called by a large majority of the people of the State. Governor M. is one of those men who are not often met with in these times of theory and speculation—a man who adds to strength of intellect and stores of valuable information, the capacity of carrying his knowledge into practice and rendering it beneficial to his fellow-men. We trust, the Whigs of North Carolina have too just an appreciation of the Governor's merits to permit him to be ousted.

Petersburg Intelligencer.

THE STATE RIGHTS CANDIDATE.—Some of the Nullifiers in this State, (says the Fayetteville Observer) who followed Mr. Calhoun into the ranks of the "rogues and royalists," as he or some other Nullifier called the Charleston Mercury, to regard Mr. Henry as the "Standard bearer" of the State-Rights party. To such, it would doubtless be pleasant to see what Mr. Henry said of them in the day that "tried men's souls."—Our recollection of the words used in his Speech in the Legislature, in 1830—31, has been refreshed by a reference to the Observer of Jan. 6, 1831, in which we find a letter from our correspondent at Raleigh, giving his words as follows:—"Nullification, Sir, is Treason, and he who advocates it a Traitor to our dearest rights. I say it on my individual responsibility, and gentlemen may make the most of it. He who endeavors to foster the spirit of dissension, deserves to expiate his crime upon the Gallows, and thus go down.

"To the vile dust, from whence he sprang. Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

THE BOZ BALL.

This affair, which came off in New York on Monday night, is represented to have fully realized the expectations of its projectors. It was attended by an immense concourse of the beauty and fashion of New York. The "Tattler" gives the following as the bill of fare:

- 28,000 Oysters, stewed and pickled.
- 7,000 Fried Oysters.
- 10,000 Sandwiches.
- 40 Hams; 76 Tongues.
- 12 Floating Swans, a new device.
- 50 Rounds of Almonds Beef.
- 50 Boned Turkeys, gelatinated.
- 40 pairs Chickens.
- 25 pairs Ducks.
- 1 barrel of Chicken Palet.
- 3,000 fried Mutton Chops—cold.
- 6 boxes of Raisins.
- 2 barrels of Almonds.
- 2 barrels of Apples.
- 400 pounds of Mutton.
- 3,000 Kines.
- 26 Pyramids—one cost \$40, and the "Curiosity Shop" on the Top.
- 350 quarts of Jolly and Blanc Mange.
- 300 quarts of Ice Cream.
- Coons Nut Cakes, Gilded Biscuit, Sponge Cakes and Ladies Fingers, in thousands.
- Lecturers.
- 2 bargains of Lemonade.
- 14 barrels of Port Sausages.
- 2 dozen boxes of Claret.
- 100 gallons of Coffee.
- 60 gallons of Tea.
- 150 gallons of Madeira Wine.

The story below, furnishing a specimen of the politeness and individual independence of Patriarchal times, and the earliest record extant of the transfer of land, and of the use of money in Commerce, is taken from an antiquated volume, entitled "The Bible." The date of the incident is A. M. 2145.

"It came to pass that Sarah (Abraham's wife) died, and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her.

And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying I am a stranger and sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, saying unto him: Hear, us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but thou mayest bury thy dead. And Abraham stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land, even to the children of Heth. And he communed with them, saying, If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah which he hath: for as much money as it is worth shall he give it me, for a possession of a burying-place among you.

And Ephron answered Abraham, in the audience of the children of Heth, saying, My lord, hear me: The field I give thee, and the cave that is therein I give thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I thee; bury thy dead. And Abraham bowed down himself before the people of the land; and he spake unto Ephron in the audience of the people of the land, saying, But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me: I will give thee money for the field, take it of me, and I will bury my dead there.

And Ephron answered Abraham, saying unto him, My Lord, hearken unto me; the land is worth for thee four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? I pray thee therefore thy dead.

And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron, and Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchants. And the field of Ephron, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, in the presence of the children of Heth.

We take the following poignant case of distress from the Williamsburg (N. Y.) Gazette of Wednesday:

Mourful Accident.—A few weeks since Mr. N. Rowe, of this village, picked up a lump of crystallized arsenic on one of our piers, which he supposed to be a common mineralogical specimen of an interesting appearance. Mr. A. carried the article in question to his residence in North street, and laid it away in the garret. In part of the same house resided Mr. Robert Buckmaster with his family. Among the members of the family were two interesting children, one a daughter of about six years of age, and a son of four. These children amusing themselves on Thursday last with the arsenic, bit off and swallowed portions of it. They were soon seized with the distressing symptoms usually produced by that deadly poison. Notwithstanding prompt and skilful medical aid, both expired—the youngest on the same day, about three hours after being poisoned, the elder lingered until Saturday afternoon, and then sank in death. On Sunday they remains were committed to the earth, surrounded by a large concourse of friends, who deeply sympathized with the afflicted parents. Two other children in the neighborhood, who had tasted the arsenic, escaped after a temporary illness. The arsenic is supposed to have been brought here in a vessel that recently discharged a cargo of chalk at the wharf; the lump weighs nearly two pounds.

BISHOP IVES' SPRING VISITATION.

Fourth Sunday in Lent, with two previous days, at Christ Church, Elizabeth City. Wednesday, 9th March, St. Thomas' Church, Windsor. Fifth Sunday in Lent, Herford, Perquimans Co. Sixth Sunday in Lent with two previous days, St. Paul's Church, Edenton. Wednesday before Easter, St. Luke's, Locust Grove. Good Friday and Easter day, Lake Scuppernon and Pettigrew's Chapel. Wednesday, 30th, St. Thomas', Bath. Thursday, 31st, St. John's, Durham's Beautifol Creek. Saturday, 2d April, Zion's Chapel, First Sunday after Easter, St. Peter's, Washington. Tuesday 5th, Trinity, Beaufort County. Wednesday, 6th, St. Paul's, Swift Creek, Craven County. Second Sunday after Easter, Christ, Newbern. Monday, 11th, St. Thomas', Craven County. Third Sunday after Easter, St. James, Wilmington. Fourth Sunday after Easter, Calvary, Wadesboro'. Fifth Sunday after Easter, St. John's, Fayetteville. Wednesday, 11th May, Trinity, Scotland Neck. Thursday, 12th, Halifax. Saturday, 13th, Lenoirburg. Whitsunday, Henderson, Consecration of Church. The week following, Convention at Oxford. Catechism and Confirmation, as usual.

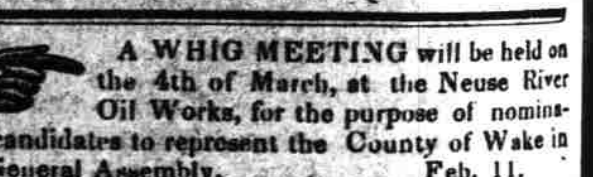
A WHIG MEETING will be held at the 4th of March, at the Neuse River Oil Works, for the purpose of nominating candidates to represent the County of Wake in the General Assembly. Feb. 11.

A VERY FAIR OFFER.

PERSONS wishing to purchase PIANO FORTES from the subscriber, can have the privilege of trying them before paying for them, and by this arrangement, no matter how many fears they may have, they run no risk of getting an indifferent instrument, as all the risk of their being bad rests upon my shoulders. Prices \$25, 30, 35, 35, 40, and so on to 600 dollars. I am perfectly willing to take the risk of selecting for purchasers myself. E. P. NASH, Petersburg, Va. I have sold about 300 Piano Fortes without ever selling a bad one. E. P. N. February 9, 1842.

WATCHES and Jewellery, VERY LOW!

The Subscriber is selling all descriptions of Gold and Silver Watches, Anchor Escapement, Duplex, Lepine, and Verge WATCHES, Gold and Silver Pencils, Diamond Rings and Pins, Gold Chains, Keys, &c., at retail, lower than at any other place in the City. Gold Watches as low as 30 to 40 dollars each. All Watches are warranted to keep time, if the money returned. Watches repaired in the best manner, at much less than the usual prices, by one of the finest workmen in America. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewellery, Wholesale and Retail, 30 Wall Street, (Up Stairs.) New York. February 4, 1842. 85



13 in 28