☞ The Richmond Enquirer conjures up from "the vasty deep" some horrid apparitions of the Pennsylvania Bank of the U. S. and of another great Bank monster it imagines is contemplated in New York, and then breaks out in the following language:

"If there be no other resource, we must resort to a constitutional amendment, to BIND UP THE HANDS OF THE STATES!"

What more detestible sentiment could an old Hartford Convention Federalist have uttered, than this, which comes from an almost official organ of Mr. Van Buren! "To bind up the hands of the *States!*" What stronger consolidation language could be used! The next thing we suppose, will be "to bind up the hands' of the people; and then the work of despotism will be complete. With what face, we would ask, can editors, who sanction such rank Federal doctrines, call the whigs, "the Federal party!" He who has the stolen goods, to avoid detection, generally cries "stop thief!" the loudest.

A splendid public dinner was given in New York, on the 28th ult, to Messrs. Bell, of Tennessee, Webster, Southard and others.

The weather, in New York, has been colder than has been felt there, at the same season, since 1797. The first snow storm fell on the 14th ult.—earlier in the month than any snow storm for 17 years. The Buffalo papers contain accounts of a severe storm in and around that city, which ended in great loss of life and property. Ten or 12 houses were washed away, with women and children—many vessels wrecked &c. &c.

Steam boat disasters and murders have become matters of almost every day's occurrence in the West and Southwest. At Gallatin, Mi. on the 7th ult. an affray took place between John W. Scott, James G Scott and E. B. Hatch, which resulted in the immediate death of the latter. He was shot down, and then stabbed twice through the body. On the 14th, a murderous affair took place at Clinton, Ky. between Judge James, a State Senator, and one Binford a candidate for some office. The latter had assaulted the former at his own house, the week before, charging him with having used expressions to the prejudice of his election and threatening to kill him. When they met at a tavern in Clinton, on the day of the fatal rencountre, after a few words, they both drew and fired at once. The ball from James's pistol killed Binford, and Binford shot two balls into the head of a Mr. Collins, a disinterested young gentleman, who happened to be present, who died in 30 or 40 minutes. Binford, however, before he fell, knocked the Judge down with his pistol, and received another ball from the pistol of a younger brother of the Judge.—Judge James was tried before 4 respectable Magistrates, and acquitted, the killing of Binford being considered justifiable homicide.

REV. M. COWLES AND LADY.

The christian's hope, alone, can, under every vicissitude, bear up the spirit of man. It is indeed "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast"—a precious legacy, ample and everduring. Treasured in the heart, it has beamed forth as the brightest gem on the brow of beauty—become the ornament of youth the staff of age—at once the refuge of the wretched, the solace of solitude, the amulet of tribulation, anguish and despair. In the following brief notice of the death of Mr. Cowles and lady, the elevated and all sustaining character of this hope is triumphantly, gloriously exemplified. Amidst the crashing of wrecks—the grating of the frail bark upon the pebbled beach—the wild agonizing cry—the smothered farewell of deep "unutterable plaint" to kindred and home—and the surgings of the ever dashing sea over the boat—their spirits were firm and composed. They felt the arm beneath them that sustained Peter on the boisterous deep—that "makes the sleeping billow roll, the rolling billow sleep." The wandering wave now flows over their ocean tomb, but long will their memories live green in the hearts of brethren, sisters and friends.

The Hartford Daily Advertiser, speaking of the late Rev. M. Cowles and Lady who were on board the "Home," says:

Few persons could be selected more highly and more justly esteemed than this unfortunate couple—few whose loss will be more sincerely or more deeply lamented by a very numerous circle of relatives and friends. Those who were intimately acquainted with them, and knew their firmnes of character, and their habitual and elevated piety, can readily conceive—yet even to them it is gratifying to learn, from an eye and ear witness—what were their feelings and what their deportment amid the overwhelming scenes in which it was allotted them to meet death. The following is the testimony of a fellow passenger, who knew, but had no acquaintance with them.

'He perfectly recollects that they were distinguished and remarked by all on board for the perfect calmness with which they sustained the prospect of certain death. Not a tear was seen, not a sigh—not a word of anxiety was uttered—not a disturbed expression of regret stole over the countenance or was heard from the lips of either; but he has the distinct and vivid image of them both, as they reclined together on the baggage, locked in each other's arms; and while he was speaking words of consolation and hope to all who could trust in Jesus, a sweet, angelic smile sat upon her countenance as of a person seriously meditating upon some delightful theme. He overheard Mr. C. near the closing scene to say, 'The believer in Jesus is safe, even in the perils of the sea.'

Davis' Memoirs of Burr.—The second and concluding volume of this work has been published. We have not seen it; but it is spoken of by some as a clumsy production. The Charleston Mercury, however, says it sheds a flood of light upon the character of Burr, and thinks it settles the following points beyond dispute:

1. That Burr had no connection with the Federalists, and gave no encouragement to the attempt made to raise him to the Presidency in 1800.

2. That during the period of his Vice Presidency, he was slandered and reviled by both parties, and scorned to defend himself against charges where his defence might have been made triumphantly and unanswerably.

3. That in calling out Gen. Hamilton, he did no more than any honorable man must feel bound to do in such a case.

4 That he had undesignedly incurred the bitter personal hatred of the President of the United States, and that this was the only "high treason" he was ever guilty of.

TAUNTS OF THE VAN BUREN ORGANS.

The Van Buren presses render themselves perfectly ridiculous and contemptible, by charging every thing, good or bad, that contravenes the unsound principles and projects of "the party" with "bank influence." They even have the audacity to charge the sovereign people themselves with being subject to bank influence, whenever they rise in their majesty to rebuke or change their public servants. This is downright insolence. Were it a minority, or even a small majority, whom they thus villify, their crime might admit of some extenuation. They might at least have the excuse of being the organs of a majority. But as it is, arrogating to themselves the exclusive right of placing their judgment in advance of every other, and even impugning the honesty of a vast majority of the people, when their sentiments do not happen to coincide with those of the new-fangled democrats, their conduct deserves the most severe public reprehension.

When the great States of the West—pure in patriotism—noble in sentiment and chivalry—threw off the shackles of a corrupt party, they were branded as "panic—bank States" by these abusive organs! The people of Tennessee, of the entire west, almost, stood by General Jackson through every vicissitude of his young career; in the Indian campaigns they were in the ranks with him, fearless in spirit, unsurpassed in patriotism—they were foremost in the battle front at New Orleans, attesting with their life-blood the legitimacy of their patriotism and republican principles. Upon the strong arm of the west and south was the stern soldier, then sterling in patriotism and principle, elevated to the chief office of the Republic. Identified with the Jeffersonian faith, and therefore less exceptionable to all parties, the suffrages of the people every where were bestowed with cordiality. He was justly considered the republican candidate—the champion of the people—the farmer and working-man's *President*. He went into office the sworn foe of extravagance—of proscription for opinion's sake. But when he came to practice upon his professions "what a falling off was there!" Shameless extravagance—open corruption—proscription for opinion's sake—a haughty self-will, soon crept into the government. The republican party marked his conduct; he wavered and deserted his principles, but the States of the West maintained their integrity. Many of their citizens who participated with him in the privations and glory of a common struggle—who stood by him in every emergency, yet linger among us—and are they to be stigmatised—contemned as dishonest—as bribed, by any set of men, much less by the pensioned tools of Executive power! Are the vast majorities in Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana South Carolina, and other western and southern States, who so nobly re-asserted the principles that brought Gen. Jackson into power, in sustaining Judge White, and who are now proclaiming their aversion to misgovernment, to submit to these charges! Will the people of the whole country suffer themselves to be thus contemned, derided, and insulted! They will not. They have spoken against the mad and mischievous measures of the administration; and they will frown with contempt and indignation on the arrogant attempts of its organs to dragoon them into the support of their party schemes and ruinous selfish policy.

The PEOPLE under "Bank influence!" How supremely ridiculous! But who are the people thus charged with being under "Bank influence!" Are they dependent upon Banks for political existence! for the exercise of the right of suffrage! In what manner do the banks control elections, or 'influence' the people! Not by bribery, for their means would be insufficient—not by the charm of a name, for that has been dissolved by the wild theories and practice of '*the* party.' But it is useless to argue the question any further. Such a charge against the sovereigns of the country, who create and abolish Banks at pleasure, bears upon its face the impress of brazen impudence and consummate sophistry; and it is rendered more enormous by the wheedling cant of the men who advance it.

Mr. Thomas Cockran, late of Fayetteville, recently lost his life, immediatly on his arrival at Valasco, Texas, by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. The contents were lodged in his arm, and produced lockjaw and death.

FEDERALISTS.

The Van Buren Organs, some of the editors of which were once as rank Federalists as ever breathed, gratuitously denominate the Whigs the "Federal party." With nicknames, odious epithets, and the use of that hacnied and worn out, but supposed talismanic phrase, "Bank influence," they hope to prejudice and poison the minds of the people against the Whigs, the great party who go for liberty and the constitution; and even to frighten, lash, and drive them into the arms of the pseudo democratic party. Vain and silly device! Such artifices have been too long tried by the cunning servants of a still more crafty master. The eyes of the people have been opened; the tricks of the jugglers have been detected—the principles and rules by which they practice their arts of deception laid bare—and all their slight of hand operations now appear to the public like the necromantic exhibitions of children, who imagine they hold their spectators spell-bound by the wonderful trick of the dancing of cobs!

It is really astonishing that even the advocates of such men as Benton, Kendall, Blair & Co. should dare to exercise such unblushing effrontery. The old Federal party has long since been broken up, and its fragments scattered to the winds. Where shall we find them? It is true there are some to be found, like the scattered Jews, in the ranks of all parties. But, if we were sent in search of the most bitter and dangerous, we would go to the Van Buren ranks, and point to such men as Buchanan, who once "thanked God that he had not a drop of democratic blood in his veins"—to Ingersoll, who declared he would have been a tory during the revolution; and to Taney, and other leaders of 'the party.' And if required to designate the party, whose principles and practices are nearest akin to those of the old Federalists, we should find but little difficulty in the task. The high-handed measures of the Federal executive, his usurpations and abuse of power—the tendency to consolidation of the leading course of the late and present administration—all under the sanction and support of the Van Buren party—all, all clearly point out that party as the asylum and rallying point of all who entertain the doctrines of the old Federal party. Were the old Federalists the advocates of a strong Evecutive power and patronage! So are the modern democrats. Were the old Federalists deadly hostile to State Rights! So are the modern democrats. Did the old Federalists magnify the strength of the national and diminish that of the State Governments! So do the modern Democrats. Did the old Federalists advocate a splendid and expensive Government! So do the modern Democrats. Look at the Proclamation, the Protest, the removal of the Deposites, the Specie Circular, the refusal to submit the Departments to investigation by the Representatives of the people, the plea of Kendall that the executive officers are all the creatures of the president, not amenable to the law, and may bid defiance to the courts of Justice. Look at the extravagance of the Government, spending between **30** AND **40** millions annually, and hear them crying for more; and hear the language of their organs, openly recommending a "resort to a constitutional amendment, TO BIND UP THE HANDS OF THE STATES."

MR. CALHOUN.

The letter of Mr. Calhoun, in to-day's paper, will not fail to attract attention. In it he explains more fully the reasons which influenced his course in relation to the sub-treasury scheme. According to the views which he takes of the subject, his rigid adherence to the principles of State Rights would not allow him to act otherwise. But we cannot look upon it in the same light. While his letter serves to increase our confidence in the purity of his motives, it utterly fails to convince us of the soundness of his opinions. Instead of advancing the cause of State Rights, we regard this treasury system as one of its most formidable and deadly enemies—as calculated to overshadow and swallow up, not only the rights of the States, but the liberties of the people. We regret, however, that there are some among the whigs disposed to attribute improper motives to Mr. C. His towering intellect; his elevated moral and political character; his distinguished public services, especially his late patriotic and useful labors in the cause of the people against tyranny—all serve to raise him above suspicion, and entitle him to the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. Let those who deal with him roughly, forbear. The cause of public liberty yet needs his valuable services. Read his letter. It can scarcely fail to produce a conviction of his honesty and sincerity; and excite in the bosom more of the feelings of sorrow than anger, at the zeal and earnestness with which so great a man devotes himself to the support of such a fatal error—"To err is human." All great men, as well as small, have given, in their lives, melancholy evidence of the truth of this maxim. But may we not hope that the cloud which has come over his distinguished patriot, will soon pass away, and leave him again careering, in his own native element, with undiminished lustre—among the brightest stars in the dazzling galaxy of American statesmen?

At a public meeting, recently held in the city of Charleston, at which the Mayor presided, it was resolved to petition the Legislature of that State to abolish the existing law for the imprisonment of debtors.

Whistling to keep up courage.—A public meeting has been held in Warrenton, by the friends of the Administration, to ascertain whether the whig victory in New York had disheartened the people of Warren—"the neighbors and compeers of Nathaniel Macon"—whew! at which resolutions were passed expressing an increase of confidence in Mr. Van Buren.

Wilson Lumpkin, V. B. was on the 22nd ult. elected by the Legislature of Georgia a Senator of the United States *vice* John P. King *resigned*.

The Alexandria Gazette corretly describes the position of the oracle at the head of the Richmond Enquirer: "He is a Conservative—Loco Foco and occupies a very laughable position,—*settin on a rail!*"

Mississippi.—The returns from 18 counties show a great falling off of the Van Buren vote; but as the whigs run two candidates for Governor, it is believed M'Nutt the Vanite, is elected. In the 18 counties heard from the vote stands, for Morgan, W. 4532, Grimball, W. 3035, M'Nutt, V. B. 4320.

BANK CONVENTION.

This Convention, consisting of 150 delegates from the Banks of 18 of the States, met in New York on the 27th ultimo, to take into consideration the propriety of fixing upon an early day for the resumption of specie payments. Mr. Hubbard, of Boston, was called to the chair, and at the latest dates the Convention continued in session without having come to any definite decision.

☞ The Editors of the Greensborough Telescope have changed the title of their paper. It will hereafter be called "Carolina Patriot." We shall endeavor to publish the prospectus next week.

FOR THE STAR.

Extract from a letter written by a gentleman who visited this city a few weeks ago.

"During my stay in our far famed capital, I visited the State House, and ascended its elevated dome, while it was glittering in the last beams of the setting sun, and queenly Vesper high enthroned on the watch-tower of creation, was just lighting her taper with borrowed light from the sinking king of day. I stood on the lofty summit of a fabric, "firmly balanced on the basis of its own eternity," which will defy the storms, and smile at the ravages of time—a fabric whose granite pillars shall remain unimpaired till shattered by the thunderbolts of the final judgment, whose firm foundation shall remain unmoved until shaken by the restless heavings and death-throes of expiring nature and upon whose burning wrecks the light of eternity shall dawn. The voice of the statesman, thought I, speaking in tones of soul-stirring eloquence, in the cause of freedom, shall echo through its spacious apartments; and the genius of liberty shall range through its splendid halls as fearless and unfettered as the sunbeam that sports on its ray-crowned dome. Beneath its mighty basis the murdered ghost of tyranny shall sleep in undisturbed silence; above its cloud-propping summit the banner of freedom shall wave in deathless triumph."

For the Star.

"See all nature fading dying;
Silent all things, seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mouldering urn."

"Time flies, oh! how swiftly." But the other day, and the forest, now naked and bare, was clothed in the the luxuriant drapery of summer. Rich and beautiful flowers were seen waving in the flower-garden, or trained, by delicate hands, around the window, and along the edge of the foot-path. The sweet scented rose,—the delicate hyacinth,—the amaranth, and beautiful china-aster, were mingling their fragrance with the light and gentle breezes that kissed their blushing leaves. But autumn, with its chilling breath and blighting frosts, has blasted their beauty and loveliness, and scattered them far and wide over the desolate earth.—The thick shade trees that stood around our dwellings and wove a screen to shield us from the parching heat of summer, are now naked, and the sweeping winds whistle among their leafless branches, and wail the funeral dirge of departed beauty. All nature has put on a changed, and different aspect. The landscape is no longer clothed and carpetted with a soft verdure; the mountain side is no longer protected from the fierce storm, by the foliage of the forest; the little stream is no longer fringed with flowers, that stoop over its bosom, and kiss its dimpled waters; the wood-bine no longer hangs in clustering freshness around our doors and windows; the summer bower is no longer a pleasant retreat from the beaming sun. No, no! all is dead and dying—desolate and sear. Nothing now presents itself to the eye of the traveller, to relieve his weary mind, or to break the dull monotony of the scene, save the tall and bared sons of the forest, the lofty pines, with "tossing tops;" or the vast plain where waves the long withered grass; or, it may be, the

"Liquid lapse of murmuring streams,"

without a green shrub, or flower upon their margin, to invite to repose.

And what *moral* shall we extract from all this? "*All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.*" To day we see the infant of days rocked in the cradle, while its slumbers: its innocent and peaceful slumbers, are watched by the attentive eye of an affectionate mother. To morrow it is treading the slippery paths of youth; but, look again; and what do you see? It has past the meridian of life, and is now with whitened and bleached locks—with palsied hands—with furrowed cheeks, bending over the confines of time's boundaries, and treading along, with step decripped, upon the breaking yerge of vast unknow eternity! Human life, in the scriptures is very aptly compared to a *flower*, to an arrow that flies through the air—to the light vapour that wreaths the mountainbrow, & flies before the light of the sun. Man has his morning, noon and night—his spring, summer, autumn and bleak winter. And shall we not learn something from each revolving day, from every rolling year, and even from every flower—from the little spire of grass that creeps off from the crevice of the shattered rock, and displays its freshness and beauty for a few brief days, and then withers, and dies at the approach of stern ruthless winter!

The immortal Thompson has most beautifully observed:

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth to the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon or falling eve,
By brooks & groves in hollow whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime. Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northen blast.

ANTHEROS.

Raleigh, N. C. Nov. 20th, 1837.

New Hampshire Moving.—The granite State is taking the field. The shouts and the roar of artillery from New York have awakened her from her leathargy, and her sons are now buckling on their armour for the fight. The late State Convention, held at Concord, was attended by nearly six hundred delegates. James Wilson, Jr., was nominated for Governor by a large majority, and his nomination was then unanimously confirmed.—This State is the last strong hold of the Loco Focos, who will no doubt fight desperately to retain it, but the spirit of the Whigs is aroused, and after the victory of New York, what may we not hope from their well directed efforts? *Balt. Chron.*

Death of Judge McNairy—The Nashville Banner of the 13th inst. informs us of the decease of the venerable John McNairy, formerly Judge of the Circuit Court of the U. States for the district of Tennessee, and an old and valued citizen of Nashville. He was 75 years of age. The Legislature of Tennessee, then in session, passed a preamble and resolutions in respect to his memory. It is said in the resolutions that "The deceased presided, for the extraordinary term of *forty-six years*, in the State and Federal courts, distinguishing his whole judicial service by a disregard of persons and parties, and an unwavering devotion to truth and justice. He was one of the few surviving patriots who framed the first constitution of Tennessee, and having lived nearly half a century to witness and enjoy the blessings he was instrumental in dispensing to his fellow-citizens, he is now gathered among the dead."

The Secretary of War was directed at the last session of Congress, to cause a survey to be made, commencing at the south lock of the Dismal Swamp Canal, and thence through the sounds of North Carolina, continuing the examinations as far as Charleston, S. C. with the view of ascertaining the practicability of an inland steam navigation between that city and the Chesapeake. Col. Jas. Kearney, of the Topographical Engineers, who is entrusted with these surveys, made a minute examination of the several shoals in our sounds as far as Swansborough, during the last spring.

Several gentlemen of his party are now in town, prosecuting this survey, from whom we have the above particulars. *Wil. Adv.*

Practising what you preach.

It is stated that Mr. Wall, a Democratic Senator from New Jersey, has expressed his determination to conform his conduct to the wishes of his constituents, *if he is formally instructed* by the Legislature. The repeated decisions against his course by the people themselves, will not be heeded, or regarded as tantamount to instructions. This is the doctrine of our strait-laced Democratic friend of the Richmond Enquirer. The representative, according to his Shibboleth, is only bound to represent the wishes of the people when the Legislature instructs him what those wishes are.—He has no right himself to look to the sovereign authority, and though at any time he might be thoroughly convinced that the Legislature gave instructions which did not tally with the wishes of the people, yet he must obey those instructions, and disregard these wishes.

This jesuitical doctrine, worthy of its source, is resorted to to excuse the flagrant violation of the popular will now perpetrated by several Democartic Senators. Some eleven Senators occupy this position at present. We have enumerated them often before, but there has been an accession to the list recently, and we will write them out again. The formidable catalogue exhibits stronger proof than folios of argument, of the profligate destitution of principle which characterizes the self-styled Democratic party. We present them in bold relief:

New York—Mr. Silas Wright—1.
Maine—Mr. Williams and Mr. Ruggles—2.
New Jersey—Mr. Wall—1.
Ohio—Mr. Morris and Mr. Allen—2.
Indiana—Mr. Tipton—1.
Tennessee—Mr. Grundy—1.
N. Carolina—Messrs. Brown and Strange—2.
Georgia—Mr. Cuthbert—1.

Here are ELEVEN honorable Senators misrepresenting a majority of 80 to 100,000 of their constituents!

Richmond Whig.

Pennsylvania Convention.—The Convention of the People of this State, yet in session at Harrisburg, (but about shortly to adjourn its sittings to Philadelphia,) has given the death blow to the disorganizing doctrine, first preached from high authority under the late Administration of the General Government, and generally received as an article in the creed of "the party," that the State Governments have the right to annul at pleasure c
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The following account of the proceedings (on Monday last) on this subject is copied from the Pennsylvanian of Wednesday:

"Mr. Doran's resolution to inquire into the expediency of annulling or altering the charter of the Bank of the United States, was *indefinitely postponed*—Ayes 58, noes 49.

"Mr. Meredith then moved the consideration of some resolutions offered by him, declaring, 1. That contracts made by the Legislature are inviolable; and, 2 That charters, duly granted, are such contracts.

"After some debate, the previous question was called, and the first resolution adopted—Ayes 66, noes 7; many of the democrats refusing to vote at all."

[The second resolution was under debate when the Convention adjourned.] *Nat. Int.*

Democracy of Numbers.—New York "Empire State," has given a Whig majority of 27,000! Massachusets, "the Bay State," has given a majority of 20,000!!,—Ohio, "the young giant of the West," has given a Whig majoriy of 10,000!!! The gallant Indiana has given a Whig majority of 17,000!!! Tennessee the home of "the Old Roman," has given a Whig majority of 21,000!!! A Whig majority of nearly one hundred thousand in five States!!! Pensylvania will soon join the democracy of numbers—join the people, and let the office holders and government parasites take care of themselves.— *Village Record.*

MARRIED,

In this County, by Needham Price, Esq Mr. Wesly Hill, aged 17 to Miss Martha Bendinfield, aged 13!

Also, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Presley P. Perry, of Franklin, to Miss Lydia, only daughter of Willie Jones, Esq.

In Warren county, by the Rev. G. W. Freeman, Mr Simmons Baker, jun. to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Col. Joseph Hawkins, of this City.

In New Hanover County, by the Rev. Colin McIver, Mr. Edward Pitman, Merchant of Mecklenburg Co., to Mrs. Margaret E. McIntyre, daughter of the Rev. Robert Tate.

In Anson County, Mr. Augustus O. Rose, Oneida County, N. Y., to Miss Margaret Jane, daugter of John Hinson, Esq.

In Moore County, Mr. William D. Harrington, to Miss Lydia Margaret, daughter of the late James McNeill.

In Perquimans, Mr. Richard Benbury, of Chowan, to Mary, daughter of Col. James Leigh; Also, Mr. Joseph Spence to Miss Lavinia Elliott

In Hertford county, William H. Green, Esq. of Bertie, to Mrs. Cynthia Powell.

DIED,

In Chowan, at the residence of her father, Josiah Collins, Esq. Mary M. C. wife of Dr. Page, formerly of Richmond, Va.

At his residence in Hertford county, after a short illness, Mr. Elisha B. Norfleet.
