THE BOQUET OF MAGNOLIA.

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

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

I drew the Viscount toward the river. He followed, passively, at first, but suddenly stopped and exclaimed,—

"The bouquet! what have you done with the bouquet?"

"If you love Donna Carmen, be silent," said I; "I hear the voice of her husband."

"The bouquet, wretch! the bouquet! or all is lost," cried he.

I only answered, by placing my hand on his mouth, and shoving him into the river. He strove to resist; but being powerless in one arm, and obliged to hold on to the willows with the other, he was forced to submit. We soon heard footsteps near us. Pepita was singing, and the Senora was talking with her husband about his voyage. They came within two yards of us, and then turned toward the gate to go out. When we ceased to catch the sound of their footsteps, and heard the gate creaking on its hinges, the Viscount ordered me to go and seek his bouquet. I started toward the place which he pointed out, when I again saw Badiello; he was groping about in the grass. "What can the good man be seeking?" said I, to myself. Parbleu! he was after the glove, which served as a holder for the flowers of Magnolia. He could not find it; and I heard him muttering curses between his teeth. I began then to understand why the Viscount was so eager to recover the bouquet. In a short time, the old man uttered a cry of joy, and picked up the glove from under his feet. From some fretful interjections which I overheard, as he went away, I came to the conclusion, that some one had charitably informed him of what was going on in his absence. I returned to my master, and told him what I had seen and heard—he merely answered:

"It had to come one day or other."

From that moment we fell into a profound silence. We changed our clothes at the house of an officer, who was one of his friends; and waited until the next day to return to the house of Badiello. I strove to change the sombre current of the Viscount's thoughts, but was unable to succeed.—Early in the morning, he sent me to Badiello's house, to learn from Pepita what she knew of the explanation, which we thought must have taken place between Dona Carmen and her husband. I returned bearing the best news. Dona Carmen and Badiello had both slept well, and were both, if we might judge from appearances, in a perfectly good humor. To tell the truth, however, I was far from being satisfied; and the Viscount agreed with me: an explosion of jealousy and threats would have inspired less fear than so much tranquillity. Toward noon, the Viscount dressed himself, to visit Badiello, before going up to his apartment; this being his duty as a guest. He hoped to meet the Senora and put her on her guard against the *bonhomie* of her husband. But he was prevented, and already entrapped; for Badiello had sought an interview with the Carlist General, and, as he was an influential man in Huesca, had succeeded in obtaining an order for the departure of the Viscount de Thevannes. The General was glad to [illegible] character of Badiello in affaire of honor; and felt that, while he was conciliating the powerful citizen, he was at the same time serving his friend, the Viscount.

Thus, at the moment when we descended to the street, a soldier brought us the order to go to the quarter-general. When we arrived there, our orders were communicated to us. We were to go into Galicia, to carry despatches. It was impossible to refuse; and the general had gone out on purpose to avoid granting any request for a delay in our departure. Our horses awaited us, and our escort was already in the saddle. My master offered no objection to obeying. The command "to the right wheel! *en avant*," was given, and we were fairly started. With the exception of this order the Viscount spoke not a word. I interrogated him in twenty ways, telling him my fears, in order to find out his own; but he only repeated his former expression—"It had to come one day or other." Thus he left Huesca, never to enter it again.

"What," said I, looking at Allegro to see if he did not jest; "would your officer thus yield to his bad fortune; and go philosophically to parade in Galicia?"

"If he had listened to me, he would have done so."

"I would like better to hear that he paid no attention to your counsel, but sought the termination of his adventure."

"What! do you think he did well in blowing out his brains?"

"He killed himself?"

— And made me the heir of a very round purse, his arms, his battle horse, and his secret.—

"People do not kill themselves without a reason."

"Right or wrong he found one: Dona Carmen was dead," said Allegro.

"Well! why not tell me the end of the story?"

"Because you ought to be able to guess it, if you have ever read the "*Medecin de son honneur*" of Calderon.

"That is too horrible; and your Senor Badiello too dull for me even to think of it," said I.

—"Too horrible! what would you have done then, had you been in the place of Badiello? Too dull? Do you find the man dull who revenges himself, and does not barter away his right in the face of public scandal; as they do in France?"

"Different people, different manners; go on."

"*Mon Dieu!* it was like a thing understood. We arrived in Galicia, and they sent us back to Arragon. The general was in his old position on the Gallego at Zuera. The Viscount was scarcely unbooted, when he demanded an audience, which was refused. On the first pretext, before he was able to talk with his companions, he was seized and put under arrest. Thus they hoped to conceal from him the death of Dona Carmen and excite his anger by the appearance of injustice. These efforts were, however, useless; by presentiment or fatality he knew the fate of the Senora Carmen; and determined to complete the tragedy by taking his own life. One morning, when I entered the chamber he was arranging his papers; and I saw that he had not been to bed. As I opened the window, that he might breathe the fresh morning air, he told me that it was useless, and that the broad day displeased him. I did not like the sound of his voice and therefore asked him if he was sick."

"Not now," replied he.

"There was a table between us, and he made a sign for me to take some papers which were upon it. I read the address mechanically; one of them bore my name."

"*Misericorde!* a letter for me?—do you send me away? have I displeased you?" said I.

"No, no—it is I, who am about to quit you."

"You may well believe that this conversation troubled me; he held to me his hand, saying—"I need scarcely ask you to pray for me."

Prayer! and this from one who never prayed! what a change! He drew his hand from mine; I knew not what was the cause; but somehow the tones of his voice made me weep. "You are right," said I, "to dislike the sunlight; it irritates the eyes in a strange manner."

He smiled, and placed on his pillow something of which I could not distinguish the form, occupied as I was in rubbing my eyes; and then drew the curtains before him. Suddenly I heard an explosion, and springing to the bed, arrived just in time to receive the corse of my master, which the elasticity of the mattrass, and the nervous pressure of his feet on the floor, had thrown forward.

When his burial was spoken of, I remembered the letters which he had given me. In the one addressed to me, he requested me to carry his body to Huesca; and to place his tomb as near as possible to that of Dona Carmen: in the others he bade farewell to some friends; and requested the General to give me his aid in fulfilling the wishes expressed in my letter. The fact that he had committed suicide, was concealed; and he was interred with great pomp at Huesca. Pepita, who came to see the procession pass, declared that she had never seen a finer funeral in her life—except that of her mistress. I learned from her that which the people of Huesca were entirely ignorant of: I mean the prudent and cunning manner in which Badiello got rid of his wife.

It was this: Badiello was in Navarra, at the house of his sister, when he was informed that the Viscount was the lover of his wife. He started home; and to prevent his return from alarming Dona Carmen, and in order to have time to arrange his plans of vengeance, he brought his niece with him, a little girl, ten years old. Having no children, he wished to adopt her. Carmen knew this, and desired it also. The evening that he surprised us, his vengeance was decreed; he only awaited our departure from Huesca. It was he who watched us from the opposite side of the Insuela, when Pepita thought that I was deceived. He knew where we were concealed; but pretended not to know it;—his care being to get possession of the bouquet of Magnolia. Carmen, thinking that it was in the hands of the Viscount, did not trouble herself about it; but ran in a joyful manner to embrace her niece. Badiello remained behind, and sought so long and well that he found the fatal bouquet, and the glove which contained it. His object in hunting them, was very different from that of the Viscount; he wished to mingle irony with his vengeance.

For two days after we left Huesca, the good man was very complaisant to his wife. He went with her to visit their neighbors, and pretended to be completely duped. The third day, he showed some impatience at certain proposals of his wife's. In the evening, he excused himself from dining with her, and went off to his garden. At ten o'clock, he returned, bringing with him a great many flowers; and entering his wife's chamber, while she was on the balcony, he arranged them in magnificent bouquets all around the room.

Far from suspecting the intentions of his husband, Pepita came to his assistance. "What a surprise for my little wife," said he. Pepita replied, by praising the kindness of the old man; but she sighed within herself, to think, how much more [illegible] Dona Carmen, were the kisses of the Viscount concealed. When the arrangement concluded, Badiello went out upon the balcony to his wife, and waited quietly until she was ready to go to bed. She was lost in thought; and he permitted her to stay until the clock struck twelve; and he then remarked, that her niece, who was asleep upon her knee, would be likely to take cold from the night air. Without saying a word, she got up, woke the child with a kiss, and gave her to Pepita. The little girl showed some hesitation, and was unwilling to go.—The Senora consoled her, and told her to repeat with Pepita, her evening prayer; and promised to go and kiss her before she fell asleep.

"*Misericorde!*" cried she, as she entered her chamber with Badiello; "I will suffocate here.—Why are there so many flowers—and the windows closed?"

"Your idea was a very unhappy one" said the Senora, going to a window to open it "Do you wish to kill me?"

She did not repeat the question. The hand of her husband had drawn her own away from the window, and had led her convulsively to her bed.

"Kill you," said he: "no. Why should I kill you Carmen? I wish you to sleep sound and long,—that is all."

"But there suffocating flowers," replied she, with hesitation.

"You wish to alarm me. What caprices you indulge in? Two days ago you were in the garden seeking the perfume of these flowers;—To-night they frighten you!"

"It is enough," said the Senora, raising her head boldly. "You know all!"

"All!"

"And I must die. It is well. Spare me the details. Adieu, Senor; and no remorse!"

"Adieu Senora; and no weakness!" said he, going away—"the windows are nailed, so you need not attempt to disobey!"

As he shut the door, Carmen called him; she thought of the kiss that she had promised to her little niece.

"I have forgotten nothing, said he, "I am about to send her."

Pepita, more dead than alive, was in a cabinet adjoining the chamber; and listening to what was going on; but unable to do any thing to save her mistress. Badiello had the keys of all the chambers in the house. Pepita heard him go with a firm step, to the room where the child slept; take her in his arms telling her that her aunt wanted her; and carry her to the chamber of Carmen.

Rita (the little girl) entered with her hands behind her back, to conceal something.

"Guess what I have for you, aunt Carmen," said she.

Her aunt did not answer; but wished to draw her upon her knees.

"But guess first," said Rita, resisting.

"How could I know? Let us see it, child; and kiss me; for I have but little time," responded Carmen.

"How many kisses, then, if I show you what they have given me for you? Ha! ha!" continued the child, unable to dissimulate any longer, "it is a beautiful glove and a beautiful bouquet."

"What!" cried Carmen with anguish.

"Ten kisses this evening and ten to-morrow my secret is well worth them," said the child.

"Embrace me; embrace me!" said Carmen, lifting her to her arms.

"Ah!" cried Rita, "you are letting me fall; what is the matter, aunt Carmen?"

It was the bouquet and the glove, which she had just discovered in the hands of Rita, that caused this sudden fainting. All was now explained.

"Why do you weep, now?" said Rita, after some minutes silence. Sing a song for your little girl, or she will go away."

"Do not go away yet, Rita. What shall I sing," said Carmen.

Her voice was broken; the sight of the bouquet brought back to her mind the days of her happiness; and her soul revolted against approaching death. Badiello had given refinement to his cruelty, in sending her this *souvenir* of a happy day, by the hands of a prattling child. Carmen sung, wept, was silent; and embraced the faded flowers, by turns. But her agony became frightful, when the little Rita began to grow sleepy and to complain, of headache.

"Already!" said Carmen.

"And do you not wish to sleep?" asked Rita.

"I will sleep soon enough," said Carmen, mechanically. Adieu, Rita."

And for the last time the door opened and shut. Pepita heard the Senora walk about for a long time. Toward morning, her step grew heavier, and she rested oftener. But this repose only lasted for an instant; as if Carmen had wished to die on her feet. Pepita also heard Badiello walking back and forward, in a chamber on the other side. It was like the sound of two clocks. She remarked, however, that the heavier and slower the step of Carmen became, the more quick and precipitous was that of Badiello. Those two sounds did not cease until the break of day. Pepita put her ears to the wall, and thought she heard sighs and sobs. She struck lightly with her hand; but received no response. It is to be supposed that the Senora was already dead. So much the better: for the day broke, and the joyous hum of the morning was hear l; and to die when all Nature is awakening, is horrible!

This recital finished, Allegro, who had appeared moved in certain parts of the drama, as actor and narrator, now resumed his natural tone; and shrugging his shoulders, declared, that the more he reflected on the sad destiny of his old master and Dona Carmen, the more admirable he thought was the wisdom of his faithful proverb—

Despues de Dios, la olla
Lo Demas es bamboila.

After God, come the spit and seething pot,
With the wise, all the rest shall surely go for naught.

C. P. S.

The Morning Post

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 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.

Gen. Taylor's Letter Pronounced a Forgery!

The Federalists are up to their ears in trouble! Whilst we laugh at their quarrels, we cannot but pity their misfortunes. The reckless politicians of that party,—the bankrupts and worn out hacks—undertook to insult Gen. Taylor by associating him with themselves. Although they supposed their own country in the unavoidable war with Mexico, and render the common enemy all the "aid and comfort" in their power,—although they stigmatize the war as "unholy, unjust, and damnable," and pronounce our gallant soldiery a set of "bull dogs" and "murderers;" yet they at the same time wish to *honor* the hero of the war with a nomination for the Presidency! But, says the old General, addressing himself to the Anti-war Federalists, I shall have nothing to do with your scheming factions—I despise your party cliques. The letter of the General addressed to the editor of the Cincinnati *Signal*, has fallen in the federal camp like a bomb shell—it has scattered the allies of Santa Anna in every direction, and blown the leaders sky-high! The *National Whig*, at Washington City, the principal Taylor paper in the country, pronounces the letter "A FORGERY—A BASE, CONTEMPTIBLE FORGERY." That print introduces this document under the startling head of

"A FORGED LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR
Locofoco Trickery Exposed!"

After indulging in some personalities towards the editor of the *Signal*, and publishing the letter and editorial, the *Whig* thus remarks:

"By this time, we have no doubt, the reader has come to the conclusion we have arrived at, namely, that the above letter, with the printed signature of General TAYLOR to it, is a FORGERY.

"For ourselves, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a *forgery—a base, contemptible forgery*. Not that JAMES W. TAYLOR is the forger. We do not say that, though he is a vain man. He is the victim of a wicked deception, if he is not the deceiver himself. He is a person of no influence in Cincinnati, and utterly unknown to Gen. Taylor. There is nothing like General TAYLOR in this silly letter. The whole world will pronounce it a counterfeit at once; because the whole world knows the style of the hero of Buena Vista.

"Compare it with the following genuine letter of the old thunderer, from the New Orleans *Bulletin*. That letter was written to Colonel WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Point Coupee, Louisiana. It breathes the genuine sentiments of an out-and-out whig, writing to a brother whig. Is there any thing in it like the twaddle of the *Signal* forgery? Nothing.'

Here follows the letter to Col W. TAYLOR, which we have already published; and the *National Whig* concludes as follows:

"In the mean time, we demand, as a matter of justice to the old hero, that every paper which shall publish this vile forgery from the *Signal*, to copy this article. General TAYLOR himself will nail it to the counter so soon as it can reach him. The scoundrels who have been instrumental in this infamous act of forgery will be terreted out. A gallows as high as Haman's is already prepared for them."

Who can avoid laughing, after reading that volley of indignation? It would no doubt be very convenient for the federalists, if they could induce the public to believe that the Signal letter is a forgery. But such is not the case. *The letter is genuine!* Hear what Mr. BROOKS, of the Cincinnati Enquirer says:

"We have the original letter before us, in the hand-writing, as we are assured, of Major BLISS—with the bold signature of the old General attached, which we have compared with the one appended to the letter furnished Mr ATWOOD, the painter,—and if one is genuine both are so. But beyond this, we have the statement of a distinguished officer direct from Monterey, that he was present when the letter was written, and was requested by Gen. Taylor himself, to say to the editor of the Signal—lest he should consider it a private letter—*that it was intended for publication*."

Now, what has the National Whig to say? What has every other Mexican Federal print in the country to say? We fancy we can see the writhings and contortions of the Federalists, and hear their curses low and deep! The Federal movement for the General was premature. Without inquiring into his political views, or whether he had any political opinions at all, they have tried to make it appear that he is a Whig; and have sought to gain his consent to a nomination at their hands; but he is not to be caught in that way. He says plainly that he would greatly prefer, when the war shall have been concluded, to retire to private life; but, if the people, without regard to the political opinions which divide them, see fit to elect him to the Presidency, he will serve them to the best of his ability.

Thus, after having procured the consent of Mr. Clay to head the *forlorn hope* of their party—setting him aside "for Tippecanoe and Tyler-too;" defeating their own ends by the choice which they made; getting Mr. Clay again in the field, and having him signally defeated; forsaking all their old and tried friends, Webster, Clay, Corwin, Ewing, &c., &c.;—they determine that Gen. Taylor is a Whig; that he *shall* be their candidate for the Presidency; and that now their success is certain. But suddenly "there comes a frost, a killing frost!" Gen. Taylor tells them that he will not consent to be the candidate of any party; and still less, can he consent to be their candidate. They are giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy, while he is risking his life in defence of the country; he considers they are "worse than the Mexicans!" and therefore, he would prefer to be let alone, to serve the country in his own way. Poor Whiggery! it is indeed in a pitiable condition! The leaders of that faction may now with great propriety adopt the language of their gifted leader, and exclaim,—"Where shall we go?"

Judge Burrell.

We are pleased to learn from our exchanges in the 10th Judicial District, that Judge Burrell is rendering general satisfaction to suitors and citizens. We copy the following article from the last Mountain Sentinel, published at Ebensburgh:

Judge Burrell—More than the usual number of citizens came to town this week, many of them influenced by a desire to see the new President Judge, and to witness the manner in which he would discharge the duties appertaining to his elevated station.

Although the court is still in session, and will most probably continue during the week, we have already heard such approbatory sentiments expressed, in reference to the manner in which Judge Burrell has discharged his duties, as to warrant us in asserting that he is fully competent to discharge the high duties entrusted to him, and that the discrimination of an upright and intelligent Governor could not be better exemplified, than by the nomination to the *Senate* of JEREMIAH M. BURRELL as President of the tenth Judicial district.

☞ The steamer Newark, on her passage from Pittsburgh to Zanesville, was sunk near Marietta, in fifteen feet water. No lives were lost. The cabin floated off,—and the boat will prove a heavy, if not total loss.—*Cin. Repub, July 10.*

A Norwegian Newspaper.—Among other new enterprises in Wisconsin, is the establishment of a Norwegian Press, in the town of Norway, Racine county. The proprietors are Messrs. Bache, Heg and Rymert, and the paper is to be conducted and edited by the latter gentleman, who speaks English well. It will be independent in politics, and will aim to keep the Norwegians of the Territory well-informed on all subjects of interest or importance to them, in their new relation of citizens of the United States.

The Norwegian settlements in the West, says the Milwaukee *Gazette*, are already numerous and growing rapidly. There are now in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, *twenty* settlements, and *sixteen of* them within the limits of this Territory. They embrace a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand; frugal, industrious, honest, law-loving and law-abiding citizens. The principal settlement in Wisconsin is on Koskonong prairie, where there are nearly a thousand Norwegian families. In the towns of Muskego, Waukesha county, and Norway, Racine county, which adjoin each other, the Norwegian settlements number about [illegible]. In Rock county there are a thousand and upward, and many in Jefferson, Dodge and other Northern counties.

The President's Tour.—We close the chapter of the presidential tour in this evening's paper, by devoting a large portion of our columns to this purpose. If the tour is productive of no other benefit, it will have the advantage of making Mr. Polk better known to his countrymen. When the question was once sneeringly asked, "Who is James K. Polk?" the answer was made, before his election, by a reference to the course he had pursued in Congress, and as the governor of Tennessee, and by the political principles which he had uniformly expressed. Since his induction into office, it has been sufficiently answered by the messages which he has prepared; the measures he has proposed, in conformity with his established principles; and the important acts which he has contributed to introduce. No President has had more to do, and none has accomplished more. The country never prospered more at home, and never stood higher abroad. He has recently addressed thousands of his countrymen on the spur of the moment. We shall not expatiate upon the general character of his speeches, or their special adaptation to the scenes and assemblies to which they were delivered; but we cannot pass over one of these. It is his reply at Augusta, in the presence of the legislature of Maine. It is one of the most impressive addresses he has delivered—no less for the thrilling and patriotic sentiments it breathes, than for the dignified style in which they are expressed.—*Wash. Union.*

Money Making Machines.—The New York Merchants' and Tradesman's Journal, noticing the lately exploded Plainfield Bank, which it was found had $125,140 circulation in bills, while its only actual property was $11,000, cash and real estate, makes the following pointed remark:

"The old fashioned notion in regard to bankers was, that they were people who, being possessed of money, were willing to lend it on good security, for certain terms, to those doing business. The modern idea seems to be, that a person without money, or with not enough, sets up a bank to borrow money."

Maine.—The Legislature of Maine have passed a law, by the provisions of which, a plurality will hereafter elect members of Congress and county officers. They have also passed, by the requisite constitutional majority, an amendment of the present Constitution, providing for the election by a plurality of Governor and members of the State Legislature, both Senate and House. The former will take effect immediately. The latter will be submitted to the people at the election in September next, when it probably will be adopted.—*Boston Atlas.*

☞ The Board of Visitors of William and Mary College, (Va.) have elected to the Presidency of that institution, Dr. Hawkes, a distinguished Episcopal Minister of New Orleans.

☞ The Iron Steam Frigate Allegheny, Capt. Hunter, built at this city, now at New Orleans, has been ordered to the Mediterranean.

☞ The President reached Wheeling on Thursday last.

☞ The citizens of Milton, Pa. have sent to New Orleans for the remains of the late Gen. Hammond.

NOTICE.

☞ The Firemen of the cities of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Birmingham, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Mr. GEORGE REAMS, late of the Duquesne Greys, in Mexico, and member of the Allegheny Fire Company. The funeral will take place from his father's residence on Duquesne street, between Penn and the River, this afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

F. VANHORN,
Secretary A. F. Company.

Died,

On Monday, the 12th inst., at 3 o'clock, GEORGE REAM, late a member of the Duquesne company, at his father's residence, on Duquesne street, aged 25 years.

His funeral will take place this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from the residence of his father, S. Ream, on Duquesne street. The friends and acquaintances are requested to attend.

The fire companies are requested to attend.

DESPATCHES
BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.
EXPRESSLY FOR THE MORNING POST.

Riot and Murder in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, July 12, 10h., P. M.

Cato Gillespie, a colored man, was stabbed on the Fourth of July, at the corner of Sixth and South streets, by a gang of white fellows, and died to-day in the Hospital. The Coroner intends investigating the affair. George Murphy, one of the gang, beat Jacob Anderson, colored man, to death, some months since. He was arrested this morning in Southwark; the other three have also been arrested.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Prepared and corrected every Afternoon.

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

PORT OF PITTSBURGH.

30 INCHES IN THE CHANNEL—FALLING.

ARRIVED.
Fasrmount, Poe, St. Louis.
Avalanch, Williams, N. O.
Arrow, Atkinson, Beaver.
Eureka, Crozier, Louisville.
Caleb Cope, Sholes, Beaver.
Arena, Goff, Beaver.
Consul, Bowman, Brownsville.
Louis M'Lane, Bennett, Brownsville.

DEPARTED.
Hilander, Parkinson, St. Louis.
Prairie Bird, Mellon, Wheeling.
Friendship, Davis, Cin.
Rhode Island, Dawson, Wheeling.
Arena, Goff, Beaver.
Caleb Cope, Sholes, Beaver.
Consul, Bowman, Brownsville.
Louis M'Lane, Bennett, Brownsville.

DAILY REVIEW OF THE MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE POST,
TUESDAY MORNING, July 13, 1847.

FLOUR—Sales 50 bbls. yesterday at $4,25 ⅌ bbl. Most of the operators refuse to pay over $4,00.

WHEAT—None offered. Price nominal at 80c.

FLAXSEED—Sales 300 bu. at 80c. ⅌ bu.

WHISKEY—The "critter" is getting down—not people's mouths—but in price. Sales in a small way, of rectified, at 23@24c. ⅌ gal.

LEATHER—The market is quiet, but prices firm. We quote Baltimore Sole at 19@23c. ⅌ ℔; and N. Y. do. at 16½@17½c. ⅌ ℔.

HIDES—Sales of Missouri and Illinois at 9½@11½, and Spanish at 13@16.

TANNERS' OIL—Sales at 18@22, according to quality.

CHEESE—Sales 25 bxs. of W. R. at 5½c. ⅌ ℔, and dull.

WHITE BEANS—Selling at 75c. ⅌ bu., which is a decline.

RICE—Sales of 3 tierces at 5½.

OATS—Sales 100 bu. at 25c. ⅌ bu.

BRAN—Sales 200 bu. at 8c. ⅌ bu.

BROOMS—Plenty in market, and dull. Sales at 50@75c. ⅌ doz., according to quality.

WHITE LEAD—Regular sales of pure White Lead at $1,50@1,62½ ⅌ keg.

HEMP—Prices firm at $100 ⅌ ton.

BARLEY—Small sales to Breweries at 40c. ⅌ bu.

WINDOW GLASS—Sales of various small lots of 8x10 at $2,90@3,00 ⅌ box.

PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Anvils ⅌ ℔		11½@12½c.
Vices common black ⅌ ℔		11c.
do do bright	"	14c.
do solid box	"	16c.
Mattocks and Picks ⅌ doz		$8,00@9,00.
Hoes handled	"	3,25.
do steel blade	"	4,50.
do do polished	"	5,50.
Hay Forks bright	"	4,50.
do do black	"	3,50.
Manure Forks	"	6,00@7,50.
Grain Shovels	"	7,00@8,00.
Devonshire do	"	5,75@7,00.
Coal do	"	8,00@9,00.
Canal do	"	5,75@8,00.
Spades	"	5,50@8,00.
Sickles	"	3,75@4,00.
Scythe Sneaths	"	3,75@5,50.
Wheel Irons ⅌ gross		15,00@16,00.

ANOTHER new supply of Homœopathic Books, at the Bookstore of the subscriber, viz:
Hahneman's Materia Medica, 4 vols.
" Chronic Diseases, 5 "
" Organon, 1 "
Dunsford's practical advantages of Homœopathy, 1 vol.
Bell's Lawrie, 1 vol.
Hering's Domestic Physician, 1 vol.
Bonninghausen's Therapeutic Pocket Book for Homœopathists, 1 vol.
Manual of Homœopathic Cookery, &c. &c.
Together with a large variety of Homœopathic Medicine Chest, of different sizes and prices.
Also, a large quantity of empty Homœopathic vials, at the lowest prices.
VICTOR SCRIBA,
6th st. bet Market and Wood, opposite the Pittsburgh Tea Store.
jy13-2w (Journal, and Despatch, copy 2 weeks.)

PERSONS wishing to advertise in the German Language for the rent or sale of Farms, Houses, Lands, Goods, &c., will find the *Freedom's Friend* a most desirable medium, as this paper, issued tri-weekly and weekly, has unquestionably the most extensive circulation of any other German paper in Western Pennsylvania. Terms for advertising, moderate. Office in 5th st., between Wood and Market, opposite the Pittsburgh Tea Store.
VICTOR SCRIBA, *Editor and Publisher of the Freedom's Friend.*
jy13-3w [Journal and Dispatch copy two weeks.]

New Music.

A Collection of the latest, consisting in part of the following Songs:
Thou lov'st the Greenwood, Sodard;
Glenlough, a Ballad word, by Thomas Moore;
Rough and Ready, No. 1 Song of the Alleghanians;
Oh! Breathe not her name, Mary Mine;
Fairy Song, The Beautiful West, The Flower Queen;
Oh sing no more that Gentle song;
When the Battle is o'er, The song of other days;
Oh, return my Mother, The Mountain Boy;
Solos from the favorite Opera of Matilda;
Lover songs of America and Irish Evening;
Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Monterey, Matamoras;
Ibraham Pacha's, & Clay's Kentucky Grand marches;
Cameron Guards, Capt. May's, Camp Barmem;
Rio Grande, Vera Cruz, Camp Swan, Gen. Taylor;
Encampment Quick Steps;
Jenny Lind, Alhambra, Les Belles de Toronto;
Andrew, Tambour, Calby, Evergreen;
Rudolphis, Boranes, and Amelia Polkas;
La Violette, Atlantic, Woodbine, La Lucille;
Mahopeslake, Emerald, Mexican Hop, Bachelor's Button, Monterey, Crazy Pole, & Lutine waltzes;
Quadrilles, Rondos, Variations.
New Music received as soon as published by
WM. S. CALDWELL,
2d floor, Post Office Buildings, Third street.
jy13

WILLIAM A. HILL & Co.,
BANKERS, EXCHANGE BROKERS, AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE, CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT, BANK NOTES, AND SPECIE,
No. 64 Wood st., one door above Fourth, East side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CURRENT Funds received on deposit, and collections made on all the Cities throughout the United States. Sight checks on Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Cincinnati, constantly for sale in sums to suit purchasers.
The paper of the Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Virginia Banks bought and sold on the most favorable terms.
The highest premium paid for Foreign and American Gold and Silver coins.
Exchange on England, Ireland, Germany, and France procured, &c. mar10-dawy

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 Marioni'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 for "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

Auction Sales
Of Dry Goods and Clothing, Furniture, Groceries, Cutlery and Watches,
BY JAMES M'KENNA,

AT the Auction Rooms, No. 114 Wood st., three doors from 5th, on Thursday next, July 15th, at at 10 o'clock, A. M., will be sold, a large and well assorted stock of Dry Goods, the balance of a Retail Country Store, as the owner is declining business. The goods have been well selected and are of the latest styles, sales will be continued from day to day until all are sold.
At 2 o'clock, P. M., Household Furniture and Kitchen utensils, Groceries and Queensware.
At early gas light, same evening, fancy and variety Goods, fine Cutlery, Clothing, Gold and Silver Watches.
Also, a large Invoice of Miscellaneous Books, &c.
Hays & Brockway, Wholesale and Retail Agents; see advertisement. jy13 JAMES M'KENNA, Auct'r.

Auction Sales
BY JOHN D. DAVIS, AUCTIONEER.

ON Thursday morning the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock, at the Commercial Sales Rooms, corner of Wood and Fifth streets, will be sold without reserve, to close consignments, an extensive assortment of staple and fancy Dry Goods, &c.
At 2 o'clock, P. M., a quantity of groceries, queensware, glassware, shovels, crown and medium wrapping paper, hand boxes, mantel clocks, 2 boxes chrome yellow and green, 8 sacks and 2 barrels dried peaches, 10 boxes smoking tobacco, 20 boxes matches; a general assortment of new and second hand household furniture, cooking stove, Franklin stove, 4 folding doors, washing tubs, window blinds, looking glasses, feather beds, mattresses, &c.
At 8 o'clock, P. M., a quantity of ready made clothing, fine shirts, with linen bosoms and collars, umbrellas, parasols, boots, shoes, hats, caps, whips, new and second hand watches, guns, pistols, variety Goods, &c. (American copy.) jy13

NEW MUSIC.

JUST received by JOHN H MELLOR, No 81 Wood Street.
Negro Melodies.
Mary Blane; Jim Crack Corn; Who's dat Knockin' at de Door?; Dandy Jim; Rose of Alabam; Cynthia Sue, Sing Darkies Sing; Guinea Maid.
New and Popular Sentimental Songs.
Will you come up to my Mountain Home; We stood beside the Window; The Grave of Bonaparte; Woodman spare that Tree; Molly Bawn; He doeth all things well; The Fairy Boy; The Fairy Bells; 'Tis Midnigh Hour; Lutzow's Wild Hunt; The Gipsies' Festival; A change in the things I love; Come, Oh! come along with me; Star Spangled Banner, Erin is my Home; There's no Home like my own; Mary of Argyle; Flow Gently Sweet Afton; By gentle Hours; When Stars are in the quiet Skies; Flow on thou shining River; Evening Star Waltz: New York Serenading waltz; Love not Quick Step; Bird waltz; Herz Quick Step; Seraphic Gallopade; Poez's Highland March; Golden drop Waltz; Baden Baden Polka; Woronzo waltzes; Hall's Quick Step; Grasshopper waltz; Variations to La Parisienne, by Hunten; L'Invitation a la valse, by Weber; Variations, from Beatrice di tender, by Duvernoy; Air Allemand, variations by Hunten, Swiss Drover Boy, variations by Czerney; Duett, variations from the 'Swiss Family by Hunten.
Instruction books for Piano Forte.
Hunten's; Burgmuller's; Carr's; Hamilton's; Willig's; Howe's; Plummelt's; &c., &c. jy13

JOSEPH PENNOCK, THOS. MITCHELL, J. B. HERRON,
PENNOCK, MITCHELL & CO.
UNION FOUNDRY, warehouse on Liberty st., opposite Brown's row, Pittsburgh.
ALWAYS ON HAND:
Stoves and Grates, Tea Kettles, Sad Irons,
Wagon boxes all sizes Tailors and Hatters Irons
Hollow ware, Counter weights, &c.
Plough castings all sizes Iron and nails.
☞ Mill castings, &c., made to order.
jy13-y

Raw Whiskey.

275 BARRELS Raw Whiskey, over proof, for sale by, JACOB WEAVER,
jy13 16 Market st., cor Front.

HAMPERS,
A few good substantial Millon Hampers, convenient for Packing Glassware, &c., for sale by
jy13 JACOB WEAVER.

New Books.

PRESCOTT'S Conquest of Peru;
Howitt's Homes of the Poets;
Schmitz's History of Rome;
Omoo, by Melville;
The Boys' Summer Book. Just rec'd and for sale by
jy13 H. S. BOSWORTH & Co., 43 Market st.

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

JOSEPH H. HILL. W. C. CURRY.
HILL & CURRY,
BANKERS, EXCHANGE BROKERS, AND DEALERS IN *FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE, CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT, BANK NOTES, GOLD AND SILVER.*
No. 65 WOOD ST.,