"Ooh the Lord of Heaven love you, you little darlint!" said Sally, folding the enthusiastic child to her bosom; "the blessed angels guard you this night, Mealey, and every night you lie and rise."

"Whilsh!" cried the other; and her cheek grew more ghastly than before, as the recollection of her unholy nature was thus forced upon her. We have said that Sally was not weak-minded; she loved and pitied the little outcast, but the circumstances of the moment, and the unearthly look with which the child herself reproved her, awakened the natural superstition of which she could not be supposed entirely divested, and she felt for a moment that the being before her was not a proper object for such a blessing.

"Well, but you mind what you tould me yesterday," she continued. "Now, Mealey, it's what I want you to do—you'll thry and make Mary-the-Whey tell you something more"—

"Do you know who that is?" said Mealey, interrupting her companion, and pointing to a figure moving along at some distance from the path.

"Ay," said the other; "it's M'Cullough I think."

"And do you know where he's a comin' from Sally?"

"Why, it's like he's comin' from a *kalie* with the cold man."

"And do you know what it was, him and the ould man was collogin' about, asthore!"

"Why, I suppose they were collogin' about many's the thing."

"Musha but that's cute o' you, and do you know what he's thinkin' about now, Sally darlint!"

"Ooh, Mealey, what do you mean!" cried the girl. "Sure how could I know, what he's thinkin' about!—bein' I was as knowin' as yourself."

"Well, and if I'd tell you now! lanna! He's just thinkin' of throwin' you and Johnny Fitzpatrick, and the ould man in Thubber-na-Shie beyant. Ay, the whole kit o' kiz, in troth!"

"Mealey!" cried the girl, grasping the arm of the little sorceress who stood gazing in her face with an expression most mischeviously arch.

"Well, Sally," she cried, bursting into a loud and hearty laugh, "you're a darlint! Now how could I know more than yourself what he's thinkin' about! but if it isn't that," she continued, assuming at once a more serious tone; "maybe it's something nigh hand as bad, for in troth between you and I, Ned M'Cullough's the Divil's jewel."

"My ok! but you're a droll we sowl!" said Sally, careful how she would again excite the mirth of her little fairy friend. "Sure what do you know about Mr. M'Cullough—and you're talkin'?"

"Well, maybe I don't," said the child; "but faix I'm thinkin' there'll be wigs in the green when Johnny comes home!"

Sally pondered on these words; for, as we shall afterwards see, it was not a superstitious feeling alone which induced her to attach importance to the communication of this mysterious child. She understood, too, on reflection, what she had not at first perceived, the force of the allusion to Thubber-na-Shie; for she believed—but this we must admit was pure superstition—that all good fortune had passed away from her and her's, with the mystic spring.

M'Cartan was sitting at the fire when his daughter and her companion entered the cottage. He was as usual somewhat under the influence of liberal potations, but it was curious to observe the mingled expressions of his countenance, indicative at the same time of anxious thoughts, and an incapacity to keep any subject steadily before his mind's eye, which, like the eye of an outer man, was no doubt, a little wild and wandering. He had, indeed, matter enough for the exercise of his sober and entire judgment. During Sally's absence, brief as it was, the indefatigable hosier had considerably advanced his views, or, as M'Cartan believed, had given powerful and most flattering proofs of his sincerity and friendship. He had not been quite so explicit on all points as the farmer might have desired; but his communications, though delicately obscure, were sufficiently intelligible to justify the most sanguine expectation. The truth is, M'Cartan had, for some time past, fancied he perceived an inclination, on the part of his friend, to form an alliance with his house; but hitherto his hopes had been founded on the most vague and distant illusions—to-night the matter had been more freely approached.

While Sally sat admiring the energy with which her little guest devoured a hearty supper, the old man carefully avoiding his daughter's look, said—

"I doubt young Fitzpatrick doesn't mane to come back to us, Sally."

"Bless us, oll, Father!" cried the other; "but Mr. M'Cullough, that knows betther nor me, allows that wanst he has got the loose foot, he'll be in no hurry back. Faith he does, Sally! he thinks that we have seen the last of him."

A glance of intelligence passed between Sally and her friend.

"And what does Mr. M'Cullough know about him?" said the former, with somewhat of scorn on her lip and eye.

"Certainly, Sally, he does. He knows more of the ways of people than you or me;" and fearing that he would be regularly beaten from his ground of attack, he stoutly added, "he thinks, in troth, Johnny's an idle blackguard, and will never do any good."

"And father," said the girl, coloring as she spoke, "did you hear that word said of Johnny Fitzpatrick?"

"Now Sally, dear, don't be angrin' yourself! Sure what could I do, alanna. I tell you he's a wonderful scholar, that M'Cullough, and a fine man intirely; and a *friendly* man, Sally; och it's him that is," said the poor farmer with enthusiasm, "and God will reward him for it, if my prayers be's heard."

"Och to be sure he is; he's a wonderful good man, Mealey," said the girl laughing bitterly, while Mealey shook her little wise head at the absurd idea.

"Now, father, mind what I tell you; that man's makin' a fool o' you—in troth he is, and you'll know it sooner than you think. Will you tell us now if he wasn't a bad man, and had bad thoughts in his head, why should he be comin' here with his ould croakin' stories, to wrong the boy that never had a hard word from man or mankind afore?"

"Because he means to marry you himself, Sally," said the other, with a mingled look of fear and triumph.

"Whil-a-loo!" shouted the fairy; but whether in admiration of this announcement, or of her own prowess, we cannot pretend to determine; for she had, at this moment, succeeded in rending asunder the tendrils, by means of which the flesh clung firmly round an enormous marrow-bone; and holding up the naked trophy—

"That's the way to peal the clothes off it;" she cried; "a'ntit, Paddy, my ould boy! Och murder, but he'd be a wonderful scholar would humbug me out of my supper, and sit laughin' at me like pussy, there, when I'd have nothing but a bare bone to pick! There, you crathur, never say I kep it from you;" and, in the exuberance of her spirits, she flung the bone at the head of the poor animal, which, however, with admirable adroitness, escaped the blow.

"In troth," said Sally, laughing, "if Mr. M'Cullough was here he'd be for givin' you a helpin' hand at your supper, Mealey—he's so friendly in himself!"

"Ay, in troth," said Mealey; "and the sorra betther ever you met at lavin' little afther him."

"M'Cartan saw that it could answer no good end to pursue any further the present controversy on M'Cullough's merits or designs. So bidding the two girls good night, he toddled off to his bed, poorly satisfied with the result of his experiment.

We may now say a few words of the last character we have introduced to our readers. There was a mystery round the origin and early fortunes of this unhappy being, which, together with her own singular appearance, and a certain wild enthusiasm, heightened no doubt by the circumstances of her life, had given rise to the superstitious opinion universally entertained regarding her. About eight years prior to the period of which we speak, an infant, apparently about two years of age, was discovered one bright morning near the fairy well. On being asked her name the child evinced considerable agitation and alarm; and to every solicitation to declare something of herself and her appearance there, her only reply was, "I darn't!" in a tone so fearful and subdued, that it was evident her fears had been most powerfully acted on by the individual, whoever it was, that had deserted her. At length, however, she was prevailed on so far as to confess that her name was Mealey, and that she had come "from there beyant," pointing to the furt of Corrybracken, which, as our readers are aware, is situated on the hill just over Thubber-na-Shie. When we consider the powerful influence which fairy superstition has over the minds of our peasantry, we cannot be surprised that this last unlucky acknowledgement removed at once many charitable doubts concerning poor Mealey's origin; for though a path, much frequented, ran close by the fosse of Corrybracken, and it was suggested that the foundling merely intended to indicate the direction in which she had been brought, still there was a combination of circumstances sufficient to excite a suspicion, which we all know when once excited is not easily destroyed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR PRESIDENT,

JAS. BUCHANAN,

Subject to the decision of

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Daily Morning Post.

PHILLIPS & SMITH, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PITTSBURGH, TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1843.

CLARION COUNTY.—We fear that our democratic friends in Clarion will have some difficulty in making a nomination for assembly. Mr. D B. LONG, the late member, is strongly opposed by a portion of the party; another portion as strongly urge his re-nomination. The great objection made to Mr. LONG is the support he gave to the small note Bill at the last session, but his friends allow that some of those who are now denouncing him for the course he pursued on that question, were among the most urgent in petitioning the Legislature for the adoption of such a law, and instructing their representative to support such a bill. We are informed that it was local causes exclusively that induced the people of Clarion and Mercer to desire the passage of the small note bill, and that the members voted for the measure, not because they approved of the principle, but from a conviction that their constituents of all parties desired it as a temporary relief. A large number of the citizens of these counties are domestic creditors of the State; it was understood that the "relief notes" were to be applied to liquidate their claims, but when the law was passed for the cancellation of these notes, they have no other relief than the adoption of the small note bill. Messrs. KERR and GOODWIN, of Mercer, and Mr. LONG of Clarion, voted for the measure with great reluctance, as we are informed by one of them, and nothing would have induced them to do so but the clear conviction that it was almost the unanimous desire of their constituents.

It is a matter of regret, that after the experience of the last six or seven years any portion of the people should desire an extension of the privileges of the Banks, and particularly a privilege that would enable them to flood the State once more with issues of small notes, which would be still more worthless than the paper that they are now permitted to circulate, and which many of them still refuse or are unable to redeem.—To talk about granting them such privileges with "proper restrictions," is an absurdity that no man of common sense should entertain for a moment. Every man of ordinary observation, knows that no restrictions can be placed on banks that they are not permitted to violate, or that they will not violate in defiance of the restraining powers. If we must have such institutions, it must be under a better form than they now exist, if the community expect to derive any permanent benefit from them; and above all, we must guard against permitting them to return to that evil system of paper money speculation, that a few years since spread commercial ruin and financial confusion through every portion of our extended country.

NEXT GOVERNOR.—The Jefferson "Backwoodsman," is out in a strong article in favor of FRANCIS R. SHUNK, as the next democratic candidate for Governor. The sentiments of the Backwoodsman are a good indication of the feelings of the democracy of Jefferson, and we don't know an occasion on which we found them or their organ, acting inconsistently with the correct policy of the party.

☞ A writer in the Gazette suggests that as a substitute for the Acqueduct, a dam be built either in the Allegheny or the mouth of the Ohio, with an outlet lock free of toll. The citizens of Allegheny and Pittsburgh would have equal advantage of a slack-water dam.

RUMORS.—We heard a report yesterday that one of the candidates for Sheriff had declined. This we know to be untrue; they are still all in the field, and will not withdraw until after the meeting of the county convention. The members of the party in the wards and townships should be on their guard, and give no credit to such reports respecting any of the candidates.

Another rumor stated that *A. Brackenridge*, Esq., had declined being a candidate for Congress; it will be seen by a note from that gentleman, published in another column, that there is no truth whatever in the report.

☞ The Gazette denies that it printed the handbills that were circulated by some of the antimasons in 1842, for the purpose of defeating a portion of their own ticket; but while it makes this denial, it is very careful not to utter a word of condemnation of the leaders who distributed them. Even if the public could believe that the Gazette had no hand in *printing* the bills, which was but a small part of the offence, how will it excuse the treachery of its party leaders in circulating them, or what assurance can it give that they will not play the same slippery game over again?—It admits that some of its party may have 'had a hand in getting it up," but it is quite innocent of all further knowledge of it. This admission is something, and if the editor will tax his memory or his candour a little further, he will, we are certain, be able to give the public a full history of the antimasonic treachery that defeated the whig portion of the union ticket last fall.

FOREIGN NEWS EXPECTED.—The Hibernia and Great Western are both out, and are expected daily.—The former said from Liverpool on the 4th, and the latter on the 5th.

SERVED RIGHT.—A man named Alexander McDonald, by trade a blacksmith, was arrested at Poughkeepsie on the 12th inst., and on the 14th tried, convicted and sentenced to the county jail for ninety days, for committing assaults of a gross character on females in the public street.

☞ The Gazette thinks, after reading the statements of Dr. HAYS and Mr. MCCANDLESS, that the difference between them will turn out to be the "difference between *We* will, and *He* will."

☞ A writer in yesterday's Gazette draws a comparison between Judge BAIRD and the "old fellow down there," and attempts to show that the Judge's conduct towards abolition and the devil's mode of assailing Christianity, are very much alike. Such arguments must have great influence in advancing the abolition cause.

☞ The trial of Wyman, Skinner and Brown, for embezzlement and larceny of the funds of the Phœnix Bank, Charlestown, is now in progress.

☞ A vender of "choice foreign roses," placed the devotees of Flora in Hudson, under great obligations last fall, by allowing them to pay $5 per dozen for the roots. They were nourished with great care and this summer proved to be very pretty *whortleberry bushes.*

☞ An enlightened traveller asserts, that one thousand tons of tobacco juice are annually squirted over the face of God's creation, and that twenty tons of ivory are worn out in chewing the weed, every seven years.

☞ RESIGNED.—The Hon. J. B. LEMAR, elected last year a member of Congress from Georgia, has resigned his seat in that body.

SPECIE.—The New York Banks have about 12½ millions, the Boston Banks 8 millions, and the New Orleans Banks 6 millions. 26½ in all.

☞ The number of sheep in Russia in 1841, was 3,840,316. The greatest number was in the government of Tauris, viz: 600,000. In Kharkoff, 500,000.

☞ The Esquimaux attain the height of but four feet three inches, and the Mougul Tartars but four feet nine inches.

☞ The Hon. G. H. Proffit, is lying ill at Brown's Hotel, in Washington City.

☞ The Buffalo Theatre was opened for the fall season on Monday night last. Dan Marble was the principal star.

SANTA FE.—The intelligence communicated from Independence and Pawnee Rock, to the St. Louis Republican, is anything but flattering to the Santa Fe train who have been on the route some weeks. It is supposed one portion of the company has fallen to the Texan marauders, and the Indians, emboldened by the conduct of the armed Texans, are also commencing their depredations, hanging about the skirts of the company and stealing whatever they could lay their hands on. The Camanches were concentrating themselves into a large body on their road about Pawnee Fork, and it was expected by the traders, who were prepared for the most desperate resistance, that they would be compelled to fight their way through.

NEW YORK CITY.—A proposition is before the Common Council to reduce the salaries of nearly all the public officers. The proposed reduction will make a difference in favor of the new measure of about $30,000.

GOOD.—The Democrats of Hamilton county. are going to send Dr. Duncan to Congress once more.

ACCIDENT.—A negro deck hand while engaged in arranging some freight on the John Aubon, on her last trip to St. Louis, was kicked overboard by a horse and lost. He belonged to Cincinnati.

FOR THE MORNING POST.

Deprecating the acerbity that appears to prevail in some quarters, in the canvass for the Democratic nomination for Congress, I have only to say that those gentlemen who are stating that I have withdrawn my name, are mistaken. My name is just where it has been placed, and it will remain so, until *the Convention* decides what it is worth.

August 21, 1843. ALEX. BRACKENRIDGE.

PRESIDENTIAL.

The Richmond Whig says that running for the Presidency is something like running for your hat when it has been carried away by a high wind, and it very amusingly runs a parallel of resemblance in the following words:

'The best way for him who runs for his hat or the Chief Magistracy, is to keep close upon it for sometime. Don't break your neck after it; like Mr. Calhoun; nor let it be blown quite out of sight as Messrs. Benton and Buchanan do. Still less go snatching at it, at every step, like glorious John, ducking and diving after it, when you are not within a mile of it. Be steady, and yet be swift. Try, too, to look particularly disengaged all the time, as if you were only going about your business. Be quick, but cautious; and watch your opportunity—for all depends on that. Run on, if possible, till you get some distance ahead of it, then if no cross wind comes to snatch it from your grasp—stand still, turn round, and folks will see it coming to you, instead of you after it. Still, when the decisive moment comes, don't be too sure; don't fling yourself flat upon it; as if certain of it; nor set down right on end, as if you had only to let it run into your arms; but rather squat upon your hams, so that you shall be able shift your position in some innocent degree; and then, with arms spread as skillfully as the wings of a partridge-net, wait for it to come. Now, when you have it as good as bagged, (and not till now,) make a rapid dive, and as you duck, seize it by the crown. Having now taken it with the sure bail-writ and your thumb and fore-fingers, lift it high in the air, wave it thrice about your victorious head, salute with extended arm the admiring beholders, stick it on your noddle as if it grew there, smile pleasantly, as if you and your hat understood each other perfectly, and had equally enjoyed the sport, and walk off about your business, as if nothing at all had happened, just as 'Harry Clay' will do, not very long hence.'

Now, to our notion, 'one Harry Clay' is not the model of a 'hat catcher,' though the whigs seem to regard him as such. Let us see—in 1824 or thereabout, he was out after the last presidential, and could do no more than to enable another to catch it, while he sat down bareheaded and out of breath, in the line of 'safe precedents.' 'Give us the patronage and we will catch the hat,' said he at that time, but ever, as he has had his finger to all appearances just upon it, the breeze of opinion has whisked it from his grasp and he has found nothing but dirt in his hand. In '32 he called Mr. Biddle to his aid, that both together might corner the hat. It was 'now Nicholas' and 'now Harry,' and they jumped about like Kangaroos doubling and turning to secure the beaver, and endeavoring to drive it under the lee of the Bank. But the hat was not to be had. In 1836, Harry Clay was not permitted to run for the hat, and his previous adventures in that pursuit had shown him to be altogether deficient as a hat catcher. In 1840, they gave him a dinner as a quietus, and, somebody else carried off the prize; so that, if he is able to secure it in 1844, he must have greatly improved both in speed and dexterity.—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ EXTENSIVE FORGERIES.—The Utica (N. Y.) Gazette of Wednesday, says:—"A series of the most extensive forgeries ever perpetrated in this section of the country, came to light on Monday of this week. The forger is Charles S. Billings, who has been for many years a merchant in good standing, and largely engaged in the droving business at Earlville, Madison county. He left Earlville the latter part of last week, taking with him a girl of bad character, and was last seen at Auburn on Friday, in company with her. Suspicions that all was not right began to be entertained by some of the banks having his paper, shortly before his absconding, and some were fortunate enough to get their pay or new securities from him before he started on his route.

The forgeries are principally of endorsers' names, and on some of the notes there are genuine signatures intermixed with forged ones. The whole amount of paper wholly forged thus far ascertained is about $12,000. The Ontario Bank has about $2,500: the Bank of Central New York $1,500 in notes and $1,500 in securities, received from him, the latter supposed to be genuine, the Bank of Waterville $1000, with one good signature; the Bank of Whitestown about $800, with one genuine; endorser; the Bank of Chenango $2,000; the Madison County Bank had two notes of $1,500 and one of $1000, the first of which was paid by Billings; and Mr. Watson of Whitestown, a note of $700 for borrowed money.

It is feared that still more are to come to light. Officer Hall of this city started in pursuit on Monday evening. Billings, is unmarried, and about 30 years of age."

Ireland will force herself on the attention of the world's politician, whether he will or not. Her position is now one of the proudest amongst the nations! How great are her grievances; how calmly does she bear them; yet how vigorously she tries to remove them! How much philosophy does she mix in her treatment of those heartaching ills that have grown in her system for centuries! What a grand practical lesson she is now teaching the world! Every day she assumes new and more distinct features of nationality and national power. A singular history is hers. And yet how little do we know of it! Her present condition, it is true, has been forced upon us by repeated discussion. But of her ages of glory, of government, of literature, of poetry, of music—her soul-inspiring music—how little is known by our community! Not one man in a thousand knows a particle of all these things. We do not account for the fact; we only assert it.—*Albany Argus.*

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—A Dr. Boynton, accompanied by a pretty black-eyed girl 16 years of age, is lecturing on the above subject at Nashville, Tenn. Many converts are made, especially among the young men.

[*From the Savanna Republican.*]

FROM FLORIDA.

By the arrival of the steamer St. Matthews, Captain McNelty, we have received the Jacksonville Tropical Plant, of the 5th inst., together with the following letter from our correspondent of that office:

JACKSONVILLE, E. F. }
Tropical Plant Office, Aug. 11, 1843. }

GENTLEMEN: We have had, for the past few days, the most driving and drenching rains I ever witnessed or read of. The drops have fallen so thick and fast that the extended hand could not be seen, and the distance appeared like an impenetrable northern mist.—Florida is a peculiar country, however;—and among its peculiarities, none are more unaccountable than these tremendous darkening rains, which occur nowhere else. Meteorology teaches that lofty mountainous countries are the only recipients of heavy incessant flooded rains, and to the students in this science, I will leave the task of solving the problem, how we in our low, sandy peninsula, enjoy the same bounteous display of Providence, which is only attributed to a more favored country, leaving out our proximity to the Tropic.

Our business news is dull, and our little city presents the same aspect. Our merchants and citizens have nearly all gone to the north on business or recreation, and we are as solitary and dull as we would well wish.

Some little remark has been made incident to the late removal of Mr. Budding, the Whig Postmaster at Whitesville; he has been succeeded by Mr. Coy, the reverse of his predecessor in politics. The majority of the people think it rather "small potatoes" to carry political matters in so trifling a business, and in a territory too.

I am very much afraid that the accounts which you have received, of so great an influx of foreign population in our territory, under the population act, is erroneous. I grant that the number of permits which have issued from the different land offices, as reported in our Florida papers, are correct. But let the editors of prints, who have made the statements, note but the appearing scarceness of the community in which they reside, and the absence of any familiar faces, and he will see at once who are the new settlers of Florida. I counted this evening one hundred persons of Duval county, who had received permits, and settle down South, &c. This is but "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and I do not hesitate to hazard the assertion that more than one half of those who have taken up lands under the law of Congress, are former citizens of Florida.

This letter is rather lengthy, but I cannot conclude without relating a melancholy occurrence which passed a week or so back, in the neighborhood of Alligator.

The father of a family, consisting of a wife and two sons, in the vicinity of that place was taken sick, and during his illness, there being no food in the house, the wife took the gun for the purpose of procuring game. Having wandered out of the way, she got lost, and after three days' solitary adventure in the wilderness, she at last, weary and sick, found her home, and her husband a corpse. Being unable to act further, she sent her eldest boy to the house of a neighbor, some seven or eight miles off, for assistance; the little fellow shortly after his arrival in the friendly roof through previous sickness and present excitement beyond his years, became ill, and before he could tell his tale died; a few days after the house was visited, when, oh! deplorable sight, along side of the father was found the dead bodies of his wife and remaining son. The tale is short but true. They all had perished through starvation.—The tear of sympathy will freely flow when recounting such events. Yours, &c.

☞ THE ROMAN CATHOLICS are erecting a splendid edifice for public worship at Alton, Illinois.

RESTRAINTS ON MARRIAGE.—A London paper gives the following:—"Sir J. K. Bruce gave judgment in the Vice Chancellor's Court last week on a point respecting wills. A testator in 1834 made a will, by which he gave a share of his estate to his daughter and her issue, but by a codicil, added in 1836, he provided that his property should pass over to other persons if his daughter should ever marry. The daugter did marry, and the 'other persons' stepped forward to claim the money. The Judge said that all such restraints upon marriage were void by the English law; and the declaration of the Court was that the lady should keep the money."

FOREIGN SPIRITS.—The quantity, value and duty on foreign spirits, imported at the port of New York in the year 1842, were as follows:

Gallons.	Value.	Duties.
911,629	$440,714	$256,123,30

ARISING CITY.—Akron, Ohio, has four woollen factories, and a fifth just going into operation. 120,000 lbs. of Wool have been bought there this season, at an average of 23 cents per pound.

☞ James Williams, the murderer of his wife, in St Mary's county, Md., it is believed, passed through Rockville, Md., on Monday last. The Journal says, he only stopped to take a drink of "grog" at one of the taverns. He has in all probability, gone to Leesburg, Va., thence through the mountainous portions of that country,—avoiding large places, on his way to Texas. There is no question as regards the identity of the man, as a negro met him, and knew him well, but did not know of the circumstances relating to the murder.

AN HONEST BOY.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since, under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for his sick mother and her children, when he found a wallet containing $50. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money, His mother confirmed his good resolution—the pocket book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family he presented the $50 to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service; and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio! Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not to the pocket.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CONFESSED THE ACT.—The Bridgeton (N. J. Chronicle says that the black girl arrested on suspicion of poisoning the late Mr. Seely, Esq., and attempting to poison Mrs. Seely, has made a confession of the fact. She admitted she mixed arsenic with the butter, with the design of destroying both her master and mistress. The only motive that can be assigned for the act is, that she was aware that there was money in the house, and supposed that she could effect her escape with it after they were out of the way. She made an attempt to "break jail," but was unsuccessful.—*Balt. Sun.*

DEPARTURE OF CHRISTINA COCHRAN, OR GILMOUR.

Passage having been taken by Capt. McKay, for himself and prisoner, on board the packet ship Liverpool, she was surrendered on Wednesday by the U. S. Marshal, and is now on her way to Europe. An elderly lady named Cochran, belonging to the same neighborhood with the prisoner, having also taken passage in the ship, she was engaged to take care of her. The room in which the mate usually sleeps has been given up for her accommodation, and every thing has been done to render her comfortable on the voyage.

She was taken on board in the custody of S. Rapelje, Deputy Marshal, and Capt. Thorn, keeper of the Eldridge street prison, and officially surrendered to Capt. McKay when the vessel got off Sandy Hook, soon after which the officers returned to the city in a steamboat which had accompanied them. Christina expressed herself deeply grateful for the kind treatment she had received here, and declares when "her trial is over, she will come back and remain in this country for the remainder of her life." Her greatest regret in returning is the fear of meeting her father, whose treatment towards her appears to have been very severe and cruel.—*N. Y. Express.*

BEET AND CORN SUGAR

The citizens of the West have turned their attention to the production of *domestic* sugar. In most localities they are not favored with the sugar maple, and consequently other sources were sought out, from which to derive a supply of this necessary article. In 1837, a company was formed at White Pigeon, Michigan, for the manufacture of Beet Sugar. The deep light soil of the beautiful prairie upon which this village is located, and of the surrounding country, were peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of the Beet. In aid of this enterprise the Legislature granted a loan of $5,000 in the winter of 1839. The necessary buildings were erected and the apparatus procured, and 200,000 lbs. were produced the year succeeding. Since that time, other manufactories, on a less extensive scale have been established, in various parts of the Western country.—But a new discovery has been made—that of producing sugar from corn. It is considered a more profitable business than that of producing it from beets, in consequence of the more simple machinery which is required to extract the saccharine matter, and convert it into sugar. Experiments to test its practicability are in preparation throughout the west. The Kalamazoo Gazette has an advertisement of a mill which is constructed for the purpose of extracting the juice from the stalk. The Nashville Banner has a notice of process of manufacturing in that region. The cost of a mill is stated to be six dollars. The juice can be made into sugar as readily as the sap from the maple. Corn standing in the field may be cut, ground up, and converted into an elegant syrup in 3 or 4 hours. The writer thinks he can make sixty gallons of molasses per acre, which at the retail prices in the neighborhood will afford a profit of 28 or 30 dollars.

INTEMPERANCE.

QUARREL—AND MURDER.—Yesterday morning, Thomas McGuire opened a new porter house at 246 Mott street, and soon after, Wm. Cullen and James F. Blaney went there accompanied by Michael Finnen; the two first named of the three, who had some time since had a difficulty, being under the influence of liquor Cullen and Blaney soon commenced quarreling with each other, Cullen wanting Blaney to fight him, and tapped Blaney several times on the face. Cullen then asked Blaney to shake hands with him, which the latter refused to do—and took off his neck handkerchief. Cullen then said to him, if you strip any more you will have to fight me. Cullen then struck at Blaney with his fist, and McGuire seizing hold of Cullen, took him from Blaney, and led him into the back room, Blaney who was then sitting on the counter, got up off it, and taking a dirk knife that laid shut from off the counter, and advanced to the door of the back room (where Cullen was standing) and opening the blade of the knife, went in and seized Cullen by or near the neck with his left hand, and with the knife in his right hand stabbed Cullen—plunging the weapon into the lower part of the left side upwards with great force, and inflicting a mortal wound. He then withdrew the knife, stabbed Cullen again in the arm, and dropping the knife, walked out of the room. Cullen cried out "I am stabbed," and fell upon the floor. He was carried to an Apothecary's at the corner of Houston street and the Bowery, where stimulants were administered, but being unable to speak, he was carried to the City Hospital, where he died a little after three o'clock. Soon after the fatal deed was done, officer Bird arrested Blaney, as he was about to leave the house of McGuire, and taking him to the upper Police office, Justice Taylor examined the witnesses in the case, and committed Blaney to prison for the felony. Both Cullen and Blaney, though not members, have been runners after Engine No. 3, as we are informed at the Upper Police. The Coroner will hold an inquest on the body of Cullen, this morning, at 9 o'clock.—*New York Sun.*

CHELSEA WALKING MATCH.—Elworth and Fogg have accomplished 450 miles.

Elworth's time of walking, 109 hours, 29 minutes, 38 seconds. Shortest time one mile, 9 minutes 1 second; longest time one mile, 16 minutes 1 second.

Fogg's time of walking, 104 hours, 55 minutes, 36 seconds. Shortest time one mile, 10 minutes, 10 seconds; longest time one mile, 17 minutes one second.

Fogg leads Elworth 4 hours, 24 minutes, 3 seconds, in 450 miles. Both now in good trim.—*Bay State Democrat.*

ELOQUENCE.

The following extract is from an oration of a gentleman in Missouri, delivered in a meeting house on the glorious Fourth of July:

Fellow Citizens:—Shouts of victory come up from the neighboring marshes—the cry of freedom deafens the voices of nature, and all nature sings aloud for joy! On this glorious occasion I have not words to express the sentiments of my mind—when I think of the great doings of our posteriors, how they licked the British, and my father was in the army, and I was not born, and my mother wasn't courted yet, and the country was freed from British slavery by the glorious arms of Thomas Jefferson and General Jackson. On this day I call on you to gird on your swords and beat your spears into plough shares and cry aloud and spare not. On this day let the cannon roar aloud—let the flag be wafted on high—let the gleaming of your sword, flash in the sun—let the shouts of freedom fill the air—let the trumpet send forth its blasting strains—and let the gentleman who borrowed my umbrella, bring it back as soon as possible.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

The N. O. Tropic tells the following story:—A Frenchman who knew very little of our language, and unfortunately got into a difficulty with a back countryman, and fight he must, and that too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he was very anxious to know, what he should cry out if he found himself whipped;—after being informed, that when he was satisfied, all that he would have to do would be to cry out enough; at it they went—but poor Monsieur, in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out; but instead of saying what he was told, he commenced bawling lustily, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!! To his astonishment, the countryman kept pounding and gouging the harder, when Monsieur finding there was no use in halloing, turned and went to work in such good earnest, that it was not long before the countryman sung out in a stentorian voice, enough! Say that again, says the Frenchman.—Enough! enough!! cried he again. When the French man, in his turn, broke out—"Begar dat is de vara word I was try to say long time ago."

BLUE LAWS.—Under a law of the colony of Connecticut, relating to "young men and maidens," at a Court held May 1, 1669, "Jacobeth Murlino and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted for sitting down on a chest together, his arme about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

Sarah and Jacobeth were each of them sentenced to pay 20s. to the treasurer for not keeping within the statute.

THE WORLD.

There is a great deal of truth, logic, sound reasoning and philosophy, in the following text and comments, which we find in the N. H. Gazette:

"The world's undergone a nice alteration since my time, certainly. My belief is that there ain't any boys left—that there ain't such a thing as a boy—that there's nothing between a male baby and a man—and that all the boys went out with his blessed Majesty, King George the Second."—*Boz.*

This is a remark of John Willet of the May-pole, one of the characters in Barnaby Rudge, and it contains more truth than fiction. The times have indeed sadly changed. One entire portion of human life is struck out. It is now babyhood or manhood. There is no *conservative* state—(we do not speak politically.) Once there were intermediate states of boyhood—a barefooted and bean-porridge eating state—a spelling and cyphering period—when there were boys to do the chores and go errands—when apprentice indentures were in fashion, and the line between boyhood and manhood was well defined by "freedom of suit." But there are no such things now. The child steps out of his diaper and frock into a "long tail coat" and calf skin boots. He exchanges the nipple for the cigar.

No one of the present generation has ever seen a real bona fide "nine days old" pot of bean porridge. Noah Webster's spelling book is crowded out of schools by high works on Philosophy and Metaphysics. There are no apprentices now. Young men take lessons in the trade they fancy and set up for themselves. John Willet was right as a "general principle," though he was wrong in this "particular case."

But the present generation is as destitute of girls as of boys It is either baby or lady—clout or bustle—nursery or parlor. The mother tends her infant or waits upon her daughter. Instead of spinning flax for their father's shirts, they reel silk for the ladies' fairs and instead of knitting stockings and mending trowsers for their brothers they work lace and make stays for themselves. The mother milks, churns, washes and irons, and the young ladies read novels, dress, make and receive calls. They make parties instead of pudding, and cook from the book rather than from knowledge.

We should be delighted to see a generation of boys and girls—in looks, action and dress—we should then hope for health and strength, industry and sobriety, frugality and economy, prosperity and happiness. We go for protection to this class of the community. Every father should impose a tariff: one that should amount to an entire prohibition on the introduction of fashionable follies into the family. He should protect and *enforce* home industry. He and his wife and children should enter into a "Home League" on the subject. This is the tariff that will restore confidence. This is the bank that will freely discount and never suspend.

THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

The public are respectfully informed that the above place of amusement will open on this evening, *Tuesday, August* 22, 1843, with a select and talented company.

The house has been thoroughly redecorated, painted and cleansed: the third tier of boxes being graced with beautiful portraits of the Presidents of the United States, painted by Mr. Coutant, an artist of great celebrity, and a Portrait Painter of first standing; the second tier, painted by Mr. Hastings, consists of Fancies and Landscapes; the first tier, painted by Mr. Newton, consisting of a series of Landscapes, together with a new Proscenium.

The Saloon will be conducted on strictly temperance principles, under the direction of Mr. John Day.

☞ The Company has been selected from the best Theatres in the Union, and a great number of new pieces will be performed, with new dresses, scenery, &c.

In addition to the company already here, arrangements have been made so as to secure a continual change of Actors during the season.

Miss Hildreth and *Mr. Fredericks* are engaged, and will shortly appear. Also,

Miss Clarendon, Mr. C. A. Logan, Mr. Seaford. Miss Eliza Logan, A. A. Addams, Myers, who are on their way here and will shortly appear.

Lessee, Mr. Hastings; Acting Manager, Mr. Ranstein; Stage Manager, Mr. Gann.

On Tuesday evening, August 22, 1843, will be presented the Nautical Drama of the

Floating Beacon; Or, The Light of Death.

Anderstoff, Mr. Gann, | Frederick, Mrs. Hastings.
Jack Junk, " Hastings, | Marietta, " Penson.
Sailors, &c., by company. | Christina, Miss L. Gann.

During the Drama, Mr. Hastings will sing the *Star Spangled Banner* and *Tom Starboard.*

Song, Mr. Hastings—Rory O'More, Mrs. Hastings.

To conclude with the beautiful comedy of the

WEATHERCOCK; OR, LOVE ALONE CAN FIX HIM.

In which Master Hastings, only 6 years old, will sustain the part of Sneer.

Tristram Fickle, Mr. Hastings.
Briefwit, Gann.
Variella, Mrs. Hastings.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle, 50 cents; Second Tier, 37½ cents; Pit, 25 cents; Upper Tier, 12½ cents. The box sheet will be kept open daily from 10 to 12 and from 3 to 5 o'clock, where seats can be procured on application to the Treasurer.

The most rigid order will be expected and enforced by proper officers appointed for that purpose.

LADY'S BOOK and GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The September numbers of these splendid monthlys received at the St. Clair street Agency and Literary Depot, opposite the Exchange. aug 22-6t

Lady Blessington's New Novel.

M. FOSTER has just received Lady Blessington's new novel, "Meredith." Also, the "Twins," by Frederika Bremer, to be had at the St. Clair street Agency and Literary Depot, opposite the Exchange. aug 22-6t

MARK MANLY, THE SKIPPER'S LAD.—A stirring tale of Boston, during the Stamp Act and Tea Party days; with reminiscenses of Adams, Hancock, &c., received by W. M. Foster, at his Agency and Literary Depot, St. Clair street, opposite the Exchange. Price 12½ cents. aug 22-6t

DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS

I HEREBY certify that I have known a number of people who have taken Dr. McLane's Liver Pills, and have been much benefitted by them, and I believe them to be the best pills for liver complaints, and for general use, of any pill now before the public.

MICHAEL FORNEY.

I hereby certify that I have been afflicted for 6 years with a liver complaint; and have applied to different physicians, and all to little or no effect, until I made use of Dr. McLane's Pills. In taking two boxes of them I am nearly restored to perfect health.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

Millersburgh, near Pittsburgh, August 16, 1843.

☞ For sale at the Drug Store of

JONATHAN KIDD,

aug 22 corner 4th and Wood streets, Pittsburgh.

For Rent.

GROVE HILL, the late residence of Aaron Hart, deceased. The place is well stocked with choice fruit trees, vines, &c.

Also, a convenient tenement lately occupied by R. I. Langhorne.

Possession will be given on the first of October next. For terms apply to GEO. COCHRAN, Ex'r.

aug 22-t1