THE BOQUET OF MAGNOLIA.

[Translated from the Courier des Etats Unis, for the Morning Post.]

CHAPTER II.

From the manner in which my master fell, I believed that he was killed. La Pepita screamed. Not being permitted to ride in front, I was of course behind at the time of the accident. Dona Carmen (seeing my master motionless, and La Pepita turning round at the mercy of her fright ened horse,) leaped to the ground, and went to the assistance of the former. He showed no signs of life; his face was covered with the dust and dirt of the road; his cloak and clothes torn, and his right arm terribly bruised. Dona Carmen, even before I could come to her assistance, made Pepita sit down, laid my master's head upon her knees, and opened his breast to allow him to breathe more freely. The senora was as pale as her lover, except a small glowing spot upon her cheek, caused by anxious excitement. *Ma foi!* she was a noble creature, who was not ashamed to be as good as she was handsome, for I heard her say to La Pepita:—

"This is the second time that I have succored him, and without doubt he will a second time forget it; however, we were engaged to live and die for one another; and it seems as if heaven had brought us together."

"But he loves you," said La Pepita, in the same tone of voice. You will remember that I had told her as much about my master as I had learned from her about the senora; and her tongue was too much excited by the wonderful news to remain inactive.

Dona Carmen raised her head quickly, and pressed her hands upon her breast as if she had been wounded. The Viscount at that moment opened his eyes, and looked at her with a wavering gaze, like a lamp which struggles to burn. Had he heard what she had said? The Senora seemed to think so; for she turned around, and by signs ordered me to bring her horse, which was grazing at a short distance. She then availed herself of my assistance in mounting, thanked me graciously, and sent me back to my master. She turned her back to us, and pretended to gaze at the sky as the day was breaking; but her efforts to restrain her amorous pity were vain, for she could not keep from turning quickly when my master uttered a cry of pain, as I bound up his broken arm with my cravat. This movement, which was perceived by the Viscount, reminded him of his duty to thank the Senora for her assistance. This was certainly the dearest wish of his heart; but he would have combatted it, had he thought that the Senora would see in it the proof that her conversation with Pepita had been overheard by him during his swoon. He was a gallant man, even against his interest and his happiness; he therefore paid her a commonplace compliment, while she, remembering what she had just done and said, was so agitated, that she could only reply by an inclination of the head. The Viscount replied to this, by apologizing for the fright which he had occasioned her. La Pepita and I did not dare to show ourselves too curious during this scene; and, as we kept at a respectful distance, we only heard imperfectly. But we saw enough to know that the lovers were exchanging the most gracious words, and the sweetest pardons.

Remarking the confusion of Dona Carmen the Viscount approached her, the better to hear what we were saying; and La Pepita then triumphed, for they spoke together, and love again united them. I was pleased to the heart. I never saw, and will never again see, such a ravishing *tableau;* they were in the flower of youthful hope, and their love had been tried by misfortune, so that their joy was without any alloy, and their mutual pardon unmingled with reproof. The interview lasted but a few minutes, when the Senora turned her horse slowly away and giving us a final greeting, continued, with Pepita, her route toward Almudovar.

We returned to the camp, and being joined at noon by the rest of our army, we entered Huesca, where my master and I, with a little address, contrived to lodge ourselves in the house of Badiello, the husband of Dona Carmen. I had promised Pepita to see her again; and it appeared that the same arrangement existed between the Viscount and the Senora. There was no person in the house but an old duena The Senor Badiello, who had lived in Huesca since his marriage, was now in Navarra, arranging some business. Donna Carmen was visiting an aunt in Almudyoar, but in three days she returned, and at the end of a week the lovers were lost to everything but each other. To see how they abridged the preliminaries of love, was proof that they had resolved to overcomes reason by the power of madness, and that they feared death less than a too long constraint. Pepita and I made love with smaller arms, and counseled our superiors to use more mystery and caution; but our remonstrances went for naught, for each had chosen a part in the case of a discovery. "Death is the end of all things," said the Viscount, in reply to my advice. "My husband is killing me day by day and year by year," said the Senora to Pepita, —"he may go farther, and destroy me by a single bow: what is that to me? *I have lived!*"

The idea of living, as it were under the very hand of Death, had such a sad charm about it, that we did not dare to combat any longer with these desperate resolutions. We contented ourselves with watching that no one without should discover what was going on under our own eyes. This was very difficult, for their passion was delirium; and they found an excuse for every imprudence, in their disdain for death, and their contempt for those human conventionalities which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. Moreover the danger which menaced them appeared to pass away from their sight day by day. Badiello did not arrive; the mountain which lay in their path seemed to melt away; Hope returned, and they delighted to dream of plans for securing to themselves life and happiness, no matter at what price.

Any thought of resurrection, gives consolation to the dying. In a moment of trial, we regard the end to be attained, without disquieting ourselves much as to the means to be employed in reaching it. Our superiors were at this point. In a conversation which the Viscount held with me, I saw that his heart duped him; and that the loyalty of his principles, and even his honor, no longer balanced his love. I had not the courage to tell him of it at first; but contented myself by answering all his questions, with these words,—"Whoever desires the end, desires the means."

"Without doubt," he would reply; "but in what would you find me culpable, if I fought a duel with the husband of Carmen?" Who, except this wretch, could have intercepted my letters to her, when she was under his care—thus making her believe that I had forgotten her?"

"But," cried I, "will one crime excuse another? Badiello is old and you are young; is there an equal chance in the combat? Would you tell him why you wish to meet him? You cannot. Before Dona Carmen became your mistress, your honor was clear; and I, less than any other man, would have opposed your legitimate revenge.—Now, if you fight, what motive urges you? The stain being on his honor, and no longer on yours, your only motive can be to seek the means of gaining full possession of Donna Carmen. Ah! Senor, you are a soldier and of noble blood, and yet, you ask me what I think of a plan, which, when stripped of the trumpery of words, means simply this:—to start on the road to Navarra, wait for Badiello, in a retired Posada, seek some idle pretext to insult him, and then coolly kill him!"

"You are right," said he; "but you do not know what it is to love!"

The next day, I saw that the project had been abandoned. Poor creatures! in what trifles they sought for consolation. A she-devil of a gypsy, whom they saw one evening seated on the sill of the door, became their adviser. La Pepita was pleased with their superstition; and gave her assistance in the grand work of sorcery. The Viscount at first ridiculed all her predictions; after a word, however, which struck him, he became at once furious and believing. I was sent out of the room where this great magic was going on; and the gypsy having then only fascinated eyes and hearts around her, gave full flight to her folly; in short, the cards being consulted, the lines of the hand studied, the arc of the moon measured in a bucket of water, the lead melted, and blood taken from the left arm of each lover and mingled with some of the drugs, the sorceress pronounced for them a happy future, and advised a flight across the mountains. Neither offered any objection; and Pepita, triumphing in this fine decision, came running to me with the good news.

"Oh," said she, "we are going away."

"Who?" inquired I.

"Dona Carmen, your master, you, and I: we are going to France!"

I merely shrugged my shoulders, and answered, "If that is the best advice your gipsy could give, I pity her." Pepita, somewhat mortified, turned on her heel, and probably told my master what I had said; for she returned, in a few minutes, with an order for me to go to him. When I entered his chamber, he told me to have a carriage and horses ready at midnight. I judged, from the dry tone of his voice, and his looks, that he would not take, in good part, either advice or a simple question. I went away, determined to choose a better time; when he called me back, and ordered me to fill his valise. I worked very slowly, and little by little he began to yield, and talk on indifferent subjects, while I answered in the same tone. At length he said—

"We start for France to-morrow."

"On a mission, without doubt?"

"No," answered he.

"Will you give me your messages for the general and your comrades?"

"Will you not come with me to France?" said he, astonished.

"I am a soldier."

"Ah!" replied he, looking in my face, "that is a lesson intended for me."

I pretended not to understand; and began to buckle the valise. I saw that he tried to irritate himself. It was evident that there was a new struggle between his honor and his love; and that this struggle was the last. He walked across the room, and, stopping before a trophy of arms, took them down, telling me that I had forgotten them. My heart beat, and my knees trembled like a sword that has just given a blow! The time had come to tell him what I thought of his conduct.

"What good will there be in taking these arms?" said I. "Of what use will they be to you henceforth? Leave them where you leave your honor!"

I thought he was going to kill me; he seized me by the throat, and threw me against the wall, exclaiming:

"My honor! wretch! My honor! Who has charged thee to remind me of it? Do you know even what honor is?"

"We are both soldiers," said I, "and under this title I claim the right to speak to you of your honor. If you break all your oaths, I think I will have the right also to repeat to you your own question."

At these words he sprang towards me again; and, as I sought the door to avoid a struggle, Dona Carmen opened it and entered.

"Wherefore this anger," said she, sadly. Allegro is a thousand times right. I have urged you to commit a fault. Pardon me for having thought with my heart, rather than my head. Pardon me, love; honor goes before love.

"You have been listening to us?" said he.

"I have heard everything; Allegro is right. Let us forget our project of flight."

"But death approaches!"

"We will die together," said she, leading him away.

A month passed. The end came one evening, when they were enjoying the fresh air in the garden of Senor Badiello. This garden, situated a quarter of a league from the city, was enclosed on three sides by a high wall; while the fourth was open on the river and afforded a view of the country. It was the delight of Senor Badiello, and was indeed worthy of his regard, from the excellence of the situation, and the beauty of the trees and bowers. As Pepita and I were standing together, admiring the view from the bank of the river, I thought I saw some one watching us from the other side. I told my companion, but the madcap, only laughed at me."

"Your spy," said she, "only exists in your imagination. It is the fog rising from the Insuela, or the shadow of the trunk of a tree which has shaped itself into a phantom to alarm you."

This talk however did not satisfy me: I went to the very edge of the water and looked across, but could see nothing to confirm my suspicions. The rallying of Pepita then began to take effect; and the girl so bewitched me that I was ashamed of my fears, and began myself to ridicule them. She remarked also that our master and mistress being nearer the river, would have seen any intruder quicker than us.

I listened with pleasure to Pepita's prattle, when all at once I heard the cracking of the sand on the path, under the pressure of a foot. This path was long and dark, but I have the eye of a cat, and of a contrabandista. I soon saw, creeping along, a man, the perfect portrait of Senor Badiello, the demon of the sure blow!

"Quick," said Pepita, who saw as clearly as I did,—"run and tell the lovers that my master is coming."

"Where shall we hide?"

"On the bank under the willows, and whatever happens be silent."

She went boldly to meet Badiello; while I sought my master, and Dona Carmen; I found them approaching us in an opposite path and arranging a boquet of Magnolia flowers, by placing the stems covered with moss in one of the Viscount's gloves. When I told my news, my master remained motionless: he uttered not a word; he made no gesture. Dona Carmen neither trembled nor appeared troubled. She placed the boquet in the Viscount's hands and turned her brow for him to kiss. He let the flowers fall and did not understand her wish! It was she, who, firm to the last, offered the *adieu* and the *revoir!* This last word appeared to awaken my poor master to consciousness; for he raised his head and exclaimed: "when, oh! when shall we meet again?" The Senora was unable to reply; but giving a farewell kiss, waved an adieu with a trembling hand, and disappeared among the bushes of the garden.

(To be continued.)

The Morning Post

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
MONDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1847.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.
FOR GOVERNOR,
FRANCIS R. SHUNK,
OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
MORRIS LONGSTRETH,
OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

ASSEMBLY.—JAMES B. SAWYER.
J. H. M'ELHENNY.
JOSEPH COOPER.
JAMES K. LONG.
TREASURER.—JOHN C. DAVITT.
COMMISSIONER.—R. DONALDSON.
AUDITOR.—EDWARD M'CORKLE.

Salt.—The Tariff.—Glass.

An old subscriber to the Gazette urges, as an objection to the Tariff of 1846, that he cannot live by making salt at the present prices—which he says are 68 and 75 cents a barrel. He says that the price ought to be not less than $1,25 a barrel. Now if the manufacturer, under the late tariff act, could not afford to sell salt at a profit for less than the latter price, how could he afford to do so to better advantage under a different law, which would place a heavy duty on imported salt?—Would the placing a higher rate of duty upon the article enable him to employ his laborers at a lower rate of wages? If so, such a law would operate to the injury of the laborer. Or if, by keeping so much more salt out of our markets, he could sell at his own prices; even supposing he should give those in his employ better wages; would this not be taking money out of the pockets of the consumers, for his especial benefit? Every one must know that one or the other of these conditions, naturally results from such a state of things As it respects the rates of wages, experience has proved, that they are not beneficially affected by the enactment, of a high tariff of duties on imports; and sound common sense, we think should dictate to all, that no particular branch of business has a right to the protection of the government. That which is called a *protection* to one branch must of necessity be *a tax* upon the other branches of business.

While upon this subject, we would notice a fact which has recently been presented to our minds. It is this: Glass is now scarce in our markets, at $3 a box for 8x10. Our manufacturers are kept busy to supply the demand. Last year, the sale of the same description was dull at $1.75. Scorchings were then $3 a hundred, while now they are $4,25; and yet some of the manufacturers say that they are not making any thing at the present prices Now it really seems to us, that, unless the holders of the article were last year forced to sell, at a great sacrifice, at the very low prices then obtained, they must be making money now, when the price of the article is nearly double what it then was. Nearly every manufacturer speaks of the high rates of wages given to American operatives, as one of the reasons why the employers cannot, as they tell us, make more money; but the wages of mechanics have not been materially increased above the rates of last year; and consequently this item, even in addition to the increased price given for scorchings, will not prevent the manufacturer from realizing a *living* profit at least. What, then, is the reason why the glass manufacturer cannot make more money now, at the prices given for glass of every description, than he could a year ago? We would like to be enlightened on this point.

Federalism in a Stew!

The recent letter of Gen. Taylor, addressed to the editor of the Cincinnati Signal, has produced a wonderful sensation in the federal ranks. It has visited them like a shower bath—it has nipped in the bud all their delightful dreams of future political bliss! The truth is, the federalists expected to make a tool out of General Taylor to serve their base party purposes, but they now discover, that the old Hero is too honest a man to have any thing to do with their cliques and factions. Some of these papers have abandoned the General, to seek another "available" candidate—some blue light federalist, who "is proud to be called a whig." The The Steubenville Herald, a *late* Taylor paper, contains the following article, which, we believe, expresses the general sentiments of the federal press at present:

Some of the would-be leading whig papers are endeavoring to put a *new face* on Gen. Taylor's recentletter to the editor of the Cin. Signal. That's well enough—it will require some sort of a dressing before it can be recognized as a *whig* document; and we think our whig friends will prove incompetent to the task. The day has gone by when a man can receive the support of the whig party, until he makes a full exposure of his sentiments—an honest declaration of his political opinions.—*If Gen. Taylor had been a politician for years gone by—had previously made known his sentiments—and they were known to the people, it would not have been essential at this time, for him to define his position. But politically he is unknown to the people—and those editors who persist in thrusting him upon the party, regardless of his political opinions, must presume much upon the servility of the "rank and file." If Gen. T. is to be preferred over old and long tried veterans in the party because he has smelt a little "blood and gunpowder," we think the party has reached that point of moral destitution that it matters not whom they may nominate!* But we do not think the party will ever act with such a perfect disregard of principle, or that it will ever support a man who does not adopt *whig* sentiments—is not known as a *whig* —is not free to be acknowledged a *whig*—and is not proud to be called a *whig.—Steubenville Herald, July 7.*

☞ The Boston Times says that the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, by a vote of 149 to 107, has conferred the privileges of citizenship upon Thomas W. Dorr! The Journal of Commerce *guesses* that the "people of Rhode Island will have no objection to his taking up his residence in his new home." *We* have no doubt that the *Algerine authorities* of Rhode Island would have no objection to *send him*, if they could, to Pluto's dominions. They did all which they dared to do, to accomplish this; and will doubtless pursue his steps through life, to plot his ruin, for having dared to assert the rights of freemen. But the name of THOMAS W. DORR will yet be pointed to as one of the most "bright, particular stars" which ever rose above the horizon of benighted Rhode Island.

☞ The amount of public money in the various government deposites on the 21st ult., subject to draft, was $5,144,196, of which $3,798,163 was in the Sub-Treasury at New York, $1,051,490 in do. at Philadelphia, and 1,022,770 in do at Boston.

Committee of Correspondence.

In pursuance of a call, a meeting of the Democratic Committee of Correspondence was held at the Washington Hotel, on Saturday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The members present were: Shaler, Chairman; Wilson, Phillips, Kerr, Irwin, Backup, Tomer, Ankrim, Farley, Patterson, M'Clintock, Riddle, and Wylie.

On motion, Mr. Wylie was appointed Secretary of the meeting. On motion,

Resolved, That four members be added to the present Committee of Conference with Butler county, and that persons be now put in nomination, and the election be by marking.

Whereupon, the following persons were duly elected as such additional members: Rody Patterson, Andrew Burke, George R. Riddle, and R. A. Bausman.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to inform the Chairman of the Butler Committee, that the Committee of Conference of this county will meet their Committee at Bakerstown, at the house of John Leavly, on Friday next, the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock, for the purposes of their appointment.

On motion of R. H. Kerr,

Resolved, That we deem it unnecessary to reassemble the Convention, at this busy season with our farmers, to supply the vacancy in the Senatorial nomination. We therefore leave the matter to the Conferees, confiding in their wisdom and prudence, that they will make a suitable nomination from the district.

Resolved, That unless otherwise specially ordered, the Washington Hotel shall be the place for holding all meetings called by this Committee or its officers.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Democratic papers.

Resolved, That when this meeting adjourns, it shall adjourn to meet again on the first Saturday of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Meeting adjourned.

CHAS. SHALER, Chairman.

ANDREW WYLIE, jr, Secretary.

Mr. Polk at Tammany Hall.

The Gazette finds great fault with Mr. Polk, because, (on the occasion of his visit to New York,) he attended, at Tammany Hall, a meeting of the honest, hardworking portion of the Democracy. The operatives of New York, like those of Pittsburgh, and all other places, in general, are compelled to work during the day; and if they wish to call upon their friends, or receive visits from them, it must be when the labors of the day are over. Mr. Polk was consequently obliged to visit them at night; and we doubt not that it was a joyous meeting. We can well imagine how the walls of old Tammany reverberated to the heartfelt huzzas of the honest men who were there assembled, after a day of toil, to greet the President of their choice; and we as little doubt the soulfelt enjoyment of Mr. Polk, in receiving the plain, frank, and blunt expressions of confidence in his integrity, and approval of his course, which he there heard. There were not many of the nabobs of Wall or Pearl street, nor were there many of the exquisites of Broadway at that meeting; but the workshops, the manufactories, and shipyards were represented; and all the branches of honest industry had their representatives. Because the President would not confine his attentions to the would-be gentry of the city, however, the organ of "all the decency" in Pittsburgh tells his readers that this visit was "conceived in the worst possible taste." The *smell* of a workshop must be peculiarly offensive to the intelligent editor of the Gazette; and he fain would tell his readers such is the fact.

HEM!!! ahem!!—*m!*—The editor of the Gazette, who vaunts his regard for the intelligence of his readers, and his respect for them, says that the President "holds his place at the price of fraud upon the people of Pennsylvania, and of wrong upon the whole country!" Two very astonishing circumstances are brought to our knowledge by this developement. One is, that a very sudden alteration has taken place in the affairs of our country; and the other, that the editor has powers far beyond those of the most expert *clairvoyant*. Mr. Brooks told his intelligent readers, not long since, that the country was enjoying a remarkable degree of prosperity. No one else, of whom we have heard, has been able to make the wonderful discovery that Mr. Polk has *ruined* the country; or even so much as inflicted a *wrong* upon it. But the startling intelligence has burst upon us through the columns of the Gazette, and we will no doubt soon obtain the particulars of the dreadful catastrophe!

☞ The editor of the Reading Press says, that his Whig neighbor is given to *stretching*! He speaks of the matter as though it were one not to be expected; or which, by exposing, would be avoided in future. There never was a greater mistake: for, so long as he continues to fight for the Whigs, they will expect him to continue to *stretch*. And how can it be otherwise? Nothing can *expand* without *stretching*. Expansion is a fundamental Whig principle; and he cannot battle in the cause of the Whigs without contending for this principle, in every thing that relates to paper money corporations, associated wealth, or the manufacture of shackles upon free and widely extended commercial pursuits. The man should not be rebuked for a faithful adherence to his *principles*.

☞ An affray took place in Brownsville, (as we learn from the Herald,) on the 3d instant, between John L. Daws and John Macginley, of Bridgeport, in which Daws shot Macginley in the arm with a pistol, the ball passing into the other arm, where it lodged; immediately after which he left the place. The wounds are not considered very dangerous ones.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, OHIO.—The Democracy have nominated the following ticket; and from our knowledge of the gentlemen composing it, we have no hesitation in saying better selections could not have been made:

Representative, James M'Kinney, Esq.; *Sheriff*, (by acclamation,) James M. Thomas; *Treasurer*, Johnston Mooney; *Prosecutor*, Oliver C. Gray; *Coroner*, Robert M'Intyre; *P. H. Director*, Isaac Winters.

A Lesson for Scolding Wives.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up th reply—

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserve it!"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel—"How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

☞ We understand that Mr. Loomis & Co., in tenb exhibiting their experiments in the city of Allegheny before going.

☞ The Telegraph, of Saturday, drops General Taylor like a hot potato. He wont suit the party.

THE HOSPITAL.—We are pleased to be able to state that the 11½ acres of ground given by Hon. Harmer Denny and wife, as a donation to the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, have been accepted by the Board of Managers, at their meeting on Saturday; and the nature of the gift is such as reflects a high degree of credit on the donors.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE PITTSBURGH GAS WORKS held a meeting on last Thursday, for the purpose of adopting resolutions of condolence for the death of the Hon. R. Biddle, who was the first President of the Board: "*Resolved*, This Board entertains a grateful sense of the services he rendered to the Pittsburgh Gas Works, at the period of its first organization, to which may, in a great measure, be attributed to their present state of prosperity and usefulness."

PUBLIC LIBRARY.—This long talked of project is likely to be consummated at last. A call is out for a meeting, to be held in Athenæum Building, (formerly Tippecanoe Hall,) on this day, at 2 o'clock, P. M. We hope there may be a general attendance; and that the matter may be pushed onward.

YESTERDAY was warm. In the afternoon, there was a shower within a few miles of the city, which had the effect of cooling the atmosphere, and rendering the evening very pleasant. Last night was cloudy.

EDINBURGH, June 4.—The cause of Dr. Chalmers's death was generally understood to be apoplexy, but the autopsy has shown it to have been disease of the heart, that organ having, to a considerable extent been converted into fatty matter, and so becoming incapable of muscular action.—The other parts of the body were decidedly healthy.

Phrenology is rather at fault regarding Dr. Chalmers. From the largeness of his head externally and the peculiarity of his mental temperament, the leading craniologists have long spoken of him as of necessity possessing a large brain; but the *post-mortem* inspection of the encephalon has disabused this idea. Thus, the weight of brain in Dupuytren was 64 oz., in Cuvier 63, in Abercombie 63, in Chalmers 53—the average weight in persons from 50 to 60 years of age being 50 oz. 2 drachms, O'Connell was also spoken of as possessing a brain of extraordinary dimensions, and it would be interesting to know if dissection threw any light upon this. The removal of his head necessarily involved the use of the scalpel, and, doubtless, it would have been used in the cranial as well as in the thoracic regions.

We are not sufficiently experienced, in relation to the effects which might result to the brain, from a diseased state of the heart; and especially a disease of the character here spoken of; but it would seem to be within the range of probability, that, if the circulation was not healthy and free, the brain would be more likely to be diminished in volume than any other organ;—inasmuch as it requires a much greater proportional amount of blood, than any other part of the whole body.—Phrenology is still only in its infancy. Much light may yet be shed upon the subject; but we do not see that this statement—even supposing our idea to be incorrect—necessarily effects the truth of the general proposition, that a large head indicates a large brain.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Prepared and corrected every Afternoon.

PITTSBURGH BOARD OF TRADE.
COMMITTEE FOR JULY.
Jos. Pennock, Jno. McFaden, F. Eorenz.

PORT OF PITTSBURGH.

28 INCHES IN THE CHANNEL—FALLING.

ARRIVED.
Rhode Island, Dawson, Steubeaville.
Friendshitp, Davis, Cincinnati.
Island Packet, Worley, Wheeling.
Umpire, Young, Beaver.
Arrow, Atkinson, Beaver.
Arena, Goff, Beaver.
Consul, Bowman, Brownsville.
Louis M'Lane, Bennett, Brownsville.
DEPARTED.
America, Calhoun, Wheeling.
Susquehanna, ——, Louisville.
Mingo Chief, Moore, Zanesville.
Hudson, Poe, Wheeling.
Sunbeam, Cochran, Cincinnati.
Arena, Goff, Beaver.
Caleb Cope, Sholes, Beaver.
Umpire, Young, Beaver.
Consul, Bowman, Brownsville.
Louis M'Lane, Bennett, Brownsville.

DAILY REVIEW OF THE MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE POST,
MONDAY MORNING, July 12, 1847.

FLOUR—There was very little done on Saturday. Buyers offered $4,00 ℔ bbl., but holders refused to sell at that price.

WHEAT—Dealers reluctantly pay 80c. ℔ bu. Sales lumited at that figure.

CORN—Sales at 48@50c. ℔ bu. Little doing.

BACON—Prices remain firm, with sales to the city. We quote good Hams, 8@8¼; Sides, 7½@8; Shoulders, 6½@6¾; Hog Round, 7½c. ℔ lb.

LARD—Scarce, with sales at 8@8½c. ℔ lb.

CHEESE—No change. Sales are made at last quotations.

DRIED APPLES—Sales from store in a small way at 50@56c. ℔ bu.

DRIED PEACHES—Market dull. Held at $1,12@1,25, according to quality.

WINDOW GLASS—Sales 50 boxes 8x10 at $2,95.

BLOOMS—Sales of Tennessee at $70 cash.

HEMP—Sales at $100 ℔ ton, which is an advance.

WOOL—Very little arrived on Saturday. No change in prices.

HAY—Sales of good Timothy at the scales at $8,00@9,50 ℔ ton.

Died,

Yesterday, (Sunday,) in this city, Mr. SAMUEL PEARSON, late of Columbia, Pa.

The funeral will take place this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the house of John H. Bell, Liberty street, opposite Wayne.

THE LAST LECTURE OF THE COURSE on Mesmerism, will be delivered at the *Odeon*, this evening, July 12, at 8 o'clock, by Messrs. Loomis & Gibon. In addition to the usual experiments with Miss Martha and the boy Oscar, a tooth will be extracted from a magnetized subject. A number of persons will also be thrown into the magnetic state. 1t

Chickering's Pianos.

JOHN H. MELLOR, No. 81, Wood street; has on hand and for sale, a very elegant Rose wood Piano forte, from the celebrated manufactory of Chickering, Boston; which has been pronounced by the best judges in the city, to be superior to any instrument they have ever heard. Price $300, cash. jy12

N. HOLMES & SON,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN EXCHANGE COIN AND BANK NOTES.
No. 55 Market street, Pittsburgh.

Selling rate.	Exchange.	Buying rate.
New York	¼ pr	Cincinnati ¼ dis
Philadelphia	½ "	Louisville ¼ "
Baltimore	½ "	St. Louis ¼ "

BANK NOTES.

Buying rates.		Buying rates.	
Ohio	¼ dis	County & City ord's	¼ dis
Indiana	½ "	Relief notes	¼ "
Kentucky	½ "	Pennsylvania Co	¼ "
Virginia	½ "	New York	¼ "
Wheeling	½ "	Maryland	¼ "
Tennessee	3 "	New Orleans	

ap8-y

GREAT ITALIAN REMEDY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1846.

Being afflicted for some 8 years with that most distressing disease, the asthma; and for the last 3 years much of the time confined to my room, and at several different times my life was despaired of; I concluded to obtain some of Mazoni's Sicilian Syrup, which was recommended to me by a friend from New York, who stated that it had cured some of the most inveterate cases known to the medical profession. Suffice it to say, that, after using the above medicine for about 4 weeks, I was entirely relieved, and I believe radically cured. Yours with respect,

OLIVER W. OWEN,
No 175 Bertram st., Philad'a.

Hays & Brockway, Wholesale and Retail Agents; see advertisement. feb22

CHRISTIE'S Galvanic Remedies for all kinds of nervous affections they have been used with entire success in all cases of Rheumatism, acute or chronic, applying to the head, face or limbs; gout, tic doloreux, bronchitis, vertigo, nervous or sick headache, indigestion, paralysis, palsy, epilepsy, fits, convulsions, cramp, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, general debility, &c. In cases of dyspepsia, which is simply a nervous derangement of the digestive organs—they have been found equally successful.

These applications are in the form of Rings and Magnetic Fluid, Bands, Bracelets, Belts, &c.

☞ See advertisement for further particulars on the outside of this sheet.

For sale at the only agency, 57 Market street.

☞ WHOOPING COUGH.—Messrs Editors—I observed some time ago a communication over the signature of "A Parent," stating that Dr. Jayne's Indian Expectorant had been the means of saving the lives of three of his children, who were suffering severely with whooping cough; and having, but a short time before, lost one of my children by that dreadful complaint, and having another, and my only child, suffering the greatest agony with the same disease, and in hourly expectation of its death, I was induced to purchase a bottle of it, and commenced using it according to the directions—and to the surprise of all it began to mend in fifteen minutes after we commenced using it, and the child has now completely recovered.

I have no acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, but I hereby return him a husband's and a father's grateful acknowledgments.

J. L. SIMPKINS.

Philadelphia, April 22d, 1846.

Jayne's Hair Tonic.—We commend to the attention of those desirous of restoring their hair or improving its beauty, to this elegant preparation We hear it every where highly spoken of, and especially by all who have made use of it, as greatly efficacious in stimulating the growth of the hair, and preventing and curing many affections of the skin. Its virtues are amply and sufficiently proved.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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. mar4

SCOTCH RELIEF.

Contributors to the relief of Scotland, who have not forwarded their produce, &c., are earnestly requested to do so as soon as possible, to W. W. Wallace, Liberty st., Pittsburgh; as the Committee are very desirous to bring their business to a close.

jy10 A. D. CAMPBELL, Chairman.

Fine Wines and Brandies.

THE lovers of good pure Wines and Brandies are invited to call and examine my large stock now in store and cellar, in casks and bottles; consisting of

WINES.	BRANDIES.
Choice Old Ports;	Old "Otard" dark;
" " Madeiras;	" "Seignette," do.
" Sherries;	" "Pier Castilion," do.
" Teneriffe;	" "J. J. Dupuy," do.
" Lisbon;	" "Otard," pale.
" Payal;	" "Seignette," do.
" Malaga;	" "Sazerac," do.
" German;	Of different vintages,
Of different brands and vintages, from 1835 to '38	from 1835 to '38 and '44.

and '44.

It will afford me much pleasure to show samples of the above Wines and Brandies, to those who may favor me with a visit, at my Wine Cellar and Liquor Store.

P. C. MARTIN,
jy12 cor. Smithfield and Front sts.

A Valuable Farm and Mill for Sale,

Situated on the waters of Harmon's creek, in Hanover and Crosscreek townships, Washington county, Pa., within 24 miles of the turnpike road leading from Steubenville to Pittsburgh, 10 miles from the Ohio river, and 24 from Pittsburgh; containing 296 acres, some woods and perches, about 200 cleared, a part creek bottom, well set in grass; all under good fencing, and good water in every field. There is on the farm a young orchard of apple trees, Peach, Plumb, Pear and Cherry of the choicest kinds.

The mill has 3 run of stones, and propelled by water and steam or either or both, and stone coal within 400 yards of the mill. A further description of the property is deemed unnecessary. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the property.

The above property will be offered at private sale until the 26th day of August, 1847, at which day, if not sold previously, it will be sold at public sale, on the following terms:—One fifth cash in hand, the balance in four equal annual payments, with interest from day of sale.

For further information it can be obtained by application to John Hunter of Wheeling, Va., or from Thomas C. Hunter, now residing on the premises.

JOHN HUNTER,
July 8, 1847 THOMAS C. HUNTER.

Pittsburgh Manufacturer and Washington Pa. Examiner, please copy until sale and send one paper, with account for settlement, to this office.—*Steubenville Union.* jy12w6t

Wines in Wood and Glass.

75 Qr. Casks Wines, Vintages from 1835 to 1841
40 doz. Bottles do., consisting of the following Brands:
S. S. Madeira;
L. M. do;
S. M. do. and other Brands;
Pemartin Pale Sherry, a superior article;
" Brown "
" Golden "
Roncao Port, much sought for in Europe;
L. M. " Offley, Weeber & Forrester;
Treble Grape do., Brands of Oporto;
Pure Juice do. " "

Also, Teneriff, Lisbon, Payal, dry and sweet Malaga, Haut Sauterne, and White and Red Wines. Persons may rely on getting a pure article, as they are direct from the hands of the Importer, and from under the Custom House Locks in New York.

For sale in quantities to suit, by

P. C. MARTIN,
jy10 cor of Smithfield and Front st

Brandy in Wood and Glass.

14 HALF pipes pale and dark Brandy, Vintage of 1835.
6 Qr. " " " " 1837.
30 doz Bottles " " " 1838-40.

Consisting of the following celebrated Brands: "Otard," "Pinet Castilion," "Sazerac;" and A. Seignette Brandies," warranted pure from under Custom House locks, in New York, and shipped here by the importers, for sale in quantities to suit, by

P. C. MARTIN,
jy10 corner of Smithfield and Front sts.

Watches from Europe.

JUST received, a fresh importation of fine Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches, of the best qualities and handsomest patterns, which I am selling at as low prices as the same qualities are purchased for in the Eastern cities—their quality and accuracy as time keepers will be guaranteed. Also, Gold Patent Lever and other Watches, at $30, $35, $40, and upwards.

Being determined to *make it the interest* of our citizens and others, to purchase at home, I respectfully invite attention to my large and beautiful assortment of Watches and Watch trimmings.

☞ The best attention constantly given to the repairing of *fine Watches.* Having in my employ the most experienced and best workmen in the State, and every facility for doing all kinds of Watch and Clock work in the very best manner.

W. W. WILSON,
jy10 Corner of 4th and Market sts.

Notice to Contractors.

PLANS and Proposals of the work, on the fifteen miles of the Western division of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, to be put under contract on the 22d of July, 1847, may be seen at the Engineer's office, Fourth street, above Smithfield, on and after the 12th inst., where information on the subject may then be obtained. jy10-d1w*

THE LIFE and adventures of JOHN A. MURRELL, being a correct and graphic account of the deeds of one of the most daring men that ever figured in the records of crime.

In the south west this land pirate is still spoken of as without an equal, for the energy, capacity, tact and perseverance which he exhibited in carrying out his villanies. The work is embellished with 22 illustrative engravings. Price 25 cents. For sale by

W. S. CALDWELL, Post-office building,
jy10-3t Third street

Auction Sales
BY JOHN D. DAVIS, AUCTIONEER.
SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF WOOD AND FIFTH STREETS.

ON Monday morning, the 12th inst. at 10 o'clock, will be sold, an extensive assortment of seasonable Foreign and Domestic staple and fancy Dry Goods, &c.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., a large quantity of new and second hand household Furniture, embracing nearly all the variety wanted by housekeepers and others. Also, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Tinware. Hardware, Cutlery, Japanned Waiters, Franklin stove, Cooking stove, Kitchen utensils, &c., Wrapping Paper, Band Boxes, Shovels, Grass Scythes, 8 day and 30 hour Clocks, Mantel Lamps, &c.

At 8 o'clock, P. M., a handsome assortment of fine Shirts with linen bosoms and collars, Summer Coats, Pantaloons, fancy Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Umbrellas, Parasols, Gold and Silver Watches, Guns, Pistols, Musical Instruments, a quantity of German and other Fancy Goods, &c. jy9

Davis's Extra Family Flour.

FAMILIES can at all times be supplied with a very superior quality of fresh ground flour from the Baldwin mills by JOHN D. DAVIS,
jy9tf Corner of Wood and Fifth sts.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla; Comstock's do.; Merchant's do.; Carpenter's do.; constantly on hand and for sale by B. A. FAHNESTOCK & Co.
jy9 cor 1st and Wood, and Wood and 6th sts.

Important to Book Buyers.

THE Literary World, a weekly newspaper, published in New York, at $3 per annum. C. F. Hoffman, editor.

The plan of the Literary World is to afford a medium where the Author and the Publisher, the Bookseller and the Bookbuyer, the Re