THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

BY DORA M'NEILLE.

[CONCLUDED]

If the gifted Marion had one power in perfection, it was that highly valued but rare gift of telling stories. There was a long low seat in the kitchen, which they called a settee; it answered the purpose of a wood-box and sofa in the winter evenings, and being painted bright red and varnished, it looked like a good-natured laughing face in front of the fire. On this the children used to sit for hours and listen to cousin Marion's enchanting stories, which were usually in the thrilling realities of history, dressed in her own glowing thoughts. Sometimes she recited an old fairy tale, or some wild legend of early times, but to-night the white-plumed dove lay lovingly by her side, and her eyes rested sadly on its trembling breast, as it muttered those low moaning sounds which nothing on earth equals in plaintive sadness. Marion's heart beat time in the mournful notes, for there were noble feelings striving against her woman's fearfulness; thoughts of the poor sufferers in that wild storm, of their peril, and it might be their death.

She rose resolutely and said, "I'm going to find those beggars," and as she spoke she began to wrap her shawl around her, while her lovely face glowed with courageous feeling.

"Don't go," pleaded little Annie, "you will be covered with snow."

"God will take care of me, Annie," she answered, laying the blue-eyed dove in the child's lap.

"You shall not go alone, cousin Marion," said Richard, whose better feelings were awakened by a little reflection.

"I'll carry the lantern," said James, for rough as he was, he knew the peril of such an errand.

While they were hastily wrapping coats and cloaks around them, we will follow the beggars on their lonely path.

* * * * * * *

"That house looked something like our old home, didn't it, pa?" said the pale, sad-hearted girl, as she looked back on the lighted house, where she had been refused shelter. "Oh, how I wish we were back where we used to live," she added, as the old man walked on hastily.

"You have forgotten, havn't you, that the old place don't belong to us now," he answered harshly; "don't worry about it, for we can't help it now."

"I know it," she said sadly; "we have no house anywhere."

Oh, how mournfully those simple words were spoken, bearing the tale of a young heart crushed and blighted, of young hopes chilled forever. It touched even the heart of the hardened old man, and he drew his motherless child close to his side, muttering "poor dove, poor Isabel". Ay, the poor beggar girl bore that name; and she had graced it in happier days, when her father was an honored and trusted man; when the noblest vessel on the broad lake was his own; before ruin had ruined a god-like intellect, and wasted a princely fortune.

It was dark now in those forsaken hearts even as on God's earth, and their path was lost; faster came down the blinding snow, and in their utter desolation, the wanderers at last sat down, unable to proceed, and weary with despair. And now the neglected Isabel lay folded in the bosom of her father whose fallen fortunes she had devotedly shared, and the tears fell from his eyes on her pale face. "Isabel, darling, can you forgive me for depriving you of love and home—everything on earth—can you forgive me for being a drunkard?"

"Oh, father, do not talk of those things now, I am happy in dying with you, dear father."

Shadowy phantoms gathered dimly around the repenting man, pointing far back to a lost home and character, to the grave of a broken hearted wife and to the fair blooming youth of his gentle daughter. Broken words of agony and contrition mingled with the hollow dirge that the old trees sung over the dying.

Isabel's eyes were shut; the father knew it by bending his cheek down till it touched hers, and he felt almost glad that he saw not the closing of those beautiful orbs, so many years every day their light had cheered him, since poverty and drunkenness had driven him out to beg for daily bread, they were clear and blue as the waters of their own beloved lake, and they were ever looking kindly on him. Now they were closed, the eyes of her weary spirit were opened, and she saw such white-winged angels as had often floated dimly through her dreams, and sun-bright flowers, and gushing fountains, and dwellings of wondrous beauty were before her.

There they are perishing! Though Isabel has earnestly longed to die, as she revives a little from the death lethargy, she nestles closer to her father's bosom, like an innocent dove, and feels it is sad to lay down a young life there in the dreary tempest, so far from all life and sympathy; and once more she gazes round and sees the wild storm clouds parting slowly, and one star, trembling in its distant home. No, 'tis not a star, 'tis a light, and there are sounding footsteps and cheerful voices near.

The father roused himself at her hurried words, but they were too nearly exhausted to call for help. Marion heard a faint cry as of one perishing, it was just like the moaning of a dove. "Here, Richard, this way with the lantern," she exclaimed, as she bounded over the snow-drift by which the wanderers lay. They saw a bright face bending tenderly over them, and felt that life was theirs. Marion seemed suddenly gifted with skill and energy to restore them, and the boys could hardly believe that they saw their wild cousin in the snow-wreathed figure before them. She poured warm cordials on the colorless lips of the old man, while James took the light figure of Isabel in his arm, and wrapped her in his own coat. She smiled faintly in gratitude, and entreated him to go to her father—but he was already standing by his preserver, anxiously inquiring for his daughter. And now the whole party heard the sound of approaching sleigh bells, and Richard joyfully exclaimed, "Tis father and mother." Though startled to see so strange a group by the roadside, the parents soon understood all, and the old man was comfortably placed in the sleigh, while the rest followed in the track homeward. James would not give up his rescued charge, and leaning on his strong arm, with cousin Marion's every joyous words of hope in her ear, Isabel felt like one waking to a new life.

It was late on that eventful night when the blazing fire went out on the hearth, and all were asleep. In vain they sought for the rescued dove; it had flown, none knew whither; for little Annie fell asleep, while the others were away.

Morning brought new bloom to Isabel, but not so her father. A few days he lingered, and those who watched tenderly by the dying saw the flashing forth of a glorious intellect, even in decay. When the next Sabbath sun was setting, the sun of his life went down also, not in clouds and darkness, but surrounded by a holy light—even that of hope and trust in heaven.

And what became of the orphan Isabel? They took the sweet girl home to their own nest, and she became a gentle sister for the little Annie, a loved daughter to her protectors, and when five bright summers had flown lightly by, she became the happy wife of James Graham.

Never was bridal graced by a fairer guest than the light hearted and lovely Marion, and though the white dove never returned to nestle in her bosom again, she always called Isabel in the language of her own bright heart—the Dove of the Storm.

A Lesson of Mortality.

How awfully solemn is the lesson of mortality taught us in the death of two young maidens—one the pride of a widowed mother, the only link connected her with the living, and the dead—the other the centre of affection in a loving household—both budding into womanhood with all the hopes and joyousness of unclouded youth—and both are gone. Weeping friends have gathered about their dying couch—fond lips have pressed their marble brows—and in yonder grave yard rests their dust till the morning of the resurrection.

How beautifully appropriate are the words of the poet:

"They have gone in the spring-time of life.
Ere their sky had been dimmed by a cloud,
While the hearts with the rapture of love were yet rife,
And the hopes of their youth were unbowed—
From the lovely, who loved them so well;
From the hearts that had grown to their own;
From the sorrows that over their young spirits fell,
Like a dream of the night they have flown;
And the Earth hath received to its bosom its trust—
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

There is weeping on earth for the lost!
There is howling in grief to the ground!
But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified host,
For their spirits in Paradise found.
Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet stars are new-born in the sky,
And their souls have gone home to the land of their birth,
Where are pleasures and fullness of joy!
And new harps are strung, and new songs are given
To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of Heaven!!"

CULTIVATION OF BLACKBERRIES.—They cultivate the blackberry in the neighborhood of Boston. An old pasture is broken up, the sprouts are planted in rows in October, and kept clear of weeds and otherwise treated like raspberries. The "Agriculturist" says that the fruit thus produced is of a size and flavor which surprises those who are only acquainted with the wild blackberry.

Daily Morning Post.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

Harper & Layton, Proprietors and Publishers.

L. HARPER, EDITOR.

PITTSBURGH:

TUESDAY MORNING::::::::AUGUST 5, 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.*

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

By the mails of Saturday and Sunday we have received full accounts of the late movement of the Patriots. The fourth of July was agreed upon among them as the time when they would strike for freedom and independence; and the men of Puerto Principe obtained the honor of commencing the struggle. The demonstration was to be commenced at three different places; and at each of these, twenty young men, previously selected for the purpose, attacked one of the posts at the gate of the city, and took possession of it, hoisting the free flag of Cuba over it. In case these little bands should be attacked by superior numbers, they were to fall back upon a larger body of patriots, stationed at a convenient distance from the point of attack.

An extract of a letter to Gen. LOPEZ, at New Orleans, from a friend in Havana, dated on the 17th, gives this information:

Though the Government has taken possession of all the correspondence, we know from private communications, that the patriots have been able to retire to their strongholds with very little loss, although pursued by very superior forces. Joaquin Aguero, Sanchez, and another, were taken and shot on the spot,—whilst the enemy lost twelve men, a captain and a lieutenant.

It is said that the Governor of the Central Department, Limerich, was killed in the fight, which report seems confirmed by the fact that General Manzano is in command of the troops.

The cry of independence was given at 3 o'clock in the morning in the streets of Puerto Principe, by twenty men, who, as soon as they found themselves attacked by largely superior forces fell back in good order upon the camp of the Patriots in the mountains of Cascorra, where seven hundred Cubans and two hundred Americans were waiting for them. It is said that as soon as they hear from two other points, which are to pronounce on the same day, they were to leave their retreats and commence operations.

And an extract from a letter to the editors of the New Orleans Delta, also from Havana, says:

The "*pronunciamento*" at "Puerto Principe," on the 4th inst., was followed by an attack upon the camp of the Patriots, at "*Guanamaqua*," while on their march to the mountains of Najaza, on the 6th instant, to concentrate with the Patriots of Las Tunas," which awakened with a cry of freedom upon their lips, the same day—"the Fourth of July!" The Spanish troops were driven back, leaving twenty killed and many wounded; and on the 6th, the line of march was resumed by the Patriots for the mountains of Najaza, where they are now "thirsting" to sell their comrades from Las Tunas, occupied in organization, drilling, and defensive field-works, which will not long be needed, as the augmentation from the various arms of the Spanish service, by constant desertion, and from the people of the country, will enable them to take the open field, as soon as fraternity with the use of arms is obtained. The munitions and materials of war they had been long gathering in the mountain fastnesses, and they are in a position to maintain themselves against any force that the Government can bring to bear upon them.

We expect to hear of similar movements from other portions of the district to-day; and at Trinidad, the signal waits only the quaking movements of the Government forces, under the first panic attempt at defence, to divide and draw from the *defensible* points of the coast—then again to *draw forth* with another "*pronunciamento*," that will come with the strength of *twelve thou and men.*

A letter from St. Jago de Cuba, says—

At this moment we number five hundred men, all well armed with muskets, ammunition, and weapons, and ready to pounce upon the enemy.

The feeling here for freedom is universal, and the determination firm. All the young men of the first families will join the ranks of the patriots.

We, at first, lacked money to begin the struggle; but since the news from Principe, we have raised a large sum. We are now, all right, and by eight o'clock to-morrow night, we hope, to have given the *grito*, (pronunciamento), for so we have arranged.

P. S. The latest reports that we have are, that General Manzano has been unable to pass at Bayamo, (ninety-six miles from St. Jago,) being hindered by the patriots, and that he has sent for more troops; that, in Las Tunas, the Governor armed one-hundred and fifty countrymen, to go in pursuit of the insurgents, and that they had gone over to our side, together with two companies of Isabel Leguinda's Regiment.

Later accounts state that on the 16th of July, Col. CONTI, in attempting to cross the river Najaza, with his command, on a raft, was attacked by the patriot Cubans. Conti himself was taken prisoner, together with several officers and a large number of soldiers; one hundred and fifty were shot, and fifty drowned, the rest escaped. The Najaza, though commonly a small stream, is now swollen into a large and rapid torrent, overflowing its banks, owing to the rainy season, which now prevails all over the island. A large quantity of ammunition, arms, &c., were lost, together with two field pieces of artillery.

The attack and taking of the town of Las Tunas, (Prickled Pear,) by the patriots, is confirmed, together with the formation of a provisional government at that place, the first act of which, it is said, we shall receive accounts of by the next arrival.

The formation of the guerilla party of one hundred men, in the district of Guamutas, (near Cardenas, in the western department,) is confirmed. The patriot chief, Manecbo, is the commander. This party had been joined by the small garrison of Spanish troops stationed at the town of Palmillas, (Small Palms). At the latest dates, Manecebo's guerilla numbered over two hundred men.

The formation of a guerilla in the Hacienda San Juan, twelve miles from the port of Santa Cruz, on the south side of the island, is confirmed. The chief of this guerilla is the brave patriot, Don Manuel Nunez, and thus far he had not been molested by the Spanish troops. It is false that he has surrendered. When the Isabel left Havana, the following rumors were in circulation:—That the city of Holguin, south side, in the eastern department, had pronounced against the government, the colonel of the regiment that garrisoned the place having placed himself at the head of the movement.

The city of Bayeou, north side, eastern department, has also pronounced for liberty.

The steamer from Trinidad which ought to have arrived at Batananno on the 21st July, had not arrived when the Isabel left, which makes it probable that the reported rising at Trinidad is true. Batabano is opposite Havana, on the south side of the island. There is a railroad running across the island, between those two places. Distance forty miles—time 2½ hours. The city of Trinidad is on the south side, central department, and 270 miles from Havana. Passengers from Havana to Trinidad and all places on the south side, take the railroad across to Batabano, thence by steamboat along the shore.

La Concha, the Captain General, has sent forward two thousand men to the central department, being alarmed by the Fourth of July *pronunciamento.*

The Supreme Court of Cuba, always held until now at Puerto Principe, has removed to San Juan de los Remedies, six miles from the port of Caribarean, north side, central department, in order to enable the judges to embark quickly in a vessel of war, in case of a general *pronunciamento.*

From this pretty general summary of the news that has been received, the reader can determine for himself with what show of justice an American editor can apply to armed Cubans, (contending for what we regard as the natural rights of men,) such phrases as "felons," "criminals," "pirates," &c. Yet these are the favorite epithets of the most able defenders of all that relates to the splendor of monarchy, in our country; and who are, and ever have been the ardent admirers of that beautiful order which Whig *aristocracy* would establish in our country. But the sentiments of these frozen-headed and craven-hearted individuals is not the sentiment of the great body of the American People.

No; the patriot soul in this country as warm ly burns for the cause of equal rights in Cuba as it did in the contest between the proud and tyrant Turk and the feeble, persecuted Greek; as it did for France in all her hours of trial; and has done for all the struggling sons of freedom throughout the world. The people of this country acknowledge the *right* of every oppressed people to throw off their shackles; and, although neither our earliest policy nor our laws, sanction the organization of armed bands in our country for the invasion of the territory of any other country; yet the right of our citizens to pass to any other country at pleasure is as perfectas that of liberty at home. We hate to hear the croakings of these political hypocrites; who pretend to love Republicanism, but whose sympathies are always excited at the approach of any encroachment upon Royality.

The Great Storm.

We have heretofore noticed the route of the storm in Ohio,—commencing in Lake county, and pursuing a direct southeasterly course, through Geauga, Trumbull, and Mahoning, until it struck this State. Here Beaver, Allegheny, Fayette, Westmoreland, and Somerset, and Allegheny county in Maryland, shared heavily in the work of desolation. In Maryland, the course of the storm became divergent: as we have accounts from Baltimore, noticing all the destruction that then had been reported in that State; and we have also late Chambersburg papers, which give accounts of some losses in Adams county. It may not be most wise to advance our idea of the route it took after leaving Allegheny county, Md.; and so we shall wait till the facts are developed by the papers in its route.

The Michigan Conspiracy Case.

A correspondent of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express*, in writing from Detroit on the 16th ult., expressed the opinion that this exciting trial would be submitted to the jury early last week, and ventured to assert as a matter quite probable, that *every one of the defendants would be acquitted.* He says it is quite probable that the testimony of the defendants will establish the conclusion, in unprejudiced minds, that *the agents of the Central Railroad themselves conspired to hatch a conspiracy!* The prosecution had, up to the 19th, sworn and examined 97 witnesses, and the defense had examined, up to the same time, 121—making a total of 218!

Madison and Indianapolis Railroad.

The condition of this road, during the first six months of this year (1851,) has been prosperous in a high degree,—greatly exceeding the same half year of 1850. The entire receipts of the road to the 1st July, have been $169,939 50; and the expenditures $83,999 71; leaving a balance of $75,989 79 subject to a semi-annual dividend of *five* per cent. The first six months of 1850, shows an increase of business over the same time last year of $51,350 35—being a fraction over *fifty-one* per cent. The Directors also report, that, from items not included in the above report, they find the actual profits of the last six months to be $103,738 48.

☞ The contract having been let for the Wire Suspension Bridge across the Monongahela at Fairmount, in Virginia, the work is progressing finely. The masonry, (says the *True Virginian,*) has been let to our townsman, Mr. Zinn, who is pushing preparations forward, with his usual indomitable and untiring energy. A better man for the business could not, perhaps, have been found.

☞ The first iron on the Cleveland and Painesville Railroad,—says the Herald of July 31st.—was yesterday laid upon this road; and the work will be prosecuted with that vigor which characterizes the President, and officers of the Company.

CAPE MAY is thronged with visitors, according to a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, who says there are upwards of six thousand visitors there.

For the Daily Morning Post.

MR. EDITOR:—I was considerably surprised on reading your remarks in relation to the reckless course of Mr. Hurd, the Editor of the "Washington Commonwealth." It is no unusual thing, however, for men, who feel their importance, and have the reputation, withal, of being witty, to quarrel with their bread and butter.—The past was by no means wide of the mark, when he represented persons of this description as "playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make even angels weep." Mr. Hurd may find out, when it is too late to remedy the evil, that the withdrawal from his paper, of the "Democratic advertising patronage," may render the "good reliable market at Wheeling" of precious little use, either to himself, or to others, in Washington, engaged in the same vocation.

It is but a brief period, comparatively, since the Editor of the "Washington Reporter" announced to his readers that he was compelled to crowd out much important matter he had prepared for their perusal, by the very liberal advertising patronage, extended to him by the business men of Pittsburgh, for whose kindness he expressed, in very appropriate language, his profound gratitude.

Let the Editors of the Washington journals beware, lest, in their eagerness to grasp advantages, which may, and most probably will prove delusive, they may be made to feel the serious loss of substantial benefits, now in their possession. Men may be perfectly independent without running into ridiculous extremes; and persons of discriminating judgment rarely afford friends or enemies an opportunity of charging them with unjustifiable vacillation or instability. There is no disposition, whatever, felt by any portion of this community, to interfere unduly with the rights or privileges of the Washington Editors, but it is respectfully submitted whether they should not manifest some degree of prudence in the advocacy of their own, or the disapproval of their neighbors' sentiments. DISCRETION.

☞ Our correspondent is tolerably severe, but he is nevertheless just. He has, in common with other business men of Pittsburgh, advertised liberally in the Washington papers, whose Editors are now advising the people of that region to deal in Wheeling instead of Pittsburgh.

We were astonished to find in the last Washington *Examiner*, a paper which is usually moderate and sensible, a very indiscreet article, under the caption of "Pittsburghers in Philadelphia," which, we think, reflects no credit upon the heads or the hearts of Messrs. GRAYSON & HOPKINS. These editors berate the committee who visited Philadelphia as "missionaries," and speak of the "unredeemed selfishness" of our citizens; and yet the very paper that uses this language, contains FIVE COLUMNS *of Pittsburgh Advertisements!* Why, even the ass knoweth his master's crib!

☞ An able correspondent of the Trenton *True American*, who has been making a tour through a portion of Pennsylvania, thus discourses of political affairs. He writes from Rockdale, a beautiful summer retreat in Chester county:

For Governor, Col. Bigler is by long odds, the favorite—Johnston's free-soilism is killing him effectually. In regard to the Presidency, the Democrats favor Hon. James Buchanan, not only for his commanding talents, but on the score of State pride. They say he will carry his own county (Lancaster,) although strongly Whig, and that his chances in the south are equal with any other candidate. To hear them talk, they already see him elected and on his way to the White House. Such confidence on the part of his friends is cheering, and augurs well for the future. By way of accounting for the strong Democratic tendency spoken of, I may mention that the *Pennsylvanian* newspaper circulates largely in the county.

FROM FAYETTE SPRINGS.

Steam-boating on the Monongahela—Braddock's Field—Historical Incidents—Brownsville, or Fort Redstone, &c. &c.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DAILY MORNING POST].

FAYETTE SPRINGS, Penna.,
August 1st, 1851.

Dear Sir:—Having been here nearly a week, and visited most of the places of interest in the neighborhood, I will venture to give you some "rapid notes" touching the same. In the first place, let me say a word or two in relation to the country *en route* from Pittsburgh. We left the latter place, by the morning boat, (I advise all to take the morning boat,) the "Redstone," Capt. Woodward, an excellent boat and attentive and intelligent officers. The locks on the Monongahela are of great size; the double locks, near Pittsburgh, are 250 feet long and 56 feet wide. There are three other locks and a corresponding number of dams before you reach Brownsville; these locks are 180 feet by 50.—Early in the day you pass "Braddock's Field," where a gallant army in 1755 were defeated with immense slaughter, owing to the obstinate rashness of its general. He spurned the advice of the "Virginia Buckskin," as he called the great WASHINGTON, who was then one of his aids-de-camp. The survivors were saved by the intrepidity and skill of Washington, who on that bloody field, where near a thousand of Braddock's army bit the dust, gave evidence of that cool and calm courage, promptitude and decision, which characterised him in after life, and under the guidance of a kind Providence, led our armies to victory and independence.

It is said of an Indian chief, who in after years stated the event, that he had deliberately and within thirty yards of Washington, fired at him a number of times, with his heretofore unerring rifles. He declared that he was protected by the Great Spirit, and that no bullet could harm him. A fact which the life of the "Father of his Country" exemplified—for notwithstanding the number of battles in which he was engaged and the dangers he passed, he was never wounded.

It is somewhat of a coincidence, that Washington and Gen. Gage who were Gen. Braddock's aids-de-camp in this memorable battle, commanded the adverse armies at the opening of the Revolution. At Boston, Washington sent a letter to his old companion in arms, by a messenger, ordered the British Army, that he hoped that the war would be conducted on the principles of justice and mercy which should govern Christian nations. To this letter and its sentiments, he gave a prompt and affirmative answer. It has been suggested somewhere, that the kind feelings that existed in respect which Gen. Gage felt and exhibited towards Washington, was the true reason why he was at any early period of the war displaced by Lord Howe.

After passing a fine undulating country, and getting an excellent dinner on the boat, we reached Brownsville, the site of, or near it, the old "Fort Redstone." This Fort was built at a very early period in the history of these "back settlements" as they were called, probably about the year 1756, when Gen. Forbes took possession of "Fort Du Quesne," which he named "Fort Pitt." Fort Redstone was the shield of the fence, not only for the settlers in the vicinity but for those scattered abroad for say 30 or 50 miles. On the first alarm of "Indians about," they fled to the Fort as a place of security, especially for the women and children, for let it be remembered, that the men were not the only settlers of these wilds, were not content to be confined in the Fort, but they often issued forth and forming scouting parties cut off many of their savage foes who ventured within their "settlements"

But I find my paper is filled. I must reserve what I have to say of the Springs—the Scenery of the Mountains—Dunbar's Furnace—Braddock's grave—Dunbar's camp—Jumerville's Grave—for a future letter, which I hope to find time to write. Very Truly your friend,

J. R. S.

For the Morning Post

The Board of Health.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is well known that at its recent session, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act establishing a Board of Health in this city. This board, which is now in existence, has full power to issue such mandates and make such regulations as the health, comfort, and general good of the citizens require. It is its duty also to see that its mandates and regulations are fully carried out.

This board, in accordance with its duty, recently put forth a document, which was published, requiring each physician of this city, on the death of a patient, to give to the friends of the deceased a certificate, stating the age, sex, color, disease, time of death, &c., of the individual which certificate was to be handed to the superintent of the cemetery or burying place in which it was to be interred, previous to the reception of the body. These certificates were of course to be recorded in a book provided for the purpose, in order to gain statistical information concerning the diseases, deaths, &c., of this city. For the convenience of the physicians and superintendents of cemeteries, the document, above referred to, intimates that our physicians would soon be supplied with blank copies of these certificates.

These regulations, I am free to admit, are perfectly just and right, but I am sorry to say that they have not been fully enforced. The Board, I think, has been derelict in its duty, and it is not considered improper to thus publicly notify its members of the fact.

The physicians have not been supplied with printed forms of certificates, although they have been waiting anxiously for them, and the superintenents of burying places have not demanded the physician's certificate previous to the interment of the dead in their grounds, thus violating the laws of the Board of Health. We have been informed that several certificates of this kind were written, but as none of them were required at the different places of burial, the further writing of them was dispensed with.

These facts show that the Board have been somewhat negligent of its duty, 1st, in not supplying the physicians with blank forms of certificates; and 2nd, in not seeing that the law which were made for the public good, especially in reference to cemeteries, have been enforced. The Board, we think, is of little use if it cannot enforce its requirements.

It is a matter of great interest to our citizens to know the number of our deaths, the age at, and the disease with which we die, and if our Board of Health wishes to find out and impart to us this interesting information, and thus directly assist them in the discovery of the great laws of health and disease, it should strictly enforce its requisitions in reference to the cemeteries, and have the facts thus elicited made public.

PHILO.

FINE ARTS AT ROME.—Horace Greely, in a recent letter from Europe, where he is now traveling, speaks in warm terms of admiration respecting the generous freedom with which the princely families of Rome throw open to strangers their magnificent galleries of paintings and sculpture. The stranger walks in and out again, nothing being required of him except that he shall deport himself civilly, and refrain from doing injury to the priceless treasures which are thus made his own without even the trouble of taking care of them. All this is done bo the owner without expecting a word of compliment or acknowledgment in return!—without being even personally known to those whom he thus benefitted.

SHIRT MAKERS IN NEW YORK.—The shirt makers of New York publish an address, in the *Tribune*, in which they say: "It is estimated that their numbers at present exceed six thousand. Many of these are young and friendless orphans; early left to struggle with poverty, and solely dependent upon the precarious pittance of wages doled out by employers. Others are widows, depending upon the needle for the support of helpless children, and with the pittance of some $2 or $2 50 per week, trying to feed, clothe, and pay the rent for a family." Their condition is well calculated to excite the sympathy of the charitable.

CHOLERA IN THE CANARIES.—English papers give some particulars of the ravages of the Cholera at Grand Canary. The British Consul writes under date of June 25th, that, out of a population of 16,000, not more than 4,000 remained, the rest having fled in consternation. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th, over 100 died daily. On the 16th the epidemic began to decline, but the deaths were still from 30 to 50 daily in the town, and the disease was raging in the other towns and in the country houses everywhere. Over one thousand had already died at Grand Canary.

An Eavesdropper in a "Tight Place."

Dick Corncracker was a restless, mischevious boy, whose prying curiosity led him into a hundred scrapes every year; but the hardest one of all was that in which his ears were nearly scraped off his head in the following manner:

Dick had a sister who had a beau, and Dick was very anxious to pry into the mysteries of "courting." So one evening, after the twilight had faded away from the landscape, and the best parlor illuminated faintly—for lovers in anticipation of the chapel scene, prefer a dim, religious light for their tete a tetes—as some of the family were absent, Master Dick resolved to execute a plan which he conceived several days previously, and make himself master of the *modus operandi* of the preliminaries to marriage.

In the parlor there happened to be an earthen funnel; placed there to admit the passage of a stove pipe from below, which was connected with a "dumb stove" in the chamber above. It being summer, the stoves were removed, and our young here found that he could introduce his head through the aperture and listen to the conversation between the loving couple. He listened accordingly, very attentively for some minutes, unobserved by the occupants of the parlor, who were too much attracted by each other, to observe the inverted face above them.

At length Dick, becoming tired of his constrained position, and of the conversation, which latter he avers to this day, was extremely "sickish," attempted to withdraw his head from the trap into which he had placed it.

To his dismay, however, he found himself fastened as securely as an ox in a stall. He could not pull his head out without stripping it of its ears and scalp, so he hung fast until his emotion, and struggles withal, brought the blood into his head, and he grew quite black in the face. At this critical juncture, his nose was titilated with some particles of dust, and he sneezed. This awakened the lovers from their intoxication, and they soon discovered the prying rogue, who finding himself betrayed, began to kick and roar lustly for help.

All hands were called on deck, and it was found impossible to extricate the unfortunate youth, without first prying out the earthen funnel, shivering it to fragments with a hammer.—Dick was henceforward cured of evesdropping, and is at this day a very "good boy."—*Yankee Blade.*

DYSENTARY AND BOWEL COMPLAINT.—As the present is about the time for bowel complaints to rage, we think a word and a recipe timely. It is in all cases much better to exercise common sense and forestall the necessity for medicine—as might generally be done—but if people *will* gluttonise and run the chances of disease, we give them a chance to do the best they can,—and the following recipe for dysentery and kindred complaints is excellent, and may be relied on in all ordinary cases:

One pint of clean oats, to be browned the same as coffee, but not to be ground; put in a clean vessel, with two quarts of water, then simmered over the fire until reduced to one quart; when cool decant it off. Dose for a grown person, a common sized tumbler, sweetened with loaf sugar, but no milk or cream. Three tumblers in almost all cases will afford relief.

MONSIEUR CABET, THE SOCIALIST.—A Paris letter to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, says:

"M. Cabet, the chief of the communist colony at Nauvoo, Illinois, has returned here to stand his trial for swindling. He is now seventy years old. He once held the high office of *procureur-general.* This was, I believe, in the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe. As soon as he reached Paris, he surrendered himself to the police and was sent to prison. He will in all probability be convicted."

☞ Among the inventions of modern science, to 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.

DIED:

On Monday, the 4th instant, in the 24th year of her age, ANGELINE, consort of A. H. ENGLISH.

The friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the residence of her husband, on Webster street, above the West Common, Allegheny City, to the Allegheny Cemetery, on Tuesday, the 5th instant, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The friends of the family are invited to attend.

New Music.

HILFEER, No 101 Thirdstreet, has just received—
The Bloomer Polka, with a beautifully colored vignette of the Bloomer costume;
Farewell, if Ever Fondest Prayer;
Wait for the Wagon. Dedicated to Kit Carson, the Great Western Mountaineer;
The Language of Love;
Come Where Sweet Toned Zephyrs Pass. Composed for and sung by the Irish Nightingale, Catharine Hayes;
Wherefore, Nelly, Look so Lonely?
I Think of Thee at Eventide;
Careless Childhood's Sunny Hours;
Dancing Bell;
Comes Through the Rye—with new embellishments, as sung with unbounded applause by Jenny Lind;
I had Loved, Never Known Thee;
Postal, Yes the Die is Cast;
Niagara Falls—a Comic Song;
A Sailor's Requiem;
A fine selection of Guitar Songs;
Messiah's Companion—by Howe;
Ethiopian Serenaders' Guide, Variations, &c., to the SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HARP [au5

Great Shawl Sale.

A MASON'S *great Annual Shawl Sale* will commence on Tuesday, August 5th, when they will offer the largest and best assorted stock of SHAWLS ever exhibited in this city, comprising—
Plain White Crape Shawls;
Embroidered do do;
Fancy High Colored Thibet Shawls;
Plain Printed and Embroidered Thibet Shawls;
Broche Cashmere and Long Shawls—of fine and medium qualities.
All of which they are determined to close out previous to receiving their Fall Stock, and will offer them at a great reduction, actually less than eastern cost.
Nos 62 and 64 Market street [au5

New Books! New Books!

JUST RECEIVED AT HENRY MINER & CO'S, No 53 Smithfield street—
Dictionary of Mechanics Engine Work and Engineering;
Rankin's Half Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, No. 13—from January to June;
The Gardener's Manual of Health;
Paris 3d and 4th 1851, or, The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs Sandboys, their Son and Daughter, who came up to London to "enjoy themselves," and to see the Great Exhibition by Henry Mahew and George Cruikshank. [au5

New Books! New Books!

JUST RECEIVED AT WALLS Periodical and Cheap Publication Store, No. 85 Fourth street—
Monographic Encyclopedia—No 22;
Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery—part the 23d;
The August number of the London Lancet;
Dictionary of Mechanics—No 35;
Life in Living Age—No. 377;
Westminster Review for July;
American Whig Review for August;
Blanche, or the Child of the Battle Field—a Tale of Waterloo;
Punch's Matrimonial Guide. The Natural History of Courtship, by "Punch," uniform with Punch's Complete Letter Writer, &c. [au05

For Sale,

A RECTIFYING DISTILLERY, a first rate retail stand, with all the fixtures and Liquors required—The proprietor is going into another business. Enquire at 49 Penn street,
au5:2t* third door above Walnut.

SWISS CHEESE—1,000 lbs. of a prime quality, just received and for sale by
FICKEISEN & STOUVENEL,
au5 137 Liberty street.

JAMAICA RUM—A direct importation just received and for sale by FICKEISEN & STOUVENEL,
au5 Importers.

POST OFFICE BALANCES—Just received and for sale by W. W. WILSON,
au5 67 cor. Market and Fourth streets.

COIN BALANCES—Of the best approved construction for detection of American Gold Coin, of all denominations, "an expeditious and infallible detector." Prices $1,50, $2,50 to $5,00.
au5 W. W. WILSON.

GOLD PENS—In great variety, of the most approved makes, for sale by
au5 W. W. WILSON.

BRANDIES IN BOND—
Cognac—in half pipes, qr casks and octaves *L. Hennessy & Co's quinquennial* pale and dark Brandies.
Rochelle—55 half pipes, quarter casks and octaves A. Seignette's port proof pale and dark Brandies, now in bonded Warehouse, and for sale by
au5 MILLER & RICKETSON,
Nos. 221 and 223 Liberty street.

PRINCIPE AND HAVANA CIGARS—
4 cases Cruz and Luz Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Principe Cigars; together with a full assortment of "Havana's" favorite brands—just received and for sale by
au5 MILLER & RICKETSON.

CHAMPAGNE WINE—12 baskets Anchor Champagne—just received and for sale by
au5 MILLER & RICKETSON.

SCALED HERRING—225 boxes Scaled Herring—just received on consignment and for sale by
au5 MILLER & RICKETSON.

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 country, and upon the lowest terms.
HARPER & LAYTON.

Pittsburgh, June 9, 1851.

☞ FOR SALE.—A LOT situated on Liberty street, near the side, between Hay and Harbaugh 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 their 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. jy23:1t

[From the Louisville Journal, May 29th, 1851.]
Dr. J. S. Houghton's Pepsin, for Dyspepsia,
Prepared from Rennet, at 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 appearance, 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 this is a case which ought to convince all skeptics that there is a power in "PEPSIN." Let physicians and others investigate.
KEYSER & McDOWELL, Agents,
jel1 140 Wood street.

U. A. O. D.

☞ Meets above Board of Trade Rooms, corner of Third and Wood streets, every Monday evening.
pr28

☞ **Dr. Guyzott's Improved Extract of YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA**—Put up in the largest sized bottles, contains more of the pure Honduras Sarsaparilla than any other preparation extant, which is chemically combined with the Extracts of Yellow Dock and the Extract of Wild