and his intended sister, to watch to their return. The two went, to all appearance cheerfully, on their way; the stranger was one who had seen many countries; he could make himself very entertaining, and nobody loved a jest or a good story better than poor Brunett. Michael stopped occasionly to gather blackberries, to speak to a neighbor's child, to hurrish the pigs, or to throw stones at the crows which congregated in the fresh ploughed fields. The brilliant morning had sobered down into the fine, tranquil autumn day; the broad-leveled coltsfoot (almost as destructive to the cultivator of Irish ground as the super-abundant reed-wag.) turned the silver lining of its light green leaves to the declining sunbeams, and the hedges were gaily decked with rich clusters of the redripe hawthorn berry.

I cannot get any farther without something to drink, said the stranger, stopping at a way-side public house, which was adorned by the O'Connell arms, and a most unlike likeness of the Agitator. You have treated me; I must treat you.

I have no objection to take a glass of rale Cork, replied Brunett, but I must not take more than one, or Grace, the slut, will haul me over the griddle for it.

I tell you what; have some of Cherry's excellent ale, and if that doesn't warm you, you can have something *short* afterwards.

Something what? enquired his companion, unaccustomed to English slang.

Strong, you know. Come, my pretty mistress, a quart of Cherry's best!

The clear and beautiful ale sparkled, as, after he received it, he poured a portion into a measure, and turned towards the fire with the remainder, enquiring of his companion, shall I warm it for you? Would you like it warmed with sugar and spice, as we do in Wales?

No, no, do not put it on the fire, I would rather have it as it is, replied Brunett; Cherry's ale want's nothing but the drinking.

You see, said the stranger, turning to the landlady, *you see he would not let me put any thing in it.*

In an instant the draught was at Brunett's lips; he had walked far, and the heat and exercise had overpowered him. Another moment, and his destiny on this side of the grave would have been decided; but his time was not yet come. Michael rushed into the room, and seizing the cup from his uncle's uplifted hand, drank it nearly to the dregs.

Sorrow catch you for an ill—— but ere Brunett could finish the sentence, his eye rested upon the changed and changing countenance of the stranger. Disappointment, rage, anger, and hatred, were painted upon his distorted features; painted so vividly, that both the landlady and the intended victim exclaimed at the same moment, *It is poisoned!*

What has taken some time to write, was the transaction of less than a minute; the villain seized the measure, and attempted to throw what remained of the contents into the fire, but the arm of a strong serving maiden prevented his purpose. He then rushed to the door; but here again, he was interfered by the stone mason, who had quickly followed their steps; and poor Mike, who, with the strong animal instinct of hatred, clung to his legs to impede his progress.

Fool! idiot! cursed fool! exclaimed the ruffian, endeavoring to draw the pistol from his vest.

This recalled Brunett to his senses. My boy! my poor Michael! he exclaimed; lay not a finger near him; for if you do, this hour—this moment—shall be your last!

Why do you hold me—what have I done? enquired the stranger, as his presence of mind returned. Who talked of poison? If there *was* poison in the ale, *the landlady saw that he would not let* ME *put any thing in it.*

It happened to be a fair day in one of the neighboring villages, and a crowd soon collected round and in the house. Amongst them—hurried forward by others, without knowing the cause of the excitement, but accompanied by her lover—came Grace Brunett; on seeing her uncle, she could not resist throwing herself into his arms, and whispering, I've seen his honor—I've got the promise, and his honor's own self's coming this way—run out an' make your *obedience* to him.

He's a magistrate thank God! exclaimed Burnett, rushing to the door. Grace, for the love o' God, look to Michael.

Michael, what ails you, honey? said the affectionate girl, turning to her brother.

Nothing—nothing—nothing ails me—they're all foolish—nothing ails Mick, he replied, jumping and tossing his arms.

Keep asy—keep asy, said the landlord. Sure the doctor's sent for, and will tell us what to do presently.

When Burnett's landlord left his carriage, and entered the look of assurance which the stranger had assumed changed to one of great despair, he seemed like one for whom there was no redemption. What! you, Law—[illegible] of such a crime? Your [illegible] you were in Dublin.

[illegible] ought to have done his own [illegible] himself, growled the fellow; but [illegible] I meant to hurt the boy.

[illegible] soon told. A favorite stew[illegible] Burnett's landlord to pro[illegible] that when the *last life in the* [illegible] he should have the farm up[illegible] his heart was set. By bribes and [illegible] he prevailed upon his brother—[illegible] of wild and reckless habits; to undertake the getting of Burnett out of the way. His first plan was to decoy him from home, and precipitate him into the gravel pits; this failed, by the providential interposition of poor Michael, whose idiotcy was strongly mingled with shrewdness. The villain waited another opportunity, knowing he had a strong hold upon Burnett's superstition, and his love of wealth; but that very morning he received intimation from his brother that it must be done quickly, as the landlord himself was talking of passing through and about his farms, and if once the Burnetts got speech of him, it would be all up. He at once decided on using poison, and we have seen how it was prevented from taking effect upon his intended victim; had any evidence been wanting, the remains of arsenic found in a paper on his person; his brother's letter, which the stone mason had seen him receive; the contents of the beer when analysed by a neighboring doctor, who unhappily did not arrive until poor Michael had felt that something more than usual 'ailed' him—were all proofs of his guilt; but it is impossible to imagine any thing more vehement, more terrible, than the excitement which prevailed amongst the country people, while the poor idiot was suffering the agonies of death.—It was difficult to prevent their tearing the culprit to pieces. The fact of his wanting to take land over another man's head would have been enough to rouse their indignation; but when they saw the simple, inoffensive creature, whose gentle words, and good-natured though witless offices, had endeared him to every cottager, their wrath knew no bounds.

It's a lesson to the landlord to see after his tenants himself, that, I hope, he'll not forget, said one. Sure, the God of heaven, if he lifts the dews from the earth, sends it back again in rain; but every thing is took from poor Paddy, and nothing returned.

Lift me to the air, Gracy, whispered the dying boy to his sister; I know I'll be waked soon; but let poor Snap have the butter and gingerbread you promised me, for I never preached the sermon since, to vex you Gracy. The hardest and the sternest wept when they saw the poor faithful dog lick his master's purple lips, and saw that master's dying efforts to push from him the thing he certainly loved best in the world, murmuring, Maybe 'twould hurt him; maybe 'twould hurt him!

Dread and fearful was the oath of exterminating vengeance which Black Burnett swore against the stranger Lawler and his brother, over the body of the dead idiot; but it was not needed—the one paid the forfeit of his crime, and was executed within a month after its committal—the other disappeared, and was never again seen or heard of in the country. Black Burnett abandoned whiskey, and grew rich; but never could bear to hear of people finding money under flat stones.

Matthew and Grace inhabit the dwelling still, though it is far more comfortable than it was; and Snap's descendant cannot find a hole in the door-post to poke his nose through, though he is quite as cross and curious as his grandsire.

[There are persons now living who remember well the excitement produced in the county in which it occurred by the appalling event that has formed the groundwork of this story. It was related to me by a clergyman, who, under the name of 'Martin Doyle,' has published a variety of little works upon rural and domestic economy, the value of which, to the Irish farmer and cottager, is greater than pure gold.

It is singular that while the tale was in the hands of the printer—but a few weeks ago—a murder was committed at Windgap, near Kilkenny, under circumstances very similar, with the same object; a resolve to get rid of the last life in a lease. Unhappily, in this case, the attempt was successful.]

An Unlucky Visiter.—A gentleman who resides in Francisville, Pa., had occasion on Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, to visit a family residing in the same village. On knocking at the door, one of the children in the house began to cry murder, when five or six men rushed from an opposite house, knocked the visitor down, and beat him to the consistence of currant jelly. As an excuse for this conduct, the assailants say that some person of a suspicious character had been seen prowling about the neighborhood the evening before, and that the unfortunate visiter was taken for that prowler. This of course, is quite satisfactory; especially to the gentlemen what was *licked*.

A London paper says—"Harmony Hall, the head quarters of the Socialist Community in Hampshire, was erected at a cost of 30,000*l*. It is not yet half finished, but most of the rooms are handsomely fitted up; the inhabitants are clean, and the workmen industrious. The quantity of land is 1,000 acres, held on a lease of 99 years, at a rent of 15 shillings an acre, and is considered by judges to be well worth 3*l*. an acre under cultivation."

Striking at the root.—Under this heading it is stated in the Rochester Democrat that the Toronto Examiner is out in favor of Colonial representation in the British Parliament, on a plan analagous to that of Territorial representation in Congress.—The representatives to be persons holding property in the Colonies and to talk and vote only on such questions as relate to the Colonies. This is indeed "striking at the root" and such a proposition will be apt to remind old England of the talk she heard in 1775.

Chalk and Water.——It is computed that the inhabitants of London consume 40,000,000,000 gallons of water per diem, and that the quanity of chalk held in solution in this water is not less than 24 tons per day. No allusion is made to the milk. How much chalk and water do the Philadelphians use every day?—*Ev. Mercury.*

TRAITORS.—Our immaculate opponents are whining most piteously because John Davis, who ran some 1500 behind Morton, is not elected Governor of Mass. Mr. Morton's name was sent to the Senate by only one majority; and that one say they, is a *traitor*. Oh, the good-for-nothing rascal! While these indignant saints are busy in stigmatizing every body who will not acknowledge a coon skin as a fit emblem of his principles, we advise them to brush up their memories, and see if they can recollect any party that promised the people better times. If they can do this, they may have a better understanding of what the word traitor means.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Mr. Calhoun is coming to the North after the adjournment of Congress.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES BUCHANAN
Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

DAILY MORNING POST.

CHS. PHILLIPS & WM. H. SMITH, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1843.

See First Page.

"Loco Foco Proscription on the Public Works.--Preparations to elect Porter's successor from the Plunder Clique."

Such is the caption to an article that appeared in the Philadelphia Forum of last Friday, charging the dismissal of two Canal Boat Captains, formerly employed by the *Pioneer Packet Line*, on the democratic party, and asserting that they were discharged because they were not friendly to the State administration. This is about the most absurd effort at political trickery that we have seen since the humbug days of '40. What has the administration to do with the *Pioneer Packet Line*, or how have the *democrats* the power to control its actions? Will any person in this region believe that a company, at the head of which stands *D. Leech*, would discharge men from its employ for being opposed to the democratic party or for refusing to support any member of that party as Gov. Porter's successor? We think not; but on the contrary believe that nothing would be more agreeable to the managers of that line than a bitter hostility to the democratic party.—In 1840, every species of political humbug that was then practised for the benefit of the federal party, was encouraged and patronized by the Pioneer Line, and no democrat who traveled on it, could do so without being insulted by having to listen to the misrepresentations of his party, and also to endure the low exhibitions that were continually present on the boats for the purpose of ridiculing the principles of the democracy. Such was the Pioneer Line a little more than two years since, and we do not believe that such a radical change has taken place in its managers, that the principles which then would gain a man unbounded praise would now induce his employers to discharge him.

Professor Lowrie's Lecture.

The eighth Lecture before the Wirt Institute, was delivered last evening by W. H. Lowrie, Esq., Professor of Law in the Western University of Pa. Subject—the Progress of the Common Law, one on which, the lecturer was peculiarly fitted to treat; his daily pursuits and constant researches both tending to add to his stock of learning in the obstruse science of Law.

The earnest and pleasing manner of the lecturer, procured for a subject, in itself dry and uninteresting the undivided attention of his audience. And he evinced an acquaintance with the almost unfathomable obscurities of the matter of his discourse, that astonished his hearers, and impressed them with the belief that he was destined to attain the highest honors of his profession.

On Friday the Governor returned to the Legislature, with his approval, the bill abolishing the Court of General Sessions, Philadelphia. The Court will cease to exist on the 1st of next month, and its business be transferred to the Court of Common Pleas, which is to have an additional law Judge. If it is decided that Judge Parsons is eligible—a question which is now exciting considerable discussion in the Legislature—he will take his seat on the bench of the Common Pleas as a recompense for the loss he will sustain in the abolishment of the Gen Sessions, to which he had been recently appointed.

The destruction of this Court, will no doubt meet with the hearty approbation of the public, as it is regarded as nothing better than a sanctuary for villany and fraud of the deepest die, ever since it sided Biddle and his clan to escape the just punishment of their crimes, and to bid defiance to the laws that have no mercy for rascals of a smaller grade. If there had been no court of General Session at Philadelphia, it is probable that the Eastern Penitentiary would have some distinguished boarders at the present time, but who, through the corruption of that tribunal, are still permitted to run at large.

In Character.—Ridwood Fisher, a notorious Whig Protective Tariff demagogue of New York, who has recently taken the benefit of the Bankrupt Law, had, among the debts in his schedule one of considerable amount *due to a London tailor.* This is certainly a proper way for such a man to encourage domestic manufactures. He was too patriotic to swindle American tailors, and so he got his coats, &c., in London, and then repudiated.

Shot.—A Buffalo paper says that a soldier of the barracks, for some offence, was sentenced to punishment; he attempted to run away and was ordered to stop, but disobeying, the Guard was directed to fire upon him, which was done. The ball entered near the hip joint and brought him down. It is thought that he will recover. Shooting a man down under such circumstances is justified by law.

As a democratic journal has been formed in Pittsburgh, and arrangements are on foot for its permanent organization.—*Wheeling Gazette.* This is a very singular move indeed. What about this, Mr Post.—*Cin Sun.*

We can see nothing 'very singular' about this. A large portion of our most intelligent mechanics, who have heretofore, by their labor maintained themselves and their families, are now thrown out of employment, and want is staring them in the face, without any immediate prospect of a change for the better. Necessity is driving them to the organization of some scheme of Industrial Association, for their own security.

They are not, strictly speaking, *Fourierists*, their scheme being widely different from the one suggested by that eminent philanthropist. One more practicable and better suited to the peculiar habits and passions of men who have been enured to the present state of society, has been broached, and the probability of its success is not doubted by any who have heard its principles explained.

The scene presented yesterday morning at the corner of Market and Liberty streets, after the fire, was at once fearful and magnificent. The night had been so cold that the water thrown from the engines congealed as it fell, and the entire front of the buildings was covered with ice and presents the appearance of an immense frozen cascade.

The place of glass in the window sashes was supplied by masses of ice, and this circumstance gave a remorseless small wit who was present a chance to remark upon the similarity of this *glazing* with the work of the *glaciers* of Switzerland. We hope our readers will be able to *see through* this.

Illinois State Bank.—The Bill to put this swindling shop into liquidation, has finally passed both houses.

Dr. Eldridge is not writing a memoir of himself.

Ohio stocks have advanced five dollars on the hundred within a few days.

Do Elephants turn sumersets.—*Forum.* No, but Whig Politicians do.

The Editors of the "Midnight Cry," the Millerite paper published in N. Y., refuse to take subscriptions for more than seven weeks, when they expect the cry will be heard as well as seen. Thus, according to "Miller," the world is to end in seven weeks.

Cheap Enough.—Admittance to the Box of the Franklin Theatre, N. Y. is only 12½ cents; Upper Box 6¼; Pit 3 cents.

More Specie.—The barque Richmond, from Bordeaux, arrived at New Orleans on the 23d, with 70,000 in specie.

Mr. *Dinneford* opened the Poydras Street Theatre, N. O., on the evening of the 25th. The papers say that he has a good company and will no doubt succeed in doing a fair business.

☞On the 31st of October last, there were sixty-four millions of pounds of French colonial sugar in the entrepots of France.

☞A bill to free negroes and mulattoes is before the Maryland House of Delegates.

The great Cincinnati Earthquake was felt in Henderson, S. C.

They are making an effort in New Jersey as well as in Pennsylvania to repeal the act abolishing imprisonment for debt.

The Fat Alderman's Last.—When you are talking about the noise made in an encounter of adverse squadrons of cavalry, what French General will you be led to think of?

Martial Neigh, (Marshal Ney.)

Ho! for Oregon!—The Oregon bill has passed the Senate, and there is no doubt of its passage in the House. Clean up your rifles, boys.

Suicide in Prison.—A man named Babb who had been committed to the Moyamensing prison for getting drunk, hung himself with his suspenders on last Thursday.

Tom Thumb is exhibiting himself at the Masonic Hall, Philadelphia. He is only 22 inches high.

Fudge.—The Washington correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says that "the President will be compelled to call an extra session to meet the demand of the exhausted Treasury, save the country from disgrace, &c."

Thompson, in his last article, on banking, has the following: "Our Legislature meets at Albany next Monday, I propose. We have but one measure to propose. Pass a law to hang every broker who shall issue notes which he curses—for this rid the State of money-changers, money, financiers, and broken [illegible]."

The Issue.—The School Republican for the people to [illegible] can says, "The issue between Tyler and an Exchequer—determine is, Van Buren and the Subtreasury—Martin Van Buren and a U. S. Bank."

They are getting up more rumors about "changes in the Cabinet." They won't take any more.

The Philadelphia Aurora has ceased to exist. More's the pity.

By putting a piece of lump sugar the size of a walnut, into the tea pot, you will make the tea infuse in one half the time.

Major Richard F. Simpson, of Anderson District, S. C., has been nominated as a candidate for Congress, to represent the District composed of Pendleton, Greenville and Laurens counties.

An English paper states that a national monument is to be erected to the memory of the gallant Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre. In the mean time while his surviving sister is earning a miserable and precarious living by taking care of empty houses in the neighborhood of Oxford square, London, for house agents.

Good.—The witnesses who testified in defence of Dingle, the man recently convicted in N. Y. of committing a rape upon a girl named Ann Murphy, are to be prosecuted for perjury.

By a statement published in the Journal of Commerce, it appears that the exports of goods from Liverpool to the United States, for the last three months of the year 1842, was considerably less than in the corresponding quarter of any other year of the last seven. In the last quarter of 1838 the packages were 23,363; in the last quarter of 1842 they were but 4,024.—Moreover, the value of each package is generally less this year than formerly.

The New York Morning Post has the following extract from the Life of Sternbinger, a soldier of fortune, recently published in Germany. The incident narrated occurred while he was stationed at Nantes, during the French revolution and the Reign of Terror.

"I sallied out for a stroll on the Pont Neuf, in all the splendor of a new plume. Abutting on this bridge, there was a tower, which served the purposes of a prison. Within were confined several ladies of rank. At this time there was a regulation, that a republican soldier might marry a noble female prisoner, and thus effect her liberation. At the same time, however, he became responsible for her conduct. If it chanced that she was afterwards found guilty of any aristocratic complicity, the husband was at once considered as an accomplice. The ladies in the prison wishing no doubt for liberty, called to us, holding at the same time *billets doux* in their hand. 'Citoyen, citoyen,' We were well aware of the meaning of this. The *billet doux* contained an offer for marriage. As there were some pretty girls among them, we immediately inquired for which of us the notes were intended, and they forthwith explained. The note intended for me contained an invitation to come into the jailor's lodge, and have a conversation.—Away we went to the jailor's, and sent for the parties in question. When they came, each one instantly rushed into the arms of her chosen squire. Me e was most affectionate and tender. I could save her life, she said; she was possessed of considerable wealth, a castle in La Vende, and so forth. We sent for biscuits and wine, and, partly influenced by their charms, partly touched with pity for their misfortunes, partly, too, blinded by the glittering prospects they held out to us, promised to marry them. Next day we actually did wait on our captain, and represented the case to him. But he prudently admonished us on the great hazzard we ran in marrying females belonging to noble families, for whom we should have to be responsible, and who, as soon as they would escape from the guillotine, would take the first opportunity to decamp, and thus involve us in difficulties. This brought us again to our senses.—Wishing, however, to give the girls an answer, we went to the jailor for the purpose of seeing them once more. But they had just been sentenced to death, and next morning, at 11 o'clock, they were to be guillotined. In the square where the guillotine used to work was the coffee house at which we breakfasted. At eleven, the unhappy creatures were brought to the spot. Believing in our asseverations, they still gazed round with lingering looks, as if in hopes of discovering [illegible]. We carefully avoided their glances, which every moment become more and more sorrowful the nearer they approached the scaffold. My chosen one was the second to mount, and in a few seconds the five beautiful maidens were no more."

The following are one or two of the questions and answers at the Court of Inquiry on the Mackenzie case on the 13th inst.

Q.—Did you ever hear Spencer talk disrespectfully of his commander?

A.—Yes; I heard him say, '[illegible] on his old soul.'

Q by Judge Advocate—How did you know he meant the commander?

A.—Sir, I thought so because he was the only old soul on board! (Laughter.)

This is the kind of evidence upon which three American citizens were hung!

NEW ORLEANS Justice.—'Will you be tried by me, Bill Patterson, or by a jury of your countrymen?' demanded a recorder of an 'incorrigible vagabond.'

'Don't care which—I am innocent, and am ready for trial,' bawled set you down for six months!'

'Well, sir, this is one way of *trying* a man,' whispered Bill Patterson, as he took the arm of a 'terrier of justice.'—*Crescent.*

☞It is great satisfaction in kissing an Israelite, if she obey the law of Moses—'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a kiss for a kiss.'

The Mother of Napoleon.

The family of Napoleon, says Alison, though noble, had not been distinguished, and had suffered severely from misfortune. The mother of the great captain, who was marked by great beauty, and no common firmness and intrepidity of mind, shared in the fatigues and dangers of her husband, at a period of great trial, and was engaged with him in some expeditions on horseback. His father died at the age of thirty eight; but the want of paternal care was more than supplied by the mother, to whose early education and solicitude Napoleon, in after life, mainly ascribed his elevation. On one occasion, he expressed the opinion that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother.—Though left a widow in the prime of life, the mother of Napoleon had already borne thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived their father.—She lived to see one of them wearing the crown of Charlemagne and another seated on the throne of Charles V.

Nicholson Court.

The State Capital Gazette of the 30th inst. in speaking of this matter, says:—A bill to abolish the Nicholson Court has passed the House of Representatives and is now before the Senate. Yesterday it passed a committee of the whole with an additional section proposed by Mr. Kidder declaring all titles compromised since the 1st January, 1843, to be null and void, and providing that moneys paid by purchasers under sales made by Nicholson Commissioners shall be refunded. This will restore to the poor settlers their lands, and will be no more than an act of justice to all concerned. In the debate on Thursday, Messrs. Wilcox, Kidder and Farelly, ably advocated the cause of the poor settlers, and Mr. Crabb made an eloquent speech against the bill, which he had not concluded when the hour of adjournment arrived.

To-day the bill came up again on second reading, and Mr. Crabb concluded his argument. Mr. Kidder followed in favor of the bill, and the discussion was continued until the hour of adjournment by Messrs Sullivan, Penniman and Farelly. From present indications, we believe that the bill will pass, and by a large majority. It is demanded by a large and respectable portion of our citizens and we doubt not that it will be received by the people of the Commonwealth generally.

Congress and the President.—The President, it is said, intends to send in a message on the present low state of the finances, and to leave with Congress the responsibility of providing the ways and means to preserve the credit of the Government. The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says:—'Something must be done, and we can see nothing but wickedness in the efforts of certain demagouges to keep thus 'heading' the President, at the expense of the best interests of the country.'

Naval Court Martial.

Friday, Feb 3, 1843.

This morning the Court was in secret session for above an hour. The doors having been opened, Mr Duer, one of the counsel of McKenzie, made the following protest:

The counsel for the defendant beg leave most respectfully to state, that in giving assent to the positions of the Judge Advocate, that his duties are of a judicial character, and that he was bound to protect the rights of the accused, they were not to be regarded as assenting to a departure from the established usage in the mode of conducting the prosecution, to any violation of the known rules of evidence, the due observance of which they regard as essential to the discovering, the truth, the due administration of justice, and the rights of the Navy.

(Signed) A. SLIDEL McKENZIE.

The Judge Advocate then stated that as he had not yet been furnished with a list of with a list of witnesses, had had no opportunity of conversing with those who were at hand, and as two of those he subpœnaed had not yet arrived, he should ask for an adjournment until Saturday, when he hoped to proceed without further delay. The court then rose and adjourned.

The Case of Cromwell.—Assistant Alderman Scoles, as counsel for Mrs Cromwell, made a private application to the Judge Advocate to be permitted to take part in the proceedings of court against Capt McKenzie, and have a seat at the table with the members of the court.

The Judge Advocate informed Mr Scoles that he had no power to grant such request. Mr. S. then took a seat at the reporter's stand.

☞The Washington Fire Company of Allegheny, return their sincere thanks for the timely relief given them at the fire yesterday morning by Messrs. Hoge & Brown in *hot coffee* (the firemans friend) and other refreshments.

ACKOWLEDGEMENTS.

The members of the Neptune return thanks to Messrs Barr, Hoge, Kaine, Brown, Bown and others for kindly supplying them with refreshments at the fire yesterday morning.

Auction Sales.

FURNITURE AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at Bausman's Commercial Auction Rooms, No. 110 Wood st., on Friday, February 10, at 2 o'clock P. M., a valuable lot of household and kitchen Furniture, belonging to a family about to remove from the city, consisting of—

Headsteads, Feather beds, Quilts, Counterpanes, Sheets Blankets, &c, Bureaus, Bookcase, Chairs, Carpets, Toilet Glasses, Stair rods, Pots, Kettles, Boilers, &c., &c.

feb 8—3t. R. A. BAUSMAN, Auct.

FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES--TRUTH IS CONVINCING:--Having been afflicted for nearly two years, with a hard swelling on the cap of my knee, which produced much pain, and used various applications recommended by the Faculty--all in vain—was cured completely by the use of one bottle of Dr. Brandreth's Linament, or External Remedy.

Witness my hand JAMES TAYLOR,

Ohio tp Allegheny co, Pa. Jan. 10th, 1840.

Dr. Brandreth's External Remedy or Linament; sold at his office, No. 93 Wood street, Pittsburgh, PRICE—50 cents per bottle. feb 8.

JUST RECEIVED.—A complete assortment of Kettles, Pots, Bake and Dutch Ovens, and Skillets, Lids to suit all sizes—also, Stoves, Grates, &c., for sale on accommodating terms.

ISAAC HARRIS, Agent
feb 8 and Com. Merch't No. 9, 5th st.

NEW DISCOVERY.

NEW DISCOVERY, Oil of Tannin. It will make old leather as good as new, and strong as ever, by a few applications. It will also make boots, shoes, and ladies' slippers, perfectly water tight, by rubbing it well in. It leaves a fine gloss upon the leather, and is recommended to all in preference to putting on over shoes.—Now you can all leave your India rubbers, Buff'alo shoes &c., at home, and go through the dampest streets without wetting your feet.

The above can be obtained at TUTTLE'S Medical Agency, 86 Fourth street. feb. 7.

MONONGAHELA BRIDGE,
Pittsburgh February 6, 1843,

AN election for President, Managers and Officers of the Company for erecting a Bridge over the Monongahela river opposite Pittsburgh, in the County of Allegheny, will be held at the toll house on Monday, the 6th of March next, at 3 o'clock P. M.

JOHN THAW,
feb 7—3tw. Treasurer.

Could scarcely believe it?—When I applied to Wemys' at the corner of Chesnut and Fourth streets, for a bottle of Powell's Balsam of Anniseed, I confessed myself incredulous as to its effects; but no sooner had I tried a few bottles than I became sensible it was the only medicine from which I could hope relief. It has effectually cured me, and I am not likely to have a return of Asthma so long as I know where to find so efficient a remedy.

Phila Sp. of Times.

The above can be procured only at TUTTLE'S Medical Agency, 86 Fourth street, Pittsburgh. feb 6.

H. R. M'KAY. ALEX. P. THOMPSON.

McKAY & THOMPSON,

GENERAL AGENTS and Commission Merchants, *ST. LOUIS, Mo.*

Refer to:

Messrs. Turbett, Royer & McDowell,	Pittsburg.
" W. H. Campbell & Co.	
" Cope, Todhunter, & Co.	Phila.
" Morgan, Crutcher & Co.	
" Woods, Yeatman & Co.	St Louis.
" Woods, Christy & Co.	

Feb 4.—d3m