

The Death-Watch.

In the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground until the certain signs of decomposition are apparent, and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell rope communicating with an alarm, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watchman and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very ostentatious service, considering that thirty years he had been the official "Death-Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarm had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained one and all, man, woman, and child, as silent as the stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct; in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered like a spark among the ashes—but declined, by national phlegm, to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, but between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a transcendental spirit would not willingly dissolve. But be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their state in marble. Not as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted; and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed skeptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly it is curious to observe that, in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, the number of revivals has increased. The inanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Alois Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death bed, walked down to appear in her last testament.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first remorse and fancies of his novitiate, had come, by dint of caution, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary care of a Plutonian warehouse or lock-up warehouse. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumn Frankfurt Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sourkrot, veal cutlets, with bullace sauce, carp in wine jelly, blood sausages, wild boar brains, herring, salad, sweet pudding, Leipzig larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowl-full of plums by way of dessert, suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where, being deposited in the care of a chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death-watch, Peter Klopp. Accordingly, having taken last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell around the dead man's fingers, and then retired into his own sanctuaries, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy paradise which he had so often vowed not to exchange for all the odor of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Hours.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse chamber, hushed with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud, as still as a marble statue. He heard the solitary general lamp burned with out a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to create a ring of spider-line that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper, or the whispert of a ghost; if there had been one present to utter it; but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the death watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself in his clothes on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped, nor a mouse stirred, nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloud-like shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the fitting of a moth; the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw; but all was quiet as the grave—still as the steadfast tomb; when suddenly the shrill hurried tone of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that, for fifteen long years, he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the senses of Peter Klopp.

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a night is sufficiently dreadful; but to be aroused in the dead of the night by so dreadful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon's—to reanimate a cold, clammy corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutching, his limbs paralyzed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and

stalk falling to the floor, while the mouth-piece passed into his throat, and aggravated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of his struggles, a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling noise as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange, unearthly shout, which the death-watch answered with a unnatural shriek, and instantly fell headlong on his face on the floor!

Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him. It did. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrible sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate death-watch, stiff and insensible, while the late corpse, in its grave-clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against his own revival. But all human help in vain! Peter Klopp was no more; whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, because, and at this day, the official death-watch at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The Sandwich Islands.—The envoys of King Kamehameha, now at Paris, lost no time in making their formal protest against the enforced cession to Great Britain, as appears in the Paris journals, as follows: "We read in a journal the news of a fact which appears to us inexplicable, if it be true, and which we deem it our duty to protest against. The Sandwich Islands, which we have occupied by British forces in the name of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain.

"These islands are civilized, Christian, and independent. Their independence was acknowledged by the United States of America on the 19th of December, 1842, and by the British Government on the 1st of April last. We have a positive promise of their recognition from the French Government. "How after that could possession have been taken of the islands of Hawaii?"

"Under all circumstances, and until more ample information, we solemnly protest against this occupation, as contrary to the rights of nations and the sanctity of the bonds which unite nations between themselves, whatever may be their relative power. "We hand to the *Revue de l'Orient*, the record of the Oriental Society, of which we are members, the extracts of the original acts of our recognition, which are in our possession. These documents shall be published. "TIMOTEO HAALILLO, WILLIAM RICHARDS, Envoys of His Majesty King Kamehameha III. to His Majesty the King of the French." "Paris, 1st June, 1843."

Ultratism.—Speaking of the fanaticism that pervades some of the so-called reformers of the day, the New York Observer says: "Ultratism is a lying spirit, and a more destructive spirit than any of those that of the Saviour's indulgence were allowed to enter the Gaderene vine. Like them, it is headstrong, obstinate and blind; reckless of consequences, rushing down steep places and into the sea, rather than fall of having its own way. This is the fate of Ultratism. Its aim is 'rule or ruin,' and as it can never reign where God reigns, it fights while it can, and then dies by suicide."

The Bowling Green Fountain in the city of New York has just been finished, at the expense of a number of private citizens residing near that spot. It is described in one of the papers as follows: "The Bowling Green Fountain.—We must confess that we were unfeignedly delighted with this beautiful fountain, during the day of its dedication. The design is a natural, yet in those days of fanciful notions in such matters, a bold conception, and one of its very talented and ingenious authors, Mr. Bonning. It presents such a pile of rocks as might casually be found on a desirable spot in the country, selected by a man of taste, for the picture beauty of the natural scene, and around it, as his residence. When in play, the jet (in the centre of this pile) throws up some eighty feet or more, and descends, like a shower, into the basin, which, overflowing the rocks, producing the effect of a natural cascade, of every variety of form and aspect. On the four sides of the pile are additional clusters of jets, which add much to the effect, when in full play. For the evening, there are gas fixtures provided, illuminating the basin, and exposing the beauty of the falls most picturesquely. The moonlight effect will be very fine.

As the broad column of water descends from its high elevation, the setting sun's rays falling upon it, produce countless rainbows, changing their form and position with every change in the point of view. Seen by the spectator, and altogether, it must be conceded, by all persons of taste, we think, to be by far the most beautiful fountain as yet erected in the city. It plays 15 minutes in every hour through the day and evening."

OFFICIAL. TREASURY NOTES OUTSTANDING: July 7, 1843. Amount as per the records of this office, viz: Of the issues prior to the 31st August, 1842, \$8,559,145 17 Of notes issued under the act of 31st August, 1842, 3,008,940 56 \$11,568,085 73 Deduct cancelled notes in the hands of the accounting officers, 19,840 00 \$11,548,245 73

TREASURY DEPARTMENT. Register of Officers, July 1, 1843. T. L. SMITH, Register of the Treasury. Latest from Maracabo.—The brig Emma, at New York on Thursday, brings intelligence from Maracabo to the 15th ult. A report reached Maracabo on the 6th ult. from Ceribajena, that an insurrection had occurred near the latter place, and that several men had been wounded in a skirmish between the troops and insurgents, who were said to be 3000 strong, and increasing in numbers. The heavy taxes imposed by the government had caused great discontent, and this was supposed to be the origin of the outbreak. Business at Maracabo was dull. The place was healthy. There were no U. S. ships of war in port. A young lad, named Joseph W. Johnson, died in Baltimore, on Saturday, of lock-jaw, produced by raising a splinter of wood into his foot.

JAMES BUCHANAN, FOR PRESIDENT. DAILY MORNING POST. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1843. 500 First Page.

Grand Re-union of the Whigs and Blue Noses. After all the terrible encounters which have taken place this summer between the whigs and blue-noses; after an expenditure of ink enough to float the Iron Steam Ship, and of wind enough to raise a hurricane, it is now whispered that a negotiation is on foot which is to end in the formation of a single ticket out of parts of those now in the field.

The plan of compromise, we understand, is that both the whig and blue nose conventions, which met to nominate, are to assemble in joint meeting, and to call from both tickets, their choicest gems. The whigs, it is said, have agreed to surrender Breckenridge and leave the course for Craig; in return for which, the blue noses have evinced a willingness to drop Capt. Hays, and go in for Mr. Morrison. The arrangement is a very pretty one, to be sure, and we have no doubt that they will promise him the next nomination for Sheriff. In regard to the Prothonotary, nobody cares much for Horner, and we presume Mr. Jaynes will be the candidate.

The Assembly ticket will give some trouble. But the probability is they will leave off Hutz because he voted to refund Jackson's sin, and drop John J. Muse who is now on the blue nose ticket. Robert Hill and Fauntly Muse, who are now on the whig ticket, may also probably be left off, and then the new ticket will stand; Robt. S. Cass, Francis C. Flanegin, John Riddle, and Jas. E. Sheridan. The blue nose candidate for Commissioner, Robert Wallace, will probably be retained, and whig candidate for Treasurer, J. W. Lightner, will also be kept on the track. For the rest, it makes no difference.

Perhaps we are not right in all our conjectures, but we incline to think that a ticket will be made, somewhat after the fashion we have above sketched. And what will be the effect of this magnificent consolidation on the Democratic party may be asked by some. We answer that no arrangement the federalists can make can at all jeopard the success of the entire democratic ticket. They may manoeuvre as they please, but they have lost their power, and no political scheme, however adroitly devised, can regain it for them.

The Fall Election. It will be seen by referring to the advertising columns of our daily and weekly papers, that there is a gaudy array of names offered to the democratic Convention, from which the Delegates will choose a ticket to be supported at the October election. More anxiety is felt in regard to the county offices, than for any of the other nominations. All who have announced themselves as candidates are good and true men, and whoever may be the favorites of the Convention, they will, we feel assured, be warmly supported by the people. In their political relations with the party, they are highly esteemed, and known to be competent for the offices to which they aspire.

In urging their claims with the voters, we hope they may not be guilty of any acts of injustice towards their democratic competitors, or rally their fair names by resorting to means that have ever been reproached by honorable men and honest democrats. It is the custom of our federal opponents to attempt to cut each other's throats—politically—in their scramble for the nominations; but it has ever been repudiated by the democrats. We trust it always will be so, and that the man who attempts to add to his own chances of success, by putting in circulation malicious statements against those who are his competitors, or who will employ others to do so for him, may receive such a rebuke from the people, as his vile conduct merits. Such a course is characteristic of the whigs and blue noses, but we trust will meet with no countenance from any portion of the democratic party.

Max Bohrer's Concert on Tuesday evening was attended by the largest audience we ever saw in Concert Hall, and all appeared to be much pleased with the performance. This crowded house was the result of a judicious resolution to lower the price of admission from one dollar to fifty cents. The Gazette of Tuesday makes the following pertinent remark: "If anti-masonry was ever worth anything, it is as valuable now as ever."

That is a fact, gentlemen, and we note it as something remarkable in the columns of the Gazette. Anti-masonry is worth just as much now as ever it was, but the reason of its present depreciation is the fact that its dupes have just found out its real value, which is considerably below that of the most worthless shipplasters.

Temperature in New Orleans.—We learn from the Crescent City that the Temperature cause is progressing at a fine rate in N. Orleans. "Four of our most promising young lawyers have signed the teetotal pledge, and a pair of the most prominent knights of the quill in this city have come to the same conclusion. One of these is the handsomest man in town, and 'time was' as father Bacon's brass head is reported to have said, when this political Apollo could carry more good brandy under his vest, than any other we wot of. On Tuesday evening he went to the Temperance meeting, and when he came home, instead of going to the sidewalk to *char* de-hogany table, took a glass of ice water, and wrote a long article on the virtues of total abstinence. If he could only persuade every individual in his party to do the same, his candidate would certainly be successful at the coming election."

Mexico.—The schooner Virginia, at New Orleans from Tampico, brings \$119,564 in specie. It would seem that a new revolution was on the eve of breaking out in Mexico, and some translations of papers brought by the Virginia Antoinette, go to confirm the information. An official communication from General Nicholas Bravo announces the rising of 3,000 Indians in the neighborhood of Chiapa, and 1,000 in that of Tlapa. They have declared in favor of Federalism, and threaten to capture Chiapa. Gen. Bravo solicits the assistance of the Government, and declares that, without speedy succor, he will find it impossible to withstand the rebels.

Mortality of the Law.—The Detroit Advertiser says—it has been related to us as a fact, that a man from the country, after listening to the argument of the U. S. District Attorney before Judge Morell, in the Dalton case, and learning therefrom that it was no crime to steal the city warrants, and shin-plasters, proceeded to the State Treasurer's office, paid taxes in Auditor's warrants and took a receipt therefor, and then he stole the warrants which he had just paid to the Treasurer, and sold them to a broker in this city.

George Hoyt—A Drunkard and His Wife—George Hoyt, who fifteen years ago was the very soul of the select circles in Boston, and the best soldier in the United States, is now a common scold in Maine. He is the author of the "Mel-low Horn" and many other popular songs. Hoyt married a beautiful girl, who in a few years was obliged to descend from the luxury of riches, and take in washing for a subsistence. Her father lived in one of them at and in his mansion in Boston, and nine years ago she was dragging out a miserable existence in a cellar in New York. At last she was driven mad and died in the almshouse. Reader, would you know the secret of this sad mystery? George Hoyt, the deceased, father of the man of genius was a drunkard! When he reflected on his past life, as he paced his lonely road at night, what must be his thoughts? Why that he could not teach others to feel as he felt them.

A Lobster Story.—We have histories, make stories, bear stories, all sorts of stories, and now for a change, suppose we have a lobster story. A man had just received a large lot of lobsters, and he was excited from the claw, and the claws accompanied by his dog. "Suppose you put your dog's tail between the lobsters' claws," agreed, says the boy. The dog was excited from the claw, and the dog's tail inserted. Away went the dog from the house, howling at the agonies his tail got from the lobsters' claws. "What's your lobster's name?" cries the boy, and he spatulated. "My name is a lobster," says the dog that night. "We don't know who did this."

The newspaper editor to be started by a dog, and edited by a lobster, and read by ladies in New York, to be called "The Fair One." Mrs. Thomas J. Farahan, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer, Miss Sedgwick, Miss E. Robbins, Mary Clavers and Antonia de Ximino, it is stated, will be regular contributors, and of the number the permanent editor (or treat).

Diffidence.—A diffident genius going to a Clergyman to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work, moving alone in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to step aside a moment, as he had something to say to his private ear!

Musical Antipathy.—If music be the food of love, and if fight-bellies are musical, how many sleigh rides will it take to win a girl's affection? DUEL.—A duel took place on the 28th ultimo, near Savannah, Geo. between Lieut. Ridgely, U. S. N. and a Dr. Schleigh. The parties crossed over to the Carolina side of the river, and at the first fire both were wounded. The amount of Treasury notes outstanding on the last day was \$11,548,245 73.

Mad dogs have made their appearance, in Rochester, Albany and Hartford. The N. Y. True Sun denies that the bodies of three men were found in the bottom of the Croton reservoir. A young man took a walk on Monday in Philadelphia with nothing on but a cap and pantaloons, and for so doing got himself into prison for three days. He had converted himself into a furnace by drinking rum, and took this method of cooling off. There have been very heavy rains at New Orleans, on the 28th ult., the river was nearly at high water mark, and slowly rising. Thomas W. Dorr, it is understood, is about to publish an address to the people of Rhode Island.

The Very Last.—During a storm at Charleston on the 23d instant, an alligator dropped from the clouds.

Nassau.—The pine apple crop issued to be more abundant than it has been for several years. A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on tombstone the following words: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The stone however, being small, he engraved on it.—"A virtuous woman is worth 6s to her husband."

Syrup.—Corn-stalk Syrup, equal to the best molasses, has been manufactured in Georgia. Hats for ladies are now manufactured out of Kentucky hemp. Mr. Cushing is confined to his home by severe indisposition.

The efficacy of the alleged cure for Hydrophobia which has been going the rounds for some weeks, and which consists in opening the pustules that are said always to appear under the tongue, is now denied. The London Dispatch is attacking Parr's Pills. It says old Parr died without a will, and defies any one to produce the original recipe. The body of a fisherman was found on the beach near Mobile, on the 24th ult., covered with wounds. Three Spaniards, also fishermen, who were supposed to be the murderers have been arrested.

The N. Y. Herald says that the deaf and dumb children at the Almshouse gave the Mayor a nine cheer. The grand jury of Clarion county, Mo., have presented the jail of that county, for being out of repair. It is stated in a letter from Fall River that four lives were lost during the great fire there. At Vicksburg, the Levee along the coast are giving way in various places. Some of the largest plantations are under water. Cape May has only about 400 visitors just now. The number will be double very soon. One thousand six hundred and ninety-three passengers arrived at the New York quarantine on the 4th inst. from foreign ports.

Easy to Take.—To a quart of cream, add the white of three eggs, well beaten, a little sweet wine, and loaf sugar to taste, whip it to a froth, and serve in a dish. This is called Snow Cream. The learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, is to attend a convention of the Mechanics of Maine, to be held at Gardiner on the 9th of August. The Abolitionists of Berce county have nominated Dr. Lemoyne, of Washington, as their candidate for Congress. Do Solle considers those Boston Street-walkers who hold a sign as a "cry."

Thomas Ware, Esq. of Baltimore, has been appointed by the President, a Purser in the Navy. The Congressional election, under the new apportionment bill, came off last Monday. Mr. Mendenhall has been nominated by the anti-masons of Union county for Governor. Miss Sedgwick is no principal address of the Ladies' daily newspaper which is sent to be established in New York.

For the Post. Weekly Editors.—Your Daily Post, and the main leading organs of the Democratic party, in the county of Allegheny, and as passage on the Bell, may rely on a pleasant trip. There are several candidates (all good and trustworthy gentlemen) for the various public offices of the county—such as Sheriff, County Commissioners, and our State Legislature. Would it not be well to suggest to the primary meetings in all the various wards of the sister Cities, Boroughs and Townships of the county, that when they meet to elect delegates to a county convention, the propriety of first, after going into the election of Delegates, the arranging the names of the different Candidates for each office, setting each apart, and also those recommended for Assembly, &c., and then follow the usual custom of scratching, or whatever mode may seem best to the most popular in the ward or township, so that the delegates when elected shall proceed to do their duty knowingly, and represent their constituents in the convention as far as may be in their power. J. G.

REMEDY FOR CHINESE LYING.—A Chinese alchemist, to whom the English name Tom Workwell, brought home some silver spoons as he called them, to ascertain what ward or township they were made in. The gentlemen, suspecting his friend Tom had played him a trick common in China of adding no small quantity of tuttenague to the usual proportion of alloy, taxed him with the cheat, which he denied with the strongest asseverations of his innocence. The captain then told him he brought with him a famous lie water, which placed on the tongue of a person suspected of telling an untruth, if the case were so, burned a hole; if otherwise, the party escape with an untruth. Tom, thinking it a trick, readily consented, upon which, with much form, a single drop of aquafortis was put upon his tongue. He instantly jumped about the room in violent pain, crying out: "Very true, half tuttenague, half tuttenague," in hopes that confessing the truth might stop the progress of the lie water, which from the pain he felt he had some reasons to think possessed the qualities ascribed to it. Several Europeans who were present, and who had bought several pieces of plate from him, now put similar questions to him, and he confessed it had been his uniform and constant practice to add a very large quantity of tuttenague to every article made at his shop, for which, during the continuation of pain, he promised ample reparation.—Cheltenham Chron.

The fire in the Sandwich woods has been checked, after having extended twelve miles in length, and three in breadth.

The Erie.—Those engaged in raising the wreck of the Erie (sunk in Lake Erie) are successfully employed with their diving-bell in getting up the compass and by the piece by means of the compass and by the range, that, though the buoys were all moved by the ice last spring, they replaced them, and on the first time of letting down the bell it struck upon the boat. The utility of the compass with which the discovery was made is thus fairly tested. We understand it can be successfully used in discovering beds of ore in mines, and it is so susceptible to metallic influence, that Captain Chapin, its inventor, thinks he will be able to discover the iron safe which was on the boat.—Fredonia Courier.

Commercial News.

BE CAREFUL.—The accounts we daily receive of the abundance of money in the Eastern cities, and of the consequent increase in monetary and commercial affairs, while they induce a return to prosperity, which must be gratifying to all, furnish matter for serious reflection, and the exercise of abundant caution. We are just now recovering from the disastrous consequences of over-trading and over banking, and it behooves us to exercise the utmost circumspection that we fall not again into the same error of imprudence and extravagance. For some time, the balance of trade has been in our favor, and the precious metals have been flowing in upon us every foreign arrival, in return for our produce. This money is now mostly in the eastern cities, seeking investment, and its possession furnishes a temptation not easily resisted, and the statements given of the transactions in the stock market, would seem to indicate that the stock jobbers by the recent prostration and revulsion that the country has experienced, through their folly and recklessness, and that they are again about to plunge into all the mad excesses of former years. By reference to all descriptions have advanced very considerably even those whose worthlessness seems a short time since to be universally admitted, have suddenly advanced, greatly beyond their former value, and as suddenly declined again to their original standing. No particular cause can be assigned for these fluctuations, and they are to be attributed solely to the influence of the wild spirit of speculation that has again seized upon the American people.

There is now about \$900,000 in coin in the Mint in this city. Over two millions in bullion, coin and ore, are now stored away in Uncle Sam's lock up in New Orleans.—Cres. City.

Spurious coin of the denomination of one dollar, well executed, and not easily detected, are in circulation in the northern states.

REVIEWS.

The "Allegheny Belle." This fine low water steamer for Cincinnati is to-day. She has been thoroughly repaired, and will be found a safe and comfortable craft. Capt. Hanna, her commander, is proverbial for his attention to the comfort of his passengers, and is a gentleman in every respect. Any person taking passage on the Belle, may rely on a pleasant trip.

The Grand and Michigan, Beaver Packet, are laid up, and their places being supplied by the steamers Bridgewater and Warren. The Mingo Chief arrived yesterday at 3 o'clock, and reported the "Eveline" aground at the foot of Brunot's Island. She met the "Celia" above Steubenville.

MANIFEST. Mingo Chief, Devenny from Wheeling, 5 hides and 6 casks Bacon, 102 sacks wool, 45 kegs and 2 bins Butter, Barrel Sugar, 9 boxes tobacco, 5 kegs Lead, 314 barrels Flour, 3 boxes Mds. H. & P. Gray, Robertson & Reppert Atwood Jones & Co., W. Parker, Wellington & Taylor, David F. Summers, Slinger & Co., Capt. Devanny, Joseph Jordan, and W. Bingham, 39 Casks & 70 Deck Passengers.

21 inches water in the Channel. All Boats marked thus (*) are provided with Evans's Safety Guard Reported by SUMMERS & MIRONSKY, General S. B. Agents, Water street, Late Custom House Office Peterson's Building. ARRIVED. Alpine, Cockburn, Shipyard. Bridgewater, Clark, Beaver. Allegheny Belle, Hanna, Allegheny River. Warren, Ward. Moxahala, Parkinson, Elizabeth. Mingo Chief, Devanny, Wheeling. DEPARTED. Moxahala, Parkinson, Elizabeth. Warren, Ward, Beaver. Pinta, Vandegriff, Sunfish.

DEED. Yesterday, WM. M. SMITH, in the 22d year of his age. The friends of the family are requested to attend his funeral at 3 o'clock this afternoon, from the residence of his father, head of Robinson street, Allegheny City. ICE! ICE! ICE! A NY quantity of clean, first rate Allegheny Ice, may be had at HUGH DUFFY'S, corner of Second and Grant's streets. July 13—1f. COUNTY COMMISSIONER. Messrs Editors.—Please announce the name of GEORGE JOHN M. DAVIS of Forbes, for County Commissioner, from the residence of the Democratic county Courthouse, to be held in August next. July 13—44w. New Democrat. In the District Court of Allegheny County of April term, 1843, No 360. (Vend Ex.) Bank of Pittsburgh, vs. T. & P. Peterson. July 20th, 1843, on motion of Mr. Bradford the proceeds of sale in this case caused, day the 20th Inst. for the hearing of all parties interested in the distribution of said proceeds direct personal notice to be given to all creditors, or their attorneys, ten days before the said day, and to all other parties by advertisement in two daily newspapers in the city of Pittsburgh, for one week, commencing ten days before said day. From the Record, A. SUTTON, 17f.