MEXICAN NEWS.

The Battle of Cerro Gordo.

DESPATCHES FROM GEN. SCOTT.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE VICTORY.

Since Saturday the mails have brought us some additional particulars of the great and brilliant victory achieved by our troops at Cerro Gordo. First of all, we give the following official despatch from Gen. Scott which the Union says reached Washington on Saturday evening.

Headquarters of the Army.
Plan del Rio, 50 miles from Vera Cruz, April 19.

SIR: The plan of attack, sketched in General Orders, No. 111, herewith, was finely executed by this gallant army, before two o'clock, p. m., yesterday. We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small arms, and accoutrements. About 3,000 men laid down their arms with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals several of them of great distinction. Pinson Jarrero, La Vega, Noriega and Obando.—A sixth general, Vasquez, was killed in defending the battery (tower) in the rear of the whole Mexican army, the capture of which gave us those glorious results.

Our loss, though comparatively small, in numbers, has been serious. Brigadier Gen. Shields, a commander of activity, zeal and talent, is, I fear, if not dead, mortally wounded. He is some five miles from me at the moment. The field of operations covered many miles, broken by mountains and deep chasms, and I have not a report, as yet, from any division or brigade.—Twiggs' division, followed by Shields' (now Col. Baker's) brigade, are now at, or near Xalapa, and Worth's division is in route thither, all pursuing, with good results, as I learn, that part of the Mexican army—perhaps, six or seven thousand men, who fled before our right had carried the tower, and gained the Xalapa road—Pillow's brigade alone, is near me at this depot of wounded, sick and prisoners, and I have time only to give from him the names of 1st Lieut. F. B. Nelson, and 2d C. G. Gill, both of the 2d Tennessee foot (Haskell's regiment) among the killed and in the brigade 106, of all ranks, killed or wounded. Among the latter, the gallant brigadier general himself has a smart wound in the arm, but not disabled, and Maj. R. Farqueson, 2d Tennesse; Capt. H. F. Murray, 2d Lieut. C. T. Sutherland, 1st Lieut. W. P. Hale, (adjutant) all of the same regiment, severely, and 1st Lieut. W. Yearwood mortally wounded. And I know, from personal observation on the ground, that 1st Lieut. Ewell of the rifles, if not now dead was mortally wounded in entering sword in hand the entrenchments around the captured tower. Second Lieut. Derby, topographical engineers, I also saw, at the same place, severely wounded, and Capt. Patten 2d U. S. Infantry, lost his right hand. Maj. Sumner, U. S. Dragoons, was slightly wounded the day before; and Capt. Johnson, topographical engineers (now lieutenant colonel of infantry) was very severely wounded some days earlier while reconnoitring. I must not omit to add that Capt. Mason and 2d Lieut. Davis, both of the rifles, were among the very severely wounded in storming the same tower. I estimate our total loss in killed and wounded, may be about 250, and that of the enemy 350. In the pursuit towards Xalapa (25 miles hence) I learn we have added much to the enemy's loss in prisoners killed and wounded. In fact, I supposed his retreating army to be nearly disorganized and hence my haste to follow, in an hour or two, to profit by events.

In this hurried and imperfect report I must not omit to say that Brigadier General Twiggs, in passing the mountain range beyond Cerro Gordo, crowned with the tower, detached from his division, as I suggested the day before, a strong force to carry that height which commanded the Xalapa road at the foot, and could not fail if carried, to cut off the whole, or any part of the enemy's forces from a retreat in any direction whatever. A portion of the 1st artillery, under the often distinguished Brevet Col. Childs, the 3d infantry, under Capt. Alexander, the 7th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Plymton, and the rifles, under Major Loring, all under the temporary command of Col. Harney, 2d dragoons, during the confinement to his bed of Brevet Brig. Gen. P. F. Smith, composed that detatchment. The style of execution, which I had the pleasure to witness, was most brilliant and decisive. The brigade ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter, and under the tremendous fire of artillery and musketry with the utmost steadiness, reached the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the 1st artillery, 3d and 7th infantry—the enemy's flag still flying—and after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conquest with the bayonet.

It is a most pleasing duty to say that the highest praise is due to Harney, Childs, Plymton, Loring, Alexander, their gallant officers and men, for this brilliant service independent of the great results which soon followed.

Worth's division of regulars coming up at this time, he detached Brevet Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Smith, with his light battalion, to support the assault, but not in time. The General, reaching the tower a few minutes before me, and observing a white flag displayed from the nearest portion of the enemy towards the batteries below, sent out Colonels Harney and Childs to hold a parley. The surrender followed in an hour or two.

Major General Patterson left a sick bed to share in the danger and fatigues of the day; and after the surrender, went forward to command the advanced forces towards Xalapa.

Brig. Gen. Pillow and his brigade twice assaulted, with great daring, the enemy's line of batteries on our left; and though without success, they contributed much to distract and dismay their immediate opponents.

President Santa Anna, with Genls. Canalizo at Almonte, and some six or eight thousand men, escaped towards Xalapa, just before Cerro Gordo was carried, and before Twigg's division reached the national road above.

I have determined to parole the prisoners—officers and men—as I have not the means of feeding them here, beyond to-day, and cannot afford to detach a heavy body of horse and foot, with wagons, to accompany them to Vera Cruz. Our baggage train, though increasing, is not yet half large enough to give an assured progress to this army.—Besides, a greater number of prisoners would, probably, escape from the escort in the long and deep sandy road, without subsistence—ten to one—that we shall find again, out of the same body of men, in the ranks opposed to us. Not one of the Vera Cruz prisoners is believed to have been in the lines of Cerro Gordo. Some six of the officers, highest in rank, refuse to give their paroles, except to go to Vera Cruz, and thence, perhaps, to the United States.

The small arms and their accoutrements being of no value to our army here or at home, I have ordered them to be destroyed; for we have not the means of transporting them. I am, also, somewhat embarrassed with the—— pieces of artillery—all bronze—which we have captured. It would take a brigade, and half the mules of this army, to transport them fifty miles. A field battery I shall take for the service with the army; but the heavy metal must be collected, and left here for the present. We have our own siege train and the proper carriages with us.

Being much occupied with the prisoners, and all the details of a forward movement, besides looking to the supplies which are to follow from Vera Cruz. I have time to add no more—intending to be at Xalapa early to-morrow. We shall not, probably, again meet with serious opposition this side of Perote—certainly not unless delayed by the want of the means of transportation.

I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant.
WINFIELD SCOTT.

P. S. I invite attention to the accompanying letter to President Santa Anna, taken in his carriage yesterday; also to his proclamation, issued on hearing that we had captured Vera Cruz, &c., in which he says:—"If the enemy advance one step more, the national independence will be buried in the abyss of the past," We have taken that step. W. S.

I make a second postcript, to say that there is some hope, I am happy to learn, that Gen. Shields may survive his wounds.

One of the principal motives for paroling the prisoners of war, is to diminish the resistances of other garrisons in our march. W. S.

Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

LATER FROM TAMPICO.—The N. O. Commercial Times has received files of the Tampico Sentinel by the schr. Oregon, Capt. Whitney, which arrived there on the 3d, having left that port on the 27th ult. We make the following extracts:

Deaths. By the arrival of the steamer Orleans yesterday, from Vera Cruz, we learn that Gen. Pillow has since died of the wound received at Sierra Gorda. In him his country has lost a gallant and efficient commander.

It must be Gen. Shields, and not Pillow, whose death is here chronicled. It was the former who was so severely wounded. A typographical mistake, no doubt.

It is with deep regret that we learn the death of that accomplished actress, Mrs. Hart, who died at Vera Cruz. The deceased was well known in Tampico, and the citizens here will long mourn that the voice of the sweet warbler has been hushed in death.

A letter in the Sentinel from C. C. Danley, dated Carcel Santiago, April 2d, states that Majs. Gaines, Borland, Clay, and others, are still confined in prison in Mexico. They are in the penitentiary, where the worst of criminals are confined, although Santa Anna promised Gen. Taylor they should be released.

THE TROPHIES OF WAR are thus described in a letter from Vera Cruz, to the Auburn Advertiser. The writer presents truly, and without exaggeration, one of those scenes in the progress of War which Gen. Taylor says is "*enough to fill the whole land* with mourning:"

Never had I beheld such destruction of property. Scarcely a house did I pass that did not show some great rent made by the bursting of our bomb shells. At almost every house at which I passed to examine the destruction occasioned by these dreadful messengers of death, some one of the family (if the house did not happen to be deserted) would come to the door and, inviting me to enter, point out her property destroyed, and with a pitiful sigh exclaim "*La bomba! La bomba!*" [the bomb!] My heart ached for the poor creatures.

During my peregrinations, I came to a lofty and noble mansion in which a terrible bomb had exploded, and laid the whole front of the house in ruins. While I was examining the awful havoc created, a beautiful girl of some seventeen came to the door and invited me into the house. She pointed to the furniture of the mansion torn into fragments, and the piles of rubbish lying around, and informed me, with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, that the bomb had destroyed her father, mother, brother and two little sisters, and that she was now left in the world alone! O war! war!—who can tell thy horrors?—Who can picture thy deformities?

During the afternoon I visited the hospital. Here lay upon truckle beds the mangled creatures who had been wounded during the bombardment. In one corner was a poor, decrepit, bed ridden woman, her head white with the sorrows of seventy years. One of her withered arms had been blown off by a fragment of a shell. In another place might be seen mangled creatures of both sexes, bruised and disfigured by the falling of the houses and bursting of the shells. On the stone floor lay a little child in a complete state of nudity, with one of its poor legs cut off just above the knee! The apartment was filled with flies, that seemed to delight in the agonies of the miserable creatures over whom they hovered, and the moans were heart-rendering.

I went about from cot to cot, and attempted to condole with the sufferers, by whom I was invariably greeted with a kind smile. Not even this abode of wretchedness had been exempt from the accursed scourge of war! A bomb had descended through the roof, and after landing on the floor exploded, sending some twenty already mangled wretches to the 'sleep that knows no waking."

In the course of the afternoon the army took possession of the city of Vera Cruz, and the streets were thronged with our troops. After visiting every thing worthy of note, at sunset I returned on board, having received a lesson in the horrors of war which I shall not soon forget.

MR. JOHN N. MAFFITT.

Since our last publication, a copy of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, (the organ of the Methodist Church) of April 7th, has been sent us, in which we find the statement of the committee authorized to investigate the charges preferred against Mr. Maffitt. We regret to find in this statement, which is calmly and dispassionately drawn up, the confirmation of our worst fears. Mr. Maffitt, it is but too plain, has sought to avoid by frivolous quibbles an investigation of the charges against him, and, as if to stave off the consequences, he foolishly threatened his brethren with legal prooceedings, if they ventured farther in the case. Early in February he served on each and every one of the committee, appointed to try the case, an *injunction* or *mandamus*, of which the following is a copy:

To all persons to whom this notice may come.

I, John N. Maffitt, do hereby notify you that I am at present a member of the Centenary M. E. Church, in the City of Brooklyn, New York State; and that I joined the said Church on the 17th day of December last, for the express purpose of giving the Rev. George Peck, Rev. Moses L. Scudder, and Rev. Daniel Smith an opportunity of having certain reports which they alleged were in circulation in relation to me, fully and fairly investigated, and duly notified them thereof on or about the 21st of December last past.

And I do further notify you that I am still ready and anxious that such reports shall be fully investigated, by, or under the direction of the Rev. John C. Green, Pastor of the said Centenary Church, in the manner prescribed by the Discipline of said Church.

And I do further notify you that I have this day been informed that the said Peck, Scudder, and Smith, have filed with the Rev. Stephen Martindale, Pastor of the Norfolk street M. E. Church, in the City of New York, a certain writing which they denominate charges against me; and that the said Peck, Smith, and Scudder, intend or propose to prosecute before the said Martindale and such other persons as the said Martindale may name and call upon for that purpose, an inquiry into the truth of the said pretended charges.

And I do hereby forbid you, and each and every one of you, from taking any part whatever in relation to the said pretended charges; and I do enjoin and require you, and each of you, wholy to abstain and refrain from speaking, uttering or writing anything whatever in relation to the said pretended charges, or the prosecution of any inquiry in regard to the truth thereof, in any proceeding which may be, or has been set on foot, commenced or prosecuted before the said Stephen Martindale, or before any minister of the M. E. Church, other than the said John C. Green, by the said Peck, Smith and Scudder, or by any other person or persons whomsoever.

And I further notify you, that for everything which you, or either of you, shall say or write, or do in any such proceeding before the Rev. Stepen Martindele, or any other minister, except the said John C. Green, in relation to any alleged charges or reports concerning me, or my character, words, or actions, I will hold you, and each of you, jointly and severally, individually and collectively, responsible to me, before any and all courts and judiciatories, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical, or in equity, known and recognized in the state of New York, or in the United States, or in the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which I may have occasion to apply for redress.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

The unwillingness of the acused to be tried on this side of the East river, or even to have any allusion made to the nature of the charges against him, while he professed his willingness to be tried in Brooklyn, is so inconsistent with a consciousness of innocence, that unless he speedily explains, verdict will be taken against him in the public mind, as it has already been in the Conference, by *default*.

Bishops Hedding and Janes after a careful review of all the facts of the case, decided that Mr. Maffitt was a local preacher, accredited to the Norfolk Street Church in this city, that he never was properly accredited to the Centenary Church, Brooklyn, and that the Rev. John C. Green, pastor of the Centenary Church, had no right to try him, but that the Rev. Stephen Martindale pastor of the Norfolk Street Church, and *he only*, had. The Rev. John C Green readily acquiesced in this decision, but Mr. Maffitt held out and refused to confront his accusers before the tribunal appointed to adjudge the case. The result, was as stated in our last—Mr. Maffitt has been deposed from the ministry and cut off from church fellowship.

The following is the resolution passed by the Conference:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this conference, the Rev. John N. Maffitt has withdrawn his relation from the Asbury (Norfolk Street) M. E. Church, and consequently from this quarterly conference; and that we have no jurisdiction over him "According to the decision of the Bishops" (the report of the committee concludes) "Mr. Maffitt is not a member of the Centenary M. E. Church; and, according to the above decision of the quarterly conference, he is not a member of the Norfolk Street Church; and, according to the Discipline, he cannot be received as a preacher in other places without such a certificate as he has not in his possession, and which he cannot now obtain."

This settles Mr. Maffitt's business so far as his connection with the Methodist Church is concerned. But he is still bound to acquit himself before the public, of the grave charges laid at his door.

[*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

EASTON GAZETTE.

EASTON, Md.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 15.

PUBLIC CEMETERIES.

There is an evident force and propriety in the institution of public cemeteries, where a community who have lived together may together repose when the cares and labors of this noisy scene are over. The crumbling churchyard, and the small neglected farm patch appropriated to the purpose of family sepulture, serve less frequently than formealy to meet the eye and disgust the sensibilities. In the well-ordered precincts of the public burial ground are the evidences of a municipal pride and liberality which, alas! is found to be more potent than the so vaunted private regard for the dwellings of the dead no where less apparent than in the various unembellished graveyards of the country. The permanency of the public cemetery is one of its chief recommendations. Family and sectarian changes cannot affect it injuriously. There is no danger here of the dead being again tumbled into dav to give place to some public structure which the superior location invites; or the associations of the family repository becoming inverted by the transfer of property into alien hands.

The larger cemeteries of the country are justly objects of national pride, and will be held by future generations among the best results of the age. Mount Auburn, near Boston, is unsurpassed even by the far famed *Pere la Chase*, at Paris, after which model it has been arranged. The tract embraced by this cemetery was originally purchased by a company of gentlemen for $170,000, and an act of incorporation secured, by which they were pledged to expend the money received by the sale of lots in improvements upon the ground, until $200,000 should be thus applied. The number of lots required to make up this sum were sold as far back, we think, as 1836, since which time the corporation have been deriving a handsome revenue. Laurel Hill, at Phiadelphia, and our own Green Mount, near Baltimore, are entitled to no mean place among institutions of a kindred character. The latter is indeed a sweet spot, shut out from the noisy world, where hill and vale stretch away under over-arching boughs and the air is burdened with the aroma of flower and wild vine. Beautiful, exceedingly beautful are its green lanes relieved by an occasional modest slab from the gently swelling knoll or the pure marble shaft rising upon the path in chaste and stately proportions—musical, doubly musical its warbling birds and prattling waterfalls—and deep and blue and expansive the pure sky which looks kindly upon it through the interstices of the clustering foliage. In a recent visit to this interesting spot, we were struck with the profound quiet and repose of all around us. In youth it was one of our chosen haunts and often had the air rung with our boyish shout, which now we feared to disturb by a whisper. Among the tombs were those of our playmates, many of whom had gone to sleep amid the scenes of their early sports. The same old trees were still there, the same fresh sward, but whence the mausoleum and vault, the pillar and headstone? The enclosure has become peopled indeed by a strange tenantry! Hither had come the pale son of genius, the stranger after devious wanderings, the prattling child and infirm old man, the maiden and her lover, the philosopher and the warrior, to rest together in the deep shadow of that consecrated grove far from the agitations of the busy world.

When we opened this article it was chiefly to notice our own cemetery, but we find ourselves without intending it in the middle of quite a chapter. We feel proud of the chaste and elegant enclosure which marks the resting place of our own dead and never fail to commend it to the attention of visiters and strangers. A liberal spirit of improvement is every where manifest which cannot fail to render it at no distant day the boast as it is already the ornament of the shore. We include in this view the eligible lot, just opposite, recently opened by our Methodist friends, which is already evincing the taste and energy of those who have interested themselves in its arrangement. This lot is regularly disposed in sections, and the remains of a number from the old yard near the Friends' meeting house have been already transferred to this pleasant place of sepulture. We would respectfully suggest to the Directors of both cemeteries the propriety of painting the fences, gates and sign posts—the use of gravel generally upon the walks and the introduction of ornamental trees in and around the enclosures. These improvements we think are called for, and will add greatly to the attractiveness of the grounds.

While upon this subject we cannot avoid noticing that species of vandalism which exhibits itself in defaciug the stone embellishments and in other respects doing violence to the sanctity of the grave yard. The hand of invasion here, whether apparent in staining the slab with pencil marks or the use of some ruder instrument of mischief should be followed by severe and exemplary punishment. The delicate and already lacerated sensibilities of bereaved kindred and friends should ever be held sacred, and we envy not those who can derive amusement or pleasure in drawing caricatures upon the monuments of the dead, or changing one letter of an inscription dictated by the heart of affection. We are grieved to notice evidences of this species of abuse in a late visit to the cemetery; and commend the subject to the consideration of those acting as curators of the ground.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE IRISH FUND.

We made reference, some time since, with no small amount of pleasure, to the noble effort for the sufferers in Ireland made in one of the churches of this town, and expressed a hope that it might serve as a stimulus to other religious bodies of the county to "do likewise." We sincerely trust the good work will not be allowed to stop here. The demand for bread still thrills our hearts in every breeze that sweeps across the broad bosom of the Atlantic,—and shall we, can we, dare we resist the soul-searching appeal?

While we publicly commend the liberality of St. Peter's Parish, which has placed $135 at the disposal of the agent for Ireland, in the city of Baltimore, and this too under the pressure of heavy pecuniary responsibilities growing out of the late church debt—we are equally ready to welcome any similar movement in our sister churches, and shall be quite as prompt and proud to mete out to all such the praise due to noble deeds.

CONFLAGRATION.—A very destructive fire broke out in Baltimore, on Sunday last just as the services of the various Churches of the City had concluded, involving the total destruction of a large amount of property. The entire loss is estimated at $200,000. Among the sufferers enumerated in the Baltimore papers are Messrs. Conway & Armstrong, Mr. Chesnut, Messrs. Middleton & Dorsy, Mr. John Dowell, Messrs. Williams & Co.

MEDICAL.—The National Medical Convention which convened in Philadelphia on Wednesday last terminated its sessions on Friday, to meet in Baltimore in May 1848. Previous to adjournment the Convention resolved itself into a National Medical Society.

☞ We invite attention to the advertisement of the Teachers of Primary Schools in the County, calling for a general convention of Teachers and others on the first Saturday in June, in reference to the subject of uniformity of books.

☞ The May term of Talbot County Court will meet on Monday next.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Godey's Lady's Book. The May number of this beautiful monthly is embellished with two choice engravings, one of a wedding of the Covenanters among the Highlands; and a rich fashion plate. The matter is fully equal to the manner of the work.

Youth's Cabinet. We have taken occasion before to notice this superb little work and commend it to the patronage of those parents who wish to inspire their little ones with a taste for the useful and agreeable. Rev. Francis C. Woodworth is the Editor, by whose gifted pen its pages are enriched from time to time. The May and June numbers are worth the subscription. This office has the agency of the work for the Eastern Shore.

For the Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.—An article in the 'Star' of Tuesday last, over the signature of "Chapel," intimates very great delinquency either in the Governor of Maryland or the Prosecutor of this district, in regard to the proper measures to secure the murderer of Mr. Fairbanks; and calls loudly for an *indignation* meeting forthwith. Before the the meeting is called it might be well to ascertain whom or what we are to be *indignant* about. To this end I propose that the public should enquire the exact time the Sheriff and posse went in pursuit of Millis—how long after the murder—and to what extent the pursuit was carried.—We shall thus be prepared to know whether to denounce the Governor, Prosecutor or Sheriff, or all. We pause for a reply.

QUERY ?

For the Easton Gazette.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

Preached for the Relief of Ireland,

BY REV. HENRY M. MASON, D. D.

Mat. xxv: 40.—And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

There is no part of the subject we have been considering, my brethren, which is not applicable on the present occasion.—Your gifts are deeds of charity; the principle is love to your brethren as brethren of Christ, as made by the same hand, as redeemed by the same blood, as to meet with you at the same throne of judgment, and the motive the reception of that benign and blessed sentence, Well done faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

As in the life of individuals, so in that of nations, there are years, than others more eventful. But of the events with which the past year has been filled, it is not too much to say, that there is none more fitted to awaken solemn and generous thoughts and correspondent acts, than the events which have given to the worship of to-day, an added interest. Scarce had the voice of your thanksgiving ascended from your grateful hearts, for the abundant harvests which, on these shores, had in the return of many years, crowned and gladdened the labors of the husbandman, than there is borne to our ears, over the wide waves of the Atlantic, the voice of wailing, such as in the lapse of generations is unheard. Lands hitherto among the most fertile of food, are smitten with the unexpected scourge of famine. A people of kindred blood with our own, are struck with the most terrible of the physical calamities which can befal humanity. Each sail with which your commerce has whitened the ocean, from those lands, has borne the truthful and saddening narratives of their woes. In all their gloomy and heart-touching details, you have heard, you have read them. Within the compass of a few short months, in a comparatively small island, no less than fifty thousand human beings have perished for lack of bread. That I should portray minutely the fearfulness of that picture, there is no need; or that I should seek to quicken your sensibilities, by one solitary instance from that vast multitude, of a death resulting from starvation.

It is in the course of the providence of God, to appeal to human sympathies for the relief of human woes, and so test our faith and gratitude to him for the blessings he bestows, by calls on us for deeds of charity. For the enjoyment of our own abundance, let us render back the tribute of grateful hearts by generous alms deeds. We have eaten bread without scarceness. Ours is indeed the land of the wheat and of the corn; let us give our portion to those who are perishing in destitution of both. Let us be able to present the prayer, "that mercy I to others shew, that mercy shew to me." By the memory of your own happy firesides and abundant boards; by the profusion with which God has been pleased to bless your native land; by the recollection of your own children fully fed from the rich stores which Heaven has bestowed; by the picture which your minds may draw of those famished fathers and mothers beholding with glazed look and agonized hearts their offspring perishing with famine before their eyes; by your bowels of mercies in Christ Jesus, I ask that you will not refuse your ear to the wailing cry of those who are calling to us for bread. I know that you will not. I know that it has reached your ears, and touched your hearts. And because it is so, that wailing cry will one day for you be exchanged to the invocation: "Lord they have done it unto us, and therefore unto thee:" and hark! methinks I hear the answer, "Inasmuch as ye *have* done it unto these my brethren, ye *have* done it unto me."

MURDER.—The Cambridge (Md.) Chronicle states that a most atrocious murder was committed near New Market, in that county, on Tuesday last, by a colored man named Denwood Camper, upon a colored man living with James Thompson, Esq. The weapon used was a grubbing hoe, with which the murderer despatched his victim, and afterwards cut off his head. Camper has been apprehended and lodged in jail, where he will remain until his trial, which will take place at the next October term of our court. He has made a full confession of the murder. The quarrel originated about *parched corn*; a trifling matter, certainly, to lead to such monstrous consequences.

MR. WEBSTER AT CHARLESTON.—The Hon. Daniel Webster, accompained by Mrs. Webster, and Miss Seaton, daughter of the Mayor of Washington city, arrived at Charleston, S. C., on Thursday morning from Wilmington. At 12 o'clock, the committee of reception waited upon Mr. Webster at his lodgings at the Charleston Hotel. Having repaired to the balcony, in view and within hearing of a large concourse of citizens in front of the hotel, Col. Elmore, the chairman of the committee, addressed Mr. Webster, welcoming him to the city, to which he made an appropriate reply.

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