The Daily Morning Post.

JOHN BIGLER, EDITOR.

PITTSBURGH, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1845.

☞ VB PALMER, Agent for country newspapers, is the Agent for the Pittsburgh Daily Morning Post, and Weekly Mercury and Manufacturer, to receive advertisements and subscriptions. He has offices in

NEW YORK, at the Coal Office, 30 Ann street, (adjoining the Tribune Office.)

BOSTON, No. 12, State street.

PHILADELPHIA, Real Estate and Coal Office, 50 Pine street.

BALTIMORE, S E corner Baltimore and Calvert sts., where our paper can be seen, and terms of advertising learned.

☞ The Gazette of yesterday contains a long appeal to the whigs of Pennsylvania, in which they are urged—implored, to have nothing to do with the Tariff Convention. As we said a few days since, we are glad that the Gazette has thrown off the cloak, and openly taken ground against an expression of opinion in favor of the Tariff policy, unless emenating from a party assemblage. The course of the Gazette has done much to place the question and the parties fairly before the people. The Democracy have at all times, been the sincere friends of the workingmen—they have at all times, when clothed with power to do so, protected the domestic industry of the nation;—now, however, they are ready to speak out in defence of great national interests. How is it with the whig leaders? Are they willing to show their hands? Are they willing to go to Hollidaysburgh and unite in an expression of opinion in favor of Pennsylvania interests? They refuse to take part in the deliberations of the proposed convention—they refuse to act, unless to gain *party* advantages. We care not whether they take part or not, and presume the Democracy in general are quite as indifferent, as to what course they may think proper to pursue. But, hereafter, let us hear no more about whig friendship for Domestic industry—let us not again be told that the whigs are the exclusive friends of the Tariff policy.

Before closing this article we feel called upon once more to point out the gross inconsistency of the editor of the Gazette. He has asserted that "they (whigs) cannot be expected to exert *any influence* upon the powers that be, upon the Locofoco members of Congress, *or the Locofoco members of the Legislature.*" If it is really true, as alleged by the Gazette, that whigs can have no influence, why send whigs to Harrisburgh to secure the passage of the Railroad bill? Before the election it is well known that he *contended* stoutly that whigs could do as much at Harrisburgh, as Democrats; now that the election is over, and whigs have been chosen, he declares, in explanation of his singular conduct in reference to the Tariff Convention, that whigs cannot be expected to exert "*any influence*" upon the Democratic members of Congress or the Legislature. Then, we say, call upon Messrs. Bigham, Hilands, Brackenridge and M'Curdy, to resign! Why send men to Harrisburgh, who can be of no service to us? Why sacrifice to party, an object of so much importance to Pittsburgh as the Railroad?

☞ The 'Chronicle" approves of the appropriation of $300, for clerk hire, on the ground, that the Great Fire has greatly increased the duties of the Mayor. It may be that the duties of the Mayor have been increased a trifle by the fire, but we do know, that in consequence of that great calamity, the Taxpayers of the city have been very much crippled in their pecuniary resources.

Is it true that the salaries of the city Constables and the Monongahela Wharf Master have been *increased?* If so, how much, and *why increased?* Again, is it true that the wages of the city watchmen has been *reduced* $3 per month? If so, why was the reduction made? Did the great fire lessen the duties of the watchmen?

As the Chronicle has taken upon itself the guardianship of the city fathers, will it be so good as to answer for the "*old fellows*" touching the "matters and things" above referred to.

ILLINOIS & MICHIGAN Canal the Chicago Journal says! Returning along the line of the Canal we had a full opportunity of admiring that truly magnificent work. At Peru seventy laborers were employed in finishing the capacious steamboat basin at the outlet of the Canal. From this place to Ottawa the Canal is almost completed, a very little amount of work in the way of finishing locks, &c., being required to enable boats to pass through with stone for the locks, aqueducts, &c. off the line. From three to four hundred laborers in all are employed, and we met and overtook many going up and down along the line seeking out the contractors who pay the most wages. Fourteen dollars per month with, or twenty-two without, board, are paid to workmen. Shantees are going up of all sizes, shapes, and materials, and, straw, shingled or boarded sheds being in great demand. Some of the habitations, if they can be dignified with the title, are wretched looking tenements. One cannot wonder that sickness should prevail amongst the people living in such apologies for dwellings

MANUFACTURES IN TENNESSEE.—There are says a Tennessee paper, no less than fifty cotton factories in Tennessee. They consume annually about 10,000 bales of cotton There are many others employed in spinning and weaving both cotton and wool. Jeans, osnaberg, linseys, kerseys and bedticking are made at Lebanon, Shelbyville, Franklin and Winchester. At Lebanon, 100 hands are employed in the manufacture of the coarser kinds of cotton and woollen negro clothing. One half of these hands are blacks—slaves, of course—and they are said to be expert in almost every department. The goods manufactured are disposed of at home and in the Southwestern States. The Nashville Orthopolitan, from which we most of learn these facts, considers that the success of the factories in Tennessee disproves the opinion held by many, that manufacturing establishments cannot be carried on with advantage where slavery prevails. The manufacture of blankets is about to be introduced into Tennessee for the first time, at Lebanon.

EXCELLENT.—Willis, in one of his letters from Paris, says: "Those who care to see bare lips and chins, had better be making the most of their time, for this portion of humanity is fast being lost to sight. I presume that a short residence in China would make one feel *en dishabille* with hair on his skull, and the few days that one passes in Paris make his chin feel uncomfortably smooth. Amid this universality of Moustache, one fears that his shaven face may remind people of Buffon's remark, that 'the Americans are a race of men without beards.' It has been quoted inquiringly to me."

LYNCH LAW.—Lynch Law had it origin in 1780. A number of citizens of Pittsylvania county, Virginia, entered into a combination for the purpose of suppressing the depredations of a trained band of horse thieves and counterfeiters, whose well executed schemes had long bidden defiance to the ordinary laws of the land, and whose success encouraged and emboldened them in their outrages upon the community. The constitution adopted for their government bears date, Sept. 22, 1780, it provides for visiting the guilty offenders with "summary justice." The constitution having been drawn up by Col WM. LYNCH, has given the name of "*Lynch Law*" to the summary infliction of punishment by private and unauthorized individuals.

THANKSGIVING.—The Mayor of Charleston, S. C., has designated the 6th of November as thanksgiving day in that city.

SAVE THE PENNIES.—The people along the way, from Medford to Camden, N. J., says the Baltimore Sun, were, a few days since, struck by a singular phenomenon in the road. For miles together there was a regular deposite of *cents*, and as there were no claiments, the people who "lived by the way" turned out to gather up the drippings, and a pretty collection was taken up. For miles there were receivers. The road and ruts were trodden close, and even the charcoal men, who invariably sleep on their coal in the progress downward, were wide awake. It appears that a bag containing *ten thousand* cents, had been put on the top of a stage, and after some shaking, either the string broke or a hole was worn. One of the pennies, not having any particular attachment to the sack, popped out, and then another went, and so each followed his file leader, until the bag was empty and the road well lined.

NEW LEATHER.—We heard a good story related a few days since say an Eastern paper. It ran thus—A young man who had not seen much of the world, and was *rather* unsophisticated, took a notion to try for the heart and hand of a girl of his acquaintance. Thinking his suit would be more successful, he came to town and purchased a pair of bran new boots;—These he put on one Sunday evening, and hastened to the abode of his "lady fair." She, with others of the family, did not have much conversation with the young suitor—and, moreover, did not notice his new boots! By and by, after he had placed his boots in every position, he despaired of the prospect that they would be made a topic of converse, and with a long drawn sigh, exclaimed, "*You needn't think strange if you smell new leather!*"

THE TEA OF PARAQUAY.—The National Intelligencer contains a letter from J C Pickett, Esq., C. S. Charge in Peru, descriptive of the Tea of Paraquay. The tea or shrub grows wild in the woods; the leaves and small twigs are dried by fire, on a kind of kiln, then pulverized, packed firmly and rammed with a wooden maul into a raw hide bag, containing two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds, and sent to market. The beverage is made by infusion, as we make tea, and then sucked gently from the pot or covered cups by a reed or straw. It is said to be an excellent cure for dropsy.

MARRYING IN FUN.—This is beginning to be thought a dangerous amusement. A case has just occurred in Syracuse, N. Y., as we learn from the Star, which ought to be a warning to every body. A company of young persons being together, two of their number were "married in fun." The young man soon realized the awful realities of his situation, and declared to "both" The young lady manifested much *resignation*. It is an awkward affair. "When things is solemn, treat 'em solemn."

An American boy, says an exchange, adopted by Gen Ampuda, after the battle of Mier, was only *ten* years old, yet he killed *eleven* Mexicans before he was taken, and complained that his powder gave out just when he could have killed *two at one shot!*

BEAR PLENTY.—The Kalamazoo Telegraph says a man towards Grand Haven has alone killed 17 this season, and more or less are daily killed in this county Their appearance at this time is occasioned by the scarcity of mast in the upper Peninsular.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS RESIGNED.—Hon. Washington Poe, whig member of Congress elect from the 3d (Macon) district of Georgia, has resigned his seat, on account of imperative personal engagements.

The merchants of Detroit have resolved to close their stores at 8o'clock every evening during the ensuing winter, at which hour a bell will be rung by way of admonition. This arrangement went into effect on Monday, the 13th of October.

VERMONT BUTTER.—The Boston Traveller says, a Vermont merchant came to the city last week to sell his fall supply of butter—*ninety tons!* Pretty well, for a single trader, in a small town among the mountains

GALES ON LAKE ERIE.—The gales on Lake Erie last week were very severe. The schooner Maryland was sunk at Fairport. She was bound to Buffalo with 7500 bushels of wheat from Illinois. No insurance.

What does it Argue.—The brilliant victory achieved in the Keystone State, argues strongly the popularity of the administration of JAMES K. POLK and FRANCIS R SHUNK. Italso shows the progressiveness of Democracy. As time advances the ball grows larger and larger, and no efforts of Federalism are able to retard its progress. Onward! it must go—onward! onward!

Like wave impelling wave, the tide of love and popular thought rolls. Men think, judge and act for themselves;—think, judge and act as their better natures dictate to them. They have no sympathy with the arbitrary and oppressive measures of Federalism, the wild, speculative theories of Whiggery, and the fanaticism of Nativism. They do not think as those who would build up an aristocracy of wealth—who would legislate for the few, to the detriment of the many —who would have "the government take care of the rich," and the rich take of the Poor." No, their minds breath the pure spirit of republicanism, unpolluted by the anti-democratic views of Federal whiggery.

[*Chambersburgh Times.*

Jewish Anecdotes.—The following anecdotes are translated from an interesting work, published at Paris, entitled *Les Matinees du Samedi* (The Saturday Mornings,) written by G. Ben Levi, for the use of the Israelitish youth of France.

David in the Wilderness—A Legend.—When King David was flying across the Desert of Ziph, pursued by Saul, he grew impatient at the quantity of spider's webs which he had to break, when he was pricked by a worm, he cried out in his passion, "Great God! why hast thou created flies and spiders which are of no use, and only serve to hurt me?" "I will make you understand," answered a prophetic voice.

Some time afterwards, he descended Mount Achild, and ventured by night, into the camp of Saul to deprive him, while asleep, of his arms and his cup.—After having succeeded in this project, he was about to retire, when his foot became entangled in the legs of the faithful Abner, who slept beside Saul. Great was the embarrassment of David, how he should disengage his foot from the hold of Abner without awakening this valiant servant, and to find himself surprised thus alone in the camp of the enemy.

David's anxiety was at its height, when a fly bit Abner on the leg, and the pain which the warrior felt, made him make a movement of which David availed himself, to withdraw his foot; he then fled quickly, thanking God for having flies.

Saul, however, pursued him into the Desert; and to escape him, David had slipped into a cavern, when God sent a spider which wove its web across the entrance of this rock. Saul and Abner were quickly on the footsteps of the fugitive, and Abner having said, "he is doubtless concealed in the hollow of this rock, let us go and seek him there."

"It is useless," answerd Saul, "do you not see that the entrance of this cavern is covered with a spider's web and that no one could have entered, without breaking this delicate tissue?"

"You are right," answered Abner, and they retired to continue their search in another part of the desert.

Then David cast himself on the ground and cried, Lord pardon me for having doubted thy wisdom; henceforth my feeble understanding shall not cease to humble itself before the sublime harmonics of thy creations. Lord, the smallest of thy creatures is of use to man; the spiders and the flies themselves, have a part to perform in nature. Lord, what thou sayest is well; what thou doest is just."—*Noah's Messenger.*

Jone's Last.—Jones says that the other day he was in a steamboat above St. Louis, and there was a raw Hoosier on board. At night when the folks went to bed, Mr Hoosier lay down in his berth, with his *boots on.* The steward seeing this walks up and politely says,

"Sir, you have lain down with your boots on."

Mr Hoosier calmly raises his head, and looking down at the boots, innocently replies.

"It won't hurt 'em; they are not the best pair!"

KATE.

BY A. J. HERR.

"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animal he so slandered clashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron shod hoofs like a flight of fires. The postilion, with voice and whip, but them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a treail of light, as though the wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head towards his companion, a lovely young female, who pale and motionless, reclined on his shoulders.

"Kate, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply. Morley leared his face towards her, and by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears, which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.—"God of heaven!" exclaimed Morley, what means this Kate, beloved, adored! do you hear me! will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?"

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips, a fresh fountain of tears burst forth and with an hysteric sob, alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and eagerly in his face.

'Morley,' said she, in a voice of thrilling tone, 'do you love me?'

'Dearest, best Kate,' he replied, 'do you *can* you doubt it.'

'Do you love me, Morley,' she repeated with increased earnestness.

'Truly—devotedly—madly!" cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heavens that is shining over us——"

'No more oaths—enough of protestation. Are you willing, by one act, this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?'

'Am though it carry with it my destruction.'

'I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine!' 'Return, Morley, return!'

Morley gazed at her as if doubing his sense of hearing.

'Return, Kate!'

'Return instantly!'

'Kate, are you serious—are you!' he might have added, in your senses,' but she interrupted him.

'I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor incoherent, nor fickle,' she subjoined, reading the impression that was rising on Morley's countenance.—'But I love, and in that love am incapable to change do not, Morley, mock me by doubting even by a look. But, O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my *father*——'

'To your father!' exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he uttered, so astonished was he.

'Ay, to my father, my grey-headed, my doting, my confiding father; take me to him before his heart is broken by the cheif he bears' I have been with him,' she cried in wild agony, 'even now, as I lay in your arms, spoil-bound as my honor, whilst the carriage rolled on towards perdition! I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was being borne, yet even then was I with my father!' she cried with a wild and look of supernatural agonies, her hair dishevelled, his eye fixed upon mysterious fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms—he *cursed* me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me.'

Morley for the love of heaven, ere it be too late—

Compose your self, my beloved—my own Kate.'

'Do you call me beloved?' she cried; 'would you still embrace an erring and sin worn wretch? What shall lead me to a husband who would abandon her father?—what would man from the ungrateful daughter into the faithful wife' Morley, as you do hope for mercy do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve?' Morley caught her as she sank at her feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility He was confounded—stupified'

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acivity, when Morley called to the postilion,

'Turn your horses back, the cried, we shall return' The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Kate again revived.

'Where am I'—she her am I'—and' she exclaimed.

'You are father, my beloved,' whispered Morley.

'From father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no! I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot! God bless you Morley, God bless you' my dear dear Morley!' and with her pure arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never, in the wildest moment of passion—not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected—had Morley felt so triumphantly happy!

* * * *

'Where is he? is he alive—let me see him—is he well?' shrieked Kate, as she rushed in the house of her father.

'For whom do you enquire, madam,' coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Kate's father.

'Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think. But my father—my father! is he alive? I fear—!?' O, dear aunt, have pity on me! I am repentant—I am innocent!'

'In one word Kate, *are you married?*'

'I am not'

'Heaven be praised! Follow me—your father is not well!'

'Quick! quick! before it is too late!' And the distracted girl rushed into the room, and knelt at her father's side.

'Father, do not avert your face! Father, I am your own Kate! I am restored to you as I left you!—By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime for a moment! By the memory of my mother—

'Cease, girl! cease!' said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; 'forbear and answer me truly; is this gentleman your husband?'

Kate was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. 'I am not,' said Morley, 'blessed with that lady's hand 'she refused it, until it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it.'

'Do you pledge your word to this, young man?'

'My sacred word, as a man of honor. I may have inherited your hate, but I will not deserve it!'

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!" Morley, seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Kate, on her knees, her arms around his neck, her cheek pressed to his.—The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Kates' favorite dog seeming to thank her father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said—

"Behold in all this the goodness of God! behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties.—Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light of heaven, had entailed my hate upon all his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and who every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years has given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. It felt that age was creeping on me, and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved over this hob book to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred towards my fellow creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I felt, at least thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would prove fatal. No time was to be lost; my will was hastily drawn out, bequathing my beggared daughter, but the father's curse. It would have been signed this night, for this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father.

"Oh my father!" interrupted Kate, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned, 'in pity, my dear father,"

"Bless you, forever bles you, my ever excellent Kate, your filial obedience has prolonged your father's existance.'

Use of a Bustle.—A few days since one of very capacious dimensions was seen floating in the Prince's dock. On drawing or rather hauling it to land it was found to be very tightly stuffed and, on opening the seam it was ascertained that the stuffing consisted of several pounds of tea. It is supposed to have dropped from some female while in the act of crossing from a Chinese vessel to the quay. It has since been conveyed to the central police office, where it lies for the inspection of the curious in matters of the kind.—*Liverpool Paper.*

THE PEASANT KING.

There is a man of preuder heart,
And nobler far I ween,
Than sceptered king, or laurel'd chief
Or warrior in his sheen!
Who would not give to prince or peer,
The splendor of his name,
Though hosts ran shouting a his heels,
The heralds of his fame!

See! yonder in his palace high,
His kingdom firm and wide;
His throne the cot, his sword the plough,
His realm the valley side!
His only host, his flocks and herds,
And fields of nodding grain,
The subjects of his royal rule,
The lords of his domain!

He wants no helms, or iron hands,
Nor pomp of waving plumes,
Nor vassal knee, nor courtier tread,
Nor India's soft perfume!
He holds his rein, he drives his steed,
And leaves his shining blade,
And herds are thinned and fields are strewn
But not with ruin laid!

What, ho! in court and castle hall;
Where kings in revel shout,
Are not the words his royal lips,
Right royally ring out!
But on the breeze, the mountain breeze,
That shakes the giant rocks,
He flings defiance to the foes,
That threats his fields and flocks!

There is no bribe of wealth or line,
Nor sound of trump or horn,
But he would trample to the dust,
Or hurl them back with scorn!
His only boast an honest heart,
His freedom, and a rod
To battle for his kin and home,
His altar and his God!

The Wife.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress, and careless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth; these and other nameless neglects—without a crime among them—have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure the germ of despair. Of may woman, before that sad sight arrives, dwell on the recollection of her youth, and, cherishing the idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she then so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy illusion is that hour of love—kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish idle words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past—and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charmer, and bid her live, as she had hoped—her years to matchless bliss—loving and contented—the mother of a sorrowing hour—the source of comfort and the spring of joy. —*Boston Daily News.*

Shocking.—Several of those "respectable whig papers" that swallowed Henry Clay's "Go home, G——l d——n you, where you belong" with a perfect gusto, are shocked at John Van Buren's profanity in saying d——n in one of his state letters.

[N. *Albany Dem*

To Compound a Medicine Entirely of Vegetables, which shall operate effectually in severe great advance upon the obnoxious formulas of Pharmaceutical Science. It is only in modern times that this important desideratum has arrived at perfection. The community had been so long drugged and poisoned by mineral preparations, that vegetable compounds became a matter of actual necessity, and no remedy could expect to become popular without this essential recommendation. The very idea of a mineral patering material substances internally is absolutely preposterous. Nature never tended them for that purpose. Their mode of operation is too violent, and they seldom fail to leave the system in a worse condition than they find it. The Cuckener Sugar-coated Vegetable Purgative Pills being compounded, not merely of vegetables, but of their extracted juices, is entirely free from this objection. Their operation is perfectly soothing. They penetrate the minutest fibres of the human frame by a gradual process, and never cause a violent operation until every particle of diseased matter is expelled, and every symptom of disorder removed.

Sold by Wm Jackson, corner of Wood and Liberty streets, who is general Agent for Dr Cuckener's Pills in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

☞ Beware of an imitation article called "*Improved Sugar-Coated Pills*," purporting to be Patented as both the pills and pretended patent are forgeries, got up by a miserable quack, in New York, who, for the last four or five years, has made his living by counterfeiting popular medicines. oct30.

Asthma, Coughs, Consumption, etc.—We again call the reader's attention to that celebrated and most excellent medicine, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its reputation is spreading wider and wider every day, and all now admit it to be the most certain curative for all pulmonary complaints ever discovered.—How gratifying the thought that a remedy is at last discovered, which has proven itself a perfect master of that dire disease—CONSUMPTION! Let the dealing cheer up and lay hold of this life giving nectar.

☞ See advertisement. Price $1 per bottle

White Wax.

2 CASES White Wax, just received and for sale by B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,
oct30 cor 6th and Wood sts.

Black Lead.

10 CASES sup. Black Lead, just received and for sale by B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,
oct30 cor 6th and Wood sts.

Spts. Turpentine.

10 BBLS. Spts. Turpentine, just received and for sale by B. A FAHNESTOCK & CO.,
oct30 cor 6th and Wood sts.

Leaf Sugar.

WE are receiving a further supply of No 6, 788 Loaf Sugar, which will be sold at low rates
BURBRIDGE, WILSON & CO.
oct 30 Water st.

SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES.

40 BBLS S H Molasses.
30 half do
For sale low to close consignment.
BURBRIDGE, WILSON & CO,
oct 30 Water st.

N. O. Sugar.

30 HHDS. Prime N. O Sugar, for sale by BURBRIDGE, WILSON & CO.,
oct30 Water street.

Copper.

250 SHEETS Braziers Copper, (Baltimore) arriving and for sale by BURBRIDGE, WILSON & CO.,
oct30 Water street.

NEW BOOKS AND CHEAP,

At COOK'S Literary Depot, 85, Fourth street.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY, by Martin Farquar Tupper; 1 vol. cheap edition.

Arthur's Magazine for November.

Selections from Taylor, Barrow, South, Fuller, &c., by Basel Montager. (Library of Choice Reading, No 26.)

Cyclopedia of Practical Receipts, by James Cooley, No 6, and last.

Robert Wilson, the Destroyer, or Pride without Principle.

Minstrel Love, a Romance, by Baron De Le Motte Fouque, author of Violence, Undine, &c.

Eastern Papers for the week, and a great variety of New and Cheap Publications. oct30

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for rendering the hardest skin delicately smooth, white and soft; removing sallowness, cutaneous eruptions, pimples, tan, freckles, or redness. Its soothing influence immediately allays the irritation of musquito bites, &c., while its dilating properties prevents the formation of wrinkles, and banishes them, if already formed—eliciting, on the cheek of age, the clearness and smoothness of youth.

Prepared by F. F. GOURAUD, New York, Price 50 cents. For sale by R E SELLERS,
oct30 No 57 Wood st,

Stray Cow.

CAME to the subscriber living in Baldwin Township, on the 7th of this month, a small red and white Cow, crumpley horns and a small bell tied on her neck with a rope, supposed to be four years old. The owner of said cow is requested to call, prove property, pay charges and take her away.
oct30-3tw JOHN HAY.

THEATRE.

MANAGERS, SHIRES AND PORTER.
PROMPTER, GEORGE T. ROWE.
LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA, J. H. HESSING.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

1st Tier of Boxes, or Dress Circle	50	cts.
2d " "	37½	"
3d " "	20	"
Pit	25	"
Gallery for Colored Persons	20	"

BENEFIT OF MRS. ROWE.

Three Pieces! Increased Attraction!

First night TIMOUR THE TARTAR, in which Mr Preston's Horse VULTTRE will appear.

Thursday Evening, October 30th, 1845,

Will be presented a Grand Spectacle, called

TIMOUR THE TARTAR!

OR, THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

Song, by Mr. PETIT.

To be followed by the

PROMISSARY NOTE.

Irish Song, by Mr. REEVES.

Previous to the Drama, a favorite piece called

THE LITTLE DEVIL!

☞ For particulars see small bill.

☞ Doors open at ½ past 6 o'clock, curtain will rise at ½ past 7 precisely. oct 30

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has taken out letters of administration upon the estate of Dr Thomas Buttell, deceased, and has given bond as the law directs. All persons indebted to the estate are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned forthwith, and all persons who have claims against the estate are requested to present the same for adjustment at my store at the foot of Market street.
THOMAS OLIVER,
oct30-d1t&w6t Administrator.

Watches, Clocks, Rifles

And fancy articles; Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Tobacco, Cooking Stove and many other articles at Auction.

A T M'Kenna's Phoenix Auction Mart, No. 64 Market street, Sumpson's Row, between 3d and 4th streets, this morning, Thursday, October 30 at 10 o'clock, will be sold a lot of Dry Goods, among which are cassimets; broad cloths; mous de laines; shawls; blankets; flannel suspenders; boots and shoes; table cloths; fancy bilkfs; silk and worsted fringe; worsted tassels; piping cord; stocks; velvets, &c.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., a lot of Tobacco, new and second hand furniture, 1 cooking stove.

At half past 5 o'clock, same evening, 1 second-hand silver patent lever watch; 2 new silver patent lever watches; 1 second hand gold lever watch; 1 new gold lever watch; 1 second hand rifle; 3 brass clocks, together with a general assortment of Dry Goods and fancy articles.
P. M'KENNA,
oct30. Auctioneer.

Office of the Allegheny Co. Mutual Ins. Co.
October 27th 1845.

A T a meeting of the Board of Directors of this institution, it was, Resolved, That a dividend of 10 per cent on all adjusted claims for losses by fire on the 10th of April last be paid on or after the 30th instant. Extract from the minutes. J. B. ROBINSON,
oct29 2t Secretary.

Cheap Music.

HENRY RUSSEL'S Songs—6 songs for 25 cts.
8 Songs of Fancy, 8 do 25
Moore's Melodies, 8 do 25
Melodies of Ireland, 8 songs and 5 pieces 25
Seven Vocal Duetts, - - - 25
Ethiopean Serenaders, 9 songs, - - 25
Love note, with an elegant title page, - 6¼
12 popular quick steps, - - - 25
14 celebrated Marches, - - - 25
A sett Polkas and Mazurkas by Glover, - 25
Quadrilles by John Strauss, - - 12½
Melodies of Scotland, - - - 25
Flute Music, 20 airs from Bohemian girl, 12½
Do 11 Fra Diavolo, 12½
Eleven of Lover's Songs, - - 25
13 Popular Waltzes, - - - 25
A liberal discount on the above to Merchants and Teachers, who buy to sell again. For sale by
JOHN H. MELLOR.
oct 29 192 Wood street.

ECONOMY BROADCLOTHS AND CASSINETS—A small assortment of cheap and seasonable dry goods, bed comforables, carpet chain &c., for sale low for cash by
ISAAC HARRIS, Agent
oct 29 and Com. Merchant, No 9 5th street.

Books and Stationary, &c.

ON hand, a good supply of School Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping paper; Ink and Quills, Sand, patent Pens and Wafers. An assortment of all the publications of the *American Temperance Union* and a variety of Religious and Miscellaneous Books, and cheap and useful *Family Medicines, &c.* for sale low for cash or exchange to suit consigners. ISAAC HARRIS, Agent and Commission Merchant, No. 9, 5th st.
oct29 6t.

☞ Wanted in exchange, beeswax, country carpets and rags for carpet and paper makers, &c.

Places Wanted,

FOR a number of white and colored House Waiters; Hostlers; Laborers; Mechanics, and Boys. Also, for a number of *Seamstresses.* Wanted, good cooks and girls for all work, at home and in neighboring towns; for Private Families, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Nurses, &c. ☞ Wanted to borrow on the very best security, and for several persons, several sums of money, from $50 to $300 $500, $2000, &c. &c. All kinds of Agencies attended to, confidentially, and for moderate charges, at
HARRIS' Agency and
oct29-6t Intelligence Office, No 9, 5th street.

Alderman's Office, Fifth Ward.

JOHN A PARKINSON, Alderman Fifth Ward, Penn street, between Walnut and O'Hara streets, where he may be found at all times. Those having Houses or other property to sell or rent, can have the same punctually attended to; debts collected, and all the duties of an Alderman will receive prompt attention. oct 27-d1y

Extra Fine Black Beaver Hats,

A NEW style and superior in quality and beauty, to be found at
WM. DOUGLAS,
oct 27 1m. 73 Wood st., East side.

A Fresh supply of gentlemen's and youth's caps of every description at
WM. DOUGLAS,
oct 27-1m. 78 Wood street, East side.

European Agency.

REMITTANCES of money on moderate terms, can be made during my absence in Europe, to every part of Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales or the continent of Europe. Legacies, debts, property or claims recovered; searches for wills, titles and documents effected, and other European business transacted by applying to James May, Water street, Pittsburgh.
H KEENAN,
oct12 Agent and Attorney at Law, Pittsburgh.

MRS. MOORE,

FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER,

Diamond Alley, between Wood and Smithfield sts,

HAS just received from New York and Philadelphia, the latest styles for Dresses, Cloaks, Mantillas, &c. oct24-d&wlm

Still they Come.

READ THE FOLLOWING;

THIS is to certify that I have fully tested the Virtues of *Thompson's Carminative.* Having been troubled with a very severe pain in my stomach and diarrhœa or summer complaint for several weeks and was perfectly restored by using one Bottle.
GEORGE ADDISON, of New Orleans
Sold by W Jackson Agent corner Wood and Liberty streets. oct15

Re-opened and at Work.

JAMES ADAMS, Baker, respectfully informs the public that he has rebuilt at the old stand, foot of Grant street, from whence he was driven by the Great Fire, and is prepared to serve his customers in superior style. His materials are of the best that can be bought, and his workmen are the best that can be employed. He solicits custom, being confident that he can give entire satisfaction.

N. B.—Wedding and other parties promptly attended to, oct 15-3m

A CARD.

THEATRE.

MRS. ROWE'S BENEFIT.

MRS. ROWE begs leave in the most respectful manner to inform her friends, and the public in general, that her benefit will take place on *Thursday Evening, October 30th.*, when will be produced for the first time this season the Drama of

THE LITTLE DEVIL!

Mr. Petit having kindly volunteered, will sing the song of the SEA.

To be followed by the Petit Comedy of the

PROMISSARY NOTE.

The whole to conclude with the Grand Eastern Romantic Equestrian Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

In which Preston's Horse VULTURE will appear.

☞ Particulars in Bills.

WM. M'MAHON.....J. G. LEANOR.

McMAHON & SEANOR,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

OFFICE in Fifth street, in Barr's new building, between Wood and Smithfield streets.
oct29 1y.

619 LBS. Brimstone, received and for sale by R. E. SELLERS,
oct29. 57 Wood st.

100 LBS. African Cayenne, received and for sale by R. E. SELLERS,
oct29. 57 Wood st.

1387 LBS. EPSOM SALTS rec'd and for sale by R. E. SELLERS,
oct29. 57 Wood st.

25 BBLS. Cut Logwood, received and for sale by R. E. SELLERS,
oct29. 57 Wood st.

200 GROSS Vial Corks, received and for sale by R. E. SELLERS,
oct29. 57 Wood st.

MORSE'S NEW GEOGRAPHY.—Morse's new Geography, a large supply just received and for sale low by C. H. KAY,
Wholesale Book and Paper Warehouse,
oct29 corner of Third and Wood sts.

PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS AND CHARTS—A supply of Phrenological busts and charts. Also a large supply of Books on Phrenology, by Combe and Fowler, for sale by C. H. KAY,
Wholesale Book and Paper Warehouse,
oct29 corner of Third and Wood sts.

Blankets.

A FRESH supply of large twilled blankets just received from the manufactory, for sale by
GEORGE COCHRAN,
oct29 No 26 Wood st.

Steam Boat Adelaide.

WE are authorized to sell ½ h of the Steam Boat Adelaide, very low, if applied for soon.
HAMPTON & SMITH,
oct 28-d3t No 112 Wood st.

Copperas.

10 BARRELS for sale low by
oct 28 P C MARTIN,
60 Water st.

Sweet Potatoes.

120 BUSHELS of fine sweet potatoes, in barrels and for sale by
oct 28 P C MARTIN,
60 Water st.

Pea Nuts.

50 SACKS pea nuts for sale low by
oct 28 P C MARTIN,
60 Water st.

Tanners Oil.

102 BARRELS for sale low by
oct 23 P C MARTIN,
60 Water st.

Pipes.

20 BOXES for sale low by
oct 28 P.C. MARTIN,
60 Water st.

Stray Dog.

CAME to the advertiser on the 26th which the owner can have by calling at this office, describing the same, and paying for this advertisement. oct28

Great Bargains in Clothing!

CLOSING OFF SALE

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY,

58 MARKET STREET,

AT THE BOSTON CLOTHING STORE.

THE Proprietors of the Boston Clothing Store, having sold part of their stock and leased their store in consequence of having business at the East which demand their immediate attention, will close the remaining part of their stock at a very small advance from cost and many articles at the cost of manufacture. This sale offers the greatest inducement to those wishing to purchase, as every article will be sold almost at the customer's own prices; and next Saturday *will positively* be the last opportunity. The stock consists of every article usually found in the best clothing stores, viz: Dress and Frock coats, all colors and prices, from 7 to $11; Tweed coats, $2 25 to $4 00; Over coats of Pilot and Brown cloths, from 4 to $12; Black and Blue Cassimere pants, with a variety made from beautiful patterns of Buckskin and Doeskin Cass. from 3 to $4 50; Cassimeres and Satinets, from 1 50 to $3 50; a beautiful assortment of Vests, just manufactured, from 90 cents to $4 50; Black and Figured Satin Scarfs, rich patterns; two yards long, cost from 1 25 to $1 62;