She had

LOCAL MATTERS.

Sentence of Frederick Reid-

SENTENCE.

Frederick Reidel:

death

when it was thus cruelly extorted, it clearly pointed to you as the author of the outrage. On another occasion, when her eye was black, she endeavored, for your sake, to explain it by saying

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THE CHEVALIER GRADINSKY.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

CHAPTER III.

Upon the succeeding morning Naples was restored to its usual liveliness and joy. At an early hour Vivaldi was in the apartments of his friend, and exhibited all the impatience of a young Cornet in the Guards, who is desirous to prove to a hated rival, how sharply pointed is his sword.

His friend Grandinsky, manifested a seriousness of mind, and gloominess in his manner, which were by no means customary with him.

"I have," said he, "taken every care of your interests, but I think that it would be well for you to consider whether this business should be abandoned, or whether you ought to go on with it."

"Have you seen him? Is he ready? Or does his Greek-like features conceal a Greek-like treacherous heart? It is one thing to know that this captivating Narcissus has a fluent tongue, it is another to know if he have a ready hand," cried Vivaldi.

"You are wrong," said the Chevalier; he speaks well and boldly, and is ready to meet all the consequences that may follow from you challenge.—He will venture everything for the sake of the lady. The only question is, whether this woman, or indeed any woman that ever breathed, is worth the risk of having either a man's throat cut for her, or a ball sent flying through his brains.

Vivaldi half drew his sword, but instantly dashed it back again into the scabbard.

"I see—I see." remarked Gradinsky, "and from this moment I give up the notion of further attempting to advise or warn you. You can now do what you deem right and for your own interest, without further remonstrance from me. The Count Crudino, however, desires that for the sake of escaping observation, this affair should be determined at some distance from this city. My servants and carriage are at your service. I know a place, it is in the centre of a wood, and a little more than a mile distant from the town, where you will be perfectly free from discovery. It is a burial ground that seems to have been unoccupied since the days of Julius Cæsar; and it is one, in which, if you have luck on your side, you can quietly lay your rival to repose for ever. Go, then, and arrange any worldly affairs you may desire to settle, and call upon me at the moment the moon rises."

The rising moon had already silvered the tops of the trees, when the two friends step'd forth on the Chiaja. They got into the carriage of Gradinsky, and had already proceeded a short distance on their road, when an unlooked for impediment presented itself. A servant of the Chevalier's came riding post haste after him with a note, which requested his instant return to his home. The note breathed perfume, it was rose-colored, and its embossed borders displayed a dance of Cupids.—It was just such a note as that no Chevalier could with honor refuse to obey its dictates.

But now there was another difficulty in the way. Where could Vivaldi at such a moment as that, find a trustworthy second?

Gradinsky's quick inventive genius soon solved the problem. They had stopped opposite the palace, where there was that night, as luck would have it, a Court ball.

"Here," remarked the Chevalier, "you are sure to find an officer of your regiment. He will accompany you. In the meanwhile I shall despatch this business which calls me back, as quickly as possible, and if it be at all practical, be with you soon after your arrival at the place of meeting."

Vivaldi sprang out of the carriage, and hurried into the ball-room. He drew into a corner one of the officers, and intimated to him what were his wishes, and what the favor he had to ask of him. Vivaldi's earnest manner, and wild looks, had, however, attracted general attention towards him; but he, in order that he might avoid the annoying curiosity of his friends, who circled around him, hurried away with the chance friend of a moment. These two had, however, scarcely gained the open road, when they heard the trampling of horses behind them. The noise was occasioned by the pursuit of a group of officers out of the ball room. They had suspected that some extraordinary accident was about to take place, and they resolved to see what it was. The night was inviting, and the resolution no sooner was suggested than it was acted upon. It was in vain that Vivaldi and his friend protested against the impropriety of their brother officers accompanying them. The more they protested, the more extraordinary did the adventure promise to appear to these light hearted children of war, and therefore it was that they made up their minds, and nothing could drive them from it, to see the result.

The group at last arrived at the appointed place of meeting. Gradinsky had chosen it well, if his object were that the affair should be kept a profound secret; for the only entrance to it was a path invested with rocks, and which were covered around with forest trees. In the centre of the open place there were seen standing close to a few dimly burning torches, two figures, who seemed to be awaiting those who had just arrived. When the officers had dismounted, one of these strange persons came forward, and expressed his astonishment that they should in such numbers, and with so much noise, have come to determine a matter, upon the sectesy of which so much stress had been laid, and to which so much importance was attached. Vivaldi's representations as to the impropriety of the conduct of his too ardent friends, were now listened to with a success which they could not before obtain, and the result was that all his brother officers retired, in order that they might at the entrance of the thicket await the result of the combat.

The opponent of Vivaldi stepped forward. His slim and delicate form seemed to be that of one ill calculated to meet the encounter of the gallant bearing of Vivaldi; yet his step was firm, and the position into which he threw himself, shewed that at least he had learned the graces of an accomplished fencer. Vivaldi drew his sword; but he had scarcely advanced three steps when a bullet smashed to pieces the branch of a tree, which hung over his head. This was instantly followed by a sharp fire of musketry, which rattled amongst the leaves and boughs of the thicket, and a troop of bandits dashed forward and threw themselves on the combatants.

The noise of a conflict in the wood, showed to those who were thus engaged, that their friends were faring little better than themselves. The glaring uniforms of the officers were seen in company with the dark dresses of the robbers. As to anything like an effectual resistance, it was out of the question; for the officers were unarmed. With respect to Vivaldi himself, he could make no use of his sword, for he found himself encircled with Calabrian guns, each of which was directed at his head. The duel was at an end, for his opponent upon the appearance of the banditti had fled from the field; and Vivaldi endeavored to follow this example, when he found that the robbers had still something to do with him and his friends. They despoiled him and all his associates of every article of value that they had with them. Stars, orders, epauletts, cordons, rings, watches, purses, were in a few moments taken possession of. The friends of Vivaldi found that the adventure was one that effected them much more severely than they had calculated upon; and they discovered too late that the indulgence of curiosity is a pleasure frequently purchased at a very dear price.

At length the noise of horses approaching attracted at the same moment the attention of the banditti and of their victims. The robbers with amazing quickness dispersed themselves through the forest, and were instantly lost to sight. The horsemen were Gradinsky and two of his servants, who were hastening up to be witnesses of the duel. The astonishment of the Chevalier could only be equalled by his rage. He consoled those who had been despoiled of their epauletts and purses, and endeavored in his zeal to prosecute those who had perpetrated the outrage, to suggest some means by which Italy should no longer be disgraced by its bands of robbers.

Although those who had been robbed endeavored to betake themselves unobserved to their respective homes, still the circumstances got wind, and was narrated and listened to with shouts of laughter throughout the city. In the Palace, this was the only subject of conversation; through the means of the servants the tale was repeated in the streets; and at early dawn, when the lazzaroni first opened their eyes, it was soon found that on the shore, in the market place, in the Strada de Toledo, all were in a perfect uproar about the night adventure in the forest.

What, however, had become of the Count Crudino? He had vanished like a will-o'-the-wisp, and there was not the slightest trace of him. What had become of the lovely English lady? She had not disappeared, but it was perfectly plain, that either with the world, or with herself, she was in the highest degree dissatisfied.

As usual she was to be seen daily in her carriage, and attended by her suitors; for none is so true as a lover of the south to his mistress, his guitar and his toilet. But then if she were like the Princess in the fairy tale—if her heart had been a snow ball, and her tongue an icicle, she could not have been less inclined to speak or to smile. She never appeared at the Palace balls—she showed an antipathy to the *soirees* of the French ambassador. In fine, she displayed so complete an indifference to life—to its cares and its joys, that the change in her manners and habits could not escape the notice even of the most superficial observer.

At length the unbidden tears which trickled from her eyes—the deep sighs that in her own despite burst from her bosom—the wan cheek, from which the pure roses of health and hope had withdrawn themselves—all these proved that the arrow of love had implanted himself deeply in her heart, and all had exhibited themselves in a few days after the Count Crudino had so suddenly and so mysteriously disappeared. She felt that she could sacrifice all the wealth and all the joys that the world can afford, to see him, speak to him once more.

(To be continued)

The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1846.

☞ In order to make room for the admirable Sentence pronounced by Judge PATTON, in the case of Reidel, we have been compelled to omit a number of Editorial articles, and also the communication of "Plain Truth," which was promised for our readers to-day.

The War and the Clergy.

It has become fashionable of late for *divines* to descant on the horrors of war, and fix as much odium as possible on the Administration for the present war with Mexico. We have no objection to hear *peace* preached by the followers of the *Prince of Peace*—that is all right and proper; but we do object to ministers of the gospel traveling out of their path of duty to attack the government of their country when engaged in war with a foreign enemy. Many of these sickly sentimentalists will read the Old Testament with delightful approbation, and rejoice at the conquests of Joshua and the destruction of men, women and children, the achievements of Samson, the exploits of David and his generals, but affect holy honor at a modern battle, conductual upon principles of humanity towards the vanquished, and declare that it does not become a christian people to rejoice over a victory by their countrymen We are opposed to war.—We would wish our government to avoid collisions with foreign nations, so long as peace can be maintained with honor; but once in war we think it the duty of the government to push it on with all the vigor of the nation, and the duty of the citizen to aid the government as a true patriot while it lasts, especially when the war is clearly just. That millelenial period has not yet arrived when the sword is to be converted into the pruning hook Ministers of the Gospel are yet at variance with one another, there is no little back-biting among some of them, and in their relations towards society we find them pretty much as other men. With them we cannot say, and we are sorry for it, that the propensities are altogether subdued by the moral and intellectual qualities. They are not *all saints*, although there are many bright and shining lights among them. We as earnestly hope for the triumphs of the church as we do for the prevalence of patriotic sentiments, but while the shepherds are not all of "one mind, one faith, and one baptism," how can they expect the sheep to refrain from butting one another? He who would throw cold water on the ardor of our volunteers, on the eve of their march to do battle for their country, because he may have personal objections to the war, is a tory at heart, and would be a traitor but for fear of the consequences. He may stay at home himself, he may influence those within his domestic circle to do so likewise, but he has no business to break through that circle and force himself within the sphere of other men's patriotism, and aid the common enemy by freezing the valor of the citizen soldiers.—The late Thanksgiving Day was the occasion of considerable pulpit effervescence against the War with Mexico. Christian fathers were urged to keep their sons at home, and anathemas pronounced against them if they failed in this christian duty. The government was pronounced against in unmeasured wrath, and terrible things were prognosticated with prophetical *clairvoyance*. If some of these men had the power to empty vials of horrors upon the country, no doubt they would give form and substance to the pictures of their empty declamation. We are happy to say that we have heard of noble exceptions to these clerical stigmatizers of the War, some who had the patriotic manliness to speak out patriotic thoughts. The Rev. Dr. •••••• on the day of Thanksgiving spoke of the War as a christian minister and an intelligent gentleman might speak without compromising love of country, and sacrificing an American heart on the alter of fashionable sentimentality. His remarks on that occasion do honor to him; and although of different politics, he did not make the pulpit a place to fulminate biased feelings from, by casting reproach upon the Aministration. We only wish some others had shown as much patriotism, and made themselves as worthy to be called Americans.

☞ The Pennsylvanian of the 2d inst. states that one of the Philadelphia Companies about to enroll in the new Regiment, under the command of Captain Bennett were each marching the evening before, having the full compliment of men.

☞ The Councils of the City of New York have appropriated $1,000 towards defraying the expenses of the Volunteers, till they are mustered into service.

☞ The population of Arkansas has increased 50 per cent. in the last six years. It is now 145,000. The state debt is $3,617,223.

☞ Two vessels left New Orleans for Belfast, Ireland, on the 19th inst., laden with corn—together, 18,464 sacks.

☞ Governor SHUNK has appointed our friend DU SOLLE, of the Philadelphia "*Times*," one of his Aids, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel.

☞ We learn from the Ohio Statesman that the Directors of the Columbus and Cleveland Railroad are about letting 40 miles to contractors, commencing at Cleveland, and going to work at once.

☞ The Hon. HENRY CLAY arrived at Louisville on Monday last, on his way to the South, where he intends spending the winter.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS,—We are authorized to say that good and comfortable Quarters are now being provided in this city for the various volunteer companies who will compose the Pennsylvania Regiment.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Sentence of Frederick Reidel.

On Saturday, about 9 o'clock, A. M., the citizens began to crowd the Quarter Sessions room—at 10 it was jammed with an eager multitude, numbering not less than one thousand The Rotunda was filled, also, by hundreds who could not get in. Strange that men should find attraction in such a ceremony—the pronouncing of the doom of a fellow creature. But so it is. Many a ribald jest was passed by the thoughtless, who, inured to scenes of crime by its frequent exhibition in Courts, were callous to the fate of the poor victim of the law.

A few minutes past 10 his Honor, Judge PATTON, and Associate PORTER, took the Bench. The prisoner was ordered to be brought into court.—He appeared composed, and reckless as to the fate which awaited him. After some conversation with Mr. Alden, his counsel, he took advantage of the privilege granted to him, to "say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him,"

He arose and addressed the Court in broken English; he spoke with fluency and violence. He denounced nearly all the witnesses who appeared against him as having perjured themselves. He was very severe on Coroner Hartz; said "he swore a lie, and was not a decent man." Constable Lee, of Birmingham, was also charged with dealing unfairly towards him. "He would not go with me to the woods to see where my nose had been bleeding." He said that he would not have been arrested had he been a rich man—but he was poor, and that was the only reason he had been brought there. He asserted that he had always been a decent man—never struck his wife in his life, and could prove by persons who had been acquainted with him in other places, that he used her well. He spoke for probably eight or ten minutes, and then said, "I have nothing more to say, except that I am innocent."

Judge Patton then proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. [It will be found in the Post this morning.] During the delivery, his Honor was interrupted a number of times by confusion among the spectators.

He (Judge Patton) appeared much affected, and the last words, "May God have mercy on your soul," were spoken in a tone scarcely audible.—His feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears.

Reidel stood unmoved—his countenance never changed its color; he listened to the Court with a reckless indifference characteristic of the brutality which has marked his career.

He was taken to his cell to await the action of the Governor.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Hugh McClelland, Adm'r of the estate of Jas. Quigley, dec'd,
vs.
Dr. James Torrence.
} Assumpsit.

Hampton and McMahon for Plff.—Biddle and Woods for Deft.

This case which has been on trial since Monday last, has excited considerable interest. The facts are briefly as follows:

The Plaintiffs claim for $7,240, the purchase money of a tract of land sold by decedent in his life time to Deft., and for which a deed was given.

The defendant produces receipts, notes, &c., for $3,300, and finally a release of all claims and demands for the consideration of one dollar.

These instruments are, by plaintiff alleged to be fraudulent, and part of a collusion between defendant and the deced't for the purpose of covering decedant's property from the anticipated recovery of heavy damages in an action of crim: con., brought against decedent eight days before the making of the deed.

Much evidence was adduced, relative to the intemperate habits of the decedent, and the many different and conflicting conversations of the defendant, in respect to the price paid for the land, the terms of payment and other matters relating to the purchase.

His hon. Judge Lowrie, in a very able charge to the Jury, took the position that the whole transaction between Quigly and Torrence was, from all the evidence, grossly fraudulent and collusive, and as between parties so equally guilty, there could be no remedy for either, but further instructed the jury that even if decedent's intentions were fraudulent as regards the anticipated recovery of damages, and the object of Torrence were fraudulent both as respects this event, but also as against Taylor himself, the Jury might render a verdict for plaintiff. His honor thought that a strong inference of this last intent might be shown from the facts in evidence, that Quigly was a very intemperate man, lived with Dr Torrence, who kept a tavern, that he was seen many times very drunk at the house, and other circumstances.

The Jury, on Saturday morning, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, of $8,250.

The defendant's counsel immediately moved for a new trial.

Amongst the evidence in the foregoing case the following fragment was elicited on the cross examination of John Cunningham:

By Mr. Hampton.—Have you ever seen Quigley since his death:

Can't say he saw him, Quigley, but saw his *appearance*, the night of the big fire in Pittsburgh. I saw him, he came up to me. about 30 yards off when I first recognized him. I asked him if he was satisfied about the sale of his property and about his money—he made me no answer, had no further conversation about this property—conversed with him from three to five minutes—he came up to me and reached out his hand—never saw his appearance afterwards—it was on the Steubenville Road.

QUARTER SESSIONS—SATURDAY.

Commonwealth *vs.* John Smith, indicted for stealing horses. Sentence, three years to penitentiary.

Commonwealth *vs.* Henry Watson, indicted for horse stealing. Sentence, one year to penitentiary.

In this case it was shown that defendant had hired a horse in Birmingham, with intent to dispose of him, and swindle the owner. His sentence was just. Persons who keep horses for hire are very liable to such imposition. A few examples, such as the above, will afford them some protection.

More Murder Cases.—An unmarried woman is now in jail on the charge of murdering her infant child in East Deer township. Her name is *Mary Jane Reighard*. Her brother-in-law, his wife and a boy, are also in prison, charged with being accessories.

Concert.—The concert in the English Lutheran Church on Friday night was a great affair. The house was crowded, and the performance gave entire satisfaction.

☞ A press of other matters compels us to restrict the Local to-day, much against our inclination, for the town is full of news.

Another.—John Gebhart is a candidatee for Mayor in Allegheny.

SENTENCE.

Frederick Reidel:

Have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you! (After some remarks from the prisoner, the Judge proceeded.)

The indictment, in this case, charged you with the murder of Margaret Reidel. She was your wife, and the mother of your children. You have had a fair and an impartial trial, before a Jury of your own selection, and composed of upright and intelligent citizens. You were defended with great zeal and ability by your Counsel. The Court, in their charge, in a great measure abstained from dwelling on the evidence, in order that the Jury might not be unduly influenced, in making up teeir verdict. by the views of the Court, in regard to the facts. The result was, that we have scarcely ever known a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, rendered with more promptness, or less hesitation.

Your house was in a secluded spot in the country, more than three miles from this city, and distant nearly a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling. On the afternoon of a Sunday in July last. about 5 o clock, you presented yourself at the door of your neighbor and employer, Mr. Burns. You came bare-footed and had nothing on but your shirt and pantaloons. "You looked as if you were crying, or had been crying—as if you had been asleep, drunk and got sober"—as if you had been asleep, and had been suddenly roused from your lethargy. In answer to a question (what was the matter?) you said "my wife has died." You made no suggestion that her death had been caused by violence. All appearances of distress on your part soon vanished. Mr. Burns at once said, "if she is dead, you have killed her," as if it flashed upon his mind as the probable result of your violent and lawless disposition—as the natural termination of the brutal treatment, of which she had long been the passac. unresisting, unoffending subject.

Mr. Burns and others, to whom the alarm was communicated, went quickly to your house. You got back about the same time, but remained at the door. A quilt or blanket on the bed was removed; and there was the lifeless and mangled body of your wife. It was found entirely stripped of clothing, and the blood with which it must have been covered, had been washed off. On her head was a severe blow or cut some two or three inches in length. There was a gash or cut on her cheek bone, which as it now seems, was broken and crushed in by the severity of the blow, that must have produced it. One of her fingers was broken. Her left arm was broken. A severe injury was evident on her left side. The body all over exhibited marks of fearful violence. It was almost literally covered with wounds and bruises "from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot." At the front door was discovered a pick handle—a heavy hickory stick. There was blood upon it. One end of it was recently splintered, and that end was full of hair, corresponding exactly with that of your wife. Mr. Burns picked it up and said to you, "this is what you did it with," or, "this is what has done it."

It was evident that water had been freely used in your house that day or afternoon. The bed was wet. The quilt was wet. The floor had been washed, and the water was still on it in places.—You were asked how it came there. You replied that your wife had been scrubbing that morning. Before the witness had time to tell you it was Sunday, you said it was on Saturday morning she had scrubbed. It was bright and warm weather in July, and it was not likely that the floor would have remained so wet for a period of 24 hours. And witnesses testified that whenever they visited your house they always found it neat and clean; and moreover that they never saw your wife under the influence of liquor.

Pieces of cotton fabric, looking like sheets that had been torn in parts; some children's clothing, men's shirts, and other articles of apparel were found behind the door, wet and bloody, and looking as if a bungling attempt had been made to wash out the blood, and thus to efface this proof of violence—this evidence of guilt. Your wife's under garment, which was found under the bed, and her dress, which was discovered outside of the house among the weeds, presented the same appearance.

That the hand of violence had been at work—that your wife had been murdered by some one, and that, too, under circumstances of the most shocking barbarity—was too plain to admit of a doubt. It required not the evidence of professional opinions, nor the light of medical science, to lead the mind to this conclusion. Upon the question whether you were the guilty person, the jury seem to have had as little difficulty in forming their judgment.

The accounts you gave of your movements and proceedings on that fatal day—a day that should have been one of peace and comfort to your household—flatly contradicted each other in many and vital particulars. In others, they were proved false by the evidence of credible witnesses. You stated at one time that you had left your house about six o'clock that morning—at another time that it may have been as late as 8 or 9; and that you did not return till you came home and found your wife dead. You stated that you went with your children to a hollow in the woods not far from your house to catch young birds for their amusement, and staid there all the time. Again you stated that not meeting with success in that effort to amuse your children, you went to the house of Samuel Lee, and staid there till *two* o'clock, when you came home and found your wife dead. Mr. Lee testified that you were not at his houae, nor on his premises on that day. Three boys, residing in your neighborhood, were close to your house, and saw you at home between 10 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon. You and your children were at the front door. You ordered the boys off and they went away.

Blood was discovered on the breast of your shirt. One account you gave of this was, that it had got there at a certain slaughter house the day before This was proved to be false. Afterwards you stated that in running after the young birds, you got a fall which made your nose bleed, and in this way got the blood on your shirt.

Blood was discovered on the back of your hand, and between your fingers. You explained this by stating that you shaved on Friday, and that a small cut then made on your face began to bleed afresh on Sunday.

The pantaloons, which you wore on Saturday, were found wet and bloody along with other articles, behind the door, and you had put on a different pair.

Two shirts marked with blood were subjects of conversation at your house and in your presence. You claimed one and denied the ownership of the other. Afterwards you denied the one you claimed, and claimed the one you had denied.

It would be a tedious task to point out all the contradictions involved in your statements and explanations, and to refer to all the particulars in which they have been shown, by satisfactory proof, to be false.

Nothing was found about your house but what belonged to yourself, or your family. You yourself stated to different persons, that your wife had not quarrelled with any one since you had lived there—that no one had a spite against her, and that you knew no one whom you could suspect of her murder. Nothing has been disclosed that has ever raised the shadow of a suspicion against any other living being beside yourself. If some unhuman person, some ravisher or assassin, had entered the house in your absence, would he after perpetrating the deed, tarry to go through those tedious operations of stripping and laying out the body—of cleaning the floor and washing out the stains of guilt from the bloody clothes and from the instruments of death?

The court admitted evidence to prove former instances of violent treatment and cruel batteries committed by you on the person of your wife. One respectable witness testified that he never met your wife without seeing marks of violence on her face. One morning in May you told a fellow workman that you had tied your wife and clubbed her. Next morning this abused woman, with a meekness that seemed to have formed a settled feature in her character, and that lends an additional hue of blackness to the guilt of her murder, brought your breakfast to you where you worked at the coal pit. She kept her bonnet down so as to conceal her face, (which in the language of the witness, "was all over black and blue,") from the gaze of your fellow laborers, and thus to screen you from disgrace. As if to render this kind womanly effort on her part ineffectual, and to add derision to injury, you told one of them to ask her what you had done in the morning. It needed not a reply on her part to furnish the answer—although ed to you as [illegible] the outrage. On another occasion, when her eye was black, she endeavored, for your sake, to explain it by saying that she was splitting wood, and a splinter flew up into her face.

In answer to a question, you stated to one of the witnesses that you had not been intoxicated, or had no whisky in your house the night before. This statement has proved in part at least, to be untrue. You had bought a half gallon of whiskey and taken it home on Saturday morning. What agency this may have had in producing the bloody scene of the following day, we know not. On the question of malice, you had all the benefit of this fact in the deliberations of the jury. The evidence was before them. But they saw nothing in it to relieve the case from the charge of deliberate malice. All the circumstances of the case displayed before them in striking colors, "a heart devoid of every sense of social duty and fatally bent on mischief." And they felt that they had in the evidence ample warrant for their verdict.

It is our duty to administer the law as we find it; and we trust we have faithfully adhered to this rule throughout the present case. But we have little hesitation in expressing the opinion that the law might well be amended so as to make every man guilty of murder in the first degree, who, without the excuse of self-defence, or other peculiar circumstances of extenuation, kills his own wife and the mother of his children, whether the deed be done under the influence of passion, or under the promptings of deliberate malice.

We have adverted to the leading features of this case, as disclosed by the evidence. Other circumstances have been communicated since the trial, and proceeding, as they do, partly from the mouths of witnesses, and partly from other respectable and reliable sources, although not strictly forming a part of the case, we trust we do not transcend the limits of propriety by referring to them. Under the motion of a new trial, evidence was produced that the head, or skull and brain, of the deceased had been disinterred The body was not. The brain was rotten, and no conclusons could be drawn from the state in which it was found. An examination of the skull went to show that one witness, who swore there was a fracture on it, may have been mistaken. But it was not shown that the blow, which was inflicted on the head, and which was evidenced by the flesh wound of two or three inches in length may not have been mortal. Many a blow has produced a fatal concussion of the brain without breaking the skull. It also went to show that although the bridge of the nose may not have been broken, yet an injury was done to the parts under that bone, equally, if not more severe than the wound discribed by the witnesses on the trial. It further shows that, while the witnesses on the trial described the wound on the skull bone as merely a flesh wound, and not mortal, the bone was actually broken and mashed in, and that this wound alone may have been mortal from its vicinity to the base of the brain.

—This is about the sum and substance of the medical examination. It does not materially change the aspect of the case; but leaves it still clear that the deceased came to her death by the violent means described in the indictment. The indictment sets forth a large number and variety of wounds on different parts of her person—on her head, face, and body. That these wounds or a portion of them, were the cause of her death, is beyond all question. And in view of all the circumstances of the case, every other conclusion would insult the commonsense of mankind.

The Attorney General in arguing the motion for a new trial, stated he had stood prepared to prove, by respectable witnesses, that in Maryland and other places, where you have resided. you had been guilty of the same cruel and barbarous treatment towards the deceased, that was proved on the trial, and that on one occasion you had beaten her to the extent of breaking her shoulder. Either under a doubt as to the admissibility of the evidence, or in a spirit of great fairness, the Attorney General did not offer it on trial.

Your oldest child, a little boy, was present at the trial; but in consideration of his tender years, he was not examined as a witness. A respectable citizen, either before or after the trial spoke to him and asked him who had killed his mother. He replied that his mother came towards the door crying—that his father struck her—and that she then "went and slept."

We have referred to the main facts connected with the history of this case, not because it affords us any pleasure to do so. We assure you it does not. It is far from our inclination to repeat matters that may be calculated to wound your feelings, and if remarks have been made that may appear harsh, it is because they have necessarily grown out of a true history of the transaction.—Our object is to vindicate the law and the justice of your doom to your own conscience, and to the world, and to impress you with the necessity of looking beyond mere human tribunals for sources of hope and consolation. Permit us in all candor to say, you will find none in this world, beyond what you may derive from a sincere repentance for the past, and from a zealous preparation for another and an untried state of being. Let your consolation be that the soul is immortal, and that whatever may be the fate of your body in the world, it is still in your power under Providence and by the lights of a pure and holy religion, to shape your own eternal destiny.

It only remains for us to pronounce the sentence of the law—which is that you be taken hence to the jail of Allegheny county, whence you came, thence to the place of execution, within the wall enclosing the yard of said jail, that you there be HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD.

And may God have mercy on your soul.

Another Hospital.—Yesterday it was announced in a number of our Protestant churches that an effort was making to erect a Hospital, *not* under the influence of the Catholics. We trust this move has been started in earnest, and not with a view to divert capital from the Hospital proposed by the Brotherhood of St. Joseph.

Let both be built; there will be need for them. The Brotherhood of St. Joseph deserves the credit of starting both projects, let which will succeed best.

We shall have more to say on this subject soon.

☞ No important news by last night's mail.

THIRD WARD TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The citizens of the 3d Ward, favorable to the Law, to be voted for in January next, will meet this evening, Monday, the 7th inst., at Temperance Hall, at 6½ o'clock. A large attendance of the citizens is expected. The Ladies are especially invited to attend.

COMMITTEE.

Popular Lectures on the Reform Practice of Medicine.

DR. W. BEACH, from New York, at the request of many citizens of Pittsburgh, proposes to deliver a course of lectures, *exclusively to Ladies*, on *Physiology*, the cause, symptoms and treatment of disease, generally on Reform Principles, illustrated by a splendid *Anatomical Female Figure*, imported from Europe, expressly for the purpose, which will be dissected during the course. The Invalid, and all who feel interested in the cause of Medical Reform, will find it their interest to attend. First Lecture Free. To commence on Monday, 7th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Musical Academy, corner Third and Wood sts., enterance on Third st. dec7

New York Piano Fortes.

JOHN H. MELLOR, No. 81 Wood Street, has received and for sale at manufacturers' prices, one elegant Rosewood Piano Forte, made by A. H. Gale & Co., New York. One splendid Mahogany Piano Forte, made by A. H. Gale & Co., New York. One Rosewood Piano Forte, made by H. Worcester, New York; cost $300 about six months since, and will be sold at a reduced price, on account of the owner who is about leaving the city. dec7

BRANDIES.—18 half pipes pale and dark Cognac, J. J. Duping, Castillon, Pellevoison, A. Sagnette, Otard, Duping & Co., Maglory, and Pinot Castillon & Co. Brandies, including the rough Bordeaux and high flavored Rochelle, which we offer wholesale and retail at a small advance.

STERETT & Co.,
dec7. corner Market and Front sts.

SPANISH SEGARS.—90 quarter boxes Principe Segars, De la Cruz, Justo Sang, De Yara and J. H. S. brands, in store and for sale low by

STERETT & Co.,
dec7. corner Market and Front sts.

RYE—Wanted 500 bushels of flail thrashed Rye, for which market price in cash will be paid, on delivery at my warehouse on Third street.

A. BEELEN.
dec7daw2t

llion's English Grammar;
do do Reader;
do Greek do;
do do Grammar;
do Cæsar's Commentaries;
Andrews' and Stoddard's Latis Grammar;
Andrews' Latin Reader;
do do Exercises;
do Cæsar;

Also, Anthon's Classical Books, and a good supply of all the Books used in the Colleges and Schools in and around Pittsburgh, to which we invite the attention of Teachers and Students. We will sell at very low prices.

ELLIOTT & ENGLISH,
Successors to Robert Carter,
dec7 between 3d and 4th sts.

Brandies, Gins and Wines.

2 half pipes Old Cog Brandy, (Pinet, Castillon & Co.)
2 " " " " (J. & F. Martell.)
6 qt. casks " " do.
2 hf. pipes " " (Edward Lagnereune.)
2 qt. casks " " (Godard.)
3 qt. casks Rochelle " (A. Seignette.)
3 pipes Weesp Anker Holland Gin.
40 qt. casks Port Wine, of various grades.
20 " " Dry Malaga Wine.
10 " " Sweet " "
10 Indian barrels Muscat "
1 puncheon Old Jamaica Spirits, on draught.
1 " " Irish Whiskey, "

For sale by MILLER & RICKETSON,
dec7 170 Liberty st.

Old Whiskey.

40 BBLS. pure Rye Monongahela Whiskey.
200 bbls. pure old " "

For sale by MILLER & RICKETSON,
dec7 170 Liberty st.

Linseed Oil.

10 BBLS. just received and for sale by
MILLER & RICKETSON,
dec7 170 Liberty st.

Bulwer's New Novel!

LUCRETIA; or the Children of the Night; by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Bart., author of "Pelham," "Pompeii," "Zanoni," "Reinzi," &c. Price twenty-five cents.

The classic pen of the author of "Rienzi," &c., after having been long in abeyance, has at length produced a work which, for artistic beauty and dramatic splendor, will doubtless be universally regarded as surpassing all his previous efforts. An intuitive perception of character seems to distinguish this great writer, added to which he possesses so masterly a power of delineation, united with such felicity of illustration, that his pictures as well as his plots and counterplots possess, in their brilliancy and freshness an undescribable charm.

This romance reveals with life-like effect the motives and secret springs of action exhibited in the career of the heroine, whose mind, endowed with singular energy, perseverance and love of intrigue, combined with the rarest graces and excellencies of her sex, exhibits one of the most extraordinary and anomalous developements of characters ever presented to our contemplation.

☞ Just received at COOK'S Literary Depot, 85 Fourth street. dec7

NEVER DESPAIR! YOU CAN BE CURED.

LAMBERTSVILLE, N. J., June 10, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne No 8 South Third st., Philadelphia—Dear Sir: I have this day had an interview with the gentleman of whom I made mention to you as having taken your Expectorant with such decided effect. He is a respectable farmer, living a few miles from here. I was so much interested in a detailed account he gave me of his cough and cure, that I embrace the first leisure moment to communicate it to you, and if the cure is as radical as it appears to be, it is the most remarkable one I have ever known. For 32 years (after having the measles) he has been suffering with a cough of the most distressing kind, getting worse as he advanced in years; he is now 55. Frequent terms of coughing and difficulty of breathing, lasting from an hour to an hour and a half, would come upon him with such severity as to exhaust him with strangling until his eyes became *bloodshot*. He had despaired of being cured having tried physicians and a thousand things without relief. For nine weeks immediately previous to taking the Expectorant, he had not been able to go to his barn although there was the most urgent necessity for him to do so.

During the nine weeks he was under the care of an eminent physician, and he finally just got able to go out, and came to my store, and hearing his cough, I recommended to him your Expectorant. He first said he had tried so many things that he had no confidence in any thing; but I induced him to take a bottle by telling him of persons of my acquaintance who had been decidedly benefitted by it. This was on Tuesday; that night he took of it, and says that it was the first comfortable night's sleep he had enjoyed for years. On the Thursday following he went to work, and has continued to make a full hand on his farm ever since [now nearly two months.] He told me to-day that for the last week he had cut and split a hundred rails, or made a hundred panels of fence per day; has been in the water to wash his sheep, and otherwise exposed, without the least symptom of a return of his cough, it having *entirely disappeared* and, strangest of all, one-third of a bottle has produced the effect. He seems so thankful and overjoyed that he "wants to talk all day about it," and says that if he could not procure another bottle, he would refuse one hundred dollars for the remainder of the bottle he had left.

Your Carminative Balsam I have used or recommened to others for the last ten years, with the most salutary effect. Respectfully yours,

JOHN H. ANDERSON.

For sale in Pittsburgh at the PEKIN TEA STORE, 72 Fourth street, near Wood—and at the Drug Store of H. P. Schwartz, Federal street, Allegheny City.
dec7-d&w

Improved Method of Double Entry

BOOK KEEPING TAUGHT BY MR. DUFF, at the Accountant's Institute. For shortening the process, and securing accuracy, no system ever introduced has given equal satisfaction. Those who desire to be satisfied upon this point can have reference to Merchants in this city who have tested is utility by five or six years' experience. Mr. Duff's new work upon Steamboat Book Keeping, just published, enables him to teach that branch of the science of accounts to the utmost perfection. Classes for penmanship and Mercantile Calculations both day and evening. dec5

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Westmoreland county, there will be exposed to public vendue or outcry on *Thursday the 7th day of January next*, as the property of Robert Donnelly, dec'd, the following described real estate, to wit: A certain tract of land situate in Loyalhanna township, Westmoreland containing 169 acres, strict measure, bounded by lands of D. K. McConnell, Samuel Hart, James Robison, Michael Fennell, Thomas Brown, and the Loyalhanna Creek, having about 60 acres cleared, a log house and log barn thereon. Also another tract of land in same township, containing 72 acres and 15 perches, strict measure, adjoining land of John Snodgrass, Esq., and the Loyalhanna Creek, having about 65 acres cleared, a log house and log barn thereon. Also another tract of land in same township, containing 14¼ acres, adjoining lands of Henry McBride, Esq., and D. K. McConnell, all cleared, having a stone house, and frame stable, and a complete Woolen Factory, embracing a Fulling, Carding and Spinning machines, &c. Sale to take place on the premises and terms made known by Henry McBride and John S. Adair, administrators of said deceased.

By the Court,
dec5-d1awts. DAVID FULLWOOD, *Clerk.*

Damaged Glass and Queensware at Auction.

AT McKenna's Auction Rooms, No. 114, Wood st., on Monday Dec. 7th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., will be sold on account of whom it may concern, 3 packages of Glass and Queensware, damaged on the Ohio river a few weeks since. At 10 o'clock, same day a variety of Clothing and Dry Goods.

dec5 P. McKENNA, Auct'r.

Auction Sales,

BY John D. Davis, Auctioneer, south-east corner of Wood and 5th sts., on Monday morning the 7th inst., at 10 o'clock, will be sold an extensive assortment of fresh and seasonable Dry Goods, embracing nearly all the variety usually kept in an extensive retail Dry Goods store.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., 15 bbls No 3 Mackerel; 3 do N. O. Sugar; 6 boxes No 1 Chocolate; 5 caddy boxes Y. H. Tea; 3 crates assorted Queensware, embracing a large assortment of dishes, plates, cups and saucers, basins and ewers, pitchers, bowls, &c.

An extensive assortment of new and second hand household furniture, among which are 1 very superior mahogany case Piano Forte, 1 mahogany side board, feather beds, bedding, mattrasses, looking glasses, globe lamps, carpeting, &c., cooking stoves, cooking utensils, coal stoves, &c.

At 6½ o'clock, P. M., a quantity of fine table and pocket cutlery, men's shoes, umbrellas, musical instruments, new and second hand watches, spectacles, jewelry, hardware, and ready made clothing, &c. dec4

NEWSPAPERS, &c.—All the daily and almost all the weekly Pittsburgh newspapers; a variety of Almanacs for 1847; Sibbett's Counterfeit Detector; the Philadelphia Saturday Enquirer, and all the publications of the *American Temperance Union*, New York, kept constantly for sale. Also, a large variety of later papers, from many cities and towns in the United States, to read or sell. Please call at
dec5-3t I. HARRIS', No. 12, St. Clair st.

PEACH BRANDY—30 Barrels Peach Brandy, just received and for sale by
dec4 MILLER & RICKETSON.

Third " 25 "

PRIVATE BOX, 75 CTS.

Second night of the celebrated Tragedian Mr. A. A. ADDAMS, who will appear as HAMLET.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 7th, 1846.

Will be performed Shakspeare's Tragedy of

HAMLET.

HAMLET..........................Mr. A. A. ADDAMS.

To conclude with the laughable farce of
CATCHING AN HEIRESS.

Tuesday third night of A. A. Addams.

Doors to open at 6½, performance to commence at 7 precisely.

JOHN CARSON. S. J. M'KNIGHT.

Carson & M'Knight,

WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, Sixth street, between Wood and Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa. dec4-y

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WM. GLENN, Bookbinder, has removed to the corner of Wood and Third sts, above C. H. Kay, where he is prepared to do every description of Ruling and Binding. dec2-y

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Joseph C. M'Kibbin,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office in Wallace's building, on 4th st., between Wood and Smithfield streets. nov 18-y

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M. Cummins, Smithfield st., above Third,

DEALER in Loom Findings, embracing all the Wants of Hand and Power Loom Manufacture in all branches. Also; Looking Glass Plates, Clocks, Frames, Glass, Pictures and Variety Goods. nov18-y

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SEVEN BIG DOORS
CLOTHING STORE,
NO. 5 SIXTH STREET, NEAR LIBERTY.
JOHN FARREN, PROPRIETOR,
nov24-y PITTSBURGH.

John L. Gallatin,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office Fourth st., between Grant and Smithfield, south side, Pittsburgh, Pa. Will also attend promptly to business in the adjoining counties. nov11-1y

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DR. ROGER'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF
LIVERWORT AND TAR!

A safe and certain cure for Consumption of the Lungs,
Spitting of Blood, Coughs, Colds, Asthma,
Pain in the Side, Bronchitis,
Whooping Cough,
and all
Pulmonary Affections,

HEAR what the celebrated Dr. Richards says—a Physician of more than 30 years standing. He certifies that in the case of Mr. Charles Wade, that after having resorted to every means within his knowledge, for the treatment of Consumption, without the slightest benefit, he permitted him to use Dr. Rogers' Liverwort and Tar, by which he was restored to perfect health.

(Signed) WM. J. RICHARDS, M. D.

☞ Please get a pamphlet and see this certificate in full.

CONSUMPTION AND MOST DISTRESSING COUGH CURED.

Mrs. Ann Childes, who resides on 6th street (South side) 2 doors West of Smith st., Cin. O., certifies—

That she was so far gone with Consumption, attended with a most distressing Cough, as to be on the very brink of the grave, and, although under the care of an able Professor, she had given up all hopes of recovery but was rescued by the use of Dr. Rogers' Liverwort and Tar; one half bottle of which broke the Cough entirely up ANN CHILDES.

VIOLENT, COUGH, PAIN AND SPITTING OF BLOOD CURED.

Mr. Finch, John street, between 4th and 5th sts., Cin., O.; states that he was afflicted with a violent Cough, much pain and continual Spitting of Blood, and, although under the care of an excellent Physician, was daily becoming worse, but was happily cured by Dr. Rogers' Liverwort and Tar, which stopped the blooding, removed the pain, broke up the Cough immediately, and healed the Lungs perfectly sound. [Signed.] JUSTICE FINCH.

From the Hon. Judge, WM. BURKE, of Cincinnati. He states that he is well acquainted with Mr. Finch, and that his statements are entitled to full confidence; also, that he can fully corroborate what has been said with regard to this medicine, having used it himself with the most decided benefit. He considers it valuable.

(Signed,) WILLIAM BURKE.

Call on the Agents and see this certificate in full.

DISTRESSING COUGH AND THE LAST STAGES OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

Mrs. Benj. Smith, living on Ann street, one square North of the Cincinnati Hospital, certifies—

That she was so low that the physicians could do no more for her. She exhibited precisely the same symptoms that her daughter did before she died, (she having died with the same disease but a short time previous,) and was absolutely strangling with her cough, when she commenced using Dr. Rogers' Compound Syrup of Liverwort and Tar, which raised her as by a miracle.

(Signed,) ABIGAL SMITH.

A. L. Scovill, Wholesale Agent for the West and South, S. E. corner of 5th and Spruce streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

D. C. Kneeland, principal Agent for Pittsburgh, office on Grant st., one door below 2d.

Also for sale by J. Kidd & Co., corner of 4th and Wood sts., Pittsburgh.
John H. Cassell, 5th ward, Pittsburgh.
H. P. Schwartz, Allegheny.
John Smith, Birmingham. dec4-d1y.

New Music.

LOVE NOT, a very popular song by Mrs. Norton,	12½	cents.
Old Granite State, [Hutchinsons]	50	"
Grave of Bonaparte,	25	"
We are happy and free,	25	"
Good Bye,	25	"
Johnny Sands,	25	"
Rose Atherton,	25	"
I'm Afloat; by Russell,	50	"
Joys that we've tasted,	25	"

INSTRUCTION BOOKS FOR PIANO FORTE.

Hunter's Piano Forte Instructor,	$2,50
Burgmuller's " "	2,00
Hamilton's " "	1,00
Cook's Art of Singing,	3,00
Jarvis's Piano Instructor,	1,25
Clark's Catechism,	38
Burrow's Piano Forte Primer,	38

Received and for sale by JOHN H. MELLOR.
dec4 No. 81 Wood stree.

I WOULD speak an honest and conscientious word of advice to those of you who are not too wise to reason, and who can appreciate and distinguish between the cruel and dishonest puffing of the day, (in reference to pulmonary diseases,) and the following straight-forward statement, by one who would not offer a misrepresentation to you, where life and death are so dearly concerned as in any of the diseases or ailments which lead to Consumption.

I can assure you that the remedy here offered, has given a heavenly relief, and often effected a permanent cure, when every other remedy has failed. It is pleasant, indeed, beautiful to taste; and for those who are weak, languid, and emaciated, it will form an agreeable article of food, as it is in the form of a beautiful, flavored balsamic jelly. It can, therefore, in truth and honor, be offered to all those afflicted with *Bronchitis, Asthma, Obstinate or Common Coughs and Colds, spitting of Blood, Bleeding of the Lungs, Whooping-cough, Croup, Difficulty of Breathing, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, First Stages of Consumption, and all other Pulmonary and Liver Complaints.* It is known as DR. EMANUEL'S BALSAMIC LUNG AND COUGH JELLY.

The materials of this Jelly are purely vegetable and balsamic, and are the invention of an eminent physician, from which the proprietor has purchased the recipe. It is certainly worth its weight in gold, but is put at a price to be within the reach of rich or poor.

Sold by WM. JACKSON, at his Boot & Shoe store, No. 89 Liberty street, head of Wood st., Pittsburgh. Price 50 cents and $1 per bottle. dec5

NEW DISCOVERY—By which all Stoves and Pipes, or Grates, may be kept jet black with as beautiful a polish as a coach body with one application a year. Sold only in Pittsburgh, by W. Jackson, No. 89 Liberty st. head of Wood st. Pittsburgh. dec4

A. A. MASON, 62 Market st., has received another lot of New Goods; comprising 12 pcs. Cotton and Silk Warp Alpaccas; 15 pcs, red, white and yellow Flannels; 10 pcs. dark mixed Cassinett; 20 pcs. Kentucky Jeans; Canton Flannels; Tickings; Striped Checks, &c. dc1

A. A. MASON, 62 Market st., offers for sale an extensive assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings. dc1

A. A. MASON, 62, Market st., has on hand an extensive assortment of Shawls, comprising more of those splendid Brocha, also Cashmere worsted and other Shawls. dec1

MACKEREL AND PICKLED HERRING:
50 Barrels No. 3 Mackerel;
30 do Ale Wives do pickled;
Herring, in store and for sale by
dec4 MILLER & RICKETSON.