The Murmur of the Shell.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A sailor left his native land,
A simple gift he gave;
A sea-shell gather'd by his hand,
From out the rippling wave;
Oh, love, by this remember me!
For inland thou must dwell,
But thou shalt hear the sounding sea,
In the murmur of the shell.

Ah, woe is me! with intent'd sail
The ship is wildly toss'd!
A drowning cry is on the gale,
They sink—and all are lost!
While happy, yet untouched by fear,
Repeating his farewell,
Poor Mary smiles, and loves to hear
The murmur of the shell.

The tidings wrecked her simple brain;
And smiling now she goes,
A mad girl—reckless of her pain—
Unconscious of her woes;
But when they ring the village chimes,
That tell the lovers knell,
She sighs and says she hears at times
Death music in the shell!

Going to Bed before a Young Lady!

BY STEPHEN DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.

Next to Judge "Horse Allen," of Missouri, Judge Douglass, of Illinois, is decidedly the most original and amusing member of the Western bar, or we are no judge.

As I was saying, ten years ago Judge D., of Illinois, was a beardless youth of twenty-one years of age, freshly come amongst the people of the "Sucker State," with an air about him suspiciously redolent of Yankee land. A mere youthful adventurer amongst the "squire" Suckers—one would deem the position embarrassing. Not so the Judge—he had come on business. A political fortune was to be made and no time lost. He was about launching on the sea of public favor, and he commenced a general coast survey the day he arrived. He soon made himself District Attorney, Member of the Legislature, Register of the United States Land Office, Secretary of State, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

"How do you adapt yourself, Judge," said I, "to the people? How did you 'naturalize' yourself, as it were?"

"Oh, nothing easier—you see I like it. It's democratic. But it did come awkward at first.—You know I am, or rather was, bashful to a rather painful degree. Well, now, nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxuries, and have no such thing as a second room in their houses. In beating up votes I live with my constituents, drink with them, lodge and pray with them, laugh, hunt, dance and work with them—I eat their corn dodgers and fried bacon, and sleep two a bed with them. Among my first acquaintances were the L——s; by the way I am sure of five votes there. Well, you perceive, I had to live there, and I did live there. But, sir, I was frightened the first night I slept there. I own it—I acknowledge the corn. An ice in August is something; but I was done to an icicle—had periodical chills for ten days. Did you ever see a Venus in linsey-woolsey?"

"No."

"Then you shall see Serena L——e. They call her the 'White Plover,' seventeen, plump as a pigeon, and smooth as persimmon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing, the first night I slept there, am I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe that my heart was topsy-turvied, for the idea of pulling off my boots before the girl was death. And as to doffing my other fixtures, I would sooner have my leg taken off with a wood-saw. The crisis was tremendous.—It was nearly midnight, and the family had been hours in bed. Miss Serena alone remained. Bright as the sun, the merry minx talked on. It was portentously obvious to me at last, that she had determined to outsit me. By repeated spasmodic efforts, my coat, waistcoat, cravat, boots and socks were brought. During the process my beautiful neighbor rallied on my unaverted eyes, and with that peculiar kind of placidity employed by painters to embody their idea of the virgin. I dumped myself down in the chair, in a cold perspiration. A distressing thought occurred to me. Does not the damsel stand on a point of local etiquette? It may be the fashion of these people to see strangers in bed before retiring themselves. Had I not kept those beautiful eyes open, from ignorance of what these people deem good breeding? Neither the lady's eyes or tongue betrayed the least fatigue. Those large jet eyes seemed to dilate and grow brighter as the blaze of the wood fire died away; but, doubtless, this was from kind consideration for the strange wakefulness of her guest. The thing was clear. I determined to retire, and without delay. I arose with firmness, unloosened my suspenders, and in a voice not altogether steady, then said—

"Miss Serena, I think I will retire."

"Certainly, sir," she quietly observed, "you will fodge there, sir," inclining her head towards a bed standing a few yards from where she was sitting. I proceeded to uncase, entrenching myself behind a chair the while, fondly imagining the position afforded some security. It is simply plain to a man in his senses, that a chair of the fashion of the one that I had thrown between myself and the enemy, as a military man would say, afforded almost no security at all. No more, in fact, than standing up behind a ladder—nothing in the way of the artillery of bright eyes, as a poet would say, sweeping one down by platoons. Then I had a dead open space of ten feet between me and the bed; a sort of bridge of Lodi passage, which I was forced to make, exposed to a raking fire fore and aft. Although I say it, who should not say it, an emergency never arose for which I had not a resource. I had one for this. The plan was the work of a moment; I—"

"Ah! I see—you stormed the battery, and s—"

"Hah! don't interrupt me. No—I determined by a bold ruse de guerre, to throw her attention off, clear the dangerous passage, and fortify myself under the counpenance before she recovered from her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking. Body, limbs and head, setting up business on one hundred and a half pounds, all told, of flesh, of blood and bones, cannot, individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on the head.—Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy until she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty, individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations; for when I arose from a stooping posture, finally, wholly disencumbered from cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment.

"*Mr. Douglass you've got a mighty small chance of legs there.*"

"Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretentions to ground and lofty tumbling, but, it is strictly true, I cleared at one bound the open space, planted myself in the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling."

"I congratulate you, my boy," said I; "twas a lucky escape, truly. But was the young lady modest?"

"Modest, sir! there's not in Illinois a more modest or sensible girl. It's habit, all habit. I think nothing of it now. Why, it was only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them."

"You astonish me, Mr. Douglass."

"Fact, sir, upon my honor. You see these people are the very soul of hospitality, and never allow a fine social party to turn out at midnight to go a long distance home. All this is more cleverly managed here. An Illinois bed has the power of elongation or expansion, perfectly enigmatical to strangers. One bed four feet wide, will, on occasion, flank one whole side of the house, and is called a field bed, and large parties will range themselves on opposite sides of the house as economically as candles in a box."

The story of Judge Douglass has suggested to Field, of the St. Louis Reveille, the following humorous adventure of a Missouri politician:

The gentleman of Illinois is not the only gentleman whose legs have led him into embarrassment. A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, with the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the State last summer for Congress, even in a more peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois Judge.

There is a spot in the southwestern part of the State, known as the Fiery Fork of Honey Run—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of "honey" is of course accompanied with a corresponding flow of "milk;" and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peace," is a great evidence of sublunary contentment, in every place where they enjoy preaching.

"Honey Run," further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion—comprising one apartment, neither more nor less—is renowned for never being shut against the traveller, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and niggers, and as many lodgers as they may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the Fiery Forkers, the old lady having pointed out his bed, felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in;" though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose restlessly and sought the door step; the niggers stuck their feet in the wet, warm ashes, the old man stripped unscrupulously, and sought his share of the collapsed looking pillow; and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, the gals and the stranger to settle any question of delicacy which might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at the bed, went to the door, and looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seated himself on the "downy," and commenced to pull off his coat.—Well, he pulled off his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled; then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trowsers, and then he undid his vest, and then he whistled again, and then—suddenly an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she said—

"Gals, jist turn your backs round until the stranger gits into bed."

The backs were turned and the stranger did get into bed in less than no time, when the hostess again spoke.

"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't used to us, you had better kiver up till the galls undresses, had'nt you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did kiver up, as desired, some how or other the old countenance was equally kind in hiding his blushes and forcing him to give glances. The nymphs were soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unhitch, nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him.

"You can unkiver now, stranger, I'm married folks, and you hain't afeard of me, as I reckon."

The stranger happened to be married folks himself—he unkivered and turned his back with true connubial indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned, but with regard to the gals he declared that his half-raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that he ever experienced.

From an old number of the London Punch.

The Last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning, November 11th, at half past 11 o'clock, precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by explaining his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings, of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was then and there first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is no belief that but for reason of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come to such an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus become accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"not yet."—The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? to which he answered—"I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a segar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch was on his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the torrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he slept, answered—"Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through; he exclaimed "decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment, on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do any thing for him, when he said that he would take a glass of ale. Having drank this he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his segar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said—"I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay, of some seconds, took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side, but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears.—Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows, proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put—"Will thou have this woman to be thy wife?" "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony.

☞ People who are always talking sentiment have usually not very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

☞ Excess of ceremony, shows want of breeding; that civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

The Morning Post.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

HARPER & LAYTON, PROPRIETORS.

L. HARPER, EDITOR.

PITTSBURGH:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1851.

☞ *"No American citizen can ever cease to esteem the Union as the first of all blessings. Disunion! God forbid — Nations yet unborn would rue the rashness of the deed."*—BUCHANAN.

Democratic State Conventions.

AT READING,

For nominating candidates for GOVERNOR and CANAL COMMISSIONER, on the 4th of June, 1851, as fixed by the Williamsport Convention.

AT HARRISBURG,

For nominating candidates for SUPREME BENCH, on the 11th of June, 1851; as fixed by the regular action of the State Central Committee.

To Advertisers.

THE MORNING POST has a larger circulation than any subscription paper published in Pittsburgh. To business men it affords an excellent medium for Advertising; and being the only Democratic paper issued in Allegheny county, it goes into the hands of a class of readers reached by no other paper. Advertisers will be good enough to bear this in mind.

Type for Sale.

Having determined to furnish our extensive Job Office with entirely new materials, we shall sell about 100 founts of type now in use, *very low*, for cash or approved paper. We have type enough to fit out 8 or 10 country offices complete. The sizes and varieties of type are such as are to be found in all large city job offices, from Nonpareil up to 20 line Pica, plain and ornamental. Also, for sale, several varieties of borders, in good order. Persons wishing to purchase will please make immediate application.

☞ We spent yesterday afternoon in visiting the principal manufacturing establishments in Birmingham. We have prepared an account of what we saw, but it is crowded out of this morning's paper by a press of other matter.

The Saturday Morning Post.

CONTENTS.—Two beautiful pieces of Poetry: The Murmur of the Shell and Cupid's Arrow. A thrilling Tale, "The Expectant Bride." The President's Proclamation and other news in relation to the Cuban Expedition. Letter from Daniel Webster to the Boston Common Council. Decisions of the Courts, and their proceedings. Council Proceedings, and a large amount of Editorial, Commercial, Agricultural, Miscellaneous, Telegraphic, Local, Foreign and Domestic news. Single copies five cents.

The Susquehanna Railroad.

The bill which has finally passed the Pennsylvania Legislature, for incorporating the Susquehanna railroad company, is that introduced by Gen. Packer.—It will serve to form the connection with the new road of the York and Cumberland company, opposite Harrisburg, and also the central railroad to Philadelphia. Speaking of this enterprise, the Sunbury *American* says:

"The people of the Susquehanna are resolved to have a railroad up the valley of their noble river, which will not only connect with the New York and Erie railroad at Elmira, but will be carried to the West Branch, and from thence to Erie. The Baltimoreans are aware of the great importance of this trade, and will themselves give a liberal and helping hand to aid in its construction. We understand that a sum nearly sufficient to build the road, from Harrisburg to Sunbury, is ready for the work."

This bill, as it finally passed on Monday, contains authority for the company to build on either side of the Susquehanna.

United States Gold Balance.

Mr. JOSEPH MURPHY, who formerly kept a looking glass store on Wood street, is now stopping at the Monongahela House, and has for sale a very neat and beautiful Gold Balance, which was manufactured and patented in New York. It weighs $20, $10, $5, $2½ and $1,00 gold pieces, with the most accurate precision. It is calculated to weigh gold coin, so as to determine its genuineness, and at the same time it is so arranged as to measure the size and thickness of coin. Mr. MURPHY contemplates calling upon our citizens generally, with the view of disposing of these Balances, and as they are very cheap and useful, we presume no man will decline purchasing one.

Railroad Letting.

By an advertisement in to-day's paper, signed by ROBT. FARIES, Superintendent, it will be seen that Proposals are invited for the "grading and masonry of a portion of the line of Railroad, on the Western Slope of the Allegheny Mountains, for the avoidance of the Portage Inclined Planes, extending from below the foot of Plane No. 2, to the summit, a distance of about 12 miles." Here is a good opportunity for some enterprising contractor to get a good job.

Conference Meeting.

We yesterday received the following telegraphic despatch from a friend at Hollidaysburgh. We don't altogether understand it:

HOLLIDAYSBURGH, May 2, 1851.

MR. L. HARPER—Conference of this district met to-day. They held two Conventions.

J. C. O'Neil and Adam Morey were elected, as Senate to Bedford; and H. L. Patterson and John Cresswell against him. J. G. G.

A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR STOVE.—We examined, a day or two since, the "Folding Door Parlor Stove," noticed below by the Commercial *Journal*, and take great pleasure in indorsing all that is said by our neighbor:

FOLDING DOOR PARLOR STOVE.—Mr. A. Bradley has introduced into Pittsburgh, a stove bearing this designation, which appears to us to be a wonderful improvement in the structure of stoves with regard to economy, utility and beauty. We were greatly interested in examining one of these stoves on Saturday at Mr. Bradley's store on Second street. By the disposition of folding doors, this may be made at once a close stove or an open fire place, not unlike the Franklin stove; and in either form it is sufficiently elegant to harmonize with the most luxuriously furnished parlor.—Lightness is reconciled to durability by inside linings of heavy plates, and these are varied to suit the use of wood or coal. The cost of this stove is surprisingly moderate, looking to its beauty and excellence; and we commend it as especially deserving the attention of tidy house keepers, because of its freedom from dirt and dust in use.

WHAT THEY SAY IN GREENSBURGH.—The old Westmoreland *Republican*, after noticing the conduct of certain persons in this city towards Jenny Lind, adds:

The great fault committed by BARNUM, on his arrival at Pittsburgh, consisted of his not applying to our friend Col. RODY PATTERSON, for one of his large open carriages, and harnessing up some of the human Donkeys of that place and giving her a public reception—had he done this, her feelings and those of the audience would not have been outraged—to have aided in hauling her through the streets would have been as much glory to them, as that of insulting a defenceless woman.

We presume Barnum very much regrets that he did not write to Mr. Marchand, and take his advice, before bringing Jenny Lind to Pittsburgh. He will certainly attend to the matter hereafter.

The Expedition against Cuba.

The Washington *Republic* of Wednesday publishes the following copy of a telegraphic despatch from

SAVANNAH, April 28.

An expedition, it appears, has been set on foot, and is marching South across the State. To intercept and frustrate the design, a steamboat has been chartered and officers sent South.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.—The Democratic Convention for this county met on Saturday last, and elected to the Harrisburg Judicial Convention, Israel Thomas, Benjamin E. Chain, N. Jacoby, and S. N. Rich, Esqrs., without instructions. To the Reading Gubernatorial Convention, Hon. Jacob S. Yost, Charles Kugler, Esq., A. H. Tippin, Esq., and Owen Jones, Esq., were chosen, and were unanimously instructed for Bigler, of course.

Scribblings and Clippings.

— The Cincinnati *Commercial* tells a story of a young gentleman, who fell desperately in love with a lady, after frequently seeing her daguerreotype. He sought out the original and married her!

— The Cincinnati Commercial states that during the downward passage of the Pittsburgh packet Messenger, several state rooms were opened and robbed; the amount taken was about nine hundred dollars.

— The Rev. Dr. BROOKS, so long the pastor of Christ Church, Cincinnati, has resigned his charge, to take effect in July, and Rev. Mr. NEWTON, of Philadelphia, has been called to fill his place.

— The Lynchburg Virginian says that an opening was effected through the tunnel, near that place, on Tuesday week. The aperture, of course, is still small but sufficient to give a free circulation of air, which will add much to the comfort and convenience of the operators, as well as facilitate the progress of the work.

— The British Parliament, at a recent session, voted three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars for the Queen's *stables*, and at the same session refused one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for national education.

— We observe by the Boston papers that Miss KEMBLE is reading SHAKESPEARE with marked success in that city. The TRANSCRIPT, a paper not easily misled, speaks of her readings with much warmth.

— Gen. LESLIE COOMBS, Whig, has been unanimously nominated for Congress for Ashland district, Kentucky.

— President SPARKS, of Harvard University, has so far recovered from his recent injuries, as to be able to resume his duties.

— The German woman, who was supposed to be in a trance, at Washington, has been given up for dead, and deposited in the grave.

— The President and Cabinet were in session on Monday. It is supposed negotiations will at once be entered into with the Nicaragnan Minister. The most ample instructions have been sent north and south to prevent a violation of treaty stipulations with Spain, and the Home Squadron has been ordered to be on the look out.

— There is much talk about a Cuban Expedition, said to have sailed from New Orleans. Nothing certain is known.

— The number of applications for bounty lands under the late act, received in a day, have run up as high as 1,500. They now average about 400 a day. There are 100,000 applications on file, which have not been touched.

— The heirs of LOUIS PHILIPPE are about to offer for sale the gallery of modern pictures in the Palais Royal.

— A son of Rev. CALVIN WHITE, of Gardiner, Me., some 5 years old, was shot by the accidental discharge of a gun, on Thursday week, from the effects of which he died last Tuesday.

— The Springfield (Ill.) State Register says, immigration is pouring into that region beyond all precedent. Upwards of eighty families, nearly all wealthy, have come this spring, and hundreds more are coming. Improved farms are in great demand, and new farms are opening in every direction.

— The Chancellor YATESWORTH, of N. York was married on the 17th ult. at Saukvenienti, Ill., to the widow of Col. HARDIN, who was killed at the battle of Buena Vista.

— Mr. JAMES COLLIER, an old citizen of Xenia, Ohio, and a pioneer in the settlement of Miami Valley, died at his residence in that place, on Thursday of last week.

— BROWNSON, of the Quarterly Review, pronounces BACON a humbug. Of NEWTON he hadn't yet quite made up his mind; but he thinks quite likely he was a humbug, too!

— JOSEPH HODGE, of Perry county, Ohio, has had 35 sheep eaten up by his neighbors' dogs, and the balance of the flock mutilated. His neighbor, HARPER, lost his whole flock.

— The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that the license tax imposed by the laws of that State upon the merchants of the city of St. Louis is an unconstitutional measure.

— WILLIAM C. PATTERSON, a carpenter, was found drowned in the canal at Dayton on Thursday week. He had been seen that morning, and his death is unaccounted for.

— The Rev. JOHN RUSSELL, Bishop of the "United Brethren in Christ Church," was tried at Hagerstown, Md., for an assault upon a lady (his brother's wife,) and fined $100 and costs.

— A stage driver on the line from Crawfordsville to Indianapolis, Ia., was killed last week by the horses running away and the hub of the stage striking him on the head.

— The Earl of Harrington is dead. He was aged 71, and has left Miss FOOTE, the celebrated actress, whom he married, a large fortune—the accumulation of his savings since 1831.

— PARODI, it is now stated by the New Orleans papers, has refused the offer of MARTI, the Havana empresario, of a six months' engagement at $30,000. The offer itself was hard to believe. The lady's refusal is still harder.

NEW ENGINE.—The New Orleans Courier has the following account of a new invention. "A steamboat to travel on land or water," would indeed be a novelty.

A gentleman exhibited this morning in the Lyceum Hall, while the assembled multitude waited to be organized into Convention — a model of a locomotive which can be used for a steamboat to travel on land or water—for ploughing or for any sort of riding or travelling. It can also be used as a fire engine or a street sprinkler.

He said it would throw water 300 or 3,000 feet high, according to the size of the machine constructed, and if one had been in use on the night of the fire in the St. Charles, fire could have been extinguished in five seconds after the invention got upon the ground. The inventor is one of the keenest, at the same time most gentlemanly, looking chaps in the town, and we believe he is persuaded every body that his invention is the greatest yet.

The first engineers of the city have examined it, and pronounced that he has overcome every difficulty in the way of travelling on land or water. He made the model move ahead, retrograde, turn round and round every way, with grace and ease. It is, indeed, wonderful to behold.

POLITICAL COMPLEXION OF MR. SUMNER.—The New York *Evening Post*, Democratic authority, thus classifies Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, the Senator elect from Massachusetts:

"In politics Mr. Sumner is a *doctrinaire*. He is well known to be opposed to all class or special legislation, and to be a firm champion of States' rights. He has never held any close connexion with either of the great political parties of the country, though, till within the last few years, he has been classed with the Whigs. We have classed him with the Democrats, because that on all the issues which have been made between him and his opponents in the Legislature, he has occupied a Democratic position, and we have no doubt that all his sympathies and convictions will lead him to maintain that position."

☞ A letter from London, in speaking of things at the World's Fair, says—

"Another most beautiful article was a communion cloth, three yards by two and a half, in the centre of the border of which was a beautiful representation of the 'Last Supper,' so admirably executed that the features and drapery were brought out more like an exquisitely finished painting than the production of the loom. The remaining portions of the border consisted of deep rich scroll work. The 'Bible and the Cup' formed the centre, and upon each side of it was a 'glory,' as the rays radiating from a centre are technically called, with the sacred initials 'I. H. S.'"

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—A few nights since, a mammoth bird, closely resembling the famous stork, was captured on the plantation of Mr. Griffith, near Vernon, Ind., on the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad. The night was unusually stormy, when this feathered stranger came hovering about the trees, and finally lighted on a branch near the ground, when it was attacked, and engaged in a very singular fight with a couple of watch dogs. Their loud and repeated barking aroused Mr. G. and family, who managed with difficulty to run the bird into a smoke house, when it was secured and brought into this city, on the Madison packet, yesterday. It measures five feet, when standing erect, and eight feet six inches from the tip of one wing to the other, when spread. We understand it is the intention of the owner to sell it to the proprietor of the Menagerie. Such a bird is a stranger in these parts.—*Cincinnati Eng., April 23.*

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.—Arrangements have been completed by the superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad, for finishing the work from Michigan city to the Illinois line, and thence to Chicago. The iron for the entire line is purchased, and the road will be commenced at once, and proceeded in without delay until it is finished. It is, moreover, stated, that a connection between the Michigan Southern Railway, and the Rock river Road has been agreed upon, which will constitute the longest continuous railroad route in the country. The Rock River Railroad connects with another which unites Davenport with Iowa City—and this latter with still another that terminates at Council Bluffs, in the Indian Territory.

Another Anti-Rent Outrage.

The Albany Register says that on Wednesday last a body of Anti-Renters, in that county, perpetrated another of those outrages which have of late years so repeatedly brought reproach upon that part of the State. In this case, the victim of the malice of these outlaws had committed the offence, according to their peculiar notions of honesty, of serving process in several cases of delinquency for rent on the part of some of their agrarian associates. For doing this they had resolved to punish him; and accordingly, on Wednesday last, whilst he was engaged, agreeably to previous appointment, in measuring off the widow's dower of a farm about seven miles from Rensselaerville, a band of twenty or thirty cowardly ruffians, well armed, and disguised as Indians, suddenly seized and bound him, and afterwards forced him to submit to the indignity of a coat of tar and feathers, which was inflicted under circumstances of diabolical cruelty.

After this, when his prosecutors had in vain endeavored to extort from him a promise to serve no more papers, he was permitted to go to his home, which he reached about midnight. In stating the particulars of this outrage the "Register" expresses its indignation that such offences should have prevailed in that region for so many years, and that the law has so far become a dead letter that no redress can be obtained by the injured party. Shame that it is so. Such are the inevitable consequences of some of the doctrines of the 'progressive' school of the present day; and it is a pity that those who, by inculcating these doctrines, stimulate their ignorant followers to the perpetration of crimes of which they cannot comprehend the magnitude, could not also be made to suffer the severest penalties due to the deluded people who commit such offences.

Facts for Farmers.

It will not do to hoe a great field for little crops, nor to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land, and it will pay you for it. Better farm twenty acres well than fifty acres by halves.

In dry pastures dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequent near the surface of a height than in a valley.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for land.

It is best to cut grain before it is fully or dead ripe. When the straw immediately below the grain is so dry that on twisting it no juice is extracted, it should be cut. For then there is no circulation of juice to the ear. Every hour it stands uncut after this stage is attended with loss.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early and pay no attention to the moon.

Accounts should be kept detailing the expense and product of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but first let it be well cleaned.

Cultivate your heart aright, as well as your farm; and remember "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Do not begin farming by building an extensive house nor a spacious barn, till you have something to store in it.

Keep a note of all remarkable events on your farm. Recording even your errors, will be of benefit.

Good fences make good neighbors.

Experiments are commendable, but do not become an habitual experimenter.

Sheep put into fresh stubbles are apt to be killed by eating too much grain.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

Sow clover deep; it secures it against the drought.

Ground once well ploughed is better than thrice poorly.

Beautiful crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich, pulverize it well, and keep it clean; and it generally will be productive.

Cows well fed in winter, give more milk in summer.

When you see the fence down, put it up; for if it remains until to-morrow it may rain.

A strong horse will work all day without food, but keep him at it and he will not last long.

Special Notices

☞ **Mr. Hatch's Lectures on Mercantile Law**—*Duff's College*—Subject for this (Saturday) Evening's Lecture, commencing at 7 o'clock precisely—BOTTOMRY AND RESPONDENTIA BONDS. my3:1t

☞ **Fifth Presbyterian Church**—*First Associate Reformed Church*.—We are glad to hear that Rev. NATHANIEL WEST is to preach his *Post-communion* Sermon in the First A. R. Church, Sixth street, on next Sabbath evening, we suppose, at 7½ o'clock, the usual hour at this season for evening Divine service. The Trustees of the First A. R. Church have offered their house to the Fifth Presbyterian Congregation and her Minister for the first Sabbath evening of each month.—Mr. WEST and his people occupy the Second Presbyterian Church on every Sabbath evening but the first in each month, on which evenings the Pastor, Mr. HOWARD, has a sermon to his young people. We regret that we are rejoiced to see and hear such expressions of good-will and true sympathy and love flow out from different denominations of the Christian brotherhood toward each other. Let the resolve that this heavenly feeling shall be not only *esto perpetua*, but *erit perpetua*! i. e. not only that it may be perpetual, but it *shall* be perpetual, to which we heartily respond—AMEN! my3

☞ **Unitarian Worship**—Will take place on Sunday, May 4th, at the City Lecture Room, under Lafayette Hall. Entrance on Wood street, between Third and Fourth. my3

☞ Morning service at 10½ o'clock—evening service at 7½ o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend. my3

☞ **Sermons to Young Men**—The fourth of the series will be preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, on Sabbath evening, May 4th, at 7½ o'clock, by the Pastor, Rev. WM. D. HOWARD.

The middle block of pews reserved for young men. my3

☞ **Good Intent Fire Company**.—A regular meeting of the Good Intent Fire Company will be held on Monday evening, May 5th, at 8 o'clock. Punctual attendance is earnestly requested, as business of great importance will be laid before the meeting.

my3 TOM. W. LITTLE, Sec'y.

☞ **U. A. O. D.**

Meets above Board of Trade Rooms, corner of Third and Wood streets, every Monday evening.

pr29

☞ LUNCH served up at the St. Clair Hotel Bar, every day, at 11 o'clock.

apr26 (City Dailies copy.)

☞ Consumers of wines are invited to read in another column the card of Jacob Snider, Jr.'s cheap wine store 67 Walnut street, Philadelphia. feb14:1my

Important to Dyspeptics!

☞ ARTIFICIAL DIGESTION!—Dr. *Houghton's Pepsin, the True Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice*, a great Dyspepsia Cure, prepared from *Rennet, or the Fourth Stomach of the Ox*, after directions of Baron LIEBIG, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

The art of making an *Artificial Digestive Fluid*, and of performing the process of Digestion out of the Stomach, has long been known to Physiological Chemists. The honor of the discovery belongs to a celebrated German Chemist, who gave the name of *Pepsin* to the active principle of the Gastric Juice, which he obtained by macerating the lining membrane of the Digestive Stomach of the Calf in water, and precipitating the Pepsin from the solution. Drs. PROUT, Dr. PEREIRA and Dr. GREGORY, in England; Dr. BEAUMONT and Dr. DUNGLISON, in America; and chief of all, Baron LIEBIG, have recently experimented, and written upon this highly interesting and curious subject, and thrown much light upon the nature of the Digestive process, in its chemical and physiological relations.

Dr. J. S. HOUGHTON, of Philadelphia, has applied this discovery to the cure of INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA with *astonishing success*. It is impossible to give the Scientific and other evidence of these facts in the limits of this advertisement. Let the afflicted call upon the Agent, and get a descriptive sheet, gratis. It is one of the greatest *Scientific wonders* of the day. ☞ Every bottle of the genuine Pepsin bears the written signature of J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., sole proprietor. Price, one dollar per bottle.

See advertisement in another column.

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☞ **Odd Fellows'**

Hall, *Odeon Building, Fourth* street, between Wood and *Smithfield streets*.—Pittsburgh Encampment, No. 9, meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month.

Pittsburgh Degree Lodge, No. 3, meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

Mechanics' Lodge, No. 9, meets every Thursday evening.

Western Star Lodge No. 24, meets every Wednesday.

Iron City Lodge, No. 182, meets every Monday evening.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 260, meets every Friday evening.

Zoeco Lodge, No. 355, meets every Thursday evening, at their Hall, corner of Smithfield and Fifth streets.

Twin City Lodge, No. 331, meets every Friday evening. Hall, corner of Leacock and Sandusky streets, Allegheny City. may22:1y

☞ **Angerona Lodge, I. O. of O. F.**—The Angerona Lodge, No. 239, I. O. of O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Washington Hall, Wood st. [1s41y

☞ **I. O. of O. F.**—Place of Meeting, Washington Hall, Wood street, between 5th and Virgin Alley.

Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 136—Meets every Tuesday evening.

Mercantile Encampment, No. 87—Meets 1st and