

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE

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THE REGISTER.

BALDWIN, N. C.
TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1840.

We learn that HUGH McQUEEN, Esq. has consented to deliver the Oration on the 4th July.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

The address delivered by W. H. Battle, before the Eclectic and Philanthropic Societies at Wake Forest College, was truly a classical performance, replete with learning, and clothed with the garniture of intellectual embellishment. No little credit is due to the Principal of that Institution for his unwearied exertions to enhance its character, and promote by his example the zeal of the rising generation. The Wake Forest College is situated 16 miles North of Raleigh, in a delightful neighborhood, in the midst of a population intelligent, and not to be transcended for neighborhood hospitality, by any section of the State.

RUFFLED OATS.

Mr. GREEN HILL, of this neighborhood, has sent to our Office several stalks of this new species of Oats, grown the present season, which measure 6 feet 8 inches in height.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

We are permitted by GEORGE E. BADGER, Esq. to publish the following extract of a letter received by him from BENJAMIN HARRISON, Esq. of Berkeley, Va. a nephew of Gen. HARRISON, and a highly respectable gentleman. If there were any thing wanting to vindicate Gen. H. from all suspicion of Abolitionism, this letter furnishes it. Nay, it does more—it completes the evidence of his devotion to the rights of the South—of his thorough opposition to Anti-Slavery interference in every form. We have now, his public acts and declarations for forty years past, harmonizing perfectly with the free discussions of opinion, in a family and confidential correspondence. These must be considered by all candid and honest men, as amounting to full proof. To them who are blinded by prejudice, and cannot see—and to them, who are resolved not to see, of course, every thing is offered in vain. But, to the great body of the Southern people, Gen. HARRISON must appear entitled to their confidence and gratitude, for his noble and consistent support of their rights under the most trying circumstances—a support more decisive and effectual, perhaps, than was ever offered by any other American Statesman.

BARKLEY, Charles City County, Va. June 9th, 1840.

I believe, it has been objected to Gen. HARRISON, that his hostility to the Institution of Slavery, first induced him to leave Virginia. This is a great mistake—Gen. H. when but a boy, barely 19 years of age, assumed the profession of arms; not for the purpose of exhibiting his fine figure arrayed in the splendid uniform of his country, either in the Drawing Room or on the parade; but to unshackled his youthful sword, to peril his noble life in deadly conflict with the wild and ferocious savage of the West, whose thirst for blood was not yet glutted by the slaughter of the Armies of HARRMAN and ST. CLAIR; and disinterested eye-witnesses have said, that to the noble bearing of this gallant youth, was mainly owing the success of one wing of the Army. Of his first Instructor in the art of War, the chivalrous General Wayne, W. H. Harrison was still a soldier in the West when he married Miss Symmes of that country, and thus became one of its citizens.

Before his (W. H. H.) marriage, the Father of Gen. Harrison died, leaving to his son WILLIAM, a small landed property. The personal estate was entirely consumed in the discharge of his debts; he was engaged in the discharge of his duties, been stationed at Berkeley, the family seat, which he stripped of every species of property, including all the able-bodied negroes, with the entire household furniture. This cruel conduct, on the part of the British, left Gen. H.'s father in his old age, barely enough to obtain the comforts of life. I thought it as well to say thus much—Now, let us turn to the charge of Abolition against the General. On the 29th May, 1821, at the conclusion of a long familiar letter, he writes, "I am not at present in any political appointment, excepting the honorable one of being designated, on the part of Kentucky, to settle a dispute with Tennessee about their common boundary. I was, last fall, run for the Senate of the United States, and after a number of balloting lost it by a few votes; but I lost no honor by my contest; for this failure, he assigns three reasons. After mentioning the two first, he says—"but these considerations would have availed nothing, if thirdly, I had not, in opposition to the whole State, adhered to the vote I had given against the restriction on Missouri."

In another letter of a precisely similar character with the former, he concludes thus—"I am a candidate for the next Congress—I believe there is no doubt of my election, but I have a warm opposition—my vote on the Missouri question will do me most injury." This is dated 31st August 1822. In a third letter of the 10th Sept. 1825, he states—"The whole course of my Congressional career, and my conduct in every situation in which I have been placed, affords, I think, ample evidence that I could give my sanction to no measure calculated to injure and oppress the section of the Union in which I was born and educated—from the People of which my Family have so often received evidences of the highest confidence, and where still reside many of my nearest and dearest connections. The truth is, that in my political career, I have suffered severely for what has been called my Southern feelings, &c. In relation to the Tariff, he says—"that question must be considered settled." On the topic of Slavery, he adds—"My Speech at Vincennes on that subject, was not delivered for the purpose of publishing what my opinions were; those were long since known, but to counteract the mischievous attempts of the Emancipators."

In a letter, as late as the 7th October 1838, he says in allusion to the late Presidential election—"It was

proved that I had always been the warm and ardent supporter of the rights of the Southern States in relation to their Slave property—that in opposition to all the other members of the Delegation from Ohio, as well as Indiana, I voted against the Missouri restriction, and for that act, lost my election to Congress. Two years after, I was amongst the first to come out in a Speech at Vincennes against the Abolitionists. These facts are all known, and not the least ground has been given to indicate any change of opinion on my part, &c.

I am Sir, Very Respectfully,
BENJ. HARRISON.

P. S. Please recollect the character of these letters—they are written in an easy, familiar, confidential style, and were never intended for publication, but on the malice of his enemies, I rest my justification in giving them publicity.

Several articles are excluded for the want of room. They shall appear in our next.

THE NAIL CLINCHED.

A number of gentlemen of Louisville, Ky. sent to Gen. HARRISON recently a pamphlet containing his Vincennes Speech, his Letters to SHARROD WILLIAMS, HARMAR DENNY, Mr. SLOO, &c. with a request to be informed whether the various and well known opinions expressed in these several documents, on the great questions which agitate the country, remained unchanged. To this enquiry, the General returned the following explicit endorsement, after reading which, we presume, no one will be hardy enough to repeat the stale slander that Gen. HARRISON's opinions are matter of doubt:—

"North Bend, June 2, 1840.

"GENTLEMEN: In answer to your inquiry, 'Whether the letters and speeches which have been published in my name by my political friends, particularly those contained in a pamphlet lately published in Cincinnati, by Col. C. S. Todd and Benjamin Drake, Esq. contain the sentiments and opinions which I at present entertain,' I repeat what I have lately written to a committee of my friends in New York, that I should not consider myself an honest man to suffer these letters and speeches to be thus used without contradiction, if any alteration had taken place in my opinions.

"I am, very respectfully, your fellow-citizen,
"W. H. HARRISON."

DINNER TO MR. RIVES.

We learn that a Complimentary Dinner will be given to Mr. RIVES at Lawrenceville, Va. on the 29th of July. This will be a fine opportunity for such citizens of our own State, as desire to see and hear one of Virginia's most gifted sons.

HARD CIDER.

The injustice of the Loco Foco sneers at Gen. HARRISON as a drinker of Hard Cider, meaning thereby something harder, will more fully appear, when it is known that, more than sixteen years ago, he abandoned a distillery, which he owned, because he could not conscientiously carry it on. In his Address in 1831, before the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, he thus refers to this subject:

"I speak more freely of the practice of converting the material of 'the staff of life' (or for want of which so many human beings yearly perish) into an article which is so destructive of health and happiness, because in that way I have sinned myself; but in that way I shall sin no more."

A person named Cassidy, a resident of the 16th ward of New York, has been fined 20 dollars for refusing to answer questions put by the deputy of the United States Marshall for taking the census.

The Hon. Robert Strange, United States Senator of North Carolina, has consented to deliver the annual oration on the 4th of July next before the Literary Society of Rutgers' College New Brunswick, N. J.

"SELLING WHITE MEN FOR DEBT."

We believe that the Loco Focos have pretty well abandoned all their charges against Gen. Harrison, except the one alluded to in the caption of this article. This charge however, by the combination of a little truth and a great deal of falsehood, is made to assume the semblance of probability, and is most industriously circulated, particularly in North-Carolina. Those engaged in giving the story currency, seem to lose sight of the fact, that in attempting to excite sympathy for Rogues, they offer an insult to the poor men, for whom they seem to entertain so much affection. We shall publish in our next, however an ample refutation of this silly charge, in the shape of an Address from the Central Whig Committee of North-Carolina. We hope that every Whig newspaper in North-Carolina will republish it, for never before has there been a time, when the exertions of the Government against the people could be compared to the present. Nor, has there ever been a time, when the Whigs were surrounded with so many inducements to energetic action—not the least of which is the fact, that thousands of those who have heretofore supported the principles of the Administration, have so completely lost confidence in the party, that they are now, for the first time, prepared to receive and profit by the truth. Let every Whig, then do his duty, and success must crown our efforts.

The Bankrupt Bill has finally passed the Senate, and is now before the House.

ALABAMA.

A Whig Convention has been held recently in this State, which seems from the report of its proceedings to have been an animated meeting. The number of Delegates was nearly 600, and the number of banners and badges over 30. An Electoral Ticket was nominated, and a Committee appointed to prepare and publish an Address to the People of the State in favor of Harrison and Tyler. The published proceedings fill more than eleven columns of a large newspaper.

The recent Speeches and Letters from Gen. Harrison, have completely dumfounded the slanderers of Gen. Harrison.

THE American Comic Almanac,

for 1841; designs and matter entirely original.—Just received at No. 1, Cheap-side, June 30, 1840.

FOR THE REGISTER.

THE TIPPECANOE CLUB.

MR. GALE: Will you permit me, through your columns, to address a few words to the young gentlemen of this City, who gave in their names at the meeting called some time since, for the purpose of forming a Harrison Club.

The object then avowed was the extension of political information on subjects connected with the pending Presidential canvass. Some of us then indulged a hope, that the measures then proposed would be carried out to their full extent immediately, but there seems to be a spirit of lethargy lurking over the actions of the young Whigs who then came forward and declared themselves ready to lend a hand in redeeming their Country from the thralldom of misrule. Are those hands already palsied? Have their enemies displayed a front too threatening to be encountered? Or, is it not true rather, that materials for the prosecution of their laudable design are daily accumulating? Can it be, as probably it may, that they are so busy, that when they have assumed the posts of sentinels, they now slumber on them, forgetful of the responsibilities of the station.

It is well to remind, and to assure gentlemen, that this is not a time for dreams. Dreams are of the night, but now the night is passing away, and the brightness of dawn begins to appear. It is due time you should be up and doing, and the promise of the morning pass unheeded, and an unprofitable noon fade again into a still deeper night.

If our wishes be devout, the deeds to which they prompt will manifest their sincerity. Are you candid in your belief that the true principles of Freedom are suffering under this Administration a gradual but certain martyrdom? Are you sincere in your desires to see those principles once more revived and triumphant? Then will your actions be the measure of that sincerity.

Residing, as you do reside, in the Capital City of your State, your banner should have been the first unfurled—the last to drop. It should have risen tenanted over the altar of Reform, whilst others, in every nation, waved around subordinate indeed, though in close and glorious competition. But how is it! Amidst many voices that are cheering on to victory, that of the "Old North State" is not heard. But, tell me, does the shout rise 'loudest and longest' here? If it does not, who is culpable? But still more. Many good Whigs, in adjacent counties, hailed the formation of the Club here with no common feelings. And some were willing to form kindred bodies to cooperate with you in your undertaking. For they say, vigilance and exertion are still essential to success. These they are anxious to employ.

Now then, are you prepared to let this matter rest just where it is? Surely, this cannot be. Even to the utmost, some of us will hope that in your case, the truth of your accustomed motto will be shown—"Alone but sure." When we meet again, gentlemen, may it be in the assembly of the Harrison Association, where we may give each other the cordial grasp of brethren, and a word of cheer if the tidings be good; or if they be sad, where we may unite our efforts to redeem the errors of the past, and enliven the future prospect.

Respectfully,
A MEMBER.

Raleigh, June 25th, 1840.

FOR THE REGISTER.

MR. GALE:—On Saturday last, Mr. Charles Manly, our Editor for President and Vice-President, addressed the people at Debnam & Horton's Store in Wake. He reasoned with the people to show, and did show to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind, how the Administration was spending money belonging to the people, throwing it away upon unbecoming characters—that the Administration was determined to give the Public Lands to the States in which they lie; thereby depriving the old States of their just rights, &c. He refuted the charge against Gen. Harrison of selling poor people for debt—produced the Vagrant Law of our own State, showing it was much more oppressive than the Law complained so much about, proposed to sell for a time, to pay cost, only thieves and such as were committing depredations against the peace and dignity of the State, while our own Law provided to sell them to any person—(mark you, Free Negroes not excepted.) who would take them for the shortest time to pay the cost; and if he should be a hard favored chap, so that he would not sell at all, he or she must receive 39 lashes on his or her back, and be set at liberty.

I now want you to tell me when the Vagrant Law of this State was revised, whether there is any Loco-Foco represented this County, and if so, who they were, whether they objected to any clause in said Act, &c.

Judge Saunders also attended, and addressed the people. He made as good a defence of his party as circumstances would admit. He contended that Van Buren was not responsible for wasting the people's money—that Congress appropriated it, &c. What stuff this is, to try to cram down our throats. He certainly thinks we know nothing. The President not responsible! Why was Mr. Duane removed, as Secretary of the Treasury, if the President is not responsible? Has he not the right of removing a faithless officer? The people in this neighborhood believe he removes his power, and puts in his place some strict adherent to his will. The removal of Gen. Daniel as Marshal, is sufficient evidence to any unprejudiced mind of Van Buren's love for the people, and for a faithful officer.

Judge Saunders must be very hard run to attend the little Barbours in his own County, where so few persons are in attendance; but he, no doubt, is satisfied Morehead will beat him in the State by a very large majority. He knows he will be beat in Morehead's own County, old Guilford, and he is now canvassing the County of Wake to prevent being beaten in his County; but it all won't do. Morehead will beat him in this County, as sure as the Election comes. He will beat him in this neighborhood at least seven to one. I heard a neighbor of mine say, and a man of respectability too, some few days since, that he had not been to the Election for several years. He had thought others might do the voting; he could live if they could; but now, said he, I would travel three days journey to give my vote against this Administration. I marched in the late war to defend my country against an enemy; I am old now, but should it be necessary, I would again shoulder my knapsack and with all my powers be able to bear arms, march with them in defence of my country; but in a Standing Army, in time of peace, I cannot march. This will give you some idea how the people are rising to put down this Administration. We think the Harrison Convention acted wisely in the selection of a leader for us. We believe Granny Harrison will deliver this County, early, on the morning of the 4th of March next, of a full grown babe in the shape of Martin Van Buren. If we want to be happy, we must do our own fighting and our own voting.

A PLANTER.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 22.

The House again took up the Sub Treasury Bill.—Mr. Clifford, of Maine, offered a Resolution that the bill be taken from the Committee of the Whole on Friday next. Not being Resolution day, the motion was not in order, but by a vote of two-thirds, the yeas and nays were demanded, and the result was 109 in favor, 75 in opposition—not two-thirds.

Mr. Cooper, of Pa. was entitled to the floor, and his leading remarks being of a personal character, of a reply to personal remarks, occasioned a scene of more than usual interest.

In the Globe of three weeks since, said Mr. Cooper, I find the gentleman from North Carolina, Mr. Montgomery, saying or reporting to have said that the "Federal Bank Whigs had a peculiar arithmetic of their own," and that it had been illustrated in the case of a Whig member from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Cooper himself) who had received 10,000 votes in a district entitled to but 3000; and further stated that he had admitted this to be the fact, not replying to the charge when made by one of his colleagues (Mr. Ramsay).

Mr. Cooper said that the charge was not true; that instead of admitting its truth openly, or publicly, he was not aware of the charge until he had been pointed to it in the Globe. The charge was not only untrue, but altogether false.

Mr. Rhet, of S. C. rose to a point of order. The remarks were personal, and as such he objected to them.

The Chairman remarked that he had not thought proper to interrupt the remarks of the member from Pennsylvania, and under the circumstance of the case, and the grossness of the accusation, neither the Chairman nor the majority were in favor of compelling him to stop in his explanation. Mr. Rhet, however, persisted in his objections.

Mr. Cooper, not being allowed to reply to the statements of Mr. Montgomery by Mr. M.'s political friends, proceeded to discuss the bill.

He had made but little progress, when he was again called to order. The Chairman, Mr. Smith, and several others, united to put him down for alleged irrelevancy. Mr. Cooper yielded, and Mr. Rhet, of your State, took the floor and spoke at length in opposition to the bill. Mr. R. had prepared himself fully, and brought forward many interesting facts and much historical and political information for the purpose of opposing the bill. His Speech was interesting, learned and able.

In the Senate, the whole day was consumed in the discussion of the Bankrupt Bill, but no vote was taken.

WASHINGTON, June 23.

In the House, Mr. Wise submitted a Resolution that Congress adjourn sine die on Saturday, the 11th of July. The Administration members opposed the motion, declaring that they will agree to no day for adjournment until the Sub Treasury bill is disposed of.

The Sub Treasury bill being again taken up, Mr. Jenifer, of Md. made an able Speech against it, and gave a lucid exposition of the practical operation of the Credit and Banking system.

In the Senate, a Joint Resolution for the relief of the publishers of the Democratic Review and the printers of the Madison papers, was called up, on motion of Mr. Tappan. The Resolution proposes to pay the printers, for the Madison papers destroyed at the recent fire, which consumed the offices belonging to the Democratic Review and Madisonian. Mr. Tappan and Mr. W. all advocated the resolution warmly. Mr. Forster of Mich. and Mr. Southard of N. J. opposed the resolution. Mr. Davis of Mass. and Mr. Buchanan advocated a amendment of the bill, which was ordered.

The Bankrupt bill was called up, as the special order of the day. Mr. Prentiss of Vt. gave his reasons at some length in opposition to the bill. A very able member member he is, and never speaking except when called upon to do by peculiar considerations. His remarks were listened to with considerable attention.

[AN ORIGINAL TALE.]

THE YOUTHFUL MISSIONARY.

It was a delightful day in May, when Emma Drummond, accompanied by her Grandmother and Aunt, drove down to the beach. They alighted, and seemed to be looking with intense anxiety upon the ocean, whose surface was untroubled save that the light breeze white sand and the myriads of shells, with which it was covered. A tall rocky headland, over which the sea gull was hovering on the right, and a peninsula which stretched far into the sea on the left, on which was the Lighthouse, added to the wild, picturesque scene.—The sky wore that pearly gray light, which softened the features of the landscape, and lent new charms to the sea. The air was clear and assumed a fantastic form, blending beautifully with the surrounding azure. Far off, in the vast expanse, several sails were distinguishable, but so small did they appear, that they might easily have been mistaken for sea birds skimming its surface. Oh! said Emma, clasping her hands as she came in sight, my dear Mother, I hope she is in one of these vessels. Her Grandmother took her hand, and pressed it fondly. While she gazed mournfully upon that contending, beaming with hope and joy, her Aunt turned from her to hide the starting tear, for her friends were well aware there was too much reason to fear, that they might never see her mother.

Mrs. Drummond, Emma's mother, was the wife of a Missionary who had forsaken all to preach the in search of riches of Christ to the poor benighted islands of the South Sea. Emma was five years of age when her Parents devoted themselves to this arduous work. Emma was the companion of her Parents' exile for the first year and a half. At the end of that period, finding that the climate was making fearful inroads upon her constitution, and dreading the consequences to Emma, who also had suffered much; indeed, so much, that the Physician advised her to be removed to the more healthy climate of her native country, she determined to avail herself of the first opportunity which offered, to send her to her Grandmother and Aunt.

A friend of Mrs. Drummond's left India for Scotland soon after, and the Parents, with many tears and prayers for her safety, consigned their beloved and anxious child to her care. Emma was five years of age when her Parents devoted themselves to this arduous work. Emma was the companion of her Parents' exile for the first year and a half. At the end of that period, finding that the climate was making fearful inroads upon her constitution, and dreading the consequences to Emma, who also had suffered much; indeed, so much, that the Physician advised her to be removed to the more healthy climate of her native country, she determined to avail herself of the first opportunity which offered, to send her to her Grandmother and Aunt.

took it and said—"O mother, there are three passengers in the boat, but I cannot discern their features." "Now I can," she said, after some moments—"it is my sister and her husband," and she burst into a flood of tears. Mrs. Harleigh clasped her hands, while the tears streamed from her eyes, which were raised with a look of ardent devotion. "Blessed, forever blessed, be his holy name, who has restored my child! Emma threw herself into her Grandmother's arms and sobbed aloud—"Mamma, my own dear mamma!"

The boat soon reached the shore and the friends were locked on each other's arms. "My own dear Emma," said the mother, kissing every lineament of her face again—"how well you look—your mother's anxious heart is satisfied." Her father gazed fondly upon his child, and pressed her to his bosom. "Oh! this is pleasant," said they, "to feel that you are in the bosom of your own family."

Emma thought that she had never seen any thing so beautiful as her mother. Her hazel eyes were so bright, and her color, on one spot of her cheeks was so beautiful; but as she observed her more attentively, there was a something about her mother's appearance which made her feel uneasy. Alas! poor child, the beauty which she had admired was the brilliant fire of Consumption lighting up features exquisitely faultless in shape, but which she had never seen before. Emma looked of intense anxiety, and then turned away to conceal the anguish which was portrayed so eloquently upon her countenance, although it was chastened by a look of meek resignation. She knew too well from fatal experience, that the disease which had robbed her of three daughters, had made fearful inroads upon this beloved daughter's constitution. Caroline participated in her mother's feelings, in some measure, although but as she observed her more attentively, that her native climate might restore her sister's health. A few days after the strangers had arrived, the family were all assembled in the Drawing-room, which was fragrant with roses and other gay flowers that Emma had collected in the morning to please her mother who was passionately fond of flowers. Mrs. Harleigh's house was situated upon a gentle eminence, which commanded a fine view of the sea, and the neighboring romantic rocky indentation of the coast. The windows of the Drawing-room opened down to the floor of a beautiful balcony, around the pillars of which the woodbine and sweet-briar and honeysuckle were entwined. "O mamma," said Emma, as she bounded lightly from her mother's side upon the balcony, "how I wish you could sit in the balcony; the view is so charming, and the sea breeze so fresh." "Rather too fresh for me, my dear daughter," said her mother smiling, "but I love to see you enjoy it." "I do not enjoy it as much, as if you could enjoy it with me," said the affectionate child, running back, and twining her arms around her mother.

"There is, indeed, a charming view," said Mr. Drummond, "from this balcony, and I hope, my dear Anna, that next month the Doctor will allow you to visit that beautiful spot." "Next month," thought Mrs. Drummond, as she sighed and looked tenderly at her husband, "I shall be enjoying more glorious scenery." She felt that a few days might terminate the strife which was too much for her feeble frame.

"O mamma," said Emma, seating herself by her side, "tell me more about those dear little heathen children, that you teach many of them." "I have told you that I read the Bible?" "Yes, my dear, a good many; and many children in this enlightened land might have blushed to see the deep interest which they took in it. I have often seen them weep over the story of their Saviour's sufferings." "How I should have liked to have been there with you mamma, and helped you to teach them. Were they very sorry, when you left them?" "Very, very sorry; they wept bitterly, and said, who will ever see us again, our dear Saviour. It distressed me very much to part with them, but I hope their Heavenly Father will raise them up another and a better teacher. When you get well, will you return to your dear children, as you call them; if you do, I hope you will take me with you; you know I could help you teach the little ones." "Ah! my Emma, your mother will never be well in this world. Do not weep, my dear child, but be perfectly covered." "But although she may not be perfectly recovered," said her mother, "I will pray to the dear Saviour to make you well." "Ah! my child, if you knew what your mother suffered, you would not wish to keep me here."

Mr. Drummond joined them, and seeing both mother and daughter much agitated, he sent Emma to take a walk with her Aunt, as he dreaded the effects of any excitement upon his wife.

Mrs. Drummond took the opportunity to express to her husband, her firm conviction, that she was fast sinking to the grave. She saw he had hopes, which she knew would never be realized. "But your feelings may deceive you, Anna; you may yet be spared to us. I think the Doctor has some hopes that this climate may prove beneficial." The Doctor entered the room while she was speaking. "Doctor," said Mrs. Drummond in a calm voice, "will you satisfy my husband, that his sanguine hopes of my recovery will never be realized?"

Dr. Grant said, that he feared that his patient was beyond the reach of medical aid. Mr. Drummond heard the Doctor's opinion with the liveliest emotions of grief. "But although she may not be perfectly recovered," said her mother, "I will pray to the dear Saviour to make you well." "Ah! my child, if you knew what your mother suffered, you would not wish to keep me here."

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intering spirit gazing with compassion upon the earthly object of its care. The Physician and Clergyman entered at this moment. "My sister is much better to-day, Doctor," said Caroline Harleigh. "We feel quite encouraged about her." The Doctor felt his pulse and shook his head. Mr. Drummond said the look which accompanied it, and he sank upon a chair and covered his face, as a sense of utter desolation came over him. Faith armed him with strength from on high in a few moments, and he arose calm and seated himself by that treasure which was soon to be hid from his earthly sight forever. Dr. Grant called the Clergyman aside, and told him he would soon have an opportunity of witnessing the triumphant exit of a devoted saint; his pulse, the strife will soon be over. "How do you feel?" said Mr. Cameron, the Clergyman, to Mrs. Drummond. "Just waiting, I trust, with patience for the coming of my dearest Lord. O come, Lord Jesus, come, quickly." I should like to be included with one last look of the ocean. Her friends looked at the Doctor. He said it could not injure her they placed her on the balcony; the setting sun shone his last rays upon the boundless waters of the West. How lovely are all his works; but I shall soon see them with unclouded eyes. Oh! weep not for me beloved ones, but rejoice that of another sun, my eyes will open upon a brighter scene, my children, my much loved charge. God will send you a teacher to take his place, his power is all sufficient," she murmured as her head sunk upon her husband's shoulder, apparently fainting.—The Doctor felt her pulse, and said "all is over, she is forever at rest."

Language could not describe the heart-rending scene which followed, but God bound the bleeding hearts. Some time after the funeral, Mrs. Drummond received such affecting accounts of the wants of his flock among the heathen, that he determined to return, and Emma clung to him begging him to take her with him. I resolved while gazing upon my dying mother, to teach her dear children, and God will give me strength."

A few months after, a party stood upon the beach, some of them clad in the deepest habiliments of woe; a man was waiting to receive them. "This is your bonnet, my beloved one," said Mrs. Harleigh to Emma in a tone of deep feeling, "receive your Grandmother's blessing for the last time." Emma complied with her Grandmother's request, and knelt upon the pure white sand at her feet. Mrs. Harleigh laid one hand impressively upon her head, whilst Emma took the other and covered it with kisses and tears.

Mr. Drummond gazed with a father's fondness upon the kneeling figure of his child. There was a maturity in the expression of her countenance, far above her years, which rendered the likeness to her mother still more striking, and a melting tenderness in her full hazel eye, blended with spiritual strength, which rendered her countenance angelic. Her sunny, auburn hair, fell upon a neck of dazzling whiteness, and formed a striking contrast to her deep and simple abate dress; no ornament upon that light ethereal form attracted the attention from earth to heaven. Surely, said the father mentally, God's own name shines in characters of living light upon that noble bosom; my child is peerless in loveliness, but not what this world calls beauty; her's is, indeed, lent wholly by the graces of the Spirit. "May God forever bless thee, my darling Emma," said her venerable parent in a faltering voice, and restore thee to me in the Kingdom of life and light. "We part forever, in this world of tears," said she, raising her hand and folding her in her arms, while she imprinted one long, last kiss, upon that youthful brow which seemed to speak eloquently the high and holy calling which had filled her whole soul. "Farewell! my beloved Grandmother—there is but one object dearer to me than to stay with you, and comfort your declining years, and you will forgive me when I tell you, that it is to teach my mother's children, and my dear children." "My dear daughter," said her Grandmother weeping, which we have endeavored to make in humble resignation to his will who hath called you. His you are, and him you are bound to follow, in all the leadings of his grace. Mr. Drummond seated them in the boat, and as she shot over the waves now sleeping in calm repose, the noble citizen seemed to him the sweet emblem of the river of his youth, of that peace which passeth all understanding. His piety, which had matured under the sanctifying fires which he had passed through, breathed in every sentence, which he uttered, peace, comfort, my even joy, to all around him. He spoke of Heaven, and they seemed with him to be translated to the abodes of the blest, so evident it was that his soul dwelt there, though it tarried here for the good of the Church.

When the boat reached the vessel, the friends all assembled upon her spacious deck. The party of Missionaries consisted of a Clergyman and his wife, who were bound to the same station with Mr. Drummond and Emma, and who were to reside in the Mission house with them, and two other families, who were to be stationed at some of the adjacent Islands. They all united in singing the Missionary's farewell hymn, and high above all, the cherub voice of Emma mingled with the choir, and her father almost imagined he could hear it responded to by the shining host of Heaven. Mr. Drummond concluded the exercises with Prayer for the success of the Mission, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and besought him, who alone could fit her for the work, to give strength and grace sufficient for her day to the tender lamb who had devoted herself so early to the glorious work of a Missionary, and prayed that the Saviour would heal the wounded hearts which were in this scene. Mrs. Harleigh and Caroline embraced Emma for the last time, and she returned their caresses with many tears, and felt that nature almost overcame her as she realized that this was the last time she would ever receive or return their caresses. "Farewell mother and sister of my sainted Anna," said Mr. Drummond, embracing them, "hail his voice trembled with emotion, and tears of affection filled his eyes. "This, indeed, the last time our eyes shall ever meet in this life. The wound here, said she, pressing his hand upon his heart, may be mitigated, but will never heal. My heart's desire now is, to labor my few remaining years among my poor flock in the Islands of the sea." "There is a sweet spot beneath a banana tree, on the shore near the cottage, where Emma and I will spend our pilgrimage. May that be our last resting place. We will have no other tomb than the pure white sand, at times laved by the Ocean, and may our only epitaph be engraved upon the hearts of those to whom we are devoting our feeble energies."

The signal was given for the boat to leave the vessel; it glided with its charge on their return to their now desolate home. They waited at a little distance, to see them weigh anchor; the noble vessel in full sail dashed gallantly through the foaming surge, while the Missionaries struck up another sweet Hymn of praise, and as the clear sweet voice of Emma reached them, her friends shed tears as they realized, that it was the last notes which would ever meet their ear from her, in whose character was united the mournful tenderness of the ring dove, with the invincible firmness of the king of birds.

NOTICE.—Land for Sale. The subscriber having a wish to remove to the Western country, offers for Sale, a tract of Land for sale lying eight miles north west from Raleigh on the lower Hillsborough Road, containing 380 Acres, with a framed Dwelling House, and out Houses; an excellent Clover Lot and open ground for five or six hands. A further description is unnecessary, as any person desirous to purchase will view the premises. Early application is desired, as the Subscriber is desirous of moving early in the Fall.

W. F. SMITH.

June 29th 1840, 52—5w.