VOLUNTARY OLD MAIDS.

First in honour and in place come the voluntary old maids—those, who having birth, beauty, accomplishments and opportunity, have, of their own free will, clothed themselves in white. A noble bevy—with contemplative brows, eyes of subdued brilliancy—and a lofty bearing, denoting a consciousness of their claims to distinguished honor.

And thou fair maiden, upon whom thirty-five summer suns have already shone, each one in the succession maturing some new charm; well hast thou earned thy title to the name of voluntary old maid. Art thou not beautiful? yea, beautiful exceedingly? and is there not within thy dark and lustrous eye, the very temple of love? Art thou not a—

'Bright star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamored graces"

and does not thy soft smile tell—

"Thoughts of young love—"

Yes, thou art a gem, peerless in thy loveliness. The very sunshine of delight dwells on thy features, and thy bosom throbs with hopes and fears most feminine, and yet thou art a voluntary old maid.

The fierce and burning love of the noblest in the land has beset thee from the first dawn of womanhood. The states man and the warrior have contended for thy favour, the poet and the painter have invoked the sister arts to twine a wreath for thy brows—praise and flattery—prayer and supplication have environed thee; but chastity was throned in thy heart and her abestos mantle has preserved thee to be the glory and grace of our 'order.'

A voluntary old maid is a splendid object for our contemplation—and it is a gratifying truth, that many old maids are in this distinguished class of professors. The calumnious assertions so generally made, that the state of celibacy is not one of choice, but of bitter compulsion, is one of the slanders that have been current respecting our amiable friends. Man, 'proud man,' strutting about in his fancied superiority, and proud of his self-assumed distinction of lord of the creation, would fain persuade himself, that in the omnipotence of his pretensions, he may sing 'io triumphe,' & flatters himself with the idea, that he has only to offer his hand to the best and purest of God's creatures, and it will be seized upon as a boon. Vain illusion! he hears not on his crest 'veni, vidi, vici.' In this respect his counterpart is the peacock, which spreads forth his gorgeous tail, glancing in the sun-light, when a a scream, believed, no doubt, by the sapient bird, to be 'melody divine,' startles the observer into a conviction that something more than pretensions is requisite to make a household bird—and thus is it with man.

There is, without doubt, implanted in the breast of all women, a passionate longing—an almost irrepressible desire, for the society and companionship of man. It is an instinct woven into their moral and physical structure, it is a passion which grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. It has mingled with their dreams, and formed the subject of their mid-day reveries.

The bashful maiden, whose deep fringed eyelids half conceal the liquid lustre of her hazel eyes, seats herself pensively away from observation, perchance, in the deep recess of gothic window, or on some grassy bank, arched over head by the "giants of the wood," and there is a voice and a mystery around her. This is the "spirit of love, felt everywhere;" it finds a kindred feeling in the breast of the coy maiden, and, in luxurious meditation, she lives in the space of one brief hour a life of love. But the maiden is not alone in her solitude—her heart is filled with the image of some ideal being created by her heated fancy. It comes at her bidding, shadowy and unreal, and she steeps her soul in tenderness and with enamoured accents of delight, betrays how profound, how intense and overpowering is the desire to love and be loved. It requires only that some congenial spirit shall approach her, and the whole torrent of her affections will be let loose upon him, one touch, or one look that stirred the chord of her feelings would fix her destiny; any incident, however trivial, that developed a correspondent tone of sensibility in one of the opposite sex, would make him the idol of her young heart; and this creature, whose very frame is love, lives and dies an old maid.

The passions that are coursing through her veins, may indeed re-act fearfully upon herself; her face may blanch—her eye may lose some portion of its brightness—her steps may become less elastic—and tender melancholy may invest her with a double charm. But year after year rolls over her head, and finds her still "in maiden meditation." Her friends, one by one, visit the hymeneal altar; perhaps her own sisters, among whom she is "the bright, the fair one," become brides. She rejects offer after offer, and at length, is marked out by her family as an "old maid," who wonder why Mr. So-and-so was rejected—an excellent man—good fortune, etc. etc., and delicately hint, that she had better have made hay while the sun shone."

Gentle creature, thou hast preserved, in their pristine purity, thy feminine attributes—thou hast brooded so long over the love dwelling in thy heart—that man's cold, selfish and calculating affection, is utterly unworthy thy acceptance. The one who could alone have fixed thy vehement longing—has never appeared; thou art to pure, too good, too holy for those who would have wedded thee, for thy heart would have broken, and thou wouldst have sunk into a premature grave, when the sad truth had come upon three—that man's tenderness, devotion and admiration are changeable and perishable. When thou hadst left thy quiet *ease and fire* thine affections so firmly, that to break the bond would have been destruction, thou wouldst have found, 'that one was lost in certainty and in joy;' and then thou wouldst have pined and withered like a beautiful exotick, removed from its own bright clime to another region, where factious heat and unnatural simula are made to supply the want of the pure and envigorating rays of its native sun. The struggle has been severe, but thou hast triumphed nobly over sensual temptations—thou hast kept in all its integrity the 'sea of love,' whose turbulent heavings disturbed thy young imagination; and it is now ready to overflow on every deserving thing that comes before thee. Thy sisters and friends smile at thy philanthropy, and sneer at thy simplicity; for their love and singleness of purposes have either evaporated, or have assumed a direction widely apart from those golden hopes and joys which 'maidens dream of, when they think of love.' These thou hast kept in all their original brightness, and now, though the frost of forty winters has pressed upon thee, thou art still a maiden—in mind and heart.

The peculiarities of voluntary old maids are of the most amiable character. Their delicacy and sensibility have removed them from the cold philosophy of the world—they are nature's children, have a smile for the gay; a tear for pity; an universal benevolence; and a hand open as day to melting charity. Their weaknesses are even amiabilities; and their little distresses more touching than the misfortunes of others

Thus has voluntary old maidism ever been considered as one of the noblest conditions of humanity. Though we are not descendants of the Incas, nor worshippers of Vesta, Minerva, or Diana, and though we doubt the wisdom of the monastic institutions, and would not clothe our sweet friend in sackcloth, and shut up in nunneries, our admiration and veneration for the 'order,' is not less than that entertained by the feather cinctured Indian, the Grecian platonist, the Roman pontiff, or the christian saint; and we would devote voluntary old maids to an office as noble as any to which their services have been dedicted. We would make them our household divinities, our Lares, our Dii Pœnates—for are they not the emblems of chastity and modesty, and what safer protection can there be for family virtue than these? Yes, we would elevate them from their debasement, place them upon a pedestal of adamant, and look upon them as the stainless modles of social life. Let it be—

—'Theirs to clasp, each selfish care above.
A sister's orphans with material love,
And all her tender offices supply,
Though bound not by the strong maternal tie;
And theirs to bid intestine quarrels cease,
And form the cement of domestic peace,
No throbbing joy their spotless bosom fires,
Save what benevolence alone inspires;
No praise to seek, except that praise refined
Which the heart whispers to the worthy mind.'

We really cannot tear ourselves away. It is like parting with a dear friend—the hand is often shook, and the farewell often spoken.—The fact is, we feel melancholy at the thought of bidding adieu to our delightful friends—we have been happy in their company, and shall feel a blank in head and heart when they are gone from us.

We would beseech them once and for all—to be content and they will be happy! This is the—

'Cordial drop—heaven in our cup has thrown?"

and they will find abundant cause for being so, on perusing our pages. Let the reproach of ill-nature and selfishness be no more heard, and let old maidism, in place of being considered as a condition to be feared by the young, and disliked by the old, be looked upon as a safe and pleasant mode of journeying through life.

R. M. JOHNSON AND VIRGINIA.

The Office Holders are in great affliction. Their hopes now are bent upon the West. The South they have lost entire, and irretrievably; the nomination of Johnson has killed them in Virginia. The greatest stickler for regular nominations—the Richmond Enquirer—refuses to support the regular nominations, except when they coincide with its own particular views. With regard to Johnson his name would disgrace any ticket The following graphic sketch of him from the Richmond Whig shows him up in his true light.—[Boston Atlas.

"Richard M. Johnson is offered to the Northern Fanatics as a man of their own heart. Are they *Abolitionists*!—Are they AMALGAMATIONISTS? What more would they have than a man whose life illustrates, whose practice carries out the maxims of their school? A man who has never had any wife but a *negress*: Who has reared up a family of mulatto children under his roof? Who has recognized their mother as the mistress of his household? Who has done, & is daily labouring to do, more than any other man, to realize the dangers which afford his Northern Allies a pretext for meddling with our affairs?

Are these things so? They are notoriously so. I am not the man to offend decorum by drawing aside the curtain, behind which a lingering sense of decency hides things that ought not to see the light. In some cases the head and front of the offence *against the public*, is shameless, unblushing openness, and where privacy has been sought, he who tears away the veil of concealment, makes himself a partaker in the sin he rebukes. But here has been no veil, no disguise, no secresy, no affectation of concealment. The thing has been openly & wilfully avowed, for the very purpose of making the popularity of the father available for the advancement of the children; & this in defiance of all decency, & to the peril of the life and property of every Southern man.

It is asked how Col. Johnson retains his popularity under these circumstances? I ask, in turn, how came he by it? Has he talent? No; not even enough to write a decent report for a committee. He knows it. His report on Sunday Mails is a tacit acknowledgement of it. Had he not been conscious of his own insufficiency, would he have engaged another to write it? Had he possessed a particle of decency or proper pride, would he have claimed the authorship? Had he the least sense of what constitutes the excellence of composition, would he suppose that any who could distinguish the bray of an Ass from a Lion's roar, would believe the claim for a moment? Were he not familiar with the silent scorn of all men of sense and honour, would he venture to strut about in borrowed plumes; and, when detected, plucked and derided, would he not have the grace to hide his head?

Has he ever rendered any public service? Oh yes! He killed Tecumseh!!! And is this the key to his popularity?—Ask any man in Kentucky if he believes that story? I have seen 50 who had been in the battle, but never one who believed it. I have seen hundreds who had talked with them who were there, but never one that believed it. What then? Do not these people despise him? Perhaps they do, but they have use for him.—While he uses his influence at Washington, for the benefit of those who affect to believe these things, they will give currency to any lie that may uphold his influence. What is the secret? For more than twenty years he has been the pimp and pander of every administration, in the business of corrupting the people He is the go-between man; the man that fetches and carries between the seducer and the seduced. His business at Washington is that of a Treasury Solicitor.—His annual journies are peddling trips, in which he barters so much patronage and so much emolument, for so much influence and so many votes. Ask the Treasury Officers of any Administration.—Compare the blue book with the list of his friends and adherents.

"Has he a high character for private integrity? Ask Col. Benton if he was not one of the three arbitrators, who unanimously awarded that Col. Johnson should pay 60,000 dollars to the Bank of St. Louis, being so much money filched from the coffers of the Bank by swindling collusion with the Cashier. Ask Col. BENTON."

And how does the man bear up under all this? Even as I have said. His indefatigable industry in plying at the Treasury makes him the first favorite with all the office hunters in the West, and this popularity secures the success of his applications. And what qualifies him, particularly, for this snug business? Nothing but suppleness and impudence; total want of principle. Besides, it is a business best carried on by one man.—The more of it he has to do, the better he can do it. The more if it he does, the greater his popularity, and therefore the more effectual his solicitations. He is in it, and will hold it while he lives. No rival can rise up. When he goes off the stage, some other may take it! Not before.

Now here is a full length likeness of our future Vice President. And why is he taken up for that office? In the West, for the reasons I have mentioned If he claimed to have killed Julius Cæsar, the Western office hunters would swear to it; if he claimed to have written the bible, they would not deny it. They just as much believe both, as they believe that he killed Tecumseh, or wrote the Report on Sunday Mails.

From the Boston Atlas.

TENNESSEE AND REGULAR NOMINATIONS.

—Tennessee is now the great battle field of the White party. The whole battery of the Administration presses is opened upon Judge White and Mr Speaker Bell. Day after day, with a venomous malignity worthy of the cause it sustains, the Globe assails the late Speaker and his friends—loading them with charges of treachery, corruption, & falsehood. There is no accusation too gross—none too ridiculous—to be circulated, & we doubt not duly swallowed by the faithful. General Eaton is to be used to run out the White candidate for the Senate. President Jackson is silently but industriously at work, and, when the proper time comes will take an open and active part in the campaign.

But in spite of all this, Tennessee holds her own. She had but a single representative in the Baltimore Convention; and he was a volunteer member, not pretending to represent any constituency but himself! And still the Van Buren presses say that the Magician will carry Tennessee! By what potent charm he is to accomplish this great object remains to be seen. The Post Office will be brought to bear upon it; but if Kendall pursues the same course there that he does in the Old Point Comfort Office, the Post Office will be filled with White men. There are no others in the State as far as we can learn. At the present moment there is not a vestige of Van Burenism in the whole State; and yet the Administration presses talk as confidently of Tennessee as they do of New York.

The Tennesseans are told that they must stick to the 'regular nominations.' Mr Bell is denounced for not abiding by the 'regular nominations.' Judge White is stigmatised as a 'traitor,' a 'Judas,' a 'renegade' for running against the *regular nominations*. General Jackson at the top of his voice shouts for the regular nominations.' The Stentorian Col. Benton re-echoes with all his lungs *'regular nominations!'* Mr. Secretary Woodbury gets two or three anonymous gentlemen to nominate him for the Vice Presidency, that he may have a chance of declining the honor, and adding his squeak note to the general chorus of *Regular Nominations!*

And yet the very leading press of the party—the Richmond Enquirer—is so justly shocked and disgusted with the 'regular nomination' to the Vice Presidency—is so sensible of the degradation which awaits any contact or connection with a man like Johnson—that it rejects it at once with scorn. It cannot consent to ally Virginia with such degradation. The Old Dominion has too much chivalry, and integrity, and honorable spirit to be easily brought to so disgraceful a bargain. It cannot unite itself with infamy. It will not link its cause with that of a man whose whole fame is a fraud; based upon an exploit which he never performed; upon speeches which he never spoke; and upon state papers of which he never wrote a syllable; and of which he is not competent to have written two consecutive sentences. It is too gross and base a cheat upon the American people, to foist such a man as Johnson into the candidacy for the second office in the republic. Let him remain where he is. Let him pocket his per centage on the annual twenty thousand which he disburses for his Indian school agency. If he can turn a penny from this service; it will be more than an equivalent for all the good he ever has done, or is capable of doing.

COLONEL JOHNSON.

The administration presses are defending Colonel Johnson from the charges brought against him, in a manner that might well induce him to pray to be saved from his friends. True it is, say they, that Colonel Johnson has lived for many years in a connection, that renders him highly obnoxious to censure; *but* the black mother of his children was not his wife! Thus the sin of bad taste is merged in the sin of bad morals; and a mere offence against decency is willingly magnified into an offence against human and divine law. The subject is a disagreeable one. The private grossness, and moral deformity of a candidate for office, *are topics* that call for public scrutiny, and justify public censure. We have a right to inquire and know—If a man has been living for years in an unhallowed and revolting concubinage—in defiance of the laws of God and man—if he has been a living example to the disciples of those growing sects, which are striving to destroy the institutions of marriage, and overwhelm us with irreligion and infidelity—it is right and just and proper that his profligacy should be exposed—and that the issue should be fairly tried—whether or not the people will sustain a man, open, undenied, undisguised contempt of the common decencies of society by electing him to the second office in their gift!

Van Buren papers—comparing Farmers and Workingmen to Negroes.

☞ The Post and Statesman is addressing a series of letters to the Farmers & workingmen of the United States. These are not the Van Buren voters. They are the men who are at work as Daniel Webster was in his early days—in the healthful and hardy occupations of the field—following the plough—draining meadows—hoeing and haying—in short, as the *Statesman* said of DANIEL WEBSTER with a sneer at those very Farmers & Workingmen, whose votes it is now striving to get for one of the most thorough aristocrats in the country—"DOING THE KIND OF WORK WHICH JOHN RANDOLPH'S NEGROES ARE NOW ABOUT."

What does the Post mean by its great anxiety with regard to the men whom it places on the level with *John Randolph's negroes?* For our own part, we consider John Randolph's black slaves quite as decent people as Van Buren's white ones.—*Atlas.*

OH! WHAT A RUSH THIS IS—

Mr. Richard Rush in Pennsylvania has come out against the Antimasonic candidate for governor, and advocates the claims of the regular Van Buren nomination. How can Mr. Rush reconcile this to his previous course,—though, to be sure, it would be asking altogether too much of such a man as Richard Rush to reconcile his inconsistencies?—But his opposition to the nomination of the Antimasonic candidate Ritner, is certainly a complete abandonment of the party.

There is an evident disposition among the mercenaries of the Antimasonic party—the men who took it up from motives of expediency, policy, pecuniary profit, or political advancement—to merge their independent existence in simple Van Burenism. But this desire and this action is entirely confined to a small number of the suspected leaders.—The mass of the party—like the great body of all parties—is *honest, faithful, true to their principles.* They will not be driven by, nor induced to follow, a leader, blindfolded and reckless whither they are to be carried. The Advocate mistakes sadly, in supposing that the party on whom it is supposed to operate, take precisely the same views with itself, of inducements, and expediency, and policy and spoils!—It is only the leaders who are anxious for the man who promises best and pays best—and who hope for victory only for the distribution of the plunder.—*Ib.*

A destructive hail storm was experienced in Prince Georges County on the 26th June. A letter to the editor of the Washington Telegraph, dated at Queen Anne, on the 27th, says:—

A hail storm, yesterday in the afternoon about four o'clock, destroyed every thing in the fields, wheat, corn, in short the very grass is beaten to the ground; houses and trees are laid low. The *Wheat fields are totally destroyed.* No lives lost as I have heard of as yet. The hail stones were as large as the fist of a youth of 16 years old in short I never in the forty years of my life have seen such a storm.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, July 4.

Attention Patriots.

The Freemen of Talbot opposed to the nomination of Martin Van Buren as a candidate for the Presidential Chair, are earnestly invited to attend in General Meeting at Easton on TUESDAY 21st day of JULY at 12 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of consulting together on the political state of the Times—and to elect six Delegates, to meet six other Delegates from each of the Counties of Caroline, Queen Ann's, Kent and Cecil, in general Convention at Centreville on THURSDAY the 23d day of July, then and there to advise with each other and to recommend a Candidate for Congress in this District.

This invitation is given in conformity to a suggestion which has been some time published in the *District* and which first came from Kent county—and as no opposition seems to have been made to it, it is hoped by Many that it will be

THE UNANIMOUS VOICE OF ALL.

4TH JULY CELEBRATION.

Many of our Fellow Citizens will meet today, for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of our National Independence, and partake of a Public Dinner at the Union Hotel to be prepared by Mr. ELIJAH MCDOWELL in his best style.

We understand from that Gentleman that the room will be appropriately decorated for the occasion

THE WAY TO COZEN THE FOLKS.—A biography of Martin Van Buren, & one of Richard M. Johnson, the Office *Holders* Candidates for *President* and Vice President, is now published in all the Van Buren papers and recommended to the People of the Country as worthy of their attention.

This is a mere catchpenny project of electioneering—who is Martin Van Buren? or who is Richard M. Johnson? Is there one single good act in both their lives that is worth recording? If any thing pertaining to either is worthy of record it is their Vices, which might be put forth, like the Hay on a mischievous Cow's horn, to warn men to be on their guard against them.

This biography business is one of the grossest schemes to impose upon the People.—These two men are little known as to their lives by any one, and there is nothing about them worth knowing—But a hired favourite of interested Office holder, sets himself to work to write their lives to bring them into notice and to recommend them—and for this purpose, the truth is concealed and false glosses and false pretences are blazoned forth to make them out wonderful men. A little boy will set fire to the end of a little stick and flourish it about in the dark and make it appear like a great and curious light—but at last it is nothing but a little stick with one end lighted in the fire.

In giving a correct Biography of men, you should give their origin and their connexions and so on, among other things.—Now do you find in all these Biographies, that one is the reputed son of the noted Aaron Burr?—or that the other has passed a great portion of his domestic life in constant Concubinage with a negro woman from whom he has reared a family of half bred whites? No such thing—but they are stacked off as worthily descended and most pure and correct in their lives.—Such are the impostures that interested & designing men attempt to practice upon the people—and unhappily! such are the frauds and deceits by which many are led astray.

A Biography of Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson? Why you might as well have a Biography of "Punch and the Devil" it would be quite as useful and, we dare say, would be quite as true.

There is nothing so strange as the infatuation; the madness of party—Separate from party violence, our countrymen of the Jackson Van Buren party, are generally rational, sagacious, and judicious—but when enlisted into political party, they become almost fanatical

How else can we account for it, where all the office holders and office seekers of the country unite in a party and proclaim themselves and their followers "the true Democracy" declaring all in opposition to them Aristocrats, Monarchists, Tyrants,—that such absurdity, such outrage upon common sense is permitted and even acquiesced in by many—when at the same time all must see that this party of office holders are daily sapping the Constitution, evading the Laws, and centering all power in one man? Gen. Jackson says, "that he shall construe the Constitution to mean as he chooses"—and Mr. Van Buren says, "he will endeavour to tread in the footsteps of General Jackson"—what then is your boasted Constitution but the Will of one man? Yet we are told *this Autocrasy is "the true Democracy"*—will men surrender up their senses, and in the fullness of freedom make themselves slaves to please office holders and office seekers?

The Providence Journal, of Friday, mentions that the Whig Convention of the State of Rhode Island, which met at Newport on Wednesday last, nominated Daniel Webster as a candidate for the Presidency; and the Hon. Tristram Burges and the Hon. Henry Y. Cranston as candidates for Representatives to the 24th Congress of the United States.—The Journal adds, 'that these nominations were all *unanimously* made, and that the people will ratify them with large majorities'

Merchants' Bank.—The election for Directors of this institution, which took place on Wednesday excited a more general interest than has been felt on any similar occasion for years past. It resulted in the choice of the Commissioners' ticket, by a majority of upwards of 1500 votes over the "opposition" ticket.

American.

It is announced in the Chronicle that Joshua Jones, Esq has been associated with the present proprietor, S. Barnes, Esq. in the conduct of that journal.—[Pat.

Death of Mr. Marshall.—We state with deep regret that this gentleman, whose injury by the falling of one of the chimneys of the Court House we noticed in our last, died yesterday morning about half past five o'clock. He had every attention that kind & affectionate friends could give, and the best medical aid; and for a time anticipations were indulged of his recovery—but nothing could avail, for the delicate and vital organ of the brain was so deeply injured as to render the skill of the surgeons powerless.

His remains were taken yesterday morning from the residence of his relative, Doct. Alexander, in Fayette street, and have been despatched to Virginia, where it is intended they shall be placed in the family vault at Oak Hill, in Fauquier Co. The deceased is, we believe, the eldest son of the Chief Justice, was a member elect of the Virginia House of Delegates, was endowed by nature with a rich and brilliant intellect, and was esteemed as a gentleman of great worth & usefulness. He possessed a large landed estate in Viginia, and has left six children, who are yet to learn his melancholy death.

We have seldom witnessed the sympathies of our citizens so much excited on behalf of any one, and the regret we have expressed at his demise is universal throughout the city.

The Virginia Papers notice the occurrence of a violent hailstorm on Saturday afternoon last, in the valley of James River. The Lynchburg Virginian says: On Saturday afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock, we were visited by the most violent storms of hail, that we have ever witnessed. The stones, which seemed to be larger than hen eggs, descended with a velocity which it seems to us must have rendered a blow from them fatal.—Its range through the country, we fear, has been extensive, and the damage done to the standing crops excessive. The principal injury, in town, so far as we have heard, has resulted to window glass; thousands of panes, we presume, being shattered.

In Chesterfield county the storm was equally violent. A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer says:

The hail stones averged in this neighborhood about the size of a hen's egg. The crops of wheat, corn, tobacco, oats, and all other vegetation, are completely destroyed. The like has never been experienced in our section of the country before.

'There is one crop of Tobacco in particular, in this vicinity; the crop of Mr. Wm. S. Overton; all of which, nearly in top, completely destroyed.'

The Hanover (Penn.) Herald states that a violent hurricane was experienced at precisely the same period, in the upper part of Adams county. Several houses were completely destroyed, and on one farm a tract of some acres of timber land was entirely prostrated.

Annapolis, June 30,

A HAIL STORM did extensive injury upon the borders of the Patuxent on Friday evening last. We have not ascertained how far it extended but learn that the Messrs. Brogden's, the Messrs. Igglehart's, Jefferson Dorset, and other farms in that neighbourhood, have had their wheat and rye crops almost entirely destroyed. Col. Wootton near Queen Anne's, Prince George's county, besides losing his wheat had three or four tobacco warehouses prostrated by the wind.—From West River, we learn that also whole fields of grain are shattered to pieces.

Our next account of the injury sustained, is after the cloud had passed the Chesapeake Bay. The steamboat Maryland encountered the gale near Castle Haven, at which place a house was destroyed & the wharf was much injured.

We had a thunder storm here on Saturday evening, and also on Sunday evening, accompanied by a very heavy rain. The clouds looked portentious, and were charged with electricity but there was but little wind, nor had we much on Friday evening, although so much injury was done within a few miles of us.

A packet on its way to Broad Creek was capsized by the storm of Sunday—its hands are supposed to have been lost.—*Republican.*

THE TORNADO IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Tornado which visited New Brunswick on Friday of week before last, was felt with a most desolating effect in the northern parts of this state.

In Lycoming county the dwelling house of Mr. Alexander Carothers was unroofed and otherwise injured; his barn was literally overthrown and his store house much injured. The barn of Mr. Oliver Watson was completely razed to the foundation: and out of a flourishing orchard of about 60 trees but one is left standing and that one stripped of all its branches. Mr. Wilhem had his house unroofed. There was doubtless much other damage done, of which we have not heard the particulars.

In Luzerne county a number of houses were unroofed or injured, several barns injured, and one of considerable size blown to fragments. Many apple trees were levelled to the earth, fences blown down, and in some instance crops injured. Several persons were slightly injured none seriously. The hurricane

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