THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

BY DORA M'NEILLE.

Gently and quietly the night folded its wings over a pleasant home among the Green Mountains, where a happy circle were gathered around a fire of maple wood. It was one of those old fashioned homesteads of which every one has a bright idea; tall trees bent over it, as if to shelter the young hearts that beat happily under that roof, and peacefully, even as the birds that sung to them through the long summer days, dwelt the little mountaineers in their secluded home. Their parents had been absent on a visit for a week, to their friends at a distance, tho' it was mid-winter, and the broad evergreen forests were covered with snow. They were not the people who spend in pleasure the loveliest season that God gives us, for little thought could they take of journeying for amusement, when the rich fruit and waving grain was ripening fast for them to gather.

It was the farmer's season for flitting now; the harvest moon had long since waned, leaving rich stores in the born and the granary. There were stalwart boys to leave at home, who knew right well what was needful, and the parents had not feared to leave the little band at home alone, without any protection but their own innocence, and the care of Him in whom they trusted.

Trained as they had been to brave all dangers and storms, caring lightly for either, the hardy children had enjoyed the independence of being left to take care of themselves as James Graham expressed it, and now they were recounting all the home duties they had faithfully performed, for the absent ones were expected home that night, and each little heart beat happily in the consciousness of having done right.

"Well," said James, "I guess father don't expect to find all the corn husked when he gets home."

"No, nor the old shed boarded up so nicely," said Richard.

"What have you got to tell father, Annie?" said James to a little creature who looked like a white morning glory with blue eyes.

"Oh, I'll tell him how good we've all been, and how I helped you to feed the lambs every day."

"You'll tell him we've been good, too, won't you, cousin Marion?" asked Richard, for the roguish boy began to remember certain instances of his teasing and fun, which he thought might not sound very well in the account.

A gay and brilliant girl was cousin Marion, who had escaped the dull restraints of a city life to enjoy for a little while the freedom which she loved. Oh, how strange that she could leave gaiety and fashion, where she was the brighter star, to sit on that old hearthstone in the farmer's kitchen, and crack butternuts, or help to pare apples till her little white hands were black enough; she was so gifted and so kind, and so winning to all, and then as James said, she was a first-rate hand at making candy and popping corn.

But Marion Norville was not genteel—indeed she wasn't; for she had rather play the romping games of the country girls, or, coast with James Graham of a moonlight, than dance the bewitching polka in her splendid home—and why should she not? for the shadows of old beeching trees trembled on a frozen lake, for the moon shines brighter there than in a crowded room, on the ivy which God did not make. Perhaps, too, Marion had holier thoughts than those of mere enjoyment, for every night she had gathered the children round her, and with them repeated a prayer so earnest in its few simple words, that their young eyes closed reverently as they knelt, and all their mirth and gaiety was for a few moments forgotten.

Now as she sat on a rude seat, with Annie's sweet face resting on her lap, the glowing fire light lit up her face with the truest gladness as she answered Richard.

"Yes, sor, you've been good all the time, and—"

While she was speaking the whole group was startled by a low, distinct rapping on the window pane, and there, with its white breast pressed close against the glass, was a trembling dove, picking the frost-covered window, as if to pray for shelter from the driving storm. All the children ran eagerly to the door. Richard laid the dove gently and carefully in Marion's hand. The flickering light of the candle shone far out on the lonely road, and dimly showed two figures all wreathed with the falling snow. It was unusual in that lonely place to see strangers passing thus at night, and the ever-restless Richard exclaimed:

"You carry in the dove and warm it; I mean to run out and see who they are."

Beautiful looked the half-frozen dove to the kind ones who had rescued it. As it nestled close to Marion's bosom, there was a glean in its opening eyes that seemed almost human, so earnestly it told of gratitude and content.—They smoothed its ruffled white plumes caressingly, talking all the while to "Dovie" as if he knew their meaning. They scarcely heeded the entrance of Richard till he said,

"Those folks were beggars, and wanted us to keep them over night, but I told them, as father always does, that every town takes care of their own poor, and if they stayed at home they needn't suffer."

"Who are they? how did they look? where did they come from?" inquired all at once

"Oh, they looked bad enough; there was an old man and a girl not so large as Marion, and they came from some place below that I never heard of before. The old codger said he was going north to see his brother; but I guess he made up this story."

"Why, Dick, I didn't think you'd turn off an old man and a poor shivering girl in such a night as this;" and as James spoke he went to the window, adding, "I don't think father and mother will come, it storms so, and if they are on the way they will put up somewhere."

"The old man's breath smelt of rum," answered Richard; "and if he can buy that he can buy lodging. I did pity the girl, to be sure. When I told them the tavern was two miles off, she said, 'Oh dear, that seems a great ways;' but then father says it's only encouraging folks to drink, if you do anything for them when they wander about so."

Richard did indeed repeat an oft-heard sentiment of his father's when he said this, for, tho' a worthy man in most respects, Mr. Graham was one of those who "remember the poor," only so far as the sufferers are good and virtuous, and struggle hard to help themselves.

But the holier teaching of his wife had given the children other and better feelings, and Richard's conscience smote him when little Annie quietly said, "Mother wouldn't have sent them away, if the man did drink rum."

"You promised us a story, cousin Marion," said Richard, glad to turn from a painful subject. "Tell us about old times—I like those best." "Tell us about war," said James.—"About Indians," said Fred. "About when you was a little girl like me," said Annie. "Tell us about something you never told us before," said a quiet boy in the corner.

[CONCLUSION TO-MORROW.]

CIVIL WAR.—Sims, in his history of South Carolina, paints a picture which it would be well for those contemplating a violent disruption of the Union to look in the face.

"No language can do justice to and visit with proper execration the doings of that dismal civil war which desolated the fields of Carolina, and deluged her dwellings with the tears and blood of her children. The ties of nature, of society, of neighborhood, were torn apart and trampled. Friendship and fellowship were sundered with the sword. Father and son stood with confronting weapons in opposite ranks, and brothers grappled in the gladiatorial embrace of the savage, goaded to constant strife by the shouts and rewards of the British conqueror. Under their fostering countenance people of the worst character were urged from their hiding-places in the swamp; men of all sorts of crime; thieves and murders; blood-painted and gallows-branded wretches, who needed but the halloo of the savage huntsman to spring upon the track of the unhappy fugitive. These drove the patriots from their hiding places and country, ravaged their possessions, burnt their dwellings, abused their women, slew their children, and converted the sweetest homes of happiness into places of sorrow or the most savage solitude. In the single district of Ninety-Six there were no less than fourteen hundred widows and orphans made by this savage warfare."

VEXATIONS OF SMOKING.—A young man smoking in the streets of Boston was tapped on the shoulder and told that he must pay the penalty of five dollars or be imprisoned, whereupon he handed the supposed officer a $10 bill, and received a $5 in change. To his great mortification he soon found out that the bill he had received was a counterfeit, and the man who gave it to him was not, as pretended, an officer.

A letter from Caraccas, July 1, says—

"Every office holder who has the handling of the public money is a defaulter to a large amount, and goes unpunished, because every member of congress is an office seeker, and waiting his turn to follow suit. This is the present state of affairs in this once prosperous and once well governed republic."

Daily Morning Post.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

Harper & Layton, Proprietors and Publishers.

L. HARPER, EDITOR.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING.....AUGUST 4, 1851.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,

WILLIAM BIGLER,

OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

SETH CLOVER,

OF CLARION COUNTY.

DEMOCRATIC STATE NOMINATIONS

For Justices of the Supreme Bench.

HON. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, *of Somerset.*
" JAMES CAMPBELL, *of Philadelphia.*
" ELLIS LEWIS, *of Lancaster.*
" JOHN B. GIBSON, *of Cumberland.*
" WALTER H. LOWRIE, *of Allegheny.*

☞ Our drawers are full of communications on various interesting topics. Patience, friends, patience!

☞ F. C. FLANEGIN, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney for Allegheny county, and "a Whig all over," has ordered the Daily *Post* to be sent to his office, to be paid for when Col. BIGLER is elected Governor. We will send the paper to ten thousand such men as Mr. F. on the same terms. Come on, gentlemen—don't be modest about the matter!

"FALSEHOOD AND IMPUDENCE."

This is the startling head to an article in the Gazette of Friday, in reply to our observation of the day previous, that "the Gazette has been reluctantly *forced* to admit that all our positions in relation to the *free ticket* business are correct." Our assertion is sustained by *facts*, obvious to the perception of an intellect even more obtuse and perverted than that which controls the editorial columns of the Gazette.

Let us make a brief statement of our position, and the public can easily discover where is the *impudent lie!* which is an equally plain, though not quite so *classical* an expression as that at the head of this article.

The *Gazette*, copying from its compeer in all that is ungenerous, unmanly, and unjust, the *American* of this city,) asserted that all the Delegates from this county to the Reading Convention, with the exception of a *single* individual, had gone to that Convention by means of tickets furnished them by some person; and broadly intimating that these tickets were issued by the Canal Commissioners. We denied the truth of this statement most positively; and asserted that the editor of that paper could not furnish a single *fact* to corroborate this statement. This was the *first* and main position which we took. The discussion of this matter has been continued for some days past,—yet not a single fact has been produced, going to point to error in our statement, or to show that we had not uttered the truth. Therefore, according to all the rules of argument that we have become acquainted with, our *first position* was admitted.

Our second position was based upon the volunteer evidence of THOMAS JEFFERSON BIGHAM, Esquire, which went to prove, (if his *entire* statement was true,) that *several members of the Legislature* had received free tickets to pass over the public works: that he *knew* this to be the case; because a friend had procured one for him, which secured his passage from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, free of all charge for tolls. The *Gazette* and its backers had pronounced the issuing of these free tickets to be without the shadow of warrant by law; and had charged the Democratic Canal Commissioners with "swindling" the State. The position we took, in view this part of the case was (and we think it an inevitable one)—*That J. T. BIGHAM, a member of the Legislature, and therefore as fully sworn to observe the Constitution as the Canal Commissioners, was equally guilty with them of sustaining a scheme by which to swindle the State.*

This position we sustained by arguments that have been frequently referred to, no word of denial has appeared—nothing has been produced in the slightest degree to weaken our position. There are several minor propositions, originating in these two; but as neither of the main positions have been denied, we take it for granted, by all the rules of Logic; that they must be admitted also.

The editor of the *Gazette* so frequently delivers himself of *peculiar* ideas, that we have more than once taken the occasion to remark that we could not tell in which category to place him,—that of *knave* or *fool*. In the article to which we are now replying, there is an exhibition of *verdancy* so great that we might safely place him in the latter class. But to-morrow *may* produce some evidence equally as strong of the other character. He terms our failure to admit our knowledge that free tickets had been granted under every administration, a "most unblushing disregard of truth and fairness." Now there must first be produced *any reason whatever* why we should have made such an admission, when proving that the *Gazette* had unqualifiedly LIED, and that T. J. BIGHAM had aided in swindling the State, before the mind of any man of the most common intelligence can be brought to agree with the *Gazette*. None can do this unless it be those who swallow all it gives forth, in the same manner they once did their mother's milk. Whenever an admission of the truth is required of us, we shall prove ourselves to be *not behind the pious?* editor. But we are obliged to pay some attention to the distinguished volunteer witness of the *Gazette*, and must therefore close this article.

C. C. & C. B. R. Receipts for June.

The Receipts of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Rail Road, says the Cleveland *Herald*, show a steady increase which is evidence of permanent prosperity.

The receipts for June were

From Passengers	$30,229 66
" Freight	12,091 69
" Mails	2,000 00
Total	$44,321 35
The receipts for May were	37,128 43

Showing an increase in the month of June of $7,192 92

The number of passengers carried in June was 16,743.

The *Herald* thinks that July will show a handsome return over last month.

WELL SPOKEN.—The Hartford *Times* speaks the truth when it says: "The leading Abolitionists and Abolition organs very warmly desire the success of Wm. F. Johnston, the Whig candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnston depends very much upon the "free soil" votes of that State in the coming contest. The Whigs also hope to gain strength by Native votes. Mr. Bigler, the democratic candidate, stands upon the National Democratic platform, and is supported by the Democracy without regard to any faction. This is the true course."

LIFE IN KENTUCKY.—In Pendleton county, on Tuesday last, Robert Porter went home in a state of intoxication, and, as usual, commenced beating his wife, when his son, a grown up man, interfered. The father knocked him down with a chair, and was dragging him out, when he drew a knife and cut his father in the thigh. The latter redoubled his violence, when the son stabbed him fatally near the heart.

A married couple, living in the upper part of Queen Anne's county, Md., who have been in wedlock twenty years, have had *twenty children*. No danger of depopulation in that quarter.

Thomas Jefferson Bigham, Esq.

In the *Gazette* of Saturday, we find a very lame, and bombastic, and almost senseless production of Mr. BIGHAM,—being "the same subject continued,"—and giving no fact not stated in his first article, except naming the individual who procured the ticket for him. He throws in a great deal, however, which he would wish to have taken as proof of his immaculate purity, and unquestionable devotion to the laws of the State. We give a fine specimen. He tells us how utterly indignant he felt at the first moment when he was made aware of the fact that other people had enjoyed a privilege similar to his own; and that then he determined to break up the free ticket system." But we give one of the finest parts of this article, in order that our readers may judge for themselves if Mr. T. J. BIGHAM, is not a perfect model of a pure patriot and unflinching moralist. Hear him:

"What, under such circumstance, was my duty? I was a sworn member of the House of Representatives—called not by a mere figure of speech the Grand Inquest of the State—was I to shrink from the discharge of my duty in an expose of official corruption, because the employers and pimps of the Canal Board would abuse me? was I to permit the public works of the State, paid for by the taxes of the people, to be used between this and the election, to be overrun with travelling politicians, at the public expense, to sustain a corrupt Canal Board. This would certainly have been much more convenient; but would not have fulfilled my sense of duty to my constituents.

Remember, tax-payers of Pennsylvania, the controversy is, the propriety of each of the three Canal Commissioners unofficially, and without any record of the same, issuing *annual* or *triennial* tickets, authorizing whomsoever he may designate, to pass over the public works of the State, *free of charge*, be he in pursuit of pleasure, of business, going to Democratic conventions, mass meetings, or elsewhere."

Aye, what was Mr. BIGHAM's sworn *duty* as a member of the Legislature? It was, undoubtedly, *not* to aid in "swindling" the State as much lay in his power; and then, long months after the occurrence spoken of, come out, like a criminal fearing punishment, and telling that he had virtually perjured himself, *not* to take the wages of that corruption, the consequences of which he has so accurately foreseen and so clearly portrayed; *not* to do all he could in this way to take from the pockets of the tax-payers of Pennsylvania their hard earnings, for his own personal benefit—while he was receiving *pay* at their hands for every mile that he had to travel between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh.

We think such as we have stated *were not* points of duty on the part of Mr. BIGHAM, even as a citizen of the State who had never taken a formal oath to support the laws; and still less as a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, to use his own language—"called, not by a mere figure of speech, the Grand Inquest of the State." Listen, reader, to the fervid appeal which he makes to you,—and which he wishes you to answer favorably for him—to know if you think that he could dare to abstain from exposing such iniquity! What a thrill of holy patriotism seems to pervade every *line* of the extract which we have made! But such are among the tricks of all "swindlers." When arrested, and before they have any idea of the testimony to be brought against them, they are capable of playing the saint to perfection; but when the evidences of guilt are produced, (it may be upon their own persons,) they then become totally dumb as we expect the distinguished gentleman himself soon to become on this subject.—The greatest source of wonder to many may be, that he had not sense enough to know, that, when he had confessed to the receipt and appropriation of goods "swindled" from the public, his testimony would have but little weight with all honorable men.

But, unfortunately for him as a Grand Juror of the State, he has pre-convicted himself; and this ebullition of hypocritical regard for duty, does not tally very well with his real duty, according to those systems of ethics which are held most valuable. He knows this, as well as we can tell him. If he has never read *Blackstone*, he has surely read *Kent*, and from either he would learn, as the enlightened common sense of mankind, that *he who aids in the perpetration of a wrong, either public or private*, is equally guilty with the actual perpetrators.

We cannot help it if Mr. BIGHAM has flattered himself with the idea that "*we* have on repeated occasions considered *him* of sufficient importance to entertain *our* readers with personal abuse of *himself*." We wish to assure him, however, at the *first* moment when we have an opportunity, that the idea is a mistaken one. The station to which he was chosen, and his own *mal apropos* movements in it, more than any other cause, have led us to pay attention to him. But mere station gives not importance; merit, and the capacity to perform one's part, alone give importance. Why we remember of having read, many years ago, an account of a very quiet and patient, though somewhat sullen animal, who determined to try and make himself important. To do this he completely enveloped himself in a lion's skin. Thus fitted out, he went to the place which he thought most favorable to his purpose. Here he stood for a time, until some country boys being about to pass, he felt that now was his time to make a demonstration.—When they came near enough he thought that he must now give out that awful roar, which of itself would paralyze their nerves. But *that* roar only set the boys into a roar of laughter; and the "important" beast was soon unrobed. What was the delight of the boys when they saw before them, in all his native beauty, and dignity, and nobility, their own *Donkey*, who had been away from home for some days! Is the moral comprehended?

The story which Mr. B. tells about hunting coons is one that has been often told by others: but, perhaps, the "old woodsman," as he calls him, may have thought at the time, (from the *peculiarly sweet smells* that he would occasionally encounter) that *skunks* were really about; and he would of course wish the boys to keep the dogs near them. Do let us hear from you often, Brother BIGHAM, on the subject of Swindling and Skunks!

MARYLAND FOR BUCHANAN.—The Bedford *Gazette* says:—There are, at present, 25 Marylanders at the Bedford Springs, all of whom are for Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency. A distinguished gentleman from that State assures us that Mr. B. is the choice of their people, beyond the contingency of a doubt.

The one Term Candidate.

Gov. Johnston made solemn and oft repeated pledges to be a candidate but for *one term*.

He has used his official patronage and influence to procure a nomination for re-election, and is now soliciting votes for a second election.

Gov. Johnston and his party abused Gov. Shunk without stint or measure for exercising the veto power. Yet this same Gov. Johnston has resorted to the use of the veto to defeat the expressed wishes of the people; and in the case of the kidnapping bill, he has resorted to a still more detestable way to defeat the action of the people's Representatives. He had not the moral courage to either sign it or veto; so he stows it away in his breeches pocket until after the election.

Gov. Johnston and his party made loud and frequent complaints against his predecessors for the occasional use of the pardoning power, while he has used it indiscriminately for the basest and most mercenary purposes. He undoubtedly expects a strong support from birds just let loose from the Penitentiary.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

☞ Among the inventions of modern science, few confer a greater benefit on the community than that contribution of Chemistry to the healing art, known as *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral*. In our advertising columns may be found the evidence of distinguished gentlemen, that shows their confidence in its peculiar efficacy to cure distempers of the Throat and Lungs.

The Cheeryble Brothers.

The following, (says the *Baltimore American*,) which we copy from a late English paper, will be read with interest. It alludes to the death of one of the "Cheeryble Brothers," a firm that has been rendered immortal by the magical pen of genius. The story, although brief, embodies a noble moral:

Mr. Daniel Grant, of the well-known firm of Grant, Brothers, Manchester, expired on Thursday, the 12th ult., at his residence at Ramsbottom, near Bury, having survived his elder brother, (William) only five years. There were originally four brothers, who left the Highlands of Scotland with their father to try their fortunes in the manufacturing districts. "William, the elder brother, was apprenticed to a calico printer and dyer, near Bury, and afterwards took the business of the Peels, at Ramsbottom, subsequently receiving his brother into partnership. Everything they engaged in went exceedingly prosperously with them, and they were enabled in a few years to purchase the works they at first only rented. Their benevolence was known throughout the manufacturing districts, as well as their great wealth, and it was an oft-quoted remark of the elder brothers, "that the more money they gave away, the more they made."

Those who have visited Ramsbottom, situated in a beautiful part of the vale of the Irwell, a few miles only from the birthplace of the late Sir Robert Peel, will have noticed a tower on the bleak summit of the hills which form the northern side of this valley. It is said to mark the spot where the elder brother and his father sat down to rest on their first arrival in the neighborhood from the Highlands, more than half a century ago, with a drove of cattle, and the old man, who, struck with the beauty and luxuriance of the vale beneath, exclaimed, "Oh, Willie, here's a heaven on earth," lived to see the broad fertile lands he had admired so much the property of his son, then only fourteen years old, and to live with him in a handsome mansion erected upon it. The only surviving son is Mr. John Grant, of Broadbottom, near Mottram.

[It may be interesting to remind the public that Daniel Grant, of Manchester, was the original of one of those Brothers Cheeryble whose benevolence has been so beautifully celebrated by Charles Dickens, in his "Nicholas Nickleby."]

Views of American Character.

I like the Americans more and more; either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been much exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travelers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced or to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of the people; for there seems just as much difference in America as any where else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides, (which, perhaps, will not be believed in fastidious England,) extremely distinguished-looking. By-the-way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanly class of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.—*Lady Wortley Stiart's Travels in the United States.*

PROPOGATING FLOWERS.—Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, a well known writer of this State, writes thus to the *Farm Journal*:

I have made a discovery in the floral kingdom which is worth disseminating. It was accidental like all other discoveries. I gave a child some hyacinths to amuse himself, merely the flower stalks carelessly broken off. Next morning, as they lay on my table, I pitied them, as to all dropping things, and taking them up, thrust with my pen holder, holes in the earth of a pot in which plants were growing, and fixed the stalks in the damp earth. After a few hours they revived; but a few days subsequent, after the blossoms were withered, I drew them out to throw them away, and to my surprise and joy, they had formed bulbs at the bottom of the stems. Since then I have repeated the experiment, always with success. They invariably wilt at first, and sometimes do not straighten themselves up until the seventh or eighth day. I have not tried any other flowers, but intend this summer to make the experiment with tulips; any lady may, in this manner, rear hyacinths from a withered bouquet.

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY.—The people of Oregon still maintain that their northern boundary is nothing short of 54 40, and a good many are found of the same opinion in other parts of our glorious Union. Late developments in the region above the line of 49, have proved the existence of rich gold deposits near the shore of the Straits, and the news by the last Oregon mail is to the effect that hundreds of their neighbors are about to take up their quarters in what have been deemed by certain credulous people a part of her Majesty's dominions. It appears, however, that the royal power of England has determined to defend her subjects from intrusion, by calling the entire force upon the Pacific coast to rendezvous at this point; and if the attempt is made to oust the occupants, we may find some new elements in the presidential campaign for 1852, which the politician wots not of at present. The Sandwich Islands and 54 40 may be Pacific responses to Cuba and all the Canadas. Which of the candidates for the White House will be first to show their hands?—*Sacramento Times.*

GOV. JOHNSTON NOT ELIGIBLE.—Many of the ablest lawyers in the State believe that if Wm. F. Johnston should be elected he could not take his seat—the Constitution of the State providing that the Governor shall hold his office "during three years, from the third Tuesday of January next ensuing his election, and shall not be capable of holding it *longer than six years*, in any *term of nine years.*"

This is true enough; but there will be no difficulty. The people of Pennsylvania are Constitution loving in an eminent degree; and they will not put the Governor to the trouble of breaking faith with that instrument, as he has already done with the National Constitution. But it is rather too bad to ask the people to vote for a candidate who could not serve if he were elected.—*Pennsylvania.*

☞ The Washington Telegraph, in alluding to the address of the distinguished President of the Georgetown College, Dr. Rider, at the commencement, on Thursday last, says:

"Dr. Rider surpassed even himself. His glowing eulogy on the Union—his scathing denunciations of those who would weaken its bonds or sever its ties—called forth a responsive burst of applause from all who were within the sound of his voice. If Dr. Rider were a politician, this speech, our informant says, would elevate him far above the many who are called great, in the estimation of those who are satisfied with the Union as it is."

☞ Judge Greene C. Bronson, in a reply to an invitation to be present at the Tammany celebration of New York, wrote—"When the several states shall learn to mind their own business, without meddling with the affairs of others, and shall be faithful to the constitution as it is, without rejecting any part of it, the Union will stand too strong for its enemies, without and within. And when the democracy shall build again on its old foundation, without constructing new platforms to catch the factions of the day, it will regain its ascendancy in this state and in the nation."

SWEDISH EXPEDITION TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE GLOBE.—A letter from Stockholm, of the 24th ult, states that the Swedish Government has decided upon sending the corvette Eugenie on a voyage of circumnavigation, and invited the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm to name a scientific committee to accompany the expedition. The Academy, the correspondent adds, has already appointed MM. Skogman, a zoologist; Anderson, a botanist; a Kindal, and physician, to form part of it.

ANOTHER HERO GONE!—On the 24th ult, at Valley Forge, Chester county, Pa., Galvin Murchie died, in the ninetieth year of his age. The deceased was born at Paisley, Scotland, but came to this country when ten years old. Mr. Murchie was an eye witness of many of the outrages committed by the British and Hessians, as well as the sufferings which our own troops endured during their occupancy of the Camp at Valley Forge.

☞ The *typos* of St. Louis were to give a dramatic representation at Bates' Theatre on Saturday night, the 24th ult., which promised to be a *recherche* affair.

☞ Indianapolis is now called the "railroad city," there being eight railroad depots in and around it.

LAUGHTER.

Oh, glorious laughter! Thou man-loving spirit, that for a time does take the burden from the weary back of that dost lay naive to the feet bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic, conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment that reaches from earth to Olympus. It is not true Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter of the gods to defy our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Laughter is to the face of man what synovia—I think anatomists call it—is to his joints; it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have ridges hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would have then gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter, as it is his first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its organ and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes in its nurse's arms, or, in waggish humor, playing bopeep with the breast, it reveals its destiny, declares to him with ears to hear the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will, they must end in confusion and laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his broad genius; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can a laughableish! Let man, then, send out a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

A Sacred Melody.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar—
Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be!—such hope we cling
That blights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,
Than this black word that holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis heaven that whispers "dry thy tears—
The pure in heart shall meet again!"

Scribblings and Clippings.

— We learn that there was a great hail storm at Easton, in that State, on the 20th ult., during which nearly five hundred panes of glass were broken from the windows of Lafayette College. Some of the stones measured six inches in circumference.

— When the rich miser Elwes, who left about a million of money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was: "Putting things into people's heads, is taking money out of their pockets."

— A lady in South Carolina says she goes heart and soul for the Union, for if States may separate when they please, after making a bargain of Union, the next thing will be the right of the man claiming the right to secede from their wives the moment they disagree or happen to get offended with them.

— A pedlar calling on an elderly lady the other day to dispose of some goods, in conversation inquired if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar ever traveled. "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar ever has traveled, (the pedlar's countenance brightened,) and that's the road to Heaven."

— During the storm of the 25th ult., the old Methodist Episcopal Church at Mount Zion, in Anne Arundel county, Md., was struck by lightning and entirely consumed.

— A despatch from Springfield, Mass., July 29, says: Goodman's Paper Manufacturing Company, at South Hadley, Mass, failed a day or two since for $250,000. The assets of the Company are $100,000.

— Miss Mary G. West, daughter of Joseph West, Esq., who was about to be married to a representative of one of the South American Courts at Washington, died in Boston on Monday last. She is said to have been a lady of much beauty, promise and accomplishments.

— An anti-rent outrage was lately perpetrated at Berne, in New York, on which occasion three persons, disguised as Indians, and armed with guns and tomahawks, went to the house of a farmer whom they understood was about to pay rent to the Patroon, and besides warning him not to do so, wantonly cut with their tomahawks an eight spokes out of a wagon, nearly new, which stood before his door.

— The number of emigrants that have arrived at Philadelphia during the present year, is 10,997, being 5,180 more than for the same period last year.

— The Boll Worm, in an army of countless million, is now at work upon many plantations in Concordia, Louisiana, effecting such a change in the appearance of fields that none can mistake the path of the destroyer.

— The Washington Telegraph says that Judge Hall and Hall, Second Comptroller of the Treasury, has been appointed Commissioner to settle Land Titles in California.

— The discovery of the Saratoga Springs was made only fifty-nine years since, though it is probable that the Indians know of their virtues. John Taylor Gilmore some time Governor of N. Hampshire, but then a member of Congress, while shooting in the neighborhood, in the summer of 1792, found the effervescent water gushing from the cliff of a rock, and the spring almost immediately afterwards became famous.

DIED:

On Friday, the 1st instant, at his late residence, near Tower Hill, Schuylkill county, GEORGE GRIER, formerly of Blairsville, in the 57th year of his age.

On Sunday, August 3d, HENRY MORRIS, in the 25th year of his age.

The funeral will take place this (Monday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the residence of his mother, No. 52 Walnut street.

On Sabbath afternoon the 3rd inst MARY COLE infant daughter of JAMES M. McELROY.

The funeral will take place this (Monday) afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from the residence of her father, East Side of the diamond, Birmingham.

Lafayette Hall.

☞ REV. S. R. WARD, of Boston, will speak in this Hall, corner of Wood and Fourth streets, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, 4th, 5th and 6th inst., on the subject of Slavery. To commence at 8 past 7 o'clock.

This evening Mr. W. will speak on the Guilt of the North, touching Slavery. To-morrow evening the Constitution will be discussed. On Wednesday evening, the Present Aspects of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this Country will be presented.

To laboring classes and all others are respectfully invited. Admittance 10 cents.

Lemonade, Ice Cream, Cake, Fruit, and all the delicacies of the season will be served on the occasion. aut2t COME ONE! COME ALL!

Real Estate for Sale,

IN EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

HAVING, since November last, disposed of Eighty Town Lots in the above borough—a major part in actual sales, I have been induced to offer an additional number at private sale, and at prices and on terms of payment which will come under the means of all persons disposed to purchase. Each lot contains, including the streets and alleys, one-fourth of an acre—being 165 feet front by 130 feet deep. Two additional Potteries, and an Iron Foundry, have been built during the last year, and are now in successful operation—The Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, to connect with the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad to Beaver, has been located through Liverpool; a charter has also been obtained for a Plank Road from Liverpool to New Lisbon. Property has been purchased by a company from Pittsburgh, for a Planing Machine, Saw Mill, &c., and a company is about being formed to erect Glass Works. There are places of worship for Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists; a Roman Catholic Church has been contracted for, to be finished the coming fall; and the Unionists are preparing to purchase and build a place of worship. Means of education in this town are ample. Apply to JAMES BLAKELY,

cor. 6th and Liberty sts., second story.

Public Sale.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE, on TUESDAY, August 5th, at 10 A. M., at JOHN MOORE'S Stable, on Penn street, near Cecil's alley, and opposite the Fourth Ward School House—ten Riding and Buggy Horses, five Buggies and Harness, Saddles and Bridles.

Terms—All sums under $20, cash; all sums over that amount, a note at four months, with approved security. Persons wishing to purchase previous to sale can do so by calling at the stable. aut4:1t

DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—Two valuable Building Lots, fronting on Federal street, 40 feet by 100 to a 10 foot alley. The above lots are among the last vacant ground for sale between the Railroad and the Old Allegheny Bridge. The reasonable price at which they will be sold will render them a safe and profitable investment for business stands with dwellings. S. CUTHBERT, Gen'l Agent,

aut4 50 Smithfield st.

FEATHERS—1200 lbs. Kentucky Feathers in store and for sale by KING & MOORHEAD.

J. B. SHERIFF, SHERIFF & BINNINGER, J. J. BINNING.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

and Dealers in all kinds of

Western Produce and Pittsburgh Manufactures,

No. 10 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care. jly19

PENN GLASS WORKS.

F. LORENZ, SR. THOMAS WIGHTMAN.

Lorenz & Wightman,

(Formerly of the firm of Wm. M'Cully & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

VIALS, BOTTLES AND WINDOW GLASS,

62 *Water and* 65 *Front Streets, Pittsburgh, Penn'a.*

N. B.—Particular attention paid to odd sizes of Window Glass and private molds for Bottles and Vials. jy22:3mdkw

SPECIAL NOTICES.

New Job Printing Office.

☞ The Proprietors of the *Morning Post* beg leave to inform their friends and the public that they have received from the Foundry of L. JOHNSON & Co., Philadelphia, a very large stock of beautiful NEW TYPE, of every size and variety imaginable. They are now prepared to execute all kinds of JOB AND FANCY CARD PRINTING, in a style unsurpassed by any Office in the county, and upon the lowest terms.

HARPER & LAYTON.

Pittsburgh, June 9, 1851.

☞ Notice.—The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the VIGILANT FIRE COMPANY will be held at their Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, August 4th, at 8 o'clock. Punctual attendance of the members is requested, as business of importance will be transacted.

aut2:2t JAMES D. CARLIN, Sec'y.

☞ FOR SALE.—A LOT, situated on Liberty street, north side, between Hay and Marbury streets. For terms apply to JOHN SNYDER, jy24:1m at Bank of Pittsburgh.

☞ The name of WILLIAM W. IRWIN will be submitted to the Democratic Convention for nomination as the candidate for the office of President Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Common Pleas. jy24:1t

☞ Register of Wills.—We are authorized to announce that ANDREW BARCLAY, of the City of Allegheny, will be a candidate for the office of Register of Wills, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. jy22:1t

[From the Louisville Journal, May 29th, 1851.]

Dr. J. S. Houghton's Pepsin, for Dyspepsia,

"Prepared from Rennet, or the Stomach of the Ox.

☞ On the 7th of May, 1851, Rev. M. D. Williams, Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, in Louisville, Kentucky, was and had been for a long time confined to his room, and most of the time to his bed, with Dyspepsia and Chronic Diarrhœa, and was, to all appearances on the very verge of the grave, and acknowledged to be so by his physician, who had tried all the ordinary means in his power, without effect, and at the above named time, the patient, with the consent of his physician, commenced the use of Dr. Houghton's "PEPSIN," and to the astonishment, surprise and delight of all, he was much relieved the first day. The third day he left his room. The sixth day, which was excessively hot, he rode ten miles with no bad effect; on the eighth day he went on a visit to the country; and, on the thirteenth day, though not entirely restored to his natural strength, he was so far recovered as to go alone a journey of five hundred miles, where he arrived in safety, much improved in health, having had no disturbance of the stomach or bowels, *after taking the first dose of Pepsin.* These facts are not controvertible, and that