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The Easton Star.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The Star has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

Terms.—One square three insertions $1.00, and 25 cents for every additional insertion.—A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

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Marriages and Obituary notices inserted free of charge.

Poetry.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair realms of the earth
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries, when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

From the "Attache in Madrid."

THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK MASK.

I might have been there about half an hour, when the door was slowly opened, and a masked figure appeared, with a mysterious air, half-shaded by the curtain. She was dressed in mourning, even her mask fringed with black lace. Her gloves, however, were white, and she held in one hand a remarkably beautiful large white rose.—She beckoned me with a quiet but very imperious gesture, and I got up, expecting the usual "*te conozco*." These words she certainly said, but in a whisper, and added, "Follow me."

I obeyed her orders, and she glided on before me, till she reached the ball room. There she took my arm, and for some time walked on in perfect silence. I guessed her to be the marquess of this, the duchess of that, but she gave me no answer, merely shaking her head as a negative.—Her hands were small and beautifully formed, her feet remarkable even for Spanish feet. Of her face nothing was seen but two remarkably bright eyes, which flashed from out of her black mask. After walking round and round the room for some time, she stopped near the door, and in a sepulchral whisper, said "Have you courage to come with me?" Of course my answer was in the affirmative. My curiosity was excited, my vanity flattered, for there was an elegance and languor about my mysterious companion that convinced me she was no common person. Her figure was that of a young girl, tall and straight. Her dress was of the richest materials, a kind of cloud of black lace and jet. Many people had observed her; but no one knew who she was. M——, and several other men standing near the stove in the lobby, made a hundred jesting remarks as we passed.

"Have you a carriage?" said I. She shook her head and whispered, "To-morrow I shall have the finest one in Madrid. To-night I go on foot." "The night is cold," said I. "Not for me—I am colder than the night," she answered. As we hurried along, I began to feel a kind of absurd, vague uneasiness. It seemed to me that I was following the footsteps of a phantom, a kind of *Lurelei*, and her hand, which rested on my arm, was so deadly cold, that it made me shudder.

As I observed the thinness of her dress, I lamented that I had left my cloak at the opera. "I might have induced you to accept it, mysterious mask," said I. "I shall find my cloak at home," was the not very satisfactory reply. "The house where I live is colder than this." Once I stopped short, and insisted upon knowing who she was; but she grasped my arm tightly, and a kind of fascination seemed to impel me forward. Through the most roundabout and least frequented streets she threaded her way, and at last emerged into the Calle de Alcala, stopped before the old church of San Jose, and, to my consternation, mounted the steps. "What mockery is this?" said I. "You are not going into a church, in that dress, at this hour?" The front doors were closed. She descended the steps, pulled me after her, went swiftly around the corner of the street, and entered by a side door. "One moment!" she said, earnestly. "I shall not detain you long."

We passed through the sacristy, then along a dark passage which led into the church. In the centre of the middle aisle, faintly lighted, was a *Catafalque*, covered with black cloth, towards which she directed her steps, whilst I watched her movements in consternation. Suddenly it occurred to me that my mysterious companion was mad, and I forcibly unclasped her hand from my arm, the white rose remaining in mine She turned round, and put her finger to her lips. "Hush!" she whispered. "Tell no one. I was buried there this morning. Adieu." It was nealy dark where we stood. All at once I perceived that I was alone. Where she had flitted to, I am unable to say. My eyes were riveted upon the black monument, and it seemed to me that I saw the hangings move, it might be from the air which blew in at the open door leading into the passage. I looked round in vain No human being was visible. I groped my way out of the church with great difficulty, shuddering with cold and horror.

I could not go home, but wandered about distractedly. Carriages were driving by full of masks, and shrieks of laughter and mocking voices resounded through the streets. Masks in quaint costumes, peasants, pierrots, dominoes, sprang past me, shrieking in their falsetto voices, and laughing at my air of bewilderment. I felt as if oppressed by a nightmare, which I could not shake off. In vain I said to myself that it was a carnival trick, a mystification, got up by some young men, to try my nerves, and the extent of my northern belief in the marvellous. The air was piercing cold, and I did not feel it.

How long I wandered through the streets, trying to collect my scattered senses, I hardly know, but at last I found myself again in front of San Jose. The doors were now open The bells were ringing for the first early mass. A few poor men and women of the working class were going in—women with little children and baskets. The sun had risen, but in the church the light was still faint, and a few candles were burning at a side altar. There, however, was the coffin with its black hangings, and at the head, a crown of large white roses, similar to the one I still held in my hand!

I asked a woman who was kneeling near me, if she knew whose funeral service was to be celebrated that morning, but she could give me no information. I went out by the side door, which led into the sacristy, and put the same question to one of the boys of the choir, and he told me it was the young Countess of ——, who had died two days before. I knew this young girl, had often danced with her, and had not heard a word of her death. She had long been in delicate health, yet continued going to balls, and would not be persuaded that dancing and late hours were injurious to her.

I felt more than ever like one in a dream, and hastily left the church. I now observed, for the first time, that I was trembling with cold. I went over to the Cafe Suisse, asked for some hot coffee, and then taking a *berlina*, went home and to bed, hoping that a few hours of sleep would make me feel more rational. I put the rose in water, so that when I awakened I might be sure that my night's adventure was not a dream.

But I soon found that I was going to be seriously ill, and had every symptom of a high fever. I called one of the servants, and sent him for Doctor ——. Before the doctor could come, Count —— was by my bedside, giving orders for hot *tisane*, warm blankets, a good fire, etc. To his precautions I owe my escape from an attack of *pulmonia*. The doctor approved of all that had been done—attributed the attack to cold, and checked perspiration, made several sapient remarks upon the imprudence of foreigners, ordered me to remain in bed, and promised to return in the evening.

"For," said he, "I am now going upon a melancholy duty, to the *Honras* of the poor young Condesa de ——, who died suddenly the day before yesterday. Her father is inconsolable." "I never heard of her death!" said Count A——. "It is only a few days since I met her at Countess M——'s ball. Poor young girl! so gay, and so fond of society!" "She was very imprudent," said the doctor, "and her father never could resist her wishes. I tried in vain to dissuade her from going to that very ball, but she assured me that she never felt better, and that she was looking forward with delight to the masked balls at the Royal Theatre. Her father, who was always too indulgent, tried to remonstrate with her, and appealed to me for my opinion if it were not very imprudent to go to these public balls, especially on account of the drafts of air in the entry—but she showed him a beautiful dress of black lace and jet which she had procured for the occasion, and ——. You are very feverish," said the doctor, stopping short, and returning to feel my pulse. "You must keep perfectly quiet, and take my prescriptions regularly I shall look in early," and away he went, leaving my head in a complete *maze*.

When the doctor returned I was in a high fever, and for three days and nights was, I believe, occasionally delirious. I was watched by turns by L—— and C——, and others of my friends, for it is considered a matter of course here, if any one falls ill, that his friends should attend him day and night. On the fourth day the fever left me, and I was pronounced convalescent.

"You have paid dear for a masked ball," said the doctor, who was feeling my pulse with an air of satisfaction that morning when we were alone. "You have escaped very narrowly a terrible *pulmonia*. I am told that you went out on foot after the ball, very much heated, without your cloak! It was very imprudent, my dear sir. Foreigners here have constantly to pay dear for their experience in this particular." "Doctor," said I, suddenly, "can you keep a secret?" "Many are the secrets we have to keep," said the doctor. "We are a kind of physical confessors," added he, laughing. Now this doctor, with his ugly, honest physiogomy, had always inspired me with confidence. He is, besides, an old friend of Count A——'s, and is well known in Madrid for his charities to the poor.

I took my resolution, and recounted to him my adventure, enjoining the strictest secrecy.

The doctor's large round eyes distended preternaturally, and he felt my pulse again to convince him that I had not got a fresh attack of fever.

"Quite calm and regular—rather feeble—all right," said he.

"What was the Condesa de —— buried in?" said I, after a pause.

"In the identical black dress destined for the masquerade," said the doctor. "But that's all nonsense," added he, quickly.—"She may have had fifty black lace dresses."

"Do you see that white rose, doctor?—An uncommon kind at this season; and do you remember the crown of white roses in the head of her coffin." "Very odd," said the doctor. "She always had her flowers sent from Valencia, where her father has some property. These roses don't grow here, at least don't bloom at this season.—*Caramba!*"

I saw the worthy doctor was nonplussed.

"I must get to the bottom of this," said the doctor, after a pause. "Of course it's a trick, an infernal trick, and such a trick as I should have thought no countryman or countrywoman of mine would have played. Respect for the dead—respect for the church—I never heard of such a thing—and she so much beloved, so much regretted, poor thing! But you must shake off all idea of the supernatural, my dear young friend. It has been a bad joke, got up to try your moral courage. I should have thought the mysterious mask must have been a man, but you lay so much stress upon the small hands."

"And the small feet, doctor, and the beautiful figure; and stay—I recollect noticing a long tress of dark brown hair that had escaped from beneath her mask, the very color of the condesa's.

"Let me see," continued the doctor, without noticing my interruption. "She had a German *donoella* (lady's maid).—Perhaps *she* borrowed her misress's dress for one night, set on by some foolish young men."

"And spoke in pure Spanish, doctor?"

"Pshaw! I shall find it out. Keep your own counsel, and trust to me."

So the old doctor departed, and I write you a true and faithful account of my carnival adventure. I have no doubt that the fresh air and a hard trot on Boabdil, my black Andalusian, will banish all my sinister ideas.

I have had visits the whole day. Every one is full of curiosity concerning the mysterious black mask, and I am obliged to assume as important an air as my friend Don Juan, in declining to answer their inquiries. He, by the way, has been here amongst others, and has spent nearly an hour in relating his own experiences of a lovely creature who made him go up stairs with her to the refreshment room, insinuating that she was no other than the Duchess of ——, and of another, who, through jealousy, broke her fan upon his arm. I found his absurdity rather a relief, though he bored me with questions as to who the black mask was who had pursued me with her attentions; and guessed her to be a certain Spanish *danseuse* of his acquaintance—and perhaps he is right. She was active enough to have been a dancer on the tight-rope.

The doctor has been indefatigable in his endeavoring to fathom the mystery, and thinks he has succeeded. It appears that the poor little Condesa de —— had a sister, who for some years has been insane, and who resides in a separate apartment in the house, under the surveillance of a confidential nurse. The doctor is of opinion that during the distress and confusion of the family consequent upon the sudden death of the young daughter, this girl may have made her escape, dressed in her sister's clothes, and gone to the masked ball. He is the more inclined to believe this, because he was called in this morning to see her, and found her seriously ill with a feverish cold. He did not venture to make any direct inquiries, but fancied that the nurse who takes her out occasionally, made some mysterious allusions to her having insisted on going out very late, when she ought to have been in bed. I joyfully accept this solution, without positively believing or discrediting it. I did not even remark to the good doctor, that when the condesa was lying dead, arrayed in her black robes, her sister could not have dressed herself in them. He would probably have remarked that black dresses here are very common, that the condesa may have had several exactly alike, etc. Be it so—henceforward I shall endeavor to dismiss the subject from my thoughts.

From the Home Journal.

GARDEN AND CONSERVATORY.

INSECTS ON ROSE-BUSHES AND SHRUBBERY.

To destroy the slug and green fly on rose-bushes and other delicate shrubbery, the following solution has been found effectual, viz.: one pound of whale-oil soap to ten gallons of water, applied with a garden syringe. Care should be used that the solution is not too strong as in that case it will injure the foliage. of tender shrubs or young shoots.—

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF PLANTS.

Hoare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong, but dry clay of a vine border.—The vine sent out a leading or tap root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage though the clay, the main root thew out no fibres; but when it reached the bone, it entirely covered it, by degrees, with the most delicate and minute fibres, like lace, each one sucking at a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrow-bone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

GARDEN PRUNING.

Grape-vines that have not already been pruned should be attended to first, the present season—and nothing will repay a judicious pruning better. The crop will be larger, and the flavor of the grape much improved. Currants and gooseberries should be pruned rather close, in order to get perfect fruit. Deciduous ornamental trees, shrubs, and roses, should now be pruned. Ornamental trees only require the decaying and irregular branches to be cut away. With few exceptions, decidious shrubs and roses requiring annual pruning.

BAROMETRICAL FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

Chick-weed is an excellent barometer; when the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours, and should it continue in that state no rain will disturb the summer's day; when it half conceals its minature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle let the traveller put on his great coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants acquired the name of the husband's barometer. The tulip, and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. Thera is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The cauhiaia, or mountain ebony, vadial, and sensative plants, observe the same habits.

MANAGEMENT OF HOT-BEDS AND SMALD FRUITS.

Plants that have been brought forward in hot-beds may now be transplanted to the open ground—such as early cucumbers, melons, cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuce, radishes, etc.; but they must be watched and protected from all cold. Clean out the strawberry beds, the currents, and raspberries. Stick down cuttings, plentifully of such fruits as you wish to propagate. The cherry cutting will grow if put down in a moist and shady spot.

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES"—DAHLIAS FROM MUMMIES.

Lord Lindsay states, that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least two thousand years of age. On examining the mummy, after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, and placed it in a sunny soil allowed the rain and dew to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root brought forth and bloomed in a beautiful dahlia!

A MAGNIFICENT NEW FLOWER.

The "Horticulturist" gives a plate and notice of a shrub found in Mason county, North Carolina, said to be a nameless and underscribed variety of Rhododendron, the flower of which is second only in a magnificence to the nagnolia grandiflora. It grows to the hight of four or five feet and is easily transplanted and cultivated. It is stated that no American flower exceeds this in beauty. Its color is a bright crimson, approaching scarlet; and the ponioles are composed of twenty or thirty flowers, forming a conical mass nearly of the size of a man's head. The leaves are evergreen, of a deep color. The spot where the plant is found is on the top of almost inaccessible mountains.

FERTILIZER FOR FLOWER-PLANTS.

It has been discovered that, for the generality of flowers, and more especially for geraniums and the most delicate specimens of the lily tribe, common glue, diluted with a sufficient portion of water, forms a richer manure than guano or any other yet discovered. Plants placed in sand, on the worst soil display more beauty and vigor when watered with this composition than those grown in the richest mould, and only wet with water.

THE PRUNING OF GRAPE-VINES.

There are two leading principles that should be always observed in pruning the grape, whatever may be the particular mode adopted. The first is, that the vine always bears its fruit on the present year's shoots, which have sprung from buds on the previous year's growth. Secondly, that the full growth and perfect ripening of the fruit depends wholly on healthy well developed leaves, which supply food to the forming berries, and hence the growth must not be allowed to become so thick that the leaves cannot properly develop themselves; nor should the vines be trimmed so closely that there shall not be leaves enough remaining, sufficient for the perfection of the fruit.

A GREEN ROSE.

At an exhibition of flowers which took place at Manheim, Germany, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curiosity—The most notable item in the exhibition—a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.

THE TAMARIND ADAPTED TO AMERICAN CULTURE.

The tamarind has been grown in Virginia from seeds, and is highly spoken of as promising to be a valuable aquisition to our fruittrees, especially on the prairie lands of the West. Its growth is rapid, its appearance very ornamental, and it is perfectly free from blight, and from the depredations of the various destructive insects. During the last season the tamarind-trees cultivated in Virginia produced fruit equal in quality to the imported.—There is no doubt therefore, that this tree will in time be extensively and profitably cultivated in the United States.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ROSE.

According to Professor Agassiz, no fessils of the rose have yet been discovered by geologists. He thinks the creation of the plant was coeval with that of man.

FRUIT AND FLOWER CULTURE.

The interest taken in pomological and floricultural matters in this country, is a hopeful sign. The gardens of the wealthy, filled with choice fruits and beautiful flowers, and the nurseries and hot-beds of those who make gardening a business, have greatly improved during the last ten years. Train the vines upon the sunny side of your house—dig up the little patches by your door—rear the trees, and vegetables, and nurse the flowers Their fragrance will be at your windows, the birds will come and sing to you, and the melon, the plum, the pear, and the apple will be in their season.

GATHERING THE PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil.—After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet-scented blossoms is now approaching this method may be practically tested, and without any great trouble or expense. It would add to the cultivation of flowers.

AGE AND SIZE OF TREES.

A short time since, it was announced there was, in California, one of the world's wonders, viz, the *Arbor Vitæ*, or the big tree of Calaveras, ninety feet in circumference, and, according to an estimate; three thousand years old. This, however does not constitute either the largest or oldest of the woody tribe belonging to the coniferous family. In other countries, trees greatly excel in age and size. Thus for instance, the Baobab, of Senegal, *Adam Sonia Digitala* is ascertained to be five thousand one hundred and fifty old, and is one hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference; and M. de Candelle has determined, many years since that the celebrated tree called by the designation of *Taxodium* of Chepultepec, Mexico, which is one hundred and seventeen feet in circumference, exceeds in age the the Baobab of Senegal.

NECESSITY OF LIGHT FOR PARLOR PANTS.

If the room where plants are intended to be placed, is dark and close they will not thrive, but will become weak and sickly; but if on the contrary, it be light and airy, with the windows in suitable aspect to receive the sun, plants will do nearly as well as in a green-house. If observed to suffer, the effects may be traced to these causes—either want of proper light and are injudicious watering, filthiness collected on the leaves, or being potted in unsuitable soil. Want of sufficient light and air is perhaps the most essential point; for, however well all other requisites may be attended to, a deficiency of these is fatal to the thrift of the plants. Let them always be placed as near the light as they can conviently stand, and receive as much air as can be admitted, when the whether will allow. Those who have no other place than the house to keep them in, will find that they derive immense advantage from being, during fine weather in spring or autumn, turned out of doors in the evening, and taken in again in the morning.

GARDEN HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

Plants requiring support should be provided with strick, to which should be suitably attached or fastened; the sticks should be fixed firmly in the ground, and the stems should be tied to each stick neatly in two or three places. Evergreens may now be removed such as laurels, laurustinus Portugal laurels, cistuses arbutus, mrgnolias, pyracanthas, etc. Auriculas may be propagated by slipping off their suckers and off-shoots. Carnation and polyanthus—also, perennial and binnial seeds may be sown. Where any perennial or biennial fibrous rooted dowers are wanted, transplant them with a good ball of earth attached to each. Care should be taken of hyancinths, tulips ranunculuses and anemones, preparatory to this blooming. Auriculas hyacinths, etc., which may be in pots, should be placed in a sheltered spot, during heavy rains or winds.

PATRIOTIC ADVICE TO PATRIOTIC WHIGS.

We copy (says the Washington Union) the following from the Kentucky Statesman:

"The issue in this contest demands of these old-line whigs *no amalgamation, no fusion, no surrender of principle*, but simply that they shall *for a time* stand *united side by side* with the democracy in eradicating dangerous and alarming political heresies; and this they must inevitably be forced to do, or stand committed against us. After this is done, and our sovereign equality as States in the Union put beyond peril, and the re-organization of the old whig party can be accomplished, we shall then be ready as ever to meet them in open, honorable, and American discussion, and defend those great fundamental principles of the democratic party upon which we think our country has attained its present prosperity and glory."

A FAMILY QUARREL.

The Albany Register and the Albany Statesman, both Know-Nothing organs, are now engaged in a pretty extensive quarrel about the Philadelphia nomination. The Statesman says that the "Fillmore ticket was not made to be withdrawn or beaten." To which the Register (George Law's paper) replies;

"Well, what on earth *was* it made for? We can see no other possible use to which it can or will be put. It is entirely true that it serves to exemplify the greatest folly and the wickedest treason towards a great cause ever perpetrated by a conspiracy of corrupt politicians, but we do not believe it was 'made' for that purpose.—May-be it was 'made' to show that a ticket may be in the field that may be sunk by its own intrinsic ponderosity, and therefore cannot be said in any proper sense to be 'beaten;' in other words, that it was 'made' to beat itself, and not to be 'beaten.'"

"Extraordinary Discoveries of Silver Mines" is the flaming heading of a San Antonio letter in the New York Sun purporting to give an account of a recent exploration in the Mesilla Valley. The writer says:

We did not find the emerald region we went in pursuit of, but bought of the Indians three small diamonds in rough, which the indications we have obtained, might lead to something if we had not decided to accept a grander object for exploration.

We have seen and examined the "Silver Mountains of Arizona," on the line of 32 deg.—They are but a short fifteen miles south of Gray's line for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and I assure you that for miles together the richest ores—richer and more abundant by far than those of Potosi—lie heaped up, and piled hills upon hills, as if Nature had poured out her treasure in one grand overwhelming mass. I have seen the best mines in Mexico but nothing that can compare with the "Silver Mountains."

A Woman's Idea of Happiness.—A lady correspondent of the Boston Times gives her idea "of perfect bliss" in the following paragraph

"I'm a woman, with woman's weakness, and having a good constitution, can bear a greateal of happiness! If I was asked my idea of perfect bliss, I should say a fast horse, a duck of a cutter, plenty of buffalo robes, a neat fitting overcoat with a handsome man in it, and—one of M'me Walsh's little French bonnets! If that wouldn't be happiness for one lifetime, I'm open to conviction as to what would!"

First Lieutenant Harry Love, first cavalry, has resigned his commission in the army.

Ole Bull is giving concerts at New Orleans.

THE RISING TIDE OF DEMOCRACY

During a few weeks past we have had the pleasure of recording democratic victories almost innumerable, and in all parts of the country. Seldom have the democracy within the same period of time achieved so lengthy a consecution of triumphs. As the Oswego Palladium well remarks: "The tide of democratic power is rising steadily and surely on every hand. It surged up in New Hampshire, increased handsomely in Rhode Island, has nearly overthrown the opposing billows in Connecticut, and rides triumphant through the cities, from St. Louis, through Chicago, Milwaukie, Cleveland, Oswego, Syracuse, and hundreds of other places, to Albany.—These waves, increasing in size, are destined to swell on, until, by the ides of November, they shall all unitedly and harmoniously fill the full flood-tide of victory, whose waves are surely destined to carry upon their crest the democratic standard-bearers of 1856. Let the glorious tide sweep on till it overwhelms every vestige of fanatical demagogism. This it will do!"

From the Cambridge (Md.) Democrat.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT MEETING.

Pursuant to a notice, the delegates from each county of this the first Congressional District, composed of Worcester, Talbot, Caroline, Queen Anne's, Dorchester and Somerset counties, met in Convention at the Town Hall, in this place on the 23d of April, for the purpose of selecting two delegates to represent this District at the National Convention to be held in Cincinnati in June. The Convention was organized by calling Dr. Washington B. Finley, of Queen Anne's, to the chair. Col. Samuel Dickinson, of Talbot, and William E. Timmons, of Worcester, were chosen Vice Presidents, and B. Gaither Tubman, of Dorchester, Secretary. The President stated the object of the Convention, and the list of delegates was called, the counties of the District were represented by the following named gentlemen.—From Worcester, William E. Timmons, Elijah Halloway, George B. Grey and L. Broadwater; from Talbot, Col. Samuel Dickinson, Nicholas Willis and Lemuel Catrup; from Caroline, A. G. Gullet, J. R. Stack and Alcade Dawson; from Queen Anne's, Dr. Washington B. Finley, Dr. Wilson and Col. John Emory; from Dorchester, B. Gaither Tubman, George W. Orem, Wm. L. Hearn and Thomas H. Handy; from Somerset, Sidney S. Jones, John Sanders, Joseph Brattan and W. Walter, Esqrs.

Dr. Wilson stated that in obedience to instruction, he now moved that the Convention adjourn—to meet in the city of Baltimore, on the 30th inst. Mr. Sanders opposed the motion, which was negatived.

It was then moved, and carried, that the Convention proceed to the selection of delegates. Mr. Hearn nominated the Hon. James A. Stewart, of Dorchester; Mr. Walter nominated Dr. Cathel Humphreys, of Somerset; Col. Emory nominated James Ll. Martin, of Talbot; and Mr. A. G. Gullet nominated Richard C. Carter, of Caroline, though afterwards withdrew his name.

The Convention then proceeded to vote. Mr. Hearn moved that a majority elect, which was adopted. Upon counting the votes, Stewart received 22, Humphreys 13, and Martin 9. On motion, the Hon. James A. Stewart and Dr. Cathel Humphreys were declared unanimously elected. The following gentlemen were selected as alternates: Richard C. Hollyday, of Talbot, and Richard C. Carter, of Caroline.

Upon motion, a committee, consisting of one from each county, was appointed by the chair to prepare resolutions expressing the sense of the Convention. William E. Timmons, B. Gaither Tubman, L. Catrup, A. G. Gullet, S. S. Jones and Dr. Wilson were appointed, and reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our congratulations to President Pierce, and his cabinet, for the able and successful manner in which they have vindicated the principles, and conducted the administration of the Government, and fully endorse his course in maintaining in "the constitution" and the principles of the "Kansas and Nebraska act."

Resolved, That we place implicit confidence in the judgment and wisdom of the Delegates appointed by this Convention, being confident that they will faithfully and truly represent the views and wishes of the Democracy of this District.

It was then moved and carried, that the proceedings of the Convention be signed by the officers, and published in the Democratic papers of this District, and the Republican & Argus, of Baltimore city.

On motion of Thomas H. Handy, Jr., the Convention adjourned.

WASHINGTON B. FINLEY, Prest.
B. Gaither Tubman, Sec'ry

"SUSPENDITUR PER COLLUM."

The publication of the welcome exchange printed at Princess Anne, (Md.,) and favorably known as the "*Eastern Shoreman*," has for divers causes and considerations, been suspended. The late full-breasted and kind-hearted editor, not willing to be made a tool of, for a family clique, which, for self-promotion, would have led him to sustain the "unconstitutional dogmas" of a faction covered all over with abolitionism, black republicanism, and all the vile isms of the day, from which it can never free itself, has sold his press, type, &c., to certain parties who are supposed to represent the *pseudo* American party of Somerset county. We are glad to understand, however, that the republication of the "Eastern Shoreman" may ere long be commenced at either Princess Anne or Salisbury. Good luck to the enterprise.

On the foundation of the late paper, we learn, a new one is to be started, devoted to Know-Nothingism in all its bearings; and that the Rev. Vaughn Smith, a Methodist Episcopal Minister, has been chosen as its editor. We feel much gratified at the fine state of morals in Somerset, which this selection indicates. It would appear that the Gospel is far advanced there, and the pure religion of the meek and lowly Jesus prosperous indeed, when clergymen can be spared from the pulpit to enter the arena of *politics* and edit a partizan newspaper. We do hope and trust that now assassinations and stabbing cases will be of less frequent occurrence, and that the doctrine of "peace and good will to men" may prevail. That the office of State's Attorney, though filled by a clever fellow, may in Somerset become a *Sinecure*. In a word that the "millennium of good feeling" may eternally reign, and all the attendant blessings follow in the train of the holy progress of Somerset county, under her pious taste for a *preacher* editor of a secret, oath-bound party Organ. God save the country. Amen.—*Worcester Shield.*

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati papers contain glowing accounts of the Odd Fellows' procession any celebration in that city, on Thursday last in which a number of the Order from Baltimore Frederick and washington city participated. There were over 4,000 persons in the procession, and it is said to have been most imposing pageant ever witnessed in Cincinnati The Columbian in describing the affair, says:

There was a car with the motto, "Our Orphans." It was filed with girls dressed in white—circlets of white roses were around their heads, and pink scarfs passed over the shoulder. On this car where three young ladies who attracted especial attention. All were dressed in white, but the first had a white scarf and white ribbons streaming from her flowing ringlets She represented Faith, and carried a Bible. The second, with pink scarf and ribbons, supported an anchor, and represent Hope. The third wore a blue scarf and ribbons; she bore a cornucopia, and gracefully represented Charity. The car was drawn by six white horses, whose heads were trimmed with white and red feathers and small flags. The canopy of the car was surmounted with a stuffed white eagle. The wheels were drapped in tri-colors.—The motto on this car was: "Greatful to Our Creator—Faithful to Our Country—Franternal to Our Fellow-Man."

The next car was of beautiful design—it was trimmed with blue and tastefully ornamented with evergreens and flowers.—Altar, upon which lay the lamb of sacrifice with fleecy coat, stood in the center of the platform. The driver and two boys were arrayed in cocked hats, purple velvet coats and yellow breeches. Behind the altar a beautiful young lady represented patriotism. She was dressed in blue and white, and supported by two sweet little girls elegantly attired. An Indian with his quiver on his back stood by their side leaning on his bow.

The next noticeable feature was two Moors on horseback, who acted as *avant couriers* to an immense elephant that strode on with stately steps. It was confidently rumored among the crowd that the creature had been taught to make the Odd Fellows' sign with trunk and was frequently engaged in that act during the procession. It certainly looked the odd fellow in the procession, for its fellow was not there.

Soon after succeeded a car that attracted great attention. It had a scarlet canopy of graceful shape; beneath was the top of a well, beside which stood a fair and beauteous daughter of Rebekah with a pitcher in her hand of ancient shape, resting upon the mouth of the well. She was clad in a Jewish robe of scarlet stuff.—Rebekah was presented by Miss Laura Peters. In front of the canopy temple stood three girls in the characters of "Friendship, Love and Truth." Behind it the text, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb," with illustrated by appropriate figures of stuffed animals, a little child standing as their leader.

Next came carriages containing ladies belonging to the Daughters of Rebekah followed by the of Rebekah Degree; with the motto, "Benevolent Society of the Daughters of Rebekah." In the centre of the platform stood a pillar covered with with pink velvet surmounted by the motto, "The Pillar of our Order."

A banner suspended near pillar protrayed Rebekah and the steward at the well, The car was filled with little children; the girls were dressed in white, with red and white roses encircling their heads; the boys were in pink striped shirts and straw hats. The group was a very pleasing one.

The Relief Committees of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport followed, and then came a car that attached considerable notice. On the platform was a triangular temple, supported by three pillars. The sides of the temple bore the mottoes, "Educate the Orphan—Visit the Sick—Bury the Dead." Beneath the temple stood a triangular altar, supported by three lovely young ladies, representing "Friendship, Love and Truth," with rich clustering ringlets falling upon their shoulders. They were dressed in white, with scarfs and flawers encircling their heads, which were also decorated with ribbons fluttering in the breeze.

Many of the streets decorated with arches and flags, and all thronged with an immense multitude. The literary exercises took place in Van Amburgh's Circus, where the Rev. J. D. Williamson delivered an oration. Odd Fellowship, he said has a conservation influence.—When men meet by the sick bed and the grave, with such purposes as Odd Fellows meet, feelings will arise that surmount the prejudices of nations, party and sect; the common bond of holy charity will comprehend them all. So strong is this influence, that if ever evil hands should, in earnest be employed in dissevering our glorious Union, the Odd Fellows would be found the last to quit the tie that binds this great people into one nation.

The speaker introduced to the meeting the venerable Past Grand Sire Wildey, of Baltimore, the founder of Odd Fellowship in the United States. He was received with animated cheering.

The festivites closed at night with feasts, banquets and balls.

Be temperate in all things.