

THE UNION, BASED UPON THE CONSTITUTION.

STAUNTON, AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

VOLUME X
No. 21
THE WIND
BY M. J. WATTS
PUBLISHED BY M. J. WATTS
No. 100 N. 10th St. Staunton, Va.

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DR. JOHNSON
The founder of this celebrated institution, the only regularly published Physician's advertisement, offers the most complete and only of its kind in the world.

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Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Scrophulous Affections, Syphilis, and all the Venereal Diseases, in their various stages, and all the Venereal Diseases, in their various stages, and all the Venereal Diseases, in their various stages.

YOUNG MEN.

Especially, who have become the victims of Salivary Fever, that dreadful and fatal disease, which has so often proved fatal to the young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant talents, who have become the victims of Salivary Fever, that dreadful and fatal disease, which has so often proved fatal to the young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant talents.

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Married persons, or young men, contemplating Marriage, being aware of Physical Weakness, Organic Debility, or any other ailment, should immediately consult the Doctor.

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JAMES W. WATTS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

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LAW PARTNERSHIP.

H. W. B. WATTS & J. W. WATTS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

DR. W. B. YOUNG,

DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
FLUIDS, GUMS, RESINS, ETC., ETC.,
ALL KINDS OF CHEMICALS,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRICK ROW,
COURT-HOUSE SQUARE,
STAUNTON.

URQUHART & BOSTON,

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ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

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ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Selected Poetry.

From the Journal.
Come to Me in Cherry Time.
BY STORGE F. MOORE.

Come to me in cherry-time,
And at twilight close,
We will have a merry time,
Here among the roses;
When the breeze craves the tide,
And the lark's voice rings,
In our bark we'll safely glide
Down the rocky river!

Miscellaneous.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of the "Bride of a Stranger," "Desired Wife," "The Two Sisters," &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE NORTHERN VIEW.

"Where is that knocking? How is it with me when every sound appeals to me? I have a knocking! In the south entry. Hark!—more knocking!"

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor of the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill-requited services, had retired from public life to spend the evening of his vigorous life to his paternal estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned housekeeper, Mrs. Condiment, and his old horse, and his favorite dogs and cats, and his morning's were usually spent in the chase, in which he excelled, and his afternoons and evenings were occupied in small convivial suppers among his few chosen companions of the chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and strongly built, reminding one of some old iron-limbed Douglas of the olden time. His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark red, as that of one bronzed by long exposure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark grey eyes were surrounded by thick, heavy black brows, that when gathered into a frown, reminded one of a thunder cloud, as the flashing orb beneath them did of lightning. His hard, harsh face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron-grey hair and beard that met beneath his chin. His usual habit was a black cloth coat, ornamented with black leather breeches, long black yarn stockings, fastened at the knees, and morocco slippers with silver buttons.

In character, Major Warfield was arrogant, domineering and violent—equally loved and feared by his faithful old family servants at home—dissatisfied and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his house and partly from his character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of Old Hurricane.

There was, however, other ground of dislike besides that of his arrogant mind, violent temper, and domineering habits. Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rumor whispered that there was in some obscure part of the world, hidden away from human sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn and heartbroken. The wife whispered that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspicion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong interest in his "taking off." However, these things might be, it was known for a certainty that Old Hurricane had an only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who with her son, dragged on a wretched life of ill-requited toil, severe prison and painful infirmity, in a distant city, unaided, unthought and uncared for by her cruel brother.

This was the night of the last day of October, 1845. The evening had closed in very dark and gloomy. About dusk the wind arose in the northwest, driving up masses of leaden-headed clouds, and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with driving sleet.

As this was All Hallows' Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capricious old master's permission, and going off in a body to a banjo breakdown held in the negro quarters of their next neighbor. Upon this evening, then, there was left at Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs. Condiment, his little old housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms and cannonaded the walls of the house, as if determined to force an entrance. As soon as the door had been closed, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and went to sleep.

Wool, sipped his punch, while his black servant, Wool, sipped the warming-pan to his cozy couch, he sat huddled himself for enjoyment, and declared that nothing under heaven would ever tempt him to leave that room and go out into that storm on that night. Wool, as he had some store of this emphatic declaration, he was startled by a violent ringing of the door bell. Ordering Wool to go and see what was the matter, he had hardly arrayed himself in his sleeping habiliments, and jumped into bed, determined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool re-appeared. "Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend to stand there holding it open on me all night?" vociferated the old man. Wool hastily closed the offending portals, and hurried to his master's side.

"Well, sir, is it not a fine night?" "Sar, do Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and he say he must see you yourself, personally and alone?" "See me, you villain! Didn't you tell him that I had retired?" "Yes, massa, I tell him how you were gone to bed and asleep more'n an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter of life and death!"

"Life and death!—What have I in do with life and death? I won't stir! If the parson wants to see me he will have to come up here and see me in bed." "Mus' I fetch him reverence up sir." "Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see—Washington—about the door, your master, or I'll throw the boot-jack at your wooden head!"

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened missile. After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's.

"How do you do? How do you do?—Glad to see you, sir, glad to see you?—Glad to receive you in bed. Fact is, I caught a cold with this severe change of the weather, and took a warm negus, and went to bed to sweat it off. You'll excuse me, Wool, that I can't get up to my bedside for the worthy Mr. Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do him good after his cold ride."

"I thank you, Major Warfield. I will take the seat, but not the negus, if you please, to-night." "Not the negus. Oh, come now, you are joking! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable nightcap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby. Of course, you spend the night with us?"

"I thank you, no. I must take the road again in a few minutes." "Take the road again to-night! Why, man alive! It is midnight, and the snow driving like all Leiland!" "Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered hospitality and leave your comfortable room to-night, and sorrier still to have to take you with me," said the pastor, gravely. "Take me with you? No, no, my good sir! No, no, that is too good a joke!—ha! ha!" "Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one. Your servant told you that my errand was one of imminent urgency."

"Yes, something like life and death!" "Exactly—down in the cabin near the Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dying."

"What? what?—What was it?" "Remember, witness, you are on your oath!" "I know that, sir, and I will tell the truth but it must be in my own way." "At this moment a violent blast of wind and hail roared down the mountain side and rattled against the walls, shaking the wicket's latch, as if it would have shaken it about their ears."

It was a proper overture to the tale that was about to be told. Conversation was impossible until the storm raved past and was heard dying in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

"It is some thirteen years ago," began Granny Grewell, "upon just such a night as this, that I was mounted on my old mule Molly, with my saddle-bags full of dried yams, and stilled waters and such, as I was carried when I was out 'tendin' on the sick. I was on my way going to see a lady as I was sent for to tend."

"Well, master! I'm not 'shamed to say, as I never was afraid of going out all hours of the night, though I was the most lonesome roads, if so be I was called upon to do so. Still I must go, into the deep, thick, lonely woods, as I was to see a lady as I was sent for to tend."

"And what was I in this room for to do?" "I could not even form an idea. But presently my blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind the curtains—then another—and another—then a cry as of a child in mortal agony, saying: 'For the love of Heaven, save me!'"

"I ran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and liked to have fainted at what I saw." "And what did you see?" asked the magistrate.

"Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a young creature tossing about on the bed, flinging her fair and beautiful arms about, and tearing wildly at the fine lace that trimmed her night dress. But master, that wasn't what almost made me faint—it was that her right hand was sewed up in black crape, and her whole face and head completely covered with black crape drawn down and fastened securely around her throat, leaving only a small slit at the lips and nose to breathe through!"

"What! take care, woman! remember that you are upon your oath!" said the magistrate.

"I know it, master! And as I hope to be forgiven, I am telling you the truth!" "Go on, then."

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this 'fined way, leading of the mule about a mile, I knew we was in the woods again— I knowed by the feel of the place and the sound of the bushes, as we hit up against them each side, also, by the rambling of the mule, as it tumbled along toward the Punch Bowl. We went down and down, and down, and lower, and lower, until we got right down in the bottom of that hollow."

"Then we stopped. A gate was opened. I put up my hand to raise the handkerchief and see where I was; but, just at that minute, I felt the mizzle of the pistol like a ring of ice right agin my right temple, and the willin' growling into my ear: 'If you do—'"

"But I didn't! I dropped my hand down as if I had been shot, and afore I had soon any thing either. So we went through the gate, and up a gravelly walk—I knew it by the crackling of the gravel under Molly's feet—and stopped at a horse-block, where one of them willains lifted me off. I put up my hand again."

"Do, if you dare," says 'tother one, with the mizzle of the pistol at my head. 'I dropped my hand like lead. So they lead me on a little way, and then up some steps. I counted them to myself as I went along. They were six. You see, master, I took all this pains to know the house again. Then they opened a door that opened in the middle. They then went along a passage and up more stairs—there was ten and a turn, and then ten more. Then along another passage, and up another flight of stairs, just like the first. Then along another passage, and up a third flight of stairs. They was alike."

"Well, sir, here was at the top of the house. One of them willains opened a door on the left side, and tother said: 'There—go in and do your duty!' and pushed me through the door, and shut and locked it on me. Good gracious, sir, how scared I was! I slipped off the silk handkercher, and fentel as I was I didn't forget to put it in my bosom."

Then I looked about me. Right afore me on the hearth was a little weny taper burning, that showed I was in a great big carpet corner sleeping walls. At one end two deep corner windows, and a black walnut bureau standing between them. At t'other end a great tector bedstead with dark curtains. There was a dark carpet on the floor. And with all these were so many dark objects and so many shadows, and the little taper burned so dimly that I could hardly tell t'other from which, or how from breaking my nose against things as I groped about."

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Mr. Everett's Mount Vernon Papers.

It is very generally known that the Mount Vernon papers, for some time past, have been the subject of much speculation...

On motion of H. H. Poore, Silas B. Jones was called to the Chair, and Thomas H. Tutwiler appointed Secretary.

R. H. Poore, after some appropriate remarks, offered the following resolutions, which, after some remarks highly complimentary to Wm. J. Robertson, made by B. H. Magruder, E. H. Watson, E. H. Lane, R. I. Cooke and Walter D. Leake, in response to calls made upon them by the meeting, were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That we have seen with pleasure the answer of Wm. J. Robertson to the application addressed to him by the citizens of Albemarle, Louisa and Orange, announcing that he is a candidate for the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals for this Judicial Section.

2. Resolved, That we unanimously and earnestly unite with said counties in commending him to the other counties of the section, as eminently fitted, by his high integrity, his legal attainments, his patient and persevering habits of labor and industry, and his unimpaired faculties of mind, to the important station, and that we will give him our cordial support.

3. Resolved, That these proceedings be forwarded to the Richmond, Charlottesville, Staunton and Scottsville papers for publication.

On motion, the meeting adjourned. Silas B. Jones, Chairman. Thos. H. Tutwiler, Sec'y.

New Music. We have received from the enterprising publisher, Mr. Henry McCaffrey, of Baltimore, three pieces of music entitled "Mt. Vernon March," "Dost thou think I would forget thee," and "Loving Maunka," the latter piece composed by that accomplished musician of our own place, Mr. J. C. Engelbright.

It is a well known fact among all our acquaintances, that we don't know a Z in the musical vocabulary, therefore it cannot be expected that we will give a very critical opinion of these pieces, but we take them to be very fine, from the beauty of the pictures on the backs, and the intricacy and complicated arrangement of the marks and early-magics of the music which we have always supposed indicated the profound and sweetest melody.

The musical connoisseurs of our town are invited to call in and examine the music. Call quick, as it is our intention soon to present the music to the most beautiful of our lady acquaintances.

Col. J. B. Baldwin. The Rockingham Register in its last issue, corrects the impression that Col. Baldwin had "authorized" it to say that he would vote for John Letcher, and says that it made the assertion on its own responsibility.

At the time that the statement appeared in the Register, we thought it improbable that Col. Baldwin had authorized any one to make the assertion for him, and we are glad that we were right in our presumption, as it would have been entirely useless, since no political issue can legitimately be made, and if such an issue were to be made, such a statement would weigh very little with democrats, when another democrat was in the field.

But we sincerely hope no one will attempt to raise such an issue, as it can have no possible bearing on the office in question. May the day never come, when a man's political opinions shall be made the test of his fitness for the judicial bench.

Fair for the Benefit of the West Augusta Guard. The ladies, who never weary in well doing, are busily engaged in the very laudable purpose of getting up a fair, to be held in the Town Hall, on the 22d of Feb., for the benefit of the new and elegant volunteer company, lately organized in our town. The mere fact that the ladies are engaged in this undertaking is the surest omen of its complete success.

We understand that the proceeds of the fair are to be appropriated to the fitting up of an armory and drill-room for the company. The ladies of the town and county are hoped, will contribute liberally towards the success of the enterprise, for the object is a good one, and with the ladies it cannot fail.

The Destruction of William and Mary College. The news of the destruction by fire of this ancient college, will carry a pang of sorrow to many a heart in Virginia. It was constructed on Tuesday, the 9th of February, 167 years after the grant of its charter, with all its fine library, consisting of about four thousand volumes. This is the most serious loss, as we suppose some of the volumes cannot be replaced at all, but if the calamity induces the Board to remove the College to some more fitting place, we think on the whole, it will be rather a gain than a loss.

The local editor of the Enquirer christens the Convention which is now in session at Richmond, "The Whig Newspaper Convention." This is an admirable name for it, for if ever an editor had a peculiar and personal title to any property whatsoever, Ridgway, of the Richmond Whig, has a clear fee simple to the galvanized Whig Convention, now sitting at the metropolis. We think Ridgway with a zeal, blowing up a huge coon's bladder, and Letcher collapsing it by a pin-hole, would be a good picture for Fench.

Spain Wants Satisfaction. President Buchanan's proposition to buy Cuba, has roused the ire and the patriotism of the nation. In a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, Marshal O'Donnell declared that the government was disposed to demand satisfaction for such an insult. Bah!

We would earnestly call the attention of our "City Fathers" to the dilapidated condition of Main street, from the new town pump out. Its deplorable condition requires immediate attention.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Thursday, Feb. 8. Senate.—The Indian Appropriation bill was resumed and passed. Mr. Gwin moved to reconsider the vote on the Agricultural Bank bill. The motion was disagreed.

House.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of providing a punishment of polygamy in the Territories of the Union. Mr. Faulkner, from the Military Committee, reported against a Military Academy at the Hermitage, in Tennessee.

A resolution was adopted to cut down the size of the large Executive documents before they are printed. The Executive, Judicial, and Legislative bills were discussed until adjournment.

The subject of a National Foundry was postponed until next session. Friday, Feb. 4. Senate.—The Committee on Territories reported bills for territorial governments for Arizona and Dakota.

An act was passed assenting to the law of Missouri for the application of the increased two per cent. land fund of that State. The Committee on Public Lands reported back favorably the Homestead bill.

A bill for the relief of the Mobile and Ohio railroad was passed. The private bill for the relief of the captives of the brig General Armstrong, was passed—yes 24, nays 11.

House.—Mr. Branch introduced a resolution, which was passed, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report a plan to obtain and publish statistics of the coast trade. Saturday, Feb. 8. Senate.—Mr. Seward reported concurrent resolutions of the Legislature of New York, protesting against the increase of the rates of postage, and instructing their Senators to oppose any such bill.

Also, a petition of citizens of New York, praying for the passage of the Homestead bill. Mr. Foot presented a similar petition of citizens of New Jersey.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, introduced an act for the relief of Anne C. Bronaugh, a female. Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill increasing the salaries of the officers of the Army. Laid over.

Mr. Clay, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a substitute for a certain bill relative to the collection of customs. The bill reduces the expenditures of the government about \$600,000, and dispenses with the employment of one thousand persons engaged in the collection of the revenue.

Mr. C. said he should call this bill up for action during this week. A bill for the relief of Samuel A. West, George McCullough, Hiram McCullough, and Charles Pendergrass, contractors at the Gosport Navy Yard, was passed. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of business relating to the District of Columbia.

House.—Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, gave notice that on Monday he would move to take up the river and harbor bill. Mr. Newton, of New York, asked leave to introduce a bill granting pensions to invalid soldiers of the war of 1812-15, the pension to be paid from the date of their disability.

Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported favorably on the bill resolution for a vote of thanks to Capt. S. C. Reid for designing the American flag. Also, favorably on the bill for the payment of \$2,000 to Capt. Hartstone, U. S. N., for extra expenses incurred in restoring the barque Resolute.

Mr. Hopkins, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a joint resolution authorizing Lieut. Maury and Professor Bachs to receive gold medals from the Sardinian government. The resolution was passed.

The House then proceeded to consider private bills. Monday, Feb. 8. Senate.—The bill appropriating land for Agricultural Colleges in the State was passed—yes 25, nays 22.

The Washington city railway bill was resumed and discussed until adjournment. House.—The House passed the Senate's resolution, to refund to the States of Georgia and Tennessee, amounts expended by them in Indian Wars.

It then went into the committee of the whole on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial bill, which was discussed and amended. Adjourned. Tuesday, Feb. 9. Senate.—The Senate passed the joint resolution relative to the tobacco trade between this and foreign countries.

Mr. Bigler's resolution to equalize the revenue and expenditures of the government was taken up, and he made a lengthy speech on it. Mr. Johnson presented a resolution, calling for estimates from the Department, so that the annual expenditures shall not exceed \$50,000,000.

The District of Columbia Railroad bill was killed. The Consular and Diplomatic bill was discussed. The Senate then went into executive session.

Very Odd Story.

We never read a story more odd than that of Josephine Ellison. A few weeks ago, she was a beautiful, lively girl, the pet of an honorable family in a Missouri village.

A wicked seducer had, and persuaded her to elope with him to Cincinnati, where he soon deserted her. After vainly seeking other modes of life, she entered a house of sin. But her soul revolted at the Memphis dissipation of such a life. She was too disconsolate to please her visitors, and too restless to make friends with her heartless companions.

At length, in a fit of despair, she unburdened her heart to one of the inmates of the house who sympathized with her. By her advice, she resolved to return to her outraged parents, and atone by a life of merit for months of shame. An omnibus driver was directed to call for her, and her trunk left at the office. That night the house took fire from a heater in the cellar.

All the inmates escaped but one. In the morning the firemen took from the ruins the charred body of Josephine Ellison. Just as she was being borne away an omnibus was driven up, with her nearly lettered trunk on board—but the contemplated passenger had taken another journey. Josephine was buried in the city lot.

An itinerant minister performed the service. Poor professed followers of that Jesus who said to the weeping Magdalen, "Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee," were asked to do it but refused. They felt, "I am holier than thou art." The night after the burial the police caught three men coming from the graveyard, carrying a heavy bag, and pursued them. They dropped the bag and ran. On being taken to the office of the Mayor, it was found to contain the blackened remains of the lost pariah, to whom, even in death, repose was denied.

The reconstructionists were arrested. Several of the frail sisters of the unfortunate girl, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, having determined, as has been stated, to bury the girl a second time, the Rev. G. T. Flanders, of the First Universalist church, in a true Christian spirit, offered to perform the funeral service, which took place at that edifice, on Plum street. Although no public notice had been given of the event, the church was nearly full before the appointed time, and when the hour arrived it was difficult to obtain a seat.

The company, as may be supposed, was miscellaneous and singular in its character—composed of true Christians and women, idlers, courtiers, gamblers, gentlemen, profligates and philanthropists, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. To judge of the services by hurried glance, a stranger might have thought it a fashionable wedding, perhaps, as he perceived carriage after carriage drive up and deliver their elegantly dressed inmates in front of the edifice. Observation, however, discovered by the sad faces, and the sorrowing eyes, that it was no occasion of joy.

The Rev. Mr. Flanders' sermon was eloquent and touching, from its simple truthfulness, and sank into every heart. God, he said, was all love; that he had destined every human creature for Heaven, and none had reason to despair. He alluded to the antecedents of the poor girl, and to the miserable life she must have led since her false step had brought ineffable affliction to her soul.

As he spoke, many persons wept, and we saw strong men bend their heads to hide the starting tears; while the poor women, to whom the words were so sadly applicable, wept like children. We have rarely witnessed a more impressive scene. All appeared to be held in a sympathy, and the orating daughters of shame to be re-created for the moment, and to be the daughters of heaven.

Their hearts were purified, dusted, and their souls washed clean with stoning grief. Alas! if some good angel should have held them in this mood, and spoken in a voice not to be disobeyed: "Go back no more!" These women doomed to a life of misery and reckless gaiety, were a spectacle and study, as they tears ran through their delicately breasted and richly-jeweled fingers, and their breasts heaved with the first genuine and sacred emotions they had known for months it may be for years. Some of them were gaily attired, and their cheeks blazed with rouge, and some looked sin steamed and hardened; but the most of them were plainly attired, and their features bore the subdued expression that sorrow ever yields.

A number were young and very handsome, and he who had been ignorant of their profession would not have dreamed of their frailty. The coffin, of solid rosewood, with silver mountings, was exposed near the altar, and the undertaker removed the lid, that those who wished might gaze upon the dead. Many of the vulgar curious rushed forward, but the sexton moved not. They only wept the more, and in a few moments followed the corpse silently and with new gushing tears. The coffin was placed in the splendid hearse, and as the inanimate girl of another Marie du Pleiss moved forward to its second tomb, the crowd started for a minute and separated. The sexton closed the doors of the church. The sun looked down brightly upon the college, but even upon the coffin of the poor girl—be-trayed, burned, dead, buried and exhumed—and the funeral of the poor letette was over.

Easton.—Our Roman Catholic and Episcopal readers will be interested in learning that Easter, which will be on the 24th of April this year, last fell on that day in 1791, and will not fall on the same day again until 2,011. Since the introduction of the Gregorian Almanac this has only been the case in the years 1699, 1707 and 1791. The period in which Easter can fall reaches from the 22nd of March (earliest date) to the 25th of April, (latest date), leaving thirty-five different days for the celebration of this festival. In this century Easter will fall only once (1866) on the latest date, the 25th of April.

New York Daily News. We take pleasure in calling attention to this large and interesting Democratic Journal, a copy of which may be seen at our office, as one of the best papers of the day. Unlike most Northern papers, the News is not found pandering to the whims of such men as Seward and Greeley, but is as sound on the slavery question as it is in its Democratic principles.

The Weather.—The weather has been so uncommonly mild this winter, that many of our townsmen doubt the probability of being able to fill their ice-houses. We are glad to hear that some gentlemen living in town, and many in the country, have already succeeded in gathering their ice.

Read the New York Mercury, containing Ned Beaulieu's new story. The Mercury is one of the most interesting and spirited papers published.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HODGES BROTHERS, 22 HANOVER STREET, BALTIMORE. (Whole Iron Trade Warehouse.)

IMPORTERS OF HOBBY, CLOVER, WHITE GOODS, YARN, CROCHET, SHAWLS, CAPES, & CACHES.

Our warehouse, which we call open for our own use, contains six floors, each 30 x 100 feet, and the large stock of goods, which we have on hand, is all of the best quality, and is all of our own making.

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