THE OMEN MOON.

Oh! I've seen the fair new moon, mother,
Her crescent crowns the night,
And from her silvery horns, mother,
Strains forth a gentle light;
Oh, her fair beam,
On wood and stream,
Putting all gloom to flight,
And I saw her over my right, mother,
I saw her over my right.

On the bridge by the maple path, mother,
I stood and looked below,
And the rippling waves in the light, mother,
Shone bright with her silvery glow;
The song of the bird
The calm air stirred
Of the tranquil summer night,
And the moon shone over my right, mother,
And the moon shone over my right.

And I thought of the land of the blest, mother,
Where the holy spirits dwell,
And their smiles seemed wove with light, mother,
Of the moonbeams where they fell,
And my spirit turned
Where the fair stars burned,
With new and supreme delight,
And the moon shone over my right, mother,
And the moon shone over my right.

And then I wished my wife, mother,
Beneath the moon's fair beams;
Strange strange that thoughts of earth, mother,
Should mix with our heavenly dreams!
I'm not to blame,
I could but name
My love in my prayer to night,
When the moon shone over my right, mother,
When the moon shone over my right.

I heard a sigh by my side, mother,
As I gazed on the waves below,
And my heart beat strangely fast, mother,
But not with fear,—O, no!
I forgot to say
John came that way,
By chance, though doubtless, quite;
And the moon shone over our right, mother,
And the moon shone over our right.

From the Knickerbocker.

HILDEGARD.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihren Singen
Die Lorelei gethan."
[HEINE

"Hundred thousand thunders!" cried the Baron von Katzenellenbogen, striking the table in a rage.

"Calm yourself my good lord!" said Dietrich Klaus, his squire.

"A-minx like that! I shall burst with rage! Get me a flagon of Marcobrunner;" and the Baron threw himself into a huge arm-chair, and leaned his head on his hand, and his elbow on the table.

II.

Katzenellenbogen, as you all know, is now but a ruin; but in those days it was a mighty fortress, a castle of the most gothic nature, comprehensible of the human mind. Huge battlemented towers, stalwart as mountains; grim dungeons, damp and unlightened save by a twilight that struggled through the grated wickets of the doors; a mighty hall, hung with trophies of war and of chase; loop-holes in the massive walls for archers; bolts to rain from; massive walls for an assault; bolts to rain from; quaint lancet-windows, interlaced roof-beams, portcullises, moats, and other matters orthodox, and suitable under the circumstances.

There it frowned from the hill-top across the Rhine at Saint Goar, and the wild river roared along below, its powerful tide reflecting spoils from the shore into its dim waters.

Below was the holy shrine of Bornhofen, built to our Lady by bremsser von Kudesheim, who slew a dragon, went to Palestine, and being taken by the Saracen, vowed to dedicate his only child to God, should he recover his liberty. But she, poor girl, had given her heart away to her own keeping; and when her father came home from the wars, and would have compelled her to take the veil, she threw herself into the swift Rhine and was swept away, with her golden hair floating on the waters, and her pale face turned towards the sky, while the suicide soul went up and stood in his presence who had made it.

Higher up the river, you saw stern Castle Rheinfels, also the Baron's property; and where the vexed waters flowed most furiously and writhed themselves into a whirlpool, was the rock where the Lorelei was want to sit, combing her golden hair, or sweeping with white fingers the ravishing chords of a lute, and mingling the enchantment of her weird, sweet song with the ringing harmony of strings. And when the boatmen saw and heard, he would forget the wrathful maelstrom, and with his eyes and heart fixed on the Undine, would be drawn into the vortex, whirled round and round, and swallowed up in the fearful gulf, having for its death-dirge but the weird, sweet song of The Lorelei, and the ringing of the golden strings.

That was the position of Castle of Katzenellenbogen.

III.

The Baron of Katzenellenbogen was a large man; six feet of muscle and bone was he, with a true German foot, broad as a brage and flat as a flounder, and a brawny arm that could have broken the horn from the head of an ox. The Baron inclined to corpulence, and to violence, and to Marcobrunner, and to Rudesheimer, and to Liebfraumilch; in short, to anything the Baron's potable except water. Nature had given his nose redundancy, veins meandering under look with him, like the tracery of a mulbery leaf. She had had an unpleasant day of it. In the first place, he learned that a party of rich merchants had slipped by his very door, while the sentinel was dozing. He said, "Himmel!" and had the sentinel hanged as an encouragement for the garrison.

Then a party who had been sent out to forage were met by Otho Von Schoenberg, and nearly cut to pieces. The Baron said, "Donnerwetter!" and broke the messenger's head with a flagon.

Not yet recovered from this, he received news that he was about to be placed under the imperial ban for plundering some servants of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, and this made him say, "Hagel sappennent!"

Finally, his squire brought him a letter in which Hildegard Von Salis utterly and decidedly refused and abominated his proffered hand and heart, and expressed herself to the effect that "she would rather die first." This it was that capped the climax, and produced from the Baron those memorable words found at the opening of this narrative: "Hundred thousand thunders!"

IV.

The Marcobrunner quenched his thirst without allaying his wrath, and driving his squire from his presence, he strode furiously up and down the room, meditating condign vengeance upon every body in general and Hildegard in particular.

"I'll teach her," he said, "to refuse to be the wife of Katzenellenbogen! I'll send a few troopers who shall sack her castle and bring her here by force,—I will!"

"So I would, Baron," said a voice beside him. The Baron turned to look at the speaker. He was a small man, dressed in black like a notary; his face was pale, his features of the most ordinary looking description. The only thing remarkable about him was a long tail like a monkey's, which kept switching backward and forward, and wreathing itself into all sorts of graceful curls. And the end of this tail was a whistle.

"Who ever Teufel are you?" asked the Baron.

"So I would teach her better—if I could!" was the unresponsive reply.

"If I could, little fool! I will send twenty-five troopers to morrow to take possession of her house and of her."

"But unfortunately Graf Mas Von Steinrad is guarding her with fifty."

"I will clash her from the Emperor, as a ward of my estates."

"Yes, if the ban does not reach you beforehand, for robbing the Grace of Cologne."

"I will invite her here on her birth-day, which is next week, and when I get her, I will keep her."

"Having just refused your hand, I don't think she will come."

"But I will get hold of her in some way!" roared the Baron.

The little man sneered.

Then his lordship became wroth, and, striding towards the stranger, he raised his ponderous jack-boot and gave a furious kick, crying, "Get out!" But to his utter surprise, his foot met with no resistance, but passing through the figure without in the least disturbing it, the leg flew up in the air, and the Baron of Katzenellenbogen fell upon his back. At the same moment the stranger placed the end of his long tail in his mouth, and produced such a whistle that it made the Baron's brain reel and grow dizzy. It was like the united screaming of seventy-five frantic locomotives.

"Get up!" said the stranger; and the Baron obeyed. "I think you missed a rich troop of merchants this morning!"

"I did, curse them!"

"And had a nice party of men cut to pieces?"

"Yes."

"And were refused with little show of tenderness by the Lady Von Salis?"

"Donnerwetter! It is true."

"You have to be in ill luck, Baron von ——." Then, don't loose your temper, but learned to whistle."

service, no to vex you. Would you like to be indemnified for your unmerited loss on those miserable merchants?"

The Baron's eyes glistened with avarice.

"Would you like to avenge yourself on von Schoenberg?"

"Wouldn't I!" said his lordship.

"Would you like to catch the pretty Hildegard to-night? If so, I can help you to all this."

"My dear friend, let me embrace you."

"One moment; business is always business; you will please to sign this contract;" and the stranger drew a bit of parchment from his pocket, smoothed it out upon the table with his tail, and producing a pen, handed it to the Baron.

"What is that, then?"

"Only a little agreement that you will become my property, if I fulfill my promise."

"Yours? Become yours?"

"Oh, only after death, you know."

"Humph!" said the Baron doubtfully.

"Think of vengeance, my lord, and Hildegard."

"But I cannot write."

"Never mind; just make your mark there."

Then, as the worthy lord took the pen, the curious tail was curled rapidly round and touched the back of his hand. He jumped; it was as if a needle had been stuck into him, and from the shot touched by the whistle there oozed out a large drop of blood.

"Just dip the pen in that," said the stranger; "I have forgotten my ink-horn."

Von Katzenellenbogen obeyed, and appended his mark to the contract.

"Good!" said the stranger, as he refolded the parchment and put it back into his pocket; "and now listen to me. This afternoon at four o'clock, you and twenty of your troopers will place yourselves in the wood that marks the limits of Von Schoenberg's property, and if any thing passes that you would like to take, why take it. I will attend to the rest."

So speaking, the little man walked slowly through the middle of the wall and disappeared. The Baron rubbed his eyes, and would have fancied that he had been dreaming, but for the little wound upon his hand. Then as he reflected upon all that the little man had promised, he grew cheerful; and when the squire entered to tell him "they had caught an old Jew, whose doublet was full of broad pieces, he became positively gay. After ordering the Jew to be stripped, he added:

"And make him write an order for a thousand broad pieces on one of his brethren at Frankfort."

"But if he resist, my lord?"

"Hump! ah! then pull his teeth out one by one until he consent."

Then the Baron took a flask of Euddesheimer and then a flask of Johannesberger, and then mounted his horse, called his troopers, and set off for the Schoenberg woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Daily Morning Post.

LUCKY HARPER ..... THOMAS PHILLIPS
Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

SATURDAY MORNING.....JANUARY 1.

☞ In North, as South, so East as West, under the Constitution; but a second Missouri Compromise, never.—Hon. Wm. Bigler, late Governor of Pennsylvania.

☞ Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., who are prompt, honest and gentlemanly in their business transactions, are the only authorized agents in the cities of New York and Boston for the Morning Post. They are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our usual rates. Their receipts are regarded as ours. Their offices are at NEW YORK, 122 Nassau street. BOSTON, 10 State street.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR MAYOR,

JOHN B. GUTHRIE.

THIS IS NEW YEARS,

And we all intend upon enjoying ourselves, and consequently, no paper will be issued on Monday.

FIFTH WARD PRIMARY ELECTION.

Messrs. Editors: My attention has been called to a statement made by Mr. Riddle in the *Journal*, in which he grossly parades the vote at the delegate meeting in the Fifth ward, as an evidence of his strength and his party. Knowing the animus of the matter, I beg leave to correct him. Mr. Sawyer received at least two-thirds of the vote which can be relied upon for the whig candidate at the Mayoralty election. Of the vote which Mr. Riddle received in this ward, there could not have been more than twenty or thirty whigs in the whole number; they were loco focos who were interested in having the man nominated who could be most easily beaten, and on the election day they will vote 2000 for Guthrie. The vote received for Sawyer is the whig vote; it could not be induced under any circumstances to touch Riddle, and therefore some of the leaders were paid for drawing the vote. If noon the 3d ward, If noon but whigs had been invited to vote, Sawyer had the ward [illegible] rolling-mills, this ward are principally employed, the love for us during our difficulties with the employers. When the [illegible] comes round he will find we have not forgotten him.

We copy the above from the *Dispatch* of yesterday. The signature, although not known to us personally, is familiar as a rolling-mill man. There are few who have lived in Pittsburgh for any length of time, who have not heard of the Beatts, and when their name appears to any article in favor of the workingmen, they mean what they say.

The manner in which the Fifth ward was carried we have before exposed. Mr. Riddle got the ward by a mere gambling game. The men who were most active for his nomination had high bets upon him, and to win they labored most industriously to secure the ward for him. We say again that he got the *Fifth ward on bets*, and not on account of his popularity over Sawyer.

But, this writer "*Brait*" says that the "whigs in this ward (Fifth) are principally to be found in the rolling-mills, and we had a touch of Mr. Riddle's love for us during our strike, and our difficulties with the employers." We have a vivid recollection of that "*love*," but to disclose it might interfere with some of the intentions of our cotemporary. Will Mr. Riddle reply to "*Brait*," and inform the workingmen of the city what this writer means by his allusions.

Mr. Riddle must explain. The workingmen demand it; and "Brait" has started a question that cannot be evaded.

Great Excitement in Steubenville, Ohio.

The usually quiet City of Steubenville, has been the scene of extraordinary excitement for some days past, growing out of a controversy between two of the Editors there—Wm. B. Allison, Editor of the *Herald*, and H. A. Turner, Editor of the *Messenger*, in relation to the receipt and early publication of the President's message. This controversy finally become very bitter and personal; and at length Allison published sundry outrageous libels against Turner, and even dragged his wife's name before the public. The offended lady, in the spirit of a genuine heroine, repaired to the office of the *Herald*, with a horse-whip in her hand, for the purpose of seeking summary redress; but not finding the editor in, she made at one of his workmen, who was supposed to have furnished the matter constituting the offensive libel. The latter escaped by the swift use of his legs. Shortly afterwards, perhaps the next day, Mr. Turner called upon Mr. Allison, locked the sanctum door of the latter, and with a dirk knife in his hand, demanded that Allison should immediately sign a paper fully retracting his libelous charges, or receive the aforesaid dagger in his heart. Allison, not liking the appearance of the sharp-pointed steel, took up a pen and "signed the paper."

Such scenes as the above amongst members of the editorial fraternity are disgraceful in the extreme. If editors will make brutes and blackguards of themselves, they should at least have manliness enough about them not to assail each other's wives. We think Mrs. Turner was perfectly right in seeking to chastise the man who would attempt to disturb her peace and destroy the happiness of her fireside.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

We learn that the name of our friend W. M. Barron, Esq., of Crawford county, will be brought forward as a candidate for the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg. Mr. Barron is a worthy and intelligent citizen, and a whole-souled Democrat. He possesses every qualification necessary for the faithful discharge of the duties of Sergeant-at-Arms, and we believe his election would give satisfaction to the Democracy of the

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A happy, happy New Year to all our readers! From our hearts, dear friends, we wish you all the joy and happiness you could possibly desire. During the year that has just commenced, may you be blessed with peace and plenty, health and comfort; and may Heaven's richest treasures and blessings be ever showered upon your heads. We might say more—we might preach a long sermon on this occasion; but we prefer making room for the following beautiful and appropriate poetical gem, from the pen of that truly great poet, George D. Prentice:

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

List! list! what fearful tone was that which rose
Upon the wind of midnight? Nature sounds
To knell o'er earth for the departed year,
Yet when its last breath passed into the void
Of the by-gone eternity, I heard
Echoed within the chambers of my soul
A sound, perchance the shadow of a sound,
Wild, strange and dismal, as it were a wail,
A low and blended wail, from all the graves
And sepulchres of ocean and of earth
Upon the stilly air. Oh was it not
The solemn voice of Old Eternity
Uttering one cry, one wild and deep lament,
For his dead child!

The year, alas! is gone
Forever from the world! He seemed too strong,
Too mighty ever to die. He laid his hand
On breathing millions, and they sank beneath
The green grass of the grave; he blew aloud
The trumpet blast of battle, and dark hosts
Met in the mortal shock, and when the flame
And smoke of conflict had gone by, they lay
Like autumn leaves on the plain; he passed
O'er earth, and, at each wave of his broad wings,
Volcano, earthquake, whirlwind, storm and flood
Sprang up beneath the silent spell and wrought
The fearful errands of their destiny;
Yet now, his own great mission done, he lies
On scorched and broken pinions with the dead,
There, there to sleep.

What is Time?
A giant power stern, vast, and bodiless,
That we may feel, but never see. We gaze
With aching eyes into the past, and there
We see a thousand shapes of light and gloom
Floating like atoms in the pallid beams
Of a mourning memory, but the perished year
Is all unseen. From thence we sadly turn,
And, gazing on the future, we behold
Dim, countless phantoms trooping from its dark
Undiscovered ocean to the lonely shore
Of earthly being, but the coming years
Are all invisible. And then we pause
And gaze above, around, beneath, and lo!
Our eyes are startled by the mighty deeds
Of the now passing time; the iron weight
Of his stern presence rests upon our souls;
We feel the awful specter touch our brows
With his cold death-like finger; and we hear
The cheerless and unpitying voice that rises up
From all his mighty doings of earth,
And yet he has no form to cast its figure
Or shadow on our sight.

The parted year
Called forth from earth a blooming Paradise
Of sweet spring-time, and it passed away,
And there were not. He woke in human souls
Myriads of hopes and joys and burning loves,
That seemed like things of immortality—
He touched them and they died. Another year,
The gift of God, is cast beneath the skies,
And what it darkly hidden in the still
And silent depths of its mysterious months,
We may not know—thank God, we may not know
We only know that with each passing month
And day and hour, the low, deep wail of grief,
The maddening cry of agony, the shout
Of fierce ambition, the loud thunder-shock
Of bloody conflict, and the knell of death
Will echo, each in one brief moment o'er
The sea of time, and then be swallowed up
And lost forever in the onward sweep
Of its unpitying wave.

The midnight skies,
Are weeping silent tears as if they grieved
For the old year, and the pale stars look sad
And tremble, as they light, their funeral fires
Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain! in vain!
The fated year is nothing now. The flowers,
The birds, the leaves, the fruits, the melodies
Of eternal life and nature will come back,
But he returns no more. The winds may search
For him in their remotest haunts; the grand
Old ocean with its thunder tones may call
Forever to him in its ceaseless dash
Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning stars
With their high tones of Eden minstrelsy
May speak his name in tones of eternal sweep
Along their floating paths; the comets wild
May seek him by the baleful blaze they spread
Through realms of starless night; but none of these
Shall ever find him, for he liveth not
In all the universe of God. Years die,
And centuries die, and there will come a day
When the dread angel of the Apocalypse,
Standing on land and sea, will lift his hand
And swear that time shall be no more.

Yet thou,

For the Morning Post.

A PUBLIC APPEAL AND STATEMENT.

Whereas, Mr. Isaac Harris, an old merchant and late a keeper of an Agency and Intelligencer office in this city, where he has resided upwards of fifty years, and, being very advanced in years, he has in time made a great deal of money, but he several times lost all; first by having a very large and heavy stock of foreign and British goods on hand, [illegible] with England reduced the prices of [illegible] on which occasioned a heavy loss. By preserving he had overcome many of his losses and difficulties, and was prospering. When our State commenced making the canal from Philadelphia to this city, and had agreed to pay all the contractors monthly, he got very extensively into the canal trade and business, and being punctually and well paid, in two or three years he made a great deal of money; but the State began to fail in her borrowings and punctuality, and as most of our contractors were from the New York canal, they owing and dealing largely with him, encouraged him, to lend them money and trust them goods, to carry on their contracts with, by stating that New York State would not act all times pay them, but soon rallied and paid off all contractors, and made up all losses, and they had no doubt our State would do the same.—Thus encouraged, knowing that States and our country had to encounter delays, losses and difficulties, he went very largely into trusting and lending from some failing contractors several heavy jobs, which he finished, losing thereby. A new Governor was elected, and his friend, General A. Lacock, the Canal Commissioner, was turned out, and an unfriendly gentleman appointed in his stead. He lost in the State canal and contracting, nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

Persevering and overcoming his losses as much as possible, he started an agency office, which he has kept for the last fifteen years. He also compiled and published five different editions of a Business Directory, of our two cities, and many of the neighboring towns.

Having seen so much misery, distress and losses, in early times in our two cities, and all over the country, from intemperance, as all our stores at that time, kept a bottle on their counters, and many of our most respectable citizens became victims to it. About nine years ago, reading and hearing from time to time, of the wonderful and great success of Father Mathew, in the temperance cause, he commenced dealing in temperance publications, which he purchased from the American Temperance Union, N. Y., and sold and gave them away. But he was obliged to quit business, in the good cause he had undertaken, on account of the public not sustaining him. In accordance with his benevolent feelings, he took time to circulate his remaining stock of temperance publications on boats, and in Sabbath schools, &c.

He, now being out of business, very poor and out of money, is, like the good man he strove to imitate, Father Mathew, obliged to call upon his friends, and our rich, moral, and benevolent citizens, to aid and help him by subscribing and giving, or sending by mail, or otherwise, as much money as will keep and serve him these holiday times. Letters to his address may be sent to the Pittsburgh or Allegheny city post-offices, where he calls daily. He is 62 years of age, old and frail, and is living at his wife's boarding-house, Beaver street, Allegheny city.

For the Daily Morning Post.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—THIRD WARD.

Parents residing in the Third Ward have a highly important duty to perform on behalf of their children at the ensuing election, in selecting and electing persons qualified faithfully and fearlessly to fill and discharge the duties of the office of School Directors—not only in reforming innovations, but, also, in satisfactorily improving the present, by introducing a new and better system of imparting instruction, in accordance with law and the best interests of *all* the children of the ward.

A few years ago a High School project was submitted to and rejected by the citizens of the ward by a large majority. Recently it has been engrafted on the common school system, without the authority of law or the consent of the people, and a Professor of Astronomy, Geometry, Botany, Physology, Latin, &c., appointed, at a salary of $600 for day and about $60 for night school, and the profits accruing from the sale of books.

Mr. Kier, who is running on the whig ticket, in conjunction with Dr. Vandevort and Mr. Reed, was one of those who instituted the high *model* school, and is a zealous advocate for its continuance. The other two gentlemen no doubt entertain the same views.

Drs. Anderson and Pollock and B. R. Palmer are on the Democratic ticket. They are gentlemen well known to the community as pre-eminently qualified for School Directors, and are in favor of

REFORM.

☞ So many rivalries are started among the different *threshing machines* of the country, that some mischief is apprehended. To compromise all difficulties, it is proposed that one general patent shall be issued for the [illegible] of letting properly re[illegible] machine in the world.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 25, 1852.

To the Editors of the Morning Post:—

Gentlemen: It cannot be reasonably doubted, notwithstanding the assertion of the Washington Republic to the contrary, that the publication of the correspondence between Messrs. Buchanan and Saunders, in reference to the purchase of Cuba, was done on purpose of frustrating the acquisition of that island, at least by peaceful means. Mr. Fillmore has probably attained this object, and consequently if Cuba should be the means of kindling a war between this country and any other power, such a deplorable event ought justly to be attributed to him.

The attempt at impairing the fair fame of Mr. Buchanan, on account of the correspondence in question, must necessarily fail, as the letters of that able statesman do not contain anything derogatory to him as a diplomatist or as a patriot. No one who has a correct opinion of this country, can for a moment doubt that the American people does not partake of Mr. Fillmore's objection to the acquisition of Cuba—but would, on the contrary, hail with joy such an event, if it could be accomplished in the manner proposed by Mr. Buchanan.

The speech which Gen. Cass a few days ago delivered in reference to Cuba, was on the whole very able, and worthy of the Nestor of the American Senate; but though freely admitting his superior judgment, I cannot, however, but dissent from the opinion he expressed in regard to the respective conduct of President Fillmore and Mr. George Law, in the Crescent City affair.

It is evident that President Fillmore was wrong in continuing to refuse to support Mr. Law in enforcing admission into the harbor of Havana—of any vessel on board of which was Purser Smith—since that individual had sworn to his innocence; because as soon as this circumstance became known to the Captain General of Cuba—no further objection was made by him to the admission of Purser Smith himself, consequently the President of the United States left the undisputed right of an eminent American citizen unsupported, while Mr. Law had the courage in vindication of that right to brave the threats of the Captain General of Cuba, and the displeasure of Mr. Fillmore himself. Hence I think that Mr. Law is deserving much credit for his conduct in this affair—while Mr. Fillmore must be deemed guilty at least of pusillanimity.

We ought not to forget the great truth, that an injury done to an individual citizen is a wrong to the State at large; and I cannot forbear to say, that no other civilized government has ever shown so much indifference to the wrongs done abroad to its subjects, as has the American government manifested in the injustice to which citizens have frequently been exposed while in foreign countries. But I feel sure that the administration of Gen. Pierce will, in this respect, pursue a very different course, and consequently not permit such unjust acts to pass without due remonstrance.

Having alluded to the next administration, I will say, that there is nothing as yet known in regard to the formation of Gen. Pierce's cabinet; but Senator Hunter, of Virginia, has gone to Concord—by invitation of the President elect—in order, as it is supposed, to give his opinion in reference to this important question.

We learn, too, from a late article in the Concord Patriot, that the cabinet is to be formed upon a broad national basis, and hence it is concluded that the adopted citizens—constituting, as they do, more than one-fifth of the free population—will have at least one representative in the cabinet, in the person of either Gen. Shields, from Illinois, or the talented Senator Soule, from Louisiana, or the gallant Gen. Shields, from Illinois. The great services which the adopted citizens have so frequently, and especially in the late Presidential campaign, rendered to the Democratic party, requires a due acknowledgment. Indeed, it would be contrary to good feeling to omit such an act of justice, especially as it can be done with great advantage to the whole country.—Past events teach lessons here to assure future success, and I feel sure that General Pierce is too sagacious a man not to act accordingly.

Respectfully, G. C. H.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD.

We are gratified to learn that our County Commissioners have subscribed the liberal sum of $750,000 to the Allegheny Valley Railroad.—They would have subscribed the round million, but 250,000 were retained to push forward the Steubenville road, a work which should meet with the warm approbation of every citizen of Pittsburgh.

In this matter our Commissioners have acted liberally and wisely. The construction of the Allegheny road is one of the utmost importance to the business community of Pittsburgh, and will open up a trade for our city, far surpassing any that has heretofore occurred. The Allegheny Valley contains a mine of wealth for our industrious population, and we cannot but compliment our Commissioners on the liberal course they have pursued in making a subscription to its progress. That it will be built we have not a doubt. The croakings of all the "O. P. Q's" in Christendom cannot prevent its erection. The croakers may just as well hold their peace. The work will go on and the people will pay for it, without asking the "O. P. Q's" to contribute a cent to its construction. This is now a fixed fact, and the editors who have been publishing long articles against the project may just as well stop their labors.

☞ By a reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Messrs. Luke Taaffe and Hercules O'Connor, have opened a Commission and Forwarding Business (under the name of Taaffe & Co.,) on Water street, within two doors of John Irwin & Sons rope warehouse.

Mr. Taaffe is long and favorably known in this community as a man of business. By the experience of many years as a transporter, he has acquired a thorough knowledge of the trade and the West, which peculiarly adapts him to fill this situation. Correct, industrious, and energetic, in all his transactions, will look forward with confidence to the satisfaction his well known systematic habits will give the public, and we congratulate the Company in securing the valuable co-operation of so efficient an officer.

We consider this arrangement a most judicious one, by having a regular commission merchant to receive and ship consignments. The agent here will be relieved of much vexatious trouble and responsibility, thereby enabling him to devote his sole attention to the arduous duties of his legitimate business, free from the perplexity and waste of time forwarding consignments, with its consequent interminable correspondence entails on them engaged in it.

☞ The society known for the last three years as the Young Ladies' Benevolent Society, for the relief of the poor, is in great need of assistance, and will have to stop its operations, if the necessary funds are not received. This society has always been kept up by the charity of the public, seeing no other resources, and hitherto they have been well and heartily sustained by friends of the rich and poor, but now there is no money in the treasury, and the many families who have been receiving assistance, will be thrown back upon the world, unless speedy relief is afforded. Any contributions sent to this office, or to the room back of the First Presbyterian Church, on Friday at 3 o'clock, will be thankfully received.

Singular Effect of an Earthquake.—A St. Jago paper, speaking of the recent earthquake at that place, says it has "effected prodigies," the number of deaths from cholera having diminished very materially, and the people generally believed that the earthquake had effectually killed the malady. Persons suffering under violent attacks rose from their beds, and after being for hours in [illegible] in the damp morning air, felt [illegible]

Items of News and Miscellany.

From a return to the House of Commons, made a few weeks ago, it appears that the total number of sailing vessels and steamers registered as British vessels employed during last year, not including repeated voyages, was 18,184.—The tonnage was 3,860,935, and the number of men employed, exclusive of masters, was 141,937.

The New York Tribune says that a process has been invented for the manufacture of linen from unrotted hemp, as cheap as cotton goods of equal fineness and weight, affording good linen at 12½ cents a yard.

Several of the fashionables of St. Petersburg lately received the idea of smoking green tea instead of tobacco, and at all the tobacco shops in that capital, cigarretts made of it may now be purchased.

John D. Blainhard, a man of property, has been arrested at Newark, N. J., on the charge of marrying an interesting young girl in Boston, while he had a wife and ten children in Morris county, N. J.

The Picayune learns that Major General Twiggs, commanding the Southern Division of the U. S. Army, has issued orders for the breaking up and immediate removal of the military depot at San Antonio, and of the commissary and quartermaster departments, to Corpus Christi.

The Charleston Courier says that the Charleston stockholders of the steamer Southerner have sold out for $50,000 to Messrs. Spofford, Tileston & Co., of N. Y.

Capt. Galt and three seamen of the barque Loretta Fish, lately died on the passage from Bonaire to New Orleans.

The Ericsson (Caloric) Propeller goes into the dock at New York to be coppered in the course of this week. Her trial trip will take place as soon as that is done. The greatest interest is evinced on all hands to know the result.

The Central Emigration Society of Germany gives the number of emigrants which sailed for the United States in 1852 as 103,318. Carrying with them, on an average, 200 thalers, or about £130 each, or a total of about £3,000,000.

Miss Mary Berry, the intimate friend of Horace Walpole, whose hand and counsel she declined, died recently, in her 90th year. She was a very brilliant woman, and a clever writer, and with her sister Agnes, enjoyed a wide-spread reputation in English society, for more than seventy years.

Lola Montez has turned up again, down south, where, it is said, she has just been stapping a theatrical manager's face. It is now reported that she is about to marry again, and that the happy man is a former member of Congress from a Southern State.

Niagara Falls and Lake Erie.—Prof. Silliman, the eminent geologist, discredits the opinion advanced by some, that the gradual wearing away of the rocks of Niagara Falls, may possibly result in draining Lake Erie. In a recent lecture, he remarked:

They will not halt at their present station, but retreat slowly and surely about two miles further, where they will stop again for an unknown period, and probably forever, since at this point the hard limestone will form both base and top of the falls, and thus stop the rapid destruction of the rock. Some have thought that they would finally reach Lake Erie, and that then the Lake would be completely drained. Such an event is impossible. At the point already mentioned, the current will gradually wear away the surface of the limestone, forming a rapid, and thence-forth Niagara will be one of the lost wonders of the world.

☞ The Pay of the French Ambassadors to Foreign Countries has been as follows in the years named:—

To	1847.	1851.	1853.
Berlin	£4000	£2830	£4000
Brussels	2800	1600	2200
Constantinople	4800	3200	4000
St. Petersburg	12000	4800	8000
London	12000	6000	10000
Madrid	6800	3200	4800
Rome	4800	3600	4400
Naples	4000	2400	2200
Turin	3400	2000	2400
Washington	3200	2400	2200

Prosperity of the South.—The New Orleans Bulletin says that the present condition of the planters of the South, in a pecuniary sense, is infinitely more favorable than at any time within the last ten or fifteen years. As a general thing, abundant crops of every description have rewarded the farmer, and plenty, if not a profusion, of the necessaries, to say nothing of the dispensable luxuries of life, may be found throughout the length and breadth of the slave holding States.

☞ The City Councils of Boston have negotiated with Baring Brothers & Co., for a loan, to the amount of £400,000 sterling, bearing interest, (4½ per cent. per annum) payable in twenty years from 1st October last. They have also resolved to borrow $135,000 to meet the payments on the city debt, and $34,000 for paving and sewers. The total city debt, at the close of the present financial year, exclusive of the water debt, will be about $1,879,660, being a reduction of $21,796.

☞ Birch Wine, Wine of Tar, and Medicated Wines, of various characters, have been before the public, but it has remained for the Forest Wine to blend in one compound the peculiar medical virtues of each of these important articles, whose action has a specific influence in curing those peculiar chronic, kidney, stomach and nervous diseases, causing debility and prostration, often of a serious nature. The Forest Wine is one of the best tonics in use, having all the strengthening properties of Wine, with the healing and medicinal qualities of the roots and herbs from which it is distilled.

☞ See advertisement in another column of this paper. Sold Wholesale and Retail by Dr. GEO. H. KEYSER, 140, corner of Wood street and Virgin alley, Pittsburgh, Pa. also, by JAMES T. SAMPLE, north-west corner of Federal street and the Diamond, Allegheny City. nov16daw

☞ Baldness Positively Cured, by C. S Emerson's *American Hair Restorative.*—The proprietor of the article called *American Hair Restorative*, has met with such unbounded success in the use of his article, as to justify him in taking bald cases, and giving a written guarantee. That is, he will, for a price agreed upon, by himself and the person using the article, restore the hair effectually, or refund the amount expended; or, he will sell at the usual price, without the above guarantee. The following instances, of individuals who have had their hair restored, ought to convince any one of its efficacy. They have allowed us to use their names as references: John Hofer, Wools' Brewery, cured of baldness of 14 years' standing; S. R. Holmes, M. D.; Capt. B. Morris; James Guthrie, 131 Grant street, was totally bald—now his head is completely covered with new hair; also, John Oberly, Centrum. We would invite particular attention to the following:

Case of Baldness of 20 years' standing, cured by one Bottle and part of a bottle of American Restorative.

☞ Mrs. Alexander, aged 42, wife of William Alexander, who resides at No. 40 Pennsylvania Avenue, states that she has been bald for the last 20 years; the head, on both sides, was perfectly smooth and without any hair; when she commenced using the Restorative. She has now used a bottle and part of a bottle of hair restorative, and has used it regularly for the last six weeks. Her head is now perfectly covered with a thick crop of new hair, firm and strong, as any one can see by calling. Mrs. Alexander has no objections to the publication of these statements.

☞ I am a brother of Mrs. Alexander, whose statement is written out above, and know personally that the statements therein made are correct. A. H. DAY,
Pittsburgh, Sept. 17, 1852. No. 95 Fourth street.

Dr. GEO. H. KEYSER, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 140 Wood street, corner of Virgin alley, Pittsburgh, Pa. oct22daw

☞ Scrofula.—It is due to Kier's Petroleum to say that it has been known to completely eradicate every vestage of this dreadful disease in less time than any other remedy, and at less cost or inconvenience to the patient.

The thousands of certificates in the hands of the proprietor, many of which are from well known citizens of the city of Pittsburgh and its immediate vicinity, go to show clearly and beyond all doubt, that Kier's Petroleum is a medicine of no common value, not only as a local remedy in *Rheumatism, Rheumatism, Deafness, loss of Sight*, but as a valuable internal remedy, inviting the investigating physicians, as well as the suffering patient, to become acquainted with its merits.

Those having a dread of mixtures are assured that this medicine is purely natural, and is bottled as it flows from the bosom of the earth.

The following certificate is copied from a paper published at Syracuse, N. Y., and bears date August 2, 1852, to which is also appended the certificate of the celebrated D. T. Fox, M. D., of Syracuse:

This may in truth certify, that I have been so badly afflicted with Scrofula for the last seven years that most of the time I have been unable to attend to any kind of business, and much of the time unable to walk and confined to my bed, and have been treated nearly all the time by the best physicians our country affords; I occasionally got some relief, but no cure, and continued to grow worse until Dr. Foot recommended me to try the Petroleum, or Rock Oil, as everything else had failed. I did so without faith at first, but the effect was astonishing; it threw the poison to the surface at once, and I at once began to grow better, and by using seven bottles I have got a cure worth thousands of dollars.

MRS. NANCY M. BARKER.

This may certify that I have been acquainted with Kier's Petroleum, or Rock Oil, for more than a year, and have repeatedly witnessed its beneficial effects in the cure of indigestion, piles, liver and other diseases for which it is recommended, and can with confidence recommend it to be a medicine worthy of attention, and can safely say that success has attended its use where other medicine had failed.

D. T. FOOT, M.D.

For sale by all the Druggists in Pittsburgh. [aug2

A Sure Reliance.

☞ So certain are the effects of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, in cases of disordered Liver, that they are regarded as the Specific for that complicated class of diseases known as Hepatic. The patient has a medicine at hand upon which he can always rely. All that is necessary is to purchase and use Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, to secure a restoration to health. Read this:—

Wilkins Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

J. Kidd & Co.—Please let me have two boxes more of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills. My wife has used two boxes of the Doctor's Pills, and I assure you they have done her more good than my family physician has for two years, during which time he was in regular attendance. These two boxes, I think, will effect a cure. JAMES JONES.

For sale by most of the Druggists and Merchants, and by the sole proprietors. J. KIDD & CO.,
60 Wood street.

Jan1:dAw

LARD.

☞ R. WATSON is now engaged in slaughtering FIVE THOUSAND HOGS; and will have constantly on hand a large stock of BULK PORK, of his own curing; also, Five Hundred Barrels of Extra MESS PORK, also, 5,No. 1 extra LARD, in barrels and kegs. For sale at his Warehouse, corner of Liberty and Wayne streets. dec23:2w

W. A. M'CLURG & CO.,

HAVE REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF

Wood and Sixth Streets,

☞ Where they offer to their old customers, and the public generally, at the lowest rates, Wholesale and Retail, the largest, most select and complete stock of CHOICE TEAS, FAMILY GROCERIES, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE to be found in the West. dec6:y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

☞ For Alderman.—We are authorized to announce MENAS TINDLE, as a Citizens candidate, for Alderman, in the Second Ward. jan1:1t

Doctor F. Irish,

Office on Fourth, between Smithfield and Grant streets, Pittsburgh. jan1

Manager