THE RUINED POTTER.

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

James Fielding was the son of a potter, and bred up to his father's trade. He married young—long before he could keep a wife—and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their forgiveness, as they could not help themselves. For, as they said, it war very nat'ral, and he might ha' done worse: 'twar, to be sure, the first time, an' belike he wouldn't do it agen. And so they cordially shook hands with Kim, and pledged the pretty bride in a flagon of old Burton, and were both present at the first child's christening. But the cholera came soon afterwards, and took off the old man and his wife. This was the opening scene of James Fielding's sufferings—want, pestilence, and death. His wife and himself were soon afterwards both seized with the disorder, and, though they recovered slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable home to the church-yard, and they themselves with feeble bodies and accumulated debts, which had run on wildly during sickness. First, James was put into jail for the doctor's bill, and then the landlord distrained for rent, and turned them on the world; and so they were ruined.

To be in prison, never serves a man; he gets a habit of shifting and shuffling, and leaning, and talking, and idling; he has the short hand-in-the-pocket walk, and the hang down look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding came out of Stafford jail a changed character: more clever and less capable of work—dainties, but not so refined—prouder, but not more honorable; the edge was taken from the mind and given to the appetite; nevertheless, he was a fond father, for he shortly became one again, and a loving husband to a wife who doated on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom rights himself, and bankruptcy is a break up for life in the condition of successful industry. James Fielding labored, but his toil was thriftless; he found friends, but, one way or other, he let in everybody who had anything to do with him. By degrees, he got, as was natural, a very bad character, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, without altogether deserving it. He was an unfortunate, but not an evil man; and we all know how falling bodies quicken in their descent.

Still, he was a man born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, stations, and fortunes, labor—from the serf to the lord—and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had taken from her father's home to comfort and cherish, to keep his fireside clean, and to nurse his little ones around him,—her lot was not cast by God for labor, for toil and moil, and anguish; yet who can tell what arrows of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years apprenticeship to wifedom! Who shall describe the unwomanly miseries, alas, too common in England! of her daily shifts and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her threadbare clothes insufficient to protect her from the winter weather, her hard day labor, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and forgetfulness of her own; her long and catalogue of distresses, compared with which the pains of childbirth and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being feminine sufferings.

This poor woe begone mother stood before good curate Godfrey, one of a noiseless wayfaring body of Christian men who make little stir beyond their own parish, but are there constantly felt and heard of; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first teacher of quiet charity.

"He be goin' fast, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the matter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard to loss the father of one's children! I could ha' borne any stroke but this. Everywhere is a churchyard now—the life is dug out o' me."

"Do not murmur, but think of the past. I remember christening some of those children, when he and you were full of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no hill without its hollow. Your neighbor Susan Jackson will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, for she has never known the love and protection of one; and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But, for all that, Susan is very lonely and destitute, and says nobody cares for her."

"Mayhap; but Susan Jackson can't be sorry for what she never had; and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, sir, partin' wi' my husband, that should fret."

"But you should remember, Mary, that when James and you were married, it was on the condition you were to part one day. We must not forget the ninety-nine favors because the hundredth is not granted. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, sir, 'tis beautiful to hear ye talk; you always say summut so comfortin', feelin', an' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble afore you, 'tis so selfish and ill-natured."

"But how are the little ones, Mary?"

"I can't say much for 'em, sir,—they be but poorly."

"They have had some food today, I hope?"

"'Tis early yet, sir. It was past midday. "But indeed they haute well."

"Did they eat anything last night before lying down?"

"Baby had a sup o' gruel out o' James's cup, but Billy an' Jacky, an' the t'other ent had nothing."

"And you?"

"Oh, sir, God be praised, I am used to it. Ten years is a long 'prentiseage. 'Tis surprisin' how the famine feeds itself. An' then, the children's cries, an' him a dyin', drives the thought away fram me. I ant got the hard stomach o' hunger, sir; 'tis unfeelin' in a mother."

No wonder she did not feel the gnawings of want; she had passed her being into other existences; she had lost her identity in the wife and mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, sir, I did na come for that. What I wants is work. You ha' comed atween us an' death, many a time. But indeed, what I am here for, is afore Jeames goes I wish he could see you, sir, an' ta'k wi' you a bit. His mind be strange an' uncomfortable like, about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Mayhap he be; but men tell their wives what, if the could, they would hide from God, an I ha' heard him say awful things; he war always so courageous like. Howsomdever, his hour be come, an' he ha' loased his darin' an' believes jist like a child, I thought, if he could on'y see you, sir."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. An aged but noble servant woman come.

"Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, 'no, no sir! 'Tis only my way, what you see in my face; I war always palish like—leastways, this many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"There, take that gently, Mary; it will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, sir? Indeed I cannot. It 'ud choke me. The child'en—the poor hungry child'en, sir?"

"They shall be thought of." Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after with his long surtout, buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary—and something else you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The comforted mother looked on Heaven's minister and then up to heaven, and passed noiselessly through the small door, with faith, hope and maternal love—the three strongest pulses of the heart—to support her. She had had the only full and perfect lesson of religion—charity. But she did not know, until she got to the pawnshop, that the poor curate had taken his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, the tide of religion came strong upon her. So, true it is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in converting people. The curate's vest was a baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding, the freethinking potter's wife.

It was on an evening in the middle of June that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's cottage. There had been some smart refreshing showers during the day, and the grass was healthily green, and the flowers were vigorous and balmy, and here and there was the restless uneasy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young bird in its nest. The sheep were settling down for the night in the meadows; and the cows, after milking, were scattered over the distant pastures. At intervals there was an unyoked horse exulting in abundance and freedom. The poor saluted Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was universally beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the green lanes, and gazed upon the broad benignant sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable. I cannot think the design of Providence was to make the chief of a joyous creation wretched: there must be some key to human felicity. The deeparting sun shines on these dingy cottages and the low straggling flowers bloom cheerfully, and cast their sweetness around on the air. Outside is God's work; within, is man's."

[CONCLUSION TO MORROW.]

Daily Morning Post.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING.....NOVEMBER 13.

MORNING POST JOB OFFICE.

We would call the attention of MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN to the fact that we have just received from Philadelphia a number of fonts of new Job Type, and are now prepared to fill orders for Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Paper Books, Posters, and Programmes for exhibitions. All orders will be promptly filled.

News of the Day.

Capt. Hollins, late commander of the *Cyane*, has been ordered to take charge of the naval rendezvous at Philadelphia.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the female tourist, sailed for Liverpool in the Pacific, on Saturday. Mr. Collins presented her a state room and free passage for the voyage.

Capt. Smith, on trial before the U. S. District Court at New York for being engaged in the slave trade, was found guilty on Friday. He has not yet been sentenced.

By the Rock Island railroad disaster twelve persons were killed, five fatally wounded, seven badly scalded, and eleven not dangerously. Of those killed and wounded fifteen were Pennsylvanians.

Dion Bourcicault made his debut before a New York audience on last Friday evening. He appeared as Sir Charles Coldstream, in his farce of "Used Up," for the benefit of Miss Agnes Robertson.

The Catholic Church at Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y., was broken into on Thursday night, and the silver pix, a vessel cased with gold, for containing the blessed sacrament, was stolen, and other outrages committed.

A terrible riot occurred at Williamsburgh on Thursday last. Some five hundred men paraded the streets, beating all the Irishmen in their way, and finally attacked St. Peter's and St. Paul's Catholic churches, and many shots were fired. The military being ordered out, the rioters dispersed. One man was shot.

UNCLE SAM, JOHN BULL AND JOHNNY CRAPEAU.

A good many Whig journals have been seized with violent tremors, on perusing a recent article from the London "Morning Herald," threatening this country with something terrible, if we are not more circumspect in our conduct towards Cuba. The "Herald" goes on to enumerate the ships-of-the-line and other vessels of war which Her Majesty could spare, after leaving enough to blockade all Russia, and really makes out quite a formidable list.

Let the Whigs feel easy. There is no danger to be apprehended from either France or England at present. In the first place, the Allies have just as much as they can attend to in fighting Nicholas—and perhaps a little more. If their commerce was annoyed by the American navy, the only source by which they raise the sinews of war would be immediately cut off, and Russia would soon be victorious. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the Anglo-French governments should be insane enough to go to war with Uncle Sam, what would be the consequence? Not very direful, we reckon, if the late naval feat in Kamschatka (at Petropaulovski) is a specimen of their prowess. Until they can able to subjugate Kamschatka, we have little fear for the United States.

We repeat, the French and English Governments would infinitely rather see this country acquire Cuba than have a difficulty at present. Peace with any power that is able to cut off the commerce of England—her only revenue and means of supporting the war with the Russian Czar—would be purchased at any price, at least one so reasonable as our acquisition of Cuba. Let us have the Queen of the Antilles: there is nothing to fear from John Bull or Johnny Crapeau.

Schuylerizing in the Pacific.

They do things on a magnificent scale in the Pacific. New York is right smart on a swindle, but San Francisco, considering her youth, outSchuylers Schuyler. Witness the following, by the last steamer:

A great excitement was created in San Francisco a few days before the sailing of the steamer, owing to the discovery of extensive forgeries committed by Henry Meiggs, ex-Alderman, and his disappearance from that city with his brother, John G. Meiggs, the City Comptroller. An investigation was had, and his frauds were discovered to be about as follows:

Amount of failure in his proper business	$800,000
Co-partnership Warrants Drawn	300,000
Forged, or over-issued stock of the California Lumber Company, of which concern he was President	250,000
Forgeries on different mercantile firms	50,000
Total	$1,000,000

The brothers left San Francisco secretly on the 3d October, upon the bark American, which had been bought, provisioned, manned, and armed for the occasion, and which was cleared in the Custom House for the convenient quarter, "ports in the Pacific." The losses, in a measure, will fall upon strong banking houses or wealthy capitalists, but all classes of the community are losers to a heavy extent. Among others, Meiggs is said to have obtained $8,000 from Mrs. Burrill the actress, and $2,000 from a washerwoman on North Beach, pledging his bogus warrants as security. Even the frail fair ones were taken in—some six or seven having loaned him from two to five thousand dollars each upon similar securities.

We are afraid these "financial operations" of Schuyler and the brothers Meiggs have ruined our prospects of trade with Japan! That semi-civilized people will hardly understand that the whole nation are not liable to swindle, as so many of her citizens have done of late, and hence will be chary in her dealings.

Death of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

The telegraph a few days ago announced the serious illness of this lady; we have now to chronicle her death, which occurred at Washington on Thursday last, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. She was the widow of Alexander Hamilton, of revolutionary memory, and a daughter of Major-General Schuyler, another of the right-hand men of Washington, in the times that tried men's souls. Her death was caused by a gradual decay of the vital powers and not by the approaches of any insidious disease. Mrs. Hamilton was the last of the women of the revolution who have made any mark upon society, and her character was eminently worthy of the admiration and imitation of matrons of the present day. During her last hours she was attended by a daughter, Mrs. Holley, and two sons, James A. and John C. Hamilton, of New York.

THE PRICE OF A SINGLE VICTORY.—A London paper states that, since the battle of Alma, the different military depots of London, in Fall Mall, Charring Cross, Picadilly and Knightsbridge, have been thronged with old men, women and children, seeking news of their brothers, sons, husbands and fathers in the Crimea. Many a heart-rending scene follows as the announcement "dead" or "wounded" is made by the clerk in charge. More than two thousand homes in England are desolated by this one "glorious victory." Yet, notwithstanding this, the number of applications for admission into the British army, since news was received of the Alma victory, have increased ten-fold.

A CHANGE, AND SUCH A CHANGE—Dr. Wylie's church in Philadelphia, has been purchased by the manager of an Ethiopian Opera Company, and workmen are now gutting the building for the purpose of re-modeling it to suit the purposes of the company. The adjoining property has been leased for the purpose of opening a restaurant and drinking house.

ELECTION NEWS.

New York Elections.

The returns indicate the election of Seymour. We subjoin the totals for Governor as reported by the various New York papers of Friday:

	Clark.	Ullman.	Seymour.	Bronson.
Tribune	93,087	85,795	105,945	14,065
Times	90,866	88,074	96,150	34,740
Herald	82,697	79,591	96,964	22,160
Journal of Commerce	90,794	84,561	97,599	19,278
Courier and Enquirer	88,011	86,310	93,889	17,486

Our readers must reconcile as they can the wide variations in these several reports. The only thing in which they agree is in putting Seymour considerably ahead of his competitors. The Lieutenant-Governor is in doubt. The *Journal of Commerce* thinks Raymond (Whig) is elected; the *Times*, Raymond's paper, thinks it is Scroggs (American). All agree that Ludlow (Democrat) is defeated.

The *Tribune* makes the Congressional delegation stand 24 Americans and Whigs, 5 softs and hards (two of whom are American), 2 Americans ("pure and simple"), and two independent anti-Nebraska. The State Legislature is very largely American and Whig, and a large majority are said to be in favor of Prohibition.

The *Evening Post*, twelve hours later, publishes a table showing that as far as heard from the Whigs have elected 75 and the Democrats 37 members. There is no telling how many of these are Know-Nothings.

To Congress, it appears there are 24 Whigs, including Know Nothings who were Whig nominees; 6 Softs and Hards, two of them elected by Know Nothing support; 3 Know Nothings and Independents. We will publish a full table tomorrow.

Indiana Congressional Vote—Official.

The Indianapolis papers contain the official vote given for members of Congress in the several districts in that State. They are as follows:

			Maj.	Maj.
1st Dist	Hall	9,051	Miller	9,884	833
2nd "	Slaughter	8,345	English	8,931	586
3rd "	Cumback	7,524	Dunham	9,024	1,500
4th "	Comback	9,061	Holman	8,391	670
5th "	Holloway	9,419	Buckles	5,242	4,177
6th "	Barbour	8,348	Hendricks	8,926	578
7th "	Scott	9,515	Davis	8,506	935
8th "	Mace	10,357	Davis	7,838	2,519
9th "	Colfax	9,998	Eddy	8,433	1,565
10th "	Brenton	7,484	Chamberlin	9,981	1,503
11th "	Pettit	9,389	Stack	7,201	2,188

It will be seen by the above that anti-Nebraska men are elected in nine out of the eleven districts. The anti-Nebraska net majority in the Congressional vote is 14,597. The returns, as published in the *State Journal*, are wrongly added in the 7th district. The error we have corrected in our table above.

Congressmen in Illinois.

The comparative delegations to the 33d and 34th Congress, is as follows in Illinois:

Dist.	Present Congress.	Next Congress
1.	E. B. Washburne, W.	E. B. Washburne, W.
2.	J. Wentworth, D.	J. H. Woodworth, Am.
3.	J. O. Norton, W.	J. O. Norton, W.
4.	William Kellogg, W.	James Knox, W.
5.	W. A. Richardson, D	Archibald Williams, W.
6.	Richard Yates, W.	Richard Yates, W.
7.	J. C. Allen, D	(Not heard from)
8.	W. H. Bissell, D	L. Trumbull, W.
9.	Willis Allen, D.	(Not heard from)

☞ The teachers of the Buffalo Public Schools are having a stone Block prepared for the Washington Monument. It is composed of what is called the "Buffalo Plains Stone"—perfect limestone—from the quarry of T. J. Smith, and is worth $100. The carving upon the face comprises the following conceit and inscription: A hand extending a dambeaux towards a smaller hand, representing the giving of light to the young mind—under which are these words:—"A tribute, from the teachers of the Buffalo Public Schools." By the by, we hear it rumored that the Committee intend to abandon the Monument, and turn it over to Congress for completion. Wonder if it is true?

☞ A police officer in Philadelphia, has been tried for kissing a lady in the street some six months ago. As the officer denied the soft impeachment and proved a good character on trial, the Mayor discharged him.

Loss of the Yankee Blade.

On the afternoon of October 9th, an express arrived at San Francisco from San Jose, announcing the loss of the Independent steamship Yankee Blade, which sailed from San Francisco Sept 30th for Panama, with 800 passengers and $153,000 in specie. On the 1st of October, at 10 P. M., while in a dense fog, she struck in a reef of rocks off Point Argulla, about 15 miles above Point Conception, on which the ship run upwards of 60 feet, while her stern swung in 9 fathoms of water, which in less than 25 minutes sunk below the promenade deck.

UNKNOWN.

Mrs. Brennan and child; Mrs. Sumner and child; four children of Mrs. Logsdale; Mrs. Moore's child, and Francis Mitchell.

Another report says:

There were 812 passengers, men, women and children, on the Yankee Blade, besides the crew of 122, making in all 934 persons on board. Notwithstanding contradictory reports, some of which estimate the loss of life at from 100 to 200, we are satisfied that not more than 50 perished. A great deal of censure is visited on Captain Randall, on account of his leaving the steamer immediately after she struck, while on the other hand, his conduct upon shore, and the importance of fixing upon the best place to land, find approbation. Whether the destruction of the Yankee Blade is the result of accident, and not to be imputed to gross negligence on the part of those in command, remains to be determined.

The steamship Yankee Blade was a good vessel of about 1,600 tons, built by Mr. Thomas Stack, at Williamsburg, L. I., in 1853, for R. Mills, Esq. Her frame was of white-oak, chestnut, &c., and she was copper fastened throughout. She was 275 feet in length, 38 feet beam, and 22 feet 6 inches depth of hold. She had two boilers—a vertical beam engine, with one 75 inch cylinder, and 11 feet stroke of piston. She had been purchased by the agents of Com. Vanderbilt, to connect on the Pacific; valued at about $250,000, and supposed to be insured for that amount, part in Wall street.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Mr. Frederick Gedge, a prominent and influential citizen of Covington, committed suicide under the most distressing circumstances, in that city yesterday morning. Immediately after breakfast, he walked from his house to the depot of the Covington and Lexington Railroad, and was observed to cross and re-cross the track several times. About seven o'clock one of the street engineers of the Company, passed from the locomotive house towards the depot. Mr. Gedge was standing near the track, and seemed earnestly watching the approaching train. As the locomotive came opposite, he quickly threw himself upon the rail, and the wheels passed immediately across his neck, severing his head entirely from his body. One of his arms was also crushed off, and his body otherwise mutilated. Those who witnessed the act, and afterwards saw the corpse, represent it as a most horrible sight. Mr. Gedge was a wealthy and highly esteemed citizen of Covington. He was a Director of the Covington and Lexington Railroad, and also of the Northern Bank of Kentucky. The causes which may have prompted him to the act, can hardly be conjectured. He had never, at any time, shown symptoms of mental derangement.

FROM THE BAHAMAS.—Letters from Matthewtown, Inague, of 12th ult., says:

We now have nearly 200,000 bushels of our present season's salt on hand, of which the bark Louisa Bliss, of New York, is now taking in a cargo, probably about 20,000 bushels, at 25 cents. Our crop cannot be all brought to the shipping place before December, consequently, vessels may be tolerably certain of procuring cargoes up to that time.

Sailed September 23d, bark J. M. Paige, Atwood, for Bangor, Maine, 6,050 bushels of salt.

In port and loading for New Orleans, bark Louisa Bliss. Will sail about the 17th.

Bark Anna, from Halifax, via a Windward Island, is daily expected, to load for New York.

Price of salt 25 cents, with rather an upward tendency.

SHANGHAI LODGING.—A traveler dismounting at a tavern, calls out: "Hallos, Landlord—can I get lodgings here to-night?" *Landlord*—"No sir; every room in the house is engaged." *Traveler*—"Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?" *Landlord*—"No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied any where in the house." *Traveler*—"Then I'll thank you to shove a pole out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that."

The Rock Island Railroad Disaster.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN.—In the account, as published in your journal, of the late wholesale butchery and scalding of human beings on the Rock Island Railroad, it is set forth that the cause of the accident was "the breaking of the axle of the engine;" and furthermore, that "at the instant the engineer reversed the steam, a horse jumped on the track and threw off the train." If you make inquiry, you will find that the truth will dictate quite a different statement. The train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour—the engine under full head of steam—the running gear in good order—a horse being upon the track, the engineer, to gratify a malignant and fiendish spirit in torturing the animal, by pursuing him and throwing him off the track with the "cow-catcher," forced the horse not to be distanced so easily, but kept on his course until he reached a bridge; here the horse stumbled; no planks were laid across the sleepers; he fell headlong through the timbers and lodged, with the hind legs and part of the body upward; in this position the valiant engineer came upon him. The cow catcher, when it struck the horse, broke and bent down, and instantly the locomotive was thrown off the embankment—the baggage cars leaped upon one another, and were broken to atoms. The locomotive, in its descent, had made a complete somerset; one of the passenger cars, full of human beings, was precipitated down the bank, and fell upon the engine; the scalding steam at once filled the car; the passengers were in contact with it, and such a scene was presented as beggars all description. The flesh was peeled from the limbs—eyes protruded from the sockets; the flesh of a human being was found sticking to the side of the car; all who were in that car had either died or suffered so horribly that death will be a relief to them. The shrieks of the wounded and dying went up in the spirit of agony and despair.

I omit all details. The horrible butchery and slaughter of the victims, growing out of the wanton sport of the Engineer of the Road, will soon be forgotten. The statement which I have here made is given to you as it fell from the lips of one of the "persons" who had charge of the train. If its veracity is doubted, you have authority to refer to the Engineer himself—he has once reported it—he will not hardly dare to deny its truthfulness. If he does, the truth is not in him.

If the above is true, and it is very plausible, the engineer should be imprisoned for life—we suppose the law will not admit of hanging him.

[From the New York Times, of Thursday.]

Attempt to Murder Five Persons with Arsenic.

Yesterday morning information was received at the Fifth Ward Police Station, by Lieut. Hutchings, to the effect that four colored women and a white man had been poisoned at a boarding house, in the rear of No. 184 Church street. It appears that a Canadian colored woman named Maria J. Williams, who had recently arrived in the city from Michigan, had engaged board at the house named; and during Monday had a dispute with some of the inmates. At an early hour yesterday morning she entered the kitchen while the cook was absent, and threw a package into the kettle of coffee which was boiling on the stove.

Shortly after the breakfast was prepared, a white man (whose name we could not learn) and four females, named Harriet Bates, (keeper of the house,) Sarah Miller, Elizabeth Robinson, and Catharine Williams, sat down at table. It was noticed at the time that the girl Williams refused to drink any coffee, but called for a tumbler of water; but nothing was thought of it. The others drank several cups of the coffee, and in the course of an hour were seized with violent pains and severe vomiting, strongly indicating that poison had been administered to them. A colored physician, Dr. Mercury Smith, was immediately call d in, and rendered the sufferers every attention in his power; but apparently with little effect. The victims were visited by one of our reporters, who found them in a dying condition. Their cry was for "water, water;" but by direction of the medical attendant, they were not permitted to drink it. The tin kettle was subsequently discovered, and found to contain a pint or more of coffee grounds, among which were numerous pieces of white paper, and a long piece of twine, such as used by the druggists.

These circumstances led all to believe that a dose of arsenic had been purchased and thrown into the coffee kettle, just as it had been received from the drug store. The kettle and contents were taken to the station house, and arrangements were made to have the coffee-grounds analyzed by a competent chemist, with a view of obtaining trace of the deadly drug. The party whom the keeper of the house suspected was at once arrested by Lieutenant Hutchings, and locked up to await further action in the matter. Any druggist that sold any kind of poison within the last few days, will further the ends of justice by calling at the Fifth Ward Stationhouse, and see if they can identify the prisoner.

Two of the poisoned women were pronounced beyond all hopes of recovery last evening; and a full investigation will take place to-day. The accused says she recently resided in Chicago, where she left a husband and several children. She declined to answer any questions concerning the crime alleged against her.

☞ We think we are justified in saying that no other Pill, or remedy for Liver Complaint, has so well deserved, by the revelation now enjoyed by Dr M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills. As an evidence that they will cure, read the following certificate from a lady residing in our own city:

NEW YORK, January 23, 1852.

This is to certify that I have had the Liver Complaint for six years, and never could get any medicine to help me until I commenced using Dr M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills. I can now say to the public, that they have completely cured me; and I do hereby recommend them to all persons afflicted with a diseased Liver. They will cure. Try them.

MARIA EVENS, No. 95 Lewis street.

P S.—The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'Lane's celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

Also, for sale by the sole proprietors.

FLEMING BROS.,
Successors to J. Kidd & Co.,
No. 60 Wood street.

nov11:daw

☞ Dr. Morse's Invigorating Elixir or Cordial.—There are facts and principles which can only be reached by deep research and laborious investigation. The superiority of the Invigorating Elixir over every other restorative and anti-dyspeptic preparation, is not a fact of this class. It lies upon the *surface*, it is *self-demonstrable*, palpable to all eyes. To overlook it is inexpressible folly; to doubt it, is to deny credence to the evidences of the senses. As a means of relieving every form of nervous disease, whether acute or chronic, continuous or spasmodic; whether affecting the springs of motion, or the sources of sensation; it *has not*, it has *never had* an equal. In neuralgia, tic doloreaux, rheumatism, general enervation of the system, morbid melancholy, hysteria, spasms, paralysis, epilepsy, palpitation of the heart, &c. It produces a most astonishing effect—rallying, bracing, it might almost be said electrifying, both body and mind, and replacing languor and weakness with energy and strength. As a stomachic, it has properties unless positive and potent. The weakest stomach receives its vigor, or receives it, if never before enjoyed. It under the influence of this great tonic, which not only renovates the digestive powers, but conserves the vigor it creates, and perpetuates the health it restores. This is the declaration not of one or of two, but of thousands. The medical profession, slow to recognize any innovation upon established remedies, admit the commanding efficacy of this wonderful cordial.

The Cordial is put up, highly concentrated, in pint bottles. Price three dollars per bottle; two for five dollars; six for twelve dollars.

C. H. RING, Proprietor,
192 Broadway, New York.

Sold by Druggists throughout the United States, Canada and the West Indies.

AGENTS.

FLEMING & BROS., No. 60 Wood street, Pittsburgh.; DR. GEO. H. KEYSER, No. 140 Wood street, R. K. SELLERS & CO., No. 87 Wood street. J. P. FLEMING, Allegheny City. nov4:daw

☞ Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Diseases, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Costiveness and Piles, are all relieved and cured in an incredible short space of time, by Carter's Spanish Mixture, the great tonic and purifier of the blood. It contains not a particle of Mercury, Opium, or any noxious drug; it is perfectly harmless, and has cured more than five hundred cases of disease.

We can only refer the reader to the certificates, a few of which may be found in another column, and all of which are detailed in full around the bottle. It is the greatest of all Spring and Fall Medicines, and possesses an influence over the blood truly remarkable.

See advertisement. oct31:1m

☞ To all Whom it may Concern.—If you want a splendid fitting Suit you can get it at GRIBBLE'S. If you want any Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, in all variety, why GRIBBLE has 'em. If you want the best fitting Pants you ever wore, GRIBBLE'S is the place to leave your measure. He can furnish Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Trunks, Valises, &c., at prices to suit all sorts of customers. 240 Liberty street, head of Wood.

oct26 E. GRIBBLE.

Valuable Country Seat for Sale.

THE subscriber, as Trustee of ROBERT C. M'FARLANE, will positively sell, on the premises, in Upper St. Clair township, Allegheny county, Pa., a valuable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, being 4 acres 153 perches of Land, part of the Farm of the said Robert C. M'Farlane. This Land is of the best quality, well located, within one-half mile of the Saw Mill Run Coal Railroad; near to Church and School; has a never failing Spring; part in timber; the larger part cleared. It will be sold altogether, or in lots to suit purchasers. Sale will be on the 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest; secured on the premises.

nov11:d6t&wit JOHN GILLFILLAN.

REFINED SYROPS—50 bbls of various qualities, for sale by SMITH & SINCLAIR. [oct21]

TELEGRAPHIC.

By the O'Reilly Lines for the Morning Post

Things in New York.

NEW YORK, November 11.—The Pacific sailed with about sixty passengers and about $600,000 specie.

There was a heavy rain storm all morning.

There is nothing decisive about the election for Governor; the election is so close that the official returns can alone decide. Clark stands the best chance.

The rest of the Whig State ticket is elected by large majorities.

The *Tribune* of this afternoon revises the returns, showing a majority of 1,001 for Clark. On the other hand, the *Herald* foots up a majority of 1,894 for Seymour.

The funeral ceremonies of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton took place in Trinity Church to day.

The *Evening Post* says that Mr. Soule expects to visit the United States within two months. On his return to Madrid it was his purpose to demand an official apology for the Black Warrior outrage. In the event of a refusal, he will demand his passports at once.

Conflagrations in Kingston.

KINGSTON, CANADA WEST, November 11.—Last night there were two fires here: in the checkered store in Princess and Bagot streets. A gale of wind caused it to spread fearfully, destroying St. Paul's Church. The building was occupied by Critchfield & Hanlan, Sullivan, Cone, and others, and the stores of Belange and Bowen. The second fire occurred in St. George Assembly Rooms, corner of Wellington and Barrett streets; it destroyed the entire block—Meagher's building, two store houses and rear buildings on Redoubt street. A large number of families were rendered houseless.

Railroad Accident.

BALTIMORE, November 11.—The passenger train of the South-Side Railroad ran over a cow on Thursday and was thrown off the track. The woman was instantly killed, and the conductor and eight or ten passengers seriously injured. A number received bruises and cuts. The accident occurred near Farmville, Virginia.

New York Election.

ALBANY, November 11.—The latest footings up here make a majority for Clark of 108.

NEW YORK, November 11.—The full official returns for Mayor are as follows:—Woods, 19,934; Barker, 18,683; plurality for Woods, 1,351.

Fire in Montrose.

MONTROSE, November 10.—A destructive fire occurred this morning. It consumed a large number of stores, shops and dwellings. Loss about $60,000.

TELEGRAPH MARKETS.

NEW YORK, November 11.—Cotton easier, but not quotably lower. Flour lower firm; sales 3500 bbls; good Ohio at prices rates; Southern declined 12½. Wheat...sales 43,000 bus Western mixed at $2.00. Pork...sales 6000 bbls Mess at $20.06@20.12½. Whisky...sales Ohio at 47. Beef un changed.

PHILADELPHIA, November 11.—Flour quiet; sales small, at $9.12½. Wheat...sales fair but at $1.90 for good Ohio at prices and $1.95@2.00 for good white. Rye higher; sales 1300 bus Penna. at $1.22. Corn...sales 8000 bus yellow at 85, afloat. Oats...sales 2000 bus Penna. at 54; 1000 do Delaware at 57. Whisky...sales in bbls at 44.

CINCINNATI, November 11.—River rising slowly; weather clear. Flour $7.50@7.62. Whisky 29. Provisions dull. Fresh pork $20.62½@20.75. Lard 10½@10½. Bacon 8½@9. Cheese 10. Eggs 16@17. No change in money matters; exchange 1½@½ premium.

NEW ORLEANS, November 9.—Cotton firm; the sales today were 5000 bales; New Orleans middling 8½. Flour dull at $9. Mess Pork $16.

MARRIED,

On the 7th inst, by Rev. Mr Davis, Mr R. G. MORROW, one of the editors of the *Beaver Star*, to Miss R. A. RANDOLPH, of Columbiana county, Ohio.

DIED,

On the 31st ult, JOSEPH BURSON, of Centre township, Columbiana county, Ohio, in the 95th year of his age. Mr. B. voted for Washington for President in 1789, and at every Presidential election since.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATEMENT

OF THE PENNSYLVANIA INSURANCE COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1854.

Total amount of premiums received.....$19,012 91

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses, Expenses, Serip, Agents, Commissions, and returned Premiums.....7,387 53

ASSETS.

Stocks and loans.....$4,050 16
Bills Receivable.....4,950 01
Cash on hand and in hands of Agents.....14,175 18
Other Furniture.....500 00
Amount of Stock Notes.....$8,600 00

Total amount at risk.....998,444 00

DIRECTORS:

Wm. F. Johnston, Jacob Painter, M. M'Clintock, James S. Negley, Josiah King, Wade Hampton, A. J. Jones, Rody Patterson, A. A. Carrier, Kennedy F. Friend, W. S. Haven, J. Grier Sproul, A. Nikins, Geo. R. White, H. R. Coggshall.

OFFICERS:

President—Hon. Wm. F. Johnston.
Vice President—Hon. Rody Patterson, Esq.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. A. Carrier.
Assistant Secretary—S. S. Carrier.

☞ We are prepared to insure against Fire, Perils of Sea, and Inland Navigation and Transportation. nov13:w

Third Arrival of Fall and Winter Goods.

TWENTY PER CENT. MELOW FORMER PRICES.

YOUNG, STEVENSON & LOVE, Sign of the Original Beehive, No. 74 Market street, between Fourth street and the Diamond, Pittsburgh, are just receiving a large and splendid assortment of Fall Dry Goods, at unusually low prices, from New York and Philadelphia importers and auction sales. The store will be found full in every department, consisting in part of

Shawls, Cloaks and Talmas, of every description;
Blankets, at bargains;
Plaid, stripe and plain Silk, French Merinoes, Cashmeres, Cobergs;
Parametias and Alpacas, at unprecedented bargains;
Merino and Cashmere Hosiery, do do
Bombazines and Canton Cloths, do do
French Ginghams, do do
Chintzes and Prints, do do
Irish Linens and Linen Sheetings, do do
Pillow Linens and Table Cloths, do do
Napkins and Table Damasks, do do
Plain and printed Delaines and Cashmeres, do do
Also, a full assortment of Domestic Goods, at great bargains.

Cuff Collars, Chemisettes and Handkerchiefs, at great bargains.

Ribbons and Millinery Goods, at great bargains;

Hosiery, Gloves and Suspenders, do.

Owing to the unusually large importation, goods have been covered into the auctions in the east, and sold at great sacrifices, and will be sold for cash at a very small advance.

YOUNG, STEVENSON & LOVE.

nov13

Latest Music.

H. KLEBER, No. 101 Third street, has just received, per express, the following new compositions, just issued by Firth, Pond & Co., New York:

La Gracieuse, Polka Mazurka; composed and dedicated to Miss Minnie Howard, of this city: by V. de Ilam.

The Sweet Briar, Mazurka, with very pleasing and easy variations; composed and dedicated to his pupils: by J. X. Wunsilak.

I take your Hand in mine Willie; new song; words by Geo. P. Morris, music by H. Kleber.

The Moonlight Mazurka: composed and dedicated to Dr. Geo. Batchelder, New York: by H. Kleber.

Tally Ho! Gallop, with handsomely colored title page: by W. H.

Going Home; new song: Jarvis.

I go to the South; new song: Bellack.

Last Good Night; new song: Woodbury.

The Sensitive Queen, a comic medley song; and a fine assortment of the most popular Songs, Polkas, Waltzes, etc., of American and foreign publication, expressly selected for this market by

H. KLEBER.
No. 101 Third street.

N. B.—A choice lot of new Pianos, of Nunn & Clark's unequalled manuf