## THE STARS.

"THE STARS HAVE SAID IT."—Richelieu.

"All hail! ye myriads sparkling in the skies,
Adorning all the azure canopy.
Dazzling as diamonds, or a woman's eyes,
Whose glances glow with love's sweet phantasy.
All hail! ye glittering myriads, unto thee
We turn to gaze with wonder and delight—
And fain by you would have our destiny
Revealed, ye shining Sybils, beaming bright
High in the heavens, that lend light to loveliness to Night.

"When sparkling in the pale, ethereal blue,
How beautiful ye are, ye distant fires
That light the Heavens! The Lover unto you
Murmurs his hopes; the Warrior inquires
The way to fame, the Merchant, who desires
To increase his store; the Statesman, calm and cold,
Who for an empire's rule anxiously aspires;
The maid, when first Love's flowers their leaves unfold;
All seek by lines to have their future fates foretold!

"Ye glorious witnesses of all the past
And prophets of the future, in thy rays
Man's fate is figured—tell me—if thou hast
The power ascribed to thee in olden days—
But seek not to know if glory's blaze
Will gild my name—or if in golden store
I shall increase—or when in Beauty's gaze
I'll read of love return'd where I adore— [more—
The last I once would learn, but now seek something

"Tell me, ye mystic Ministers of Light,
Spangling the skies serene from pole to pole,
Gemming the "milky way" with meteors bright,
Reflected on old ocean's ceaseless roll
Ages on ages past—O! tell my soul
If it must die, at dust to dust's return;
Or will it live, eternal as the whole
Of the bright hosts that in the distance burn?
For this alone to know, my doubting heart doth yearn."

Thus pray'd a plodding Pilgrim on Life's way.
Weary and worn, and sunsets for the hour
When the frail body to its kindred clay
Should be consigned; and as a faded flower
Whose fragrance, fled when in its native bower
Is soon forgotten, so oblivion's hand
Would seek in Death, lost even to the power
Whose rosy fetters hold fond memory
In bondage sadly sweet, when from all others free.

VERA CRUZ, April 6, 1848. B. D.

## THE ADOPTED SON; OR, CHARITY'S REWARD.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

### CHAPTER I.

One cold, windy, dreary day, in the month of November, 1843, a tall, dark individual might have been observed passing to and fro, in a mysterious manner, in one of the most retired streets in the city of Boston. His finely made form and handsome features were disguised by the folds of a spacious cloak and scarf, which he had assumed for the double purpose of concealment and defence against the cold.

Several times had the strange individual walked up and down the street, like one abstracted. But, although he seemed to have no object in view, a keen observer would have remarked at once that he was deeply interested in some object he saw, or wished to see, in a cottage over the way; for, his dark piercing eye was turned in that direction continually.

At last, as the stranger was approaching the house in one of his rounds, a lad of about twelve summers—pale and poorly clad, came out of the door, and ran lightly down the steps into the street. The stranger paused—but as the boy ran on before him, he followed, quickening his pace, and was soon led by the unconscious youth into a more busy quarter of the town.

The two kept on at a rapid pace, the stranger gradually nearing the boy, until the latter suddenly turned into a large, crowded building, composed of offices devoted to the use of lawyers, brokers and other business men. The lad mounted a broad flight of stairs, and entered a side door, which he had scarcely closed when the stranger entered and followed him in.

There was but one man in the office, and he sat at the desk with a newspaper in his hand. He looked up as the two entered, and after glancing at the stranger, who coolly took a seat near the stove, motioned the boy to approach him.

The lad was embarrassed, and seemed afraid to speak. With his cold, numb fingers, he played with the buttons of his coat, while his eye turned alternately from the stranger to the man at the desk. The latter was a middle-aged man, with a cold, hard, calculating look, such as chills the heart unused to the selfishness of the world.

"Well, William," said he, turning to the boy, with the mockery of a smile—it was so cold and heartless—"well, William, has your father sent me the money for the rent, as he promised my clerk, when he called on him the other day?—Speak out, William."

"He sent me," said the boy, after some hesitation, "to tell you that he could not possibly raise the money for you to-day; but that he hopes to be able to get it for you before next Saturday."

The man at the desk scowled darkly.

"Tell your father," said he, in tones or harshness, "that I can put up with this treatment no longer. I have been put off now day after day with promises and protestations, until I am tired of the same eternal lingo. However, I will let things remain until Saturday, when, if the rent is not paid, I shall be under the necessity of adopting measures that would be unpleasant both to him and me."

"But father is very sick," began the lad, his eyes glistening with tears.

He would have said more, but sobs choked his utterance, and he hurried from the office into the street.

"I said the man at the desk scowled darkly; but when the boy was gone, and his eye fell upon the stranger seated at the fire, at the sight of the dignified bearing of the latter, and his rich but simple dress, his worldly heart was pleased, and his brow brightened with a smile.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, approaching the door; "I perceive I have entered the wrong place. But will you tell me whether or no that lad is the son of Mr. Jonathan Harding?"

"Aye, that's his father's name," replied the other politely.

"What a reverse of fortune that man must have met with!" pursued the stranger, with a sigh. "If I remember aright, he was once one of the richest and most influential merchants in Boston."

"True," replied the man at the desk; "but he has lost all his property by mismanagement. I knew him five years ago, when he was in the height of his prosperity. His failure was quite unexpected, and very unfortunate; for, by some strange mismanagement on his part, his creditors got everything, and left him poor. Of late he has been sick, and he has even been brought so low as to be unable to pay the rent of one of my cheapest houses."

"Low, indeed!" sighed the stranger; "but his family?"

"That is fortunately small. He has but two children—a girl of twenty or upwards, and the boy you saw here. The girl, I am told, supports the family by teaching; for she has rare accomplishments."

"And no suitors?"

"No accepted ones. Many of the first class, however, young men of fortune and family, have offered themselves. But it seems she prefers a life of labor and poverty to a good match."

"Indeed!"

"Strange, you may think; but there is reason for her foolish conduct. You see she is young and romantic, like other silly girls at her age, and prides herself on scorning wealth. The truth is, she is living for a young man who, if he is like other young men, thinks no more about her now than if he had never seen her."

"Who is he?"

"I will tell you. Many years ago, Mr. Harding, who is a kind hearted man enough, picked up a little orphan boy in the streets, and took him home, and warmed and fed, and clothed him, as if he had been his own son. And so the boy grew up like one of the family, until he was eighteen. At that time—this was five or six years ago—Harding's daughter, Julia, was about fifteen, and a very pretty girl, I assure you.

Well, things turned out as might have been expected. The youth was warm-hearted and full of spirit, and the girl was a delicious bewitching creature, and altogether too rich for him to withstand. In short, the poor orphan and the rich heiress loved each other, and became engaged before the old man knew anything about the matter.

He found it out, however, and of course took measures to break off the unequal connection, by putting the boy in the way of making his fortune abroad, that the two might forget each other. The thing must have had the desired effect on one side, for the boy has never been heard from since,—but, on the other hand, Julia seems to cherish the hope that he will return some day, rich, and as loving as ever. She's foolish there; for the boy has seen something of the world by this time, and lost some of the romance by which youth are infected now a days. If he should come back, it isn't probable he would think of marrying the daughter of a poor, broken down merchant."

Thus the worldling run on, talking from the coldness of a heart that was a stranger to all the kinder feelings of man's nature, and flattering himself that he was speaking the sentiments of a philosopher and a man.

The stranger heard him out; then making inquiries concerning the amount of rent due from Mr. Harding, abruptly took the sum from his purse, laid it upon the desk, and requested, or rather ordered the other to make out a receipt which he could forward to the merchant.

The worldly man looked at the stranger in surprise, but seeing how stern and forbidding he appeared, simply asked his name, made out the required paper, and passed it to the stranger. The hatter placed it in his pocket book, turned his back laughtily upon the astonished landlord, and hurried from the office.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

PITTSBURGH:
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1849.


FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

**JOHN A. GAMBLE,**

*OF LYCOMING COUNTY.*

☞ For Commercial and River News, see next Page.

The Latest News, Market Reports, &c., will be found under Telegraphic Head.

☞ The Editor will be from his *Post* for a few days. He has labored from 12 to 18 hours each day, for the last twelve months, for the benefit of the public, without a furlough; and he therefore trusts that his kind friends and patrons will exercise a little charity during his absence, and overlook all "short comings."

### The Scrip War.

There is a curious triangular warfare going on between the Whig Councils, Whig Brokers, and Whig papers on the subject of the Scrip issue. As vastly in the minority, the Democrats are but "lookers on in Venice;" and where is the necessity of our speaking, if our advice is impertinent intermeddling with subjects that don't concern us? The *Commercial Journal*, however, attempts to bring the "Morning Post" and the "Pennsylvanian" in, as sharers in the odium of the downfall of the shinplasters; inasmuch as we and our Philadelphia brother did declare the issue to be illegal, and consequently fraudulent.—We do not wish to shuffle off any responsibility in the matter. Let us now unfold one of the paper pellets shot off in the triangular war, to show the character of the controversy. The Editor of the *Journal* says in substance that the "Democratic papers" scared the brokers, and "they all became alarmed. They did not know what they were buying; whether the city might not repudiate the PRINCIPAL *as well as the interest!*" The *italics* belong to the Journal; which is an admission that the Whig Councils did repudiate the interest. The Journal further says, "The Whig papers, true to their duty, implored the public to defy panic," but "*they were not believed!*" Pity that the public had not more confidence in these "Whig Papers." The Whig Councils have repudiated the interest; and the Journal says, "We believe the act of repudiation will DEMONOR THE CITY!" If Whig papers cannot be believed even when they speak the truth; if Whig Councils will *repudiate*, rather than pay the Brokers what the face of the Scrip calls for; if the Brokers will have their "pound of flesh;" if "highly respectable merchants" will come out in these same Whig papers, and assert that the conduct of the Brokers "stinks in the nostrils and sends up an offensive odor to Heaven!"—we say, if such is the state of affairs among our political adversaries, it is time for the Democracy, and honest men of all parties, to bestir themselves. Are there not righteous men enough among us to save the city? Let all who have the interest and honor of Pittsburgh at heart be up and a doing.

### The Religious Riots at St. John's, N. B.

Papers from that place to the 16th contain further accounts of the Orange and Catholic fight on the 12th. The Orange procession entered the city from the country and passed out at York Point to Indian Town. The Catholics had erected a green arch across the point, but the Orangemen, though armed, passed under without tearing it down. Expecting trouble on the return of the procession, the mayor went to see the arch removed, but was driven off by the mob and wounded in the head; and as the procession passed on several were wounded with stones and pistols. At Indian Town the Orangemen procured more arms, and upon returning through York Point the mob met them with increased numbers, and volley after volley of fire arms was exchanged. Five hundred shots are said to have been fired. Stones and brickbats were freely used by men, women and boys. One man, attempting to seize a banner, had his arm cut off with a sword. How many were killed or wounded will never be certainly known, as each party buried their dead as secretly as possible. It is reported that at least twenty were killed. After the fight the procession passed into Market square, where the military had been stationed by the authorities; and here a great shout was raised, but no guns were fired, and the Orangemen moved up King street. The attorney and solicitor general had arrived in town, and several arrests had been made on the 14th. The excitement continued up to the 17th. To illustrate the strength of the religious feeling, it is mentioned that a Catholic named Paddy Adams, was just expiring, when his sufferings were put an end to by a stone from the wife of an Orangeman, who in five minutes afterward was herself in eternity, from a blow of a brick. The authorities do not receive any particular commendation from the papers.

EXTRAORDINARY FELONY.—A theft of a very singular character was perpetrated on the evening of the 21st, or early in the morning of the 22d ult., by some individual who got into the conversation room of the Society Library, in Broadway, New York, and stole from its frame an ancient and curious relic—a Proclamation of Governor Andross, dated from Pemmaquid, in New England, and printed at Boston in 1688. This document is valuable for its historical interest, having reference to the invasion of England by William III, and calling on the people of New England to resist any attempt on the part of the Hollanders to seduce them from their allegiance. It is also remarkable as a specimen of early American typography, and was presented to the library by the late Major Popham, of revolutionary memory. The singularity of this theft is that it is utterly unavailable to the person, whoever it may be. It cannot be sold and cannot be exhibited, by any person. The ownership, which is the subject of pride among the collectors of antiquities, can be of no pleasure to a man who must keep it carefully concealed, and who can not even bequeath it by will, without acknowledging a crime, and being compelled to make restitution. It is nothing better than a peculiar *mania* which could induce an act so dishonorable, for the only possible purpose of solitary brooding over a rare piece of antiquity. The felon is inconceivable.

CANNONADING THE CHOLERA.—The St. Louis New Era states that there were ten deaths from cholera at Alton, on Tuesday week, principally among emigrants. Some excitement is said to exist because some emigrants arrived there from St. Louis quarantine on Monday. The citizens compelled them to return to St. Louis. The packet boats were warned not to take any more emigrants to that place, and a cannon was placed on the landing, so as to enforce obedience to this injunction.

ON A STRIKE.—The Tailors of Boston are on a strike for higher wages.

### Case of Depravity.

The Rochester American relates one of the horrible cases of depravity, which occurred in that city, we have ever heard of. A sick stranger, who had fallen under the care of one of the city physicians, was found in a hut almost entirely destitute of furniture, and with no bed to lie upon but a large box with a blanket spread over it. He had suffered severely with Cholera morbus, and had drank liquor thirteen times that day. The physician had him removed to the hospital, and having provided him with food and other necessaries, left the man's wife to nurse him; very shortly after the doctor left, the wife gathered up all the articles that had been procured for her husband, carried them to the nearest grog shop and pawned them for whiskey, with which she returned to where her husband lay, and immediately got beastly drunk. Her husband died the next day. Let metaphysicians dispute no more about total depravity.

☞ The following complimentary notice of our friend Gen. Bowman, we copy from the *American Democrat*, published at Carlisle. Though we know our friend has no political ambition, beyond that of being the conductor of a radical Democratic Press, thus standing as a sentinel on the watch tower of Freedom; yet it must be a pleasing reflection to him to see, from many quarters, that the genuine Democracy of Pennsylvania are not unmindful of one of their staunchest and trustiest soldiers:

**General George W. Bowman.**

Among the many friends and acquaintances we chanced to meet with during our recent trip to Pittsburgh, we grasped none more cordially by the hand than the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. We had known the General well as an Editor and a firm consistent, zealous Democrat; but not until our recent visit to Bedford, did we learn to know him as a citizen—a man whose urbanity of manners, amenity of kindness, and amiable temperament, discloses at once the character of the true gentleman. In behalf of the delegation of this county we return him our cordial thanks for the many civilities and attentions he was pleased to bestow on us during our short stay at Bedford. We can only ask permission to reciprocate his kindness should he ever visit Carlisle. The General as yet will not consent to submit his claims to the Gubernatorial chair, but when he does he will find us ready.

A SMART AFFAIR.—The Savannah Georgian says that a few days since, a dashing young fellow, named Thomas P. Lyon, formerly a clerk in the office of Receiver of Taxes, and a fascinating married lady, wife of Mr. Greenough Smart, residing on the corner of Twentieth street and Second Avenue, taking a fancy to each other, entered into a mutual agreement to elope, and leave Mr. Smart disconsolate, which they accordingly did one day last week.—When Mr. Smart went home, after having finished the labors of the day, he found his lady gone, and not hearing from her in a day or two, made up his mind, as any reasonable man would under the circumstances, that she had taken "French leave" of him. Mr. Smart being a man of excellent good sense, resolved to take matters quietly, and not let the absence of his spouse seriously affect his happiness; so he quietly sold at auction his household effects, went to boarding, and is now attending to his business as usual.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—Amongthe many distinguished persons that have gone "the way of all flesh" within a very brief period, chiefly victims to the cholera, in this country and in Europe, are the following:

James K. Polk, ex-President of the United States.
General Edmund P. Gaines, of the United States Army.
General W. J. Worth, of the U. S. Army.
Colonel James Duncan, of the U. S. Army.
John Wilson, the well known vocalist.
Marshal Bugeaund, of the French army.
General S. W. Kearney, of the U. S. Army.
Charles Albert, ex-King of Sardinia.
Madame Recamier, leader of fashion in Napoleon's time.
Madame Catalina, the celebrated vocalist
Madame Cavaignac, mother of General Cavaignac.
Lady Blessington, the authoress.
Mrs. Madison, widow of President Madison.

POWER OF WORDS.—Some body has beautifully remarked that a kind word, spoken when the heart is crushed, has often sent a thrill of inexpressible joy to the soul; and a harsh word, cold look, or even a motion, caused anguish, deep and unutterable, and sent a current cold and useless to the heart. Then think not, because so easily done, it is a slight thing to speak a gentle word.

PARODY.—The following parody is going the rounds for the ——— time:

Gaily the Editor
Smoked his cigar,
While he was scissoring
News near and far—
Looking for murders dire,
Item or puff?
Devil say—devil say—
Ain't this enough.

### Execution of Matthew Wood.

The following account of the execution of Matthew Wood, in New York on Friday, we copy from the New York Express. Wood was convicted of the murder of his wife:

On arriving beneath the fatal tree, the miserable man looked anxiously around as if he expected some one to bring him a reprieve or pardon, and then he took his stand. When the Sheriff asked him if he had anything to express, he strongly asserted his innocence, saying he was willing to die for his sins, but of this crime he was never guilty. The rope was then securely adjusted by the Sheriff, and the Rev. Mr. Camp made a most eloquent and feeling prayer in his behalf.

"The prayer concluded, he was again urged to confess, as no earthly power could save him, but nothing could shake his resolution; he continued for a few minutes anxiously looking around as if expecting some one. The Sheriff, deputies, clergymen and their attendants then shook hands with him, at which he appeared deeply moved, the cap was drawn over his face, and the executioner took the axe to sever the ropes, but he gasped out to the Sheriff to raise the cap.

"The Sheriff, expecting he was now about to confess, raised the cap, when the wretched man, turning to the crowd, asked if there were any of the McFarlands present. No one answering, he protested his innocence afresh, and the cap was again drawn down. He then raised his hands and said, 'I die an innocent man—may God forgive those who swore falsely against me!' All being now ready, at precisely 15 minute to 1 o'clock, the sheriff dropped a white handkerchief, which being the appointed signal, the under Sheriff, Mr. James C. Willet, who acted as executioner, severed the rope at one blow, and the miserable murderer was launched into the presence of his God!

"No one who witnessed the death of Wood, could doubt, his guilt, and it was evident that he expected a pardon till the last moment by his anxious and expecting looks around him. He died perfectly easy, and without a struggle. After hanging precisely 40 minutes, his body was taken down, coffined, and delivered by the Sheriff to the keeper of the prison, to be given up to his friends, when demanded.

### Sailor's Row in Boston.

The Boston Traveler, of Friday, gives the following instance of that vile recklessness and characteristic imprudence of the sailor, which his true friends so much deplore, and are exerting themselves so strenuously at this day to obliterate:

"About eight of the crew of the U. S. steamer Princeton came ashore last evening, and, in consequence, all Ann street was in a ferment. In a short time they were surrounded by thieves, rowdies, and degraded women, who openly boasted that they would have the most of their money before a week was past. At 5 o'clock this morning, about fifty of these sailors got into a disgraceful row, to quell which the police was sent for. It appears that a girl went down into the cellar of Samuel Johnson, a colored man, No, 144 Ann street, and asked for a glass of liquor. This was refused, when the girl became noisy, and Johnson attempted to put her out. The sailors took her part, broke down the door with brickbats, knocked Johnson himself over, and injured him severely, cutting a large gash in his forehead. When the police arrived the sailors had gone abroad and all was quiet.

AT SARATOGA.—Gen. Herrera and family are at Saratoga. Hon. J. Slidell is also there.

*For the Morning Post.*

### George Darsie losing Confidence in the People's capacity for self-government.

At the meeting held in the Allegheny Market House on last week, George M. Darsie, Speaker of the State Senate, took occasion to remark, that "For the first time his confidence in the capability of the people for self-government had received a shock, and if these outrages and violations of law were persevered in, free institutions could not be maintained."

Such uncalled for and extraordinary language, in reference to the great body of the people, coming from such a source, cannot fail to strike with surprise all such as are unacquainted with George's real sentiments, and political course, since he first appeared in public life.

It would not, perhaps, be considered altogether courteous, to charge George with uttering a falsehood; yet I think any one that will take the trouble to trace his political career from its commencement to the present time, will be fully satisfied that this was not the *first time* that he has thought, and acted in the belief that the people were unfit for self government; for when—since the time this cringing sycophant was first permitted to misrepresent the county of Allegheny—was he ever known to adhere to the wishes or interests of the people; or cast a liberal vote in favor of any of the salutary reforms lately accomplished, and which are alike admired by the people, an honor to the State, and worthy of the reform age in which we live.

Now, if George had not been deeply imbued with such sentiments previously, what good or reasonable cause could he have found in the misconduct of a few firemen to justify this sudden transition? What portion of the people and voters did they represent? and how many of them were boys, scarce come to the years of discretion? Probably out of the number that refused to throw water on the day of the fire, there were not over 30 or 40 voters; and yet Mr. Darsie hastily concludes, that such a number of turbulent unruly citizens, in a populous community, are sufficient to shock his confidence in the people's capability for self-government. Ah, George, this was no "first time" or new sentiment, but only a development of the latent principles which has governed your acts and character for years; and you were relieved, no doubt, by having some pretence or coloring for unbosoming your long cherished views, and uttering your contempt of the people's capacity.

Now, when Mr. Darsie says his "confidence in the capability of the people for self-government has received a shock," I suppose he refers more immediately to the people of the city and county of Allegheny, which he has so long most notoriously misrepresented; and if so, he might have found a more cogent argument in the fact of the people's continuing to return him to the Legislature by large majorities, when they must have known by his acts, that he had no interests or sympathies in common with them; his whole time and attention being involved in devising plans to enhance the value of real estate, and augment the power of capital. And the only portion of the people that he has ever designed to consult as counselors, are men seperated in interest and feeling from the masses, by a barrier almost as impassable as that between the dead and the living.

Again he says, "if these outrages and violations of law are persevered in, free institutions cannot be sustained." Very true Mr. Darsie, but who save the merest mad-man could suppose for a moment that they would be persevered in; riotous and disorderly conduct has taken place occasionally in the different cities of the Union, ever since the formation of the Government, but have always been immediately suppressed, finding neither favor or encouragement from any portion of the people worth naming; and the man that could harbor the thought, that the people of this glorious Confederacy would allow such outrages to be persevered in, exhibits an ignorance of their true character, intelligence and moral worth, that places him almost beneath contempt.

As it regards the illegal outbreaks to which all cities are more or less subject—the different States have instituted laws ample for their suppression, if properly executed. This depends almost entirely on the efficiency of the municipal authorities, if they are corrupt or impotent, disgraceful and riotous proceedings may be often expected; but especially if the Corporation itself has dared to make a mockery of the laws of the State, and set them at defiance, then indeed with such a precedent before them, the evil disposed and reckless portions of our community, will rush into excesses and crimes, which every honest and law-abiding citizen must deeply deprecate. Now would it not be well for Mr. Darsie before he again allows his confidence to be shocked, to consider well who has had the governing of Allegheny City for years; and whether the acts of her Councils in various ways, but more especially in her continuing to issue batch after batch of illegal shinplasters, has not acted as a most pernicious example, to which we may attribute to some extent, the apparent disregard for law exhibited by some of our citizens.

I will conclude by saying, that there is an obnoxious class of men in this country, whose only aim appears to be to induce the people to lose confidence in themselves and government. If a hot headed Southerner, or a half crazy Abolitionist gives utterance to some nonsensical views in regard to the safety of the Union, why then the *Union* is to be dissolved. If a slight outrage or riot takes place amongst the corrupt population of a City, why then the *people* are unfit for self-government. These croakers teach the youth and unsuspecting inconstancy, and disrespect for the government and laws, and are if any thing more worthy of detestation than the law-breakers themselves.

When was there a time, when there was such universal demonstrations in favor of man's capacity for self-government; not only in this country, where it is no longer an experiment, but throughout the whole civilized world; no tie, be it ever so sacred or venerated, seems to be longer able to bind the people to monarchial rule, or destroy their confidence in themselves to make and execute the laws by which they are willing to be governed.

Is not the man then, who would breathe such suspicions in this country, at such a time as this, worthy of universal condemnation and contempt.—Such a man is GEORGE DARSIE. OBSERVER.

*For the Morning Post.*

MR. HARPER: By publishing the following ticket you will oblige an old Democrat of twenty years standing:

ASSEMBLY.
J. H. Watson, Elizabeth.
J. R. McClintock, Peebles.
R. B. Roberts, city.
John Johnston, of Wilkins.
SHERIFF.
Elijah Trovilio, city.
TREASURER.
Hon. William Porter, Pitt Township.
PROTHONOTARY.
Thomas Gibson, of Pine Tp.
COMMISSIONER.
John D. White, 8th Ward.
CORONER.
Lenox Ray, M. D. Ray.
AUDITOR.
Jos. Cooper, Moon.

SWIFT'S WIT.—A pleasant anecdote is related by Richards, of Dean Swift, who, when his servant apologised for not cleaning his boots, on a journey, because they would soon be dirty again, directed him to get the horses in readiness immediately, and, upon the fellow's remonstrance, that he had not eaten his breakfast, replied, that it was of little consequence, as he would soon be hungry again.

☞ Gen. Gaines's last words are reported to have been—"My dear wife, farewell. You cannot imagine how much I love you."

☞ A free bath house for emigrants is being built at Milwaukie. A good idea.

### News and Miscellaneous Items.

In Minnesota territory it is said no democratic paper is published, while the whigs have three presses. The officers of the territory too, are all Taylor republicans. Yet we venture to say they cannot mould it into a whig state. The dignity of human nature alone will make it democratic, without wasting strength against the imbecility of Taylorism.

Wilson, the vocalist, who recently died of the cholera, at Quebec, was a Scotchman by birth, and originally a compositor in the famous printing house of Ballantyne & Co., at Edinburgh. He worked upon some of the earliest novels of Scott.

Michigan papers generally represent the wheat crop in that State as excellent.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that the abominable practice of "burning live rats" exists in that city. The animal is saturated in turpentine, then set on fire and pursued through the streets by his tormentors.

In Weare, N. H. one hawk has carried away more than thirty chickens. It is small, of a grey color, very swift and graceful in its movements, and darts upon its prey almost with the rapidity of lightning.

"Sartain," the celebrated race horse, once so distinguished for his performances on the turf, died a few days since on the plantation of John Rist, in the Parish of Felicina, La.

Hon. Franklin W. Bowdon has been renominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention of the seventh district, Alabama.

The Detroit press is lauding to the skies, one "La Belle Oceana"—a beautiful danseuse. She will do, if there is as much music in her dancing as in her name.

An artist painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the *cow commenced eating his cabbage!*

☞ The clergymen of Brooklyn, N. Y., have issued a responsive address to the citizens of that "young, beautiful and salubrious city of churches," recommending a general observance there of the day suggested by the President for a national fasting.

☞ We don't know whether Baron Munchausen died in debt or not—but we presume, that such must have been the case, as he was a man of enormous liabilities.

☞ Over the entrance to Risley's grand panorama room, London, is a large American Eagle, which at night is lighted with ten thousand gas jets. The effect is most grand, illuminating the whole Leicester Square.

☞ The whole cost of stopping the great crevasse above New Orleans amounts to *ninety-six thousand dollars.*

### The Mutiny on board the Convict Ship Medway, of Bermuda.

The Bermudian, of the 4th inst. has the following account of the mutiny on board the convict ship Medway, already briefly mentioned:

A prisoner of the name of James Cronan, had been previously sentenced to receive corporal punishment for mutinous conduct; but the sentence was not carried into effect at the time it was passed, in consequence of the illness of the overseer. Peremptory orders, were, however, received on Monday evening, to delay the punishment no longer, whether Mr. Black were sufficiently well or not to attend. Accordingly, all hands were turned up early yesterday morning—the officers to carry the sentence into execution on the man Cronan, and the prisoners to witness the punishment. The guards, fully armed, together with the overseer and his officers, (twenty in all) were drawn up on the quarter deck; the medical officer was also present. These arrangements are customary, as we are informed, on all occasions of punishment.

It is necessary to state here, that the man who was about to be punished had a brother on board, (older than himself,) also a prisoner; and that, from kindly motives, Mr. Black sent a messenger to the elder Cronan, apprising him that in had permission to absent himself from witnessing his brother's punishment; but this humane step elicited an impertinent rejoinder—the man expressed his intention of mustering with the rest.

The whole of the convicts attached to the Medway (between five and six hundred) were assembled on the spar deck, which is in the forward part of the ship, and divided from the quarter deck by a barrier or ceiling between four and five feet in height. Previously to the prisoner being tied up, he was addressed by the overseer on the enormity of his conduct, but while the proper officers were in the act of securing him to the grating or ladder, his brother rushed forward and leaped on the barrier, waving his hat at the time, and calling his brother by name. He (the elder Cronan) then addressed some words in the Irish tongue to the men behind him, which call was promptly answered by a wild cheer and a general rush of some 250 of the convicts to the barrier, upon which they clustered like bees, preparatory to a leap upon the quarter deck.

The ringleader (the elder Cronan) was armed with a case-knife, which he brandished; and many others of the men were observed to be sufficiently armed. Mr. Black, the overseer, waived his hand to the men, he were desperately excited, and called on them to fall back, but they entirely disregarded his authority.

The moment was fearfully critical. Seeing the determined onward rush of the infuriated men, and that there could be but one object contemplated—namely the rescue of the prisoner Cronan, and the massacre of the handful of persons on the quarter-deck—Mr. Black gave the order to the guards to fire, which was immediately followed by a volley from the front rank. This not having any immediate effect, the misguided and maddened men, presuming that blank cartridges only were fired, the order to fire was repeated, when the rear rank, who were kept in reserve, moved to the front and fired. Two of the mutinous convicts fell dead, and 12 were wounded. Instantaneously the mutiny was quelled. The men hurriedly retreated to hiding places in and about the forward part of the ship, and order and quiet were again in the ascendant. One of the wounded men died yesterday afternoon. The ringleader Cronan is among the wounded.

### DIED.

On yesterday at 4 o'clock, P. M., Mr. WILLIAM JOHN BLAIR—aged 25 years, 2 months and 27 days.

The friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, Lacock near Sankusky street, Allegheny, to-day, at three o'clock.


**For Greenwood Gardens.**

The steamboat ARCHY MASON has taken the place of the Thos. Scott, as a regular packet to this Garden—leaving the Point, foot of Liberty-st. at 9 o'clock A. M., and at the beginning of each hour until 9 P. M.; last trip from the garden at 10 o'clock, P. M. The season is fast advancing and those wishing to visit this delightful retreat now is the time to spend a few hours—not in the smoke and dust of the city—but in a pure atmosphere, perfumed with the fragrance of flowers. Punctuality will be observed. Fare 6 cents; children under 12, half price.

The attention of the citizens is invited to this healthy and pleasant resort during this hot and sickly season. All kinds of refreshments, except intoxicating drinks are kept on the premises. Greenhouse Plants and Bouquets of choice flowers for sale Closed on Sunday.

JAMES URAIN.

Change of landing made on account of low water. jy26

THE EMPIRE MINSTRELS,

WOULD tender their sincere thanks to the citizens of Pittsburgh for their very liberal patronage during the last *THREE WEEKS*, and beg leave to announce that they will give another of their POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS, at

APOLLO HALL,

on TAURSDAY EVENING, July 26: on which occasion they will introduce

NEW SONGS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, &c., &c.,

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Concert to commence at 8. Tickets 25 cents. jy25

$10 DOLLARS REWARD.

THE subscribes will pay the above reward, and all charges, for the return of his Horse, which strayed or was stolen from Mr. Carr's pasture field in Reserve Township, on Saturday night or Sunday morning last. The horse was seventeen hands high, light bay, lighter at the flank and flare shoulder than any other place, the near hind foot white above the pasture joint, the near hind foot hat no shoe on, and on the leg above the pasture joint the skin had been knocked off three inches long, the far fore foot white and a little white on the heel and about the hoof. He is a round bodied, well built horse, six years old and in excellent condition.

jy26:3t* ROBT. MKEEVER.

NEW BOOKS.—Southey's Common Place Book, edited by his son-in-law, John Hood Harten, D. D. Abbots History of Julius Cæsar, with engravings. Just received at

JOHNSTON & STOCKTON'S,
cor Market and Third sts.

JAMES' NEW NOVEL.—The Woodman; A Romance of the times of Richard III, by G. P. R. James, Esq. Just received by

JOHNSTON & STOCKTON,
cor Market and Third sts.
jy26


## LOCAL MATTERS.

ABSENT.—The Editor left for the springs yesterday morning and will be absent from his post for a few days. During his absence we will endeavor not to run riot and cut up like mad. His absence will be sufficient excuse to the readers for the lack of the usual Editorial variety.

MATTERS PERSONAL.—Well, we have had a polite note from Esq. Reinhart, at the instigation of the over sensitive Mr. Drumm, of the "Mercury," telling us that our pen and ink warfare is ended by the interference of the Law! Be it so; we were not the aggressor. If our language was intemperate, he provoked that intemperance. In our affair with Drumm we protest against Mr. Harper being dragged in. Although Drumm and Snowden, ever since their paper was started, have used the most libellous language to provoke Mr. Harper into noticing them, he has ever refrained from doing so. *His* retaliation was—silence.

Had we followed his advice, we would also have been silent. But our nature is more excitable, and when our reputation as a Reporter was called in question, in a most mendacious article from the pen of Drumm, we replied to it over our own individual signature, the only way Mr. Harper would permit an allusion to the paper. We were again assailed in a manner so grossly libellous that our only choice was a recourse to the law, or to use the weapons our adversary had furnished. We replied in a "*Card.*" In justice to Mr. Harper, who is at present absent from the city, we declare that our articles were our own, without his dictation or supervision, and contrary to his advice, which was not to notice them, and for which we hold ourself alone responsible. When we claimed from him the right of vindicating ourself, it was a right which we believe any publisher would have given under the circumstances.

Since Mr. Drumm, the aggressor, has departed from the warfare of the pen, and called the Law in as an ally, we shall most assuredly imitate his example, and enter suit against him "*for a false and scandalous libel.*" LEW. A. CLARKE.

INVITATION.—Mr. Randolph handed us the following very polite invitation, not exactly to take tea, yesterday morning:

"CITY OF PITTSBURGH S. S.

*The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Joseph Randolph, Constable.*

We command you that you take Lewis A. Clark and bring him *forthwith* before the subscriber, one of our Aldermen in and for said city, to answer the charge of being in a newspaper in the city of Pittsburgh, on the 24th day of July inst., entitled the Daily Morning Post, published a false and malicious libel of and concerning *John Hetherington Drumm*, whereof information hath been made on oath before our said Alderman, by the said *John Hetherington Drumm*. Hereof fail not. Witness the hand and seal of our said Alderman, at Pittsburgh aforesaid, this 25th day of July, 1849.

A. G. REINHART, Alderman."

We could not conveniently refuse so polite an invitation and of course visited the Alderman.

THE EMPIRES.—The white Concert of the Empire Minstrels, at Apollo Hall last night, went off well. The audience was large, and enthusiastic in applause. The Empires are a clever set of fellows, and it gives us pleasure to see them meet with such success.

The following is a copy of that really beautiful Ethiopian melody, composed for the Empire Minstrels by Stephen C. Foster, Esq., author of "O Susannah," "Uncle Ned," &c., &c. To hear the Empires sing, it is worth four times the price of admission:

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I travelled on de way;
All night de cotton wood a toting,
Sing to my true love every day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady, last night she died,
Toll de bell for lovely Nell, my dark
Virginny bride.

Down in de meadow among de clover,
I walked with my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days are over,
Farewell my dark Virginny bride.
Nelly was a lady, &c.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
I can't tote de cotton wood no more;
Last night while I was a sleeping,
Death came a "knocking at de door."
Nelly was a lady, &c.

Close by de margin of de water,
Where the lone weeping willow grows;
Dere sleeps Virginney's colored daughter,
Dero my her spirit find repose.
Nelly was a lady, &c.

MARKETS.—The Deacon feels grieved at our notice of his New York market reports, published under the Telegraphic head. We are sorry for him, poor fellow, and hope he will keep his pether garmeute on. By the way, speaking of Telegraphic news, Deacon, have you received any dispatches from St. Louis lately? If we mistake not you published a dispatch from St. Louis some time since when in reality the line had not been in working order for some days. If you would manufacture St. Louis news, it is very natural to suppose that you would manufacture New York market reports. O they are a very enterprising set of individuals at the "oldest establishment in the West."

At a meeting of the Niagara Fire Company held July 24, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Company heartily concur in the action of the Firemen's Association of Pittsburgh as expressed in their Resolutions in relation to the late fire in Allegheny City.

Resolved, That this Company will continue to fulfill the object of its organization whenever and wherever there may be need for our services.

Resolved; That the above proceedings be published in the City papers.

On motion, Resolved, That a vote of thanks be returned Mr. John Shoenberger, for his liberal donation. JOSEPH KAYE, President.

THOS. MAKLIN, Sec.

SCARCE.—Local news must be scarce in Cincinnati; Coll Martin of the Commercial, says that he saw three of his brother Locals the other day trying to count the Steamers at the Wharf. One of them had got up to *two* when he left.

ACCIDENT.—A little boy, son of Mr. Andrew Parsons, lost one of his eyes on Tuesday by being struck with a stone thrown at him by one of his playmates.

STRANGE.—The St. Louis papers state that Swallows, here to fore so numerous, have not visited that city this season. This fact goes to establish the theory that Cholera is an atmospheric disease.

BEING PAINTED.—Workmen were engaged yesterday painting the Dome of the new Court House.

STATE INTEREST.—Mr. Baxter, County