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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IN SALES."



NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 1, OF VOLUME I.

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SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 4, 1844.

From the Raleigh Independent.
REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.
To the Editor of the Wilmington Chronicle:

"Sir: My attention was directed by friend, to an article in your paper of the 5th inst., headed *Battle of Elizabethtown*. The distinguished gentleman, who finished you with an account of the battle, I have no doubt, gave it to you, as he received it; but his informant overlooked the particular which characterized it; and which established its claim, to be ranked with those actions of our revolutionary struggle, that exhibited military skill. According to the showing of our correspondent, it was an attack of great daring; and executed with astonishing secrecy and despatch. But those, though among the elements of war, do not necessarily imply military talents; nor can they aspire to that glory, which is crowning privilege of military enterprise. On the contrary, the actors might have forfeited all the applause, which is due to their valor, by the want of prospective measures. And the discriminating analyst, might deem it his duty, to note this achievement, as the lucky termination of a desperate adventure, in which the passions had more to do, than the intellect; and which deserved consideration, merely as the accidental but efficient cause, of important consequences to the country. Suppose that heroic band, had attacked the stronghold of Tories, without any of those stratagems and expedients, which an experienced officer knows how to practice; and that strength, containing a numerical force, at least five-fold greater than their own; of equal intrepidity; and under an officer, whose abilities and well-tried courage, inspired with unanimity and zeal, the whole of his garrison, how different would have been the result! how awful the consequences!—a furious hope, self-impelled, and doomed to perish! The band would have been cut off in this wild expedition of uncalculating temerity; and though their fate would have been deplored, they would neither have deserved the gratitude of their country, nor merited the panegyrics of history.

The sagacious commander, Col. Brown, did not act thus. He did not commence an expedition, without a plan; and without looking to results, and providing for contingencies. Every meditated movement was arranged and settled, with exact precision; and the destruction of the superior officers of the garrison, determined on, as an indispensable, though painful measure, to ensure the victory. Every individual, was made perfectly acquainted with his duty; in order, that entire concert might be maintained during the conflict.

Your correspondent's narrative, is no doubt correct, as to the advance of the Whigs, under cover of night, their forming in the rear of what was then called the King's road, driving in the out posts and sentries; and making the onset on the garrison. Here, his deficiency will be evident, when it is compared with the details, which I am about to give.

After the first volley, Col. Brown, with six officers, who for the want of a more appropriate word, may be termed his staff; and among whom were those gallant spirits, Oren, Morehead, and Robeson, took a central position, as previously arranged; and the main body rushed to a point, at a specified distance, on his right; and reloaded with almost inconceivable rapidity. The words of command were then heard, in loud and distinct tones. On the right! Col. Dodd's company! Advance! (No such officer, and no such company being present.) The main body advanced and fired. Again, On the right! Col. Dickson's company! Advance! (The same officer being present.) The main body advanced and fired; and wheeling, rushed to the designated point. Again, On the left! Major Wright's company! Advance! (The same officer being present.) The main body advanced and fired.

This *rise de guerre* was carried on, until the Whig band was multiplied into ten or eleven companies. It succeeded in making an impression on the garrison, that it was attacked by a body of one thousand strong, led on by experienced officers.

The self-possession and the energy with which the orders were given; and the celerity and animation with which they were executed, under circumstances of recent fatigue and exposure, are almost unparalleled in history. During the time occupied in these evolutions, Col. Brown, with his staff, as I have called them, was improving accidents, and nicking occasions for taking deadly aims.

There must have been a sublimity in the scene. The darkness of night, broken by a sheet of flame, at every successive volley of the Whig band; the outcries and clamor; the disorderly firing of the Tories, the gallant efforts of Col. Slingsby to restore order, and to form his lines; his fall, so sanguinely desired, and yet so much regretted; and the total rout of the garrison, would, to a person not engaged in the conflict, if such a one could have been there, have presented a spectacle of horror, more easily imagined than described.

In this scene were exhibited all the brilliant features of the enterprise. Here, on the field of battle, strategy and tactics were combined; and constituted the military skill of the commander of the Whig force. He vanquished the enemy; by the exercise of such skill as could not have been surpassed; and by a boldness and hardihood, a promptitude of obedience and rapidity of movement, on the part of those under his command, that would have shed a lustre on the disciplined legions of modern Europe.

It is proper now to state, how I came by my information. I first heard the account, in the way your correspondent received it, from persons whose names I cannot recollect; and it left no impression on my mind, but that of a desperate attack in the night, on Col. Slingsby's post; and perhaps a panic in the garrison.

Upwards of thirty years ago, I heard General Brown himself recount the particulars. It was on the deck of a packet boat, between Smithville and Wilmington. A young Irishman from Baltimore, a naturalized citizen of the United States was one of the passengers. He was a furious zealot of rebellion against all government, and obtruded on the company his political opinions. He declaimed against our institutions, and inveighed in virulent language against some of our most distinguished statesmen. Several gentlemen were present, all natives; and I believe there was not one who was not roused by the insolence of this foreigner. One or two glanced at him, but he disregarded their remarks, and continued to vapour, with a provoking contempt for his

fellows passengers. At length Gen. Brown, who was the only one of us who derived authority from age, and revolutionary services; and who had been kindled into indignation by his impertinence, commenced an oblique attack on him, by marking the distinction, between the legitimate patriotism of that day, which "tried men's souls," and the spurious love of liberty, of the then epoch, which tendered its services, uncalled for and unrequited; and vaunted itself in noisy strictures on the administration; and malevolent accusations against the distinguished patriots, who conducted it. He proceeded to relate some anecdotes of his military life; but none of them, riveted my attention so entirely, as the affair at Elizabethtown. When his narration reached the battle ground; and he depicted the operations there, he grew very warm. We all became engrossed by the subject; and the Irishman was reduced to silence and mortification.

It happens, that the mode of recollecting materials for a history of the State, which I have, for many years past, recommended, has been reduced to practice by you; and with immediate success; and without any privy between us. You have induced a talented gentleman of Bladen county, to furnish the sketch of a military expedition, which terminated in a battle. He has given you the history of this expedition as he received it, and points to the result and its important consequences; and I have conceived it my duty, to supply additional particulars. Here is an example set to those, who desire that materials for the history of our revolution, should be accumulated. If there is any public spirit in the country, the example will be followed.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your ob't serv't,
Y. Z.
P. S.—One of the band referred to above, walked over the battle field, with the late Gen. Thomas Davis, of Fayetteville, and pointed out to him, the different positions occupied by the Whig force, during the attack on Elizabethtown. Is it not probable, that Gen. Davis made memorandums of this inspection, which may yet be found among his papers; and may enable us to form a more accurate idea of the plan and the details of the battle?

From the Southern Rose Bud.
A FAMILY SCENE.

I carried with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honor of the damsel who was changed to Grimaldine, in the old romance. If I had prejudice, it was in favor of cats and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after my marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of his dog, and the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed that, on occasional visits, (for the office was his headquarters,) Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt disposed to mount too. At length, Growler, finding the house so comfortable, came home at night and daintily laid his unwieldy form on the centre of the hearth rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxuriant station, stood upon her dignity hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indignant, my ire was roused. I affirmed that all created things, dogs was the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visitors never could approach the fire—that Growler eat us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal, knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet would sneak in with a cowardly look, his tail between his legs, but invariably succeeding in encircling himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most conjugal disorders proceed. We dwell on some peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness, until one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on in this foolish ingenuity for unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words, "and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moment when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society gives the control; reverence his wishes even when you do not like his. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So sure as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self-examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth of bitter and troubled waters. When this conviction came over me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for a gentle submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left the chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly and patting the dog's head, said "So, Growler, helping your master to read?" Edward looked at me enquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to his side in silence, and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at

his inroads on my neat housekeeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bulldog terrier, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest corner of the room with an air of distress. But if you said, "the baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered about and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation, which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him and rested his fore paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage. Sometimes Fred was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength he was seated upon the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made, particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to me that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her, than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly, and putting the knot between the dog's teeth sent her across the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skillfully. Of course, all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down and slept by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat—like a flower on a rock.

Edward and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our woman in the kitchen wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I never had been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the Square, we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal, brilliant through the crevices of our parlor shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said that a common fire light could not produce such an effect. He urged his horse, we reached the house, I sprang from the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony "fire!" In vain, Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door—that horrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was opened and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what were our emotions as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her night dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it was but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and growled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror.—She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it; but, said she, the flames ran like wild fire; and when I found I could do no thing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing."

With prodigious efforts, the house was saved though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering dream lay sleeping at our feet.

Dr. J. L. Martin, formerly Principal Clerk in the Department of State, has been appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate to be Secretary of Legation to France.

At Hartford, Conn., the experiment of covering the body with sliced onions, and renewing them often till the fever subsides, has been tried with great effect in cases of scarlet fever. The onions draw the fever to the surface, and imbibe it to some extent.

The naughty boys at Springfield kiss the young ladies in temperance meetings. He of the Springfield Republican is of opinion that such things are not consistent with *total abstinence*. The question appears to be this—Is kissing *intoxicating*? Who does answer?

"A LITTLE HUNCHBACK."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the Knickerbocker for April, we find the following affecting incident, received by the editor from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribed it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend. It teaches a most useful lesson, and if any one can read it without emotion, with the editor of the Knickerbocker we say, let him confine his indifference within his own cold bosom:

"I have just returned from the funeral of poor Emma G., a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was the daughter of a widow, a near neighbor of mine. When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was upon her cheek! her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year, her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled upon her cheek, and eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on Emma's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched the spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These, however, she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterwards, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hunchback!

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf.—Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and Emma became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes made the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none to her with more assiduity than her brother William, who was the nearest to her own age. He gave up all his own out door play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, and though it was, from her thoughtful features.

But after a while Emma grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good natured, William had a quick temper to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young. Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he could hardly conceal from her his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times ungrateful, Emma was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else save her mother. It was only in moments open her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections—for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind. And then, when she marked the clouded expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than usually perverse and fretful, William, who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuff, started suddenly from his seat by her side, called her "a little hunchback," and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and returning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck; but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to Emma, found her upon the bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavored to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. "I want to die, mother," she replied to all her endearments; "I have long felt that I was a burden to you all." She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth, the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

In the mean time, the grief of William had been more poignant even than that of his sister. Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss

once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his own chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness.

Owing to the previous enfeebled health of Emma, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. William, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently un-mindful of all other existence.

One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. William saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber door, and waited in silence. In the mean time, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, "I thought William was here." A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open, Mrs. G. stepped softly out, and leading William to the bedside, pointed to his dying sister. He threw himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. Emma did not heed him but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upward, said softly: "I shant be so there!—shall I, mother?"

"No, my child!" replied the weeping parent? "I hope not. But don't talk so, Emma. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart."

Emma tried to grasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more."

WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

We copy from the National Intelligencer the following interesting report of what was said and done in the House of Representatives, in connection with the presentation of Washington's Camp Chest to Congress:

Mr. Adams rose and addressed the House as follows:

In compliance with the desire expressed in the last will of William Sidney Winder, a distinguished citizen of the State of Maryland, now no more, I rise to present to this House, and through this House to the Congress of the United States, the Camp Chest of General George Washington, which he used during the Revolutionary war.

As my warrant for presenting myself to the House in the performance of this service, I send to the Clerk's table, and request him to read, a few brief documents.

1. Letter from John Wethered.
2. William Sidney Winder's will.
3. His letter unsigned: with that of Mary S. Winder.
4. Henry Maynadier to Gov. Winder.
5. Henry Maynadier to W. S. Winder.

At the last session of Congress it was my fortune to offer a resolution of acceptance for the *Supper* of our nation's great heroic Revolutionary commander and chief, presented, together with the Staff bequeathed by his compatriot statesman and friend, Benjamin Franklin, to the Congress, by Samuel T. Washington, of Kenawha county, Virginia. This incident was probably the inducement to the late Mr. Winder, to devolve upon me the welcome and honorable office of presenting this additional relic of the great champion of our country's freedom and glory.

A profound and sublime lesson of national and individual morality, associated with pure and lofty patriotism, was conveyed to his countrymen of this and of all after ages. It will be recollected, in bequeathing his swords to his nephews, the Christian hero had enjoined upon them never to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except for self-defence or in defence of their country and its rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed and fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them.

The use and vocation of the sword is to shed blood. Far different is the use of the implements now offered to the acceptance of Congress. The sword is the instrument of destruction. These are implements useful or necessary to supply the wants of physical nature and for the preservation of human life. These are also useful for dispensing to others the good offices of humanity, the convivial pleasures of friendship, and the sacred rites of hospitality. To all these purposes, that identical chest and its contents have contributed in times that tried the souls of men and women too. I send to the clerk a letter, which I request him to read with a voice that all may hear.

The Clerk read as follows:

WEST POINT, August 16, 1779.
DEAR DOCTOR: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow, but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will.

It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies, of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival in this happy spot we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre.—When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, (and this, I presume, he will attempt to do to-morrow,) we have two beefsteaks, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side, the centre dish dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve apart. Of late, he had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pies, and it's a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron, (not become so by a labor of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them.

I am, dear Doctor,
your most obedient servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

Dr. COCHRAN, New Windsor.

Mr. Adams then submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the camp chest of General George Washington, which he used during the Revolutionary war, bequeathed by the last will of the late William Sidney Winder to the Congress of the United States, be and the same is hereby accepted; and that the same be deposited as a precious relic to be preserved in the Department of State.

Resolved, That the Senate and House of Representatives take pleasure in recognizing to the family of the late William Sidney Winder their high sense of the value of the bequest contained in his will, and in expressing their respect for the memory of the donor.

The resolutions having been read a first and second time, and having been put upon their third reading.

Mr. Wethered said: In seconding the resolutions just offered by my venerable friend of Massachusetts, I take occasion to say that the deviser of this deeply interesting relic, William Sidney Winder, was alike my constituent and my intimate friend, respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and endeared to a large circle of relative. He has, with honor to himself and constituents, represented the State of Maryland in her Legislature.

This camp chest was inherited from his father, Governor Winder, a contemporary and fellow officer of the Father of his Country in our Revolutionary struggle, and the descendant of a family which emigrated to this country two centuries ago, and which has ever held in this land of their choice the most respectable standing.

It was presented to Governor Winder by Colonel Maynadier, of Annapolis, himself an officer of the Revolution, who received it from the executors of General Washington.

It was Governor Winder who, on the 4th day of July, 1815, laid the cornerstone of that beautiful monument erected to the memory of Washington in the city of Baltimore, and which constitutes its chief ornament.

I can add from my own knowledge, that for several years it had been the purpose of the late Mr. Winder to consign this relic to the care of Congress, but such was his attachment to it that the hour of parting with it never arrived, and it is unhappily, to the hand of death that we are indebted for it now.

Mr. John P. Kennedy followed in some remarks, which he concluded by offering the subjoined resolution:

Resolved, That the letters and papers accompanying the bequest of the camp chest of Washington by the late Wm. Sidney Winder, of Maryland, be entered upon the Journal of this house.

The vote being taken on each of these resolutions, they were adopted unanimously with the exception of Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, who, in each case voted "No!"