

THE SPY & REGISTER.

SATURDAY MORNING, Sept. 16, 1848.

AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER is duly authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper, in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston, and receipt therefor.

If any of our subscribers, in town, should not be served regularly with the "Spy," by our new carrier, they will please call at the office.

SENATE.

The members of the "Columbia Senate," and all persons wishing to become members are requested to meet in the second story of the Town Hall, on Monday evening next, September 13th.

MANY MEMBERS.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENED IN COLUMBIA.—We had thought that the elections this fall would pass off quietly in these parts, but from present appearances it would seem as though we were to have our full share of excitement.

On Wednesday evening last the Whigs of our borough, and a delegation from Wrightsville, had a meeting in the Market House, which was the first with any show of enthusiasm in the present campaign. The announcement that Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., was to address the meeting, drew quite a large and respectable audience. Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers, and a goodly number of the fair sex of our borough were in attendance.

Mr. Dickey, of Lancaster, was called out, but declined making a set speech, and the meeting adjourned.

THE AUBURNIAN.—A beautiful little sheet, with the above title, and the motto

"Till aches from little toe-corns grow," or something of that kind; edited and published by Andrew Shuman, has reached us. It is as pretty as it is little—and we wish it a rapid increase of growth.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for October is received. It contains 72 pages of reading matter, which is as much as is contained in an ordinary sized novel, and 24 pages more than any other magazine—33 contributors and 25 engravings.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, elegant, useful and cheap, is received. D. A. Woodworth, New York, \$1. Four copies for \$3.

CARCO OF ORPHANS.—The ship Finland, from Liverpool, which arrived at New York on Friday, had on board thirty-five orphan children, entirely destitute of means. They were placed on board by some persons unknown.

SAD INTELLIGENCE.—Letters have been received by the steamer Hibernia, announcing the death of Mr. Y. H. Weed, of Boston, at Singapore, and of Lieut. Dale, of N. York, attached to the Dead Sea expedition.

TEMPERANCE.—There are now eighty divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Georgia. Last October there were but seventeen. Several thousand new members have been added to the organization in that State.

WESTWARD, Ho!—The Green Bay Advocate says:—Every steamer that reaches our wharves brings crowds in search of a home and lands, and every stage is crowded with passengers in search of some kind of a place for the transaction of business.

SMOKE.—It has been ascertained that the annual cost to the British Government, by firing salutes, is £12,250, or nearly fifty dollars per day.

A letter from Berlin asserts that the Bank of England has offered to the Prussian Government a loan of \$10,000,000 (£1,500,000 sterling) at the rate of 5 per cent, but which has been declined.

The Copper Ore from Cliff Mine, Lake Superior, is being smelted at Pittsburgh, Pa. It yields from eighty to ninety per cent pure copper, in addition to a small quantity of silver.

The new manufacturing city of Manchester, N. H., has now a population of 13,000, where only twelve years ago there were but two houses.

A German theatre is being erected in Cincinnati. The German population in that city is upwards of 20,000.

The Florida Everglades are about to be drained, so as to bring one million of acres of fine land into cultivation.

The New Orleans Bulletin gives a flattering account of the prospects of the Cotton crop in Louisiana. The corn harvest is also said to be very abundant.

The New York Board of Health, under date of Saturday noon, reports three new cases of yellow fever at Staten Island, and three deaths.

Neither of the present candidates for Governor intends to give up his present office in hope of a better.

One hundred and thirty-four deaths occurred in Philadelphia last week. Of consumption 15; cholera infantum 16, &c. Adults 50—children 84.

General Caleb Cushing is the Democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts.

Light Wanted.

It would be amusing, if it were not dangerous, to witness the Northern and Southern aspects of the great political stars—suns, their rotaries would call them—which are at present shedding their light upon this benighted people. As in the physical world, so in the political, the medium through which the rays are seen, modify, wonderfully modify the light which reaches us. Indeed, not to speak irreverently, their radiance is so refracted, so reflected, so every way distorted, that it is rather darkness than light—or ignis-fatua-like, a gleam.

We have before us Southern and Northern Whig and Democratic newspapers, from which we glean the following facts:—That Gen. Taylor is a friend and an opponent, besides being perfectly indifferent, to every measure upon which the North and South are divided; and

That Gen. Cass is directly opposed to Gen. Taylor in every thing; while

Martin Van Buren is tri-angulantly antipodal to both.

These are facts of absorbing interest to the friends of the different candidates; and may of course be depended upon, as we have them in print.

From several sources, we clip the following items, in support of what we have written; and we in all seriousness inquire, What shall we believe; what reject—or must we, lemondade fashion, average it?

From a call for a Taylor and Fillmore meeting at Carlisle:

Let every friend of good government—every friend of Peace, and opponent of schemes of Conquest—every advocate of Free Soil and American Industry—every opponent of the One Man Veto Power—every one who desires to see the policy of the earlier Presidents restored, and the government brought back to old-fashioned republican simplicity—let all come to this glorious gathering!

From the Southern Tribune, published near the residence of Gen. Taylor:

Millard Fillmore has distinctly disavowed the slightest wish or desire to interfere with the question of Slavery in the United States.

Keep it also before the people, that Lewis Cass proclaimed in his place in the Senate, that he would have voted for the Wilmot Proviso, had it been brought forward during the session of 1846.

Keep it also before the people, that Gen. Cass has proclaimed the monstrous opinion that the question of Slavery in the newly acquired territory is to be settled by the people thereof, thus giving to the Indians, Mexicans, and Zambos, and other colored inhabitants of such territory the right and power to exclude citizens of the South from establishing themselves with their property on the soil.

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald:

Gen. Cass himself says:—"The Wilmot Proviso will not pass the Senate. It would be death to the War—death to all hopes of getting an acre of territory—death to the administration, and death to the Democratic party."

From the Louisville Democrat:

Van Buren is satisfied with the purity and excellence of the Buffaloes—talks of the encroachments of the South, and goes strong for free dirt. He will not veto a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia now, as he promised to do once, if it should pass Congress. He had retired forever from public life, with a resolution to stay there unalterable—like General Taylor's resolutions. Now he does not come forward himself—not he; but his friends have literally dragged him out, and he'll stay. If elected he will deposit himself like a good boy—stick to the constitution like General Taylor, no doubt. The Whig party now have two candidates, both great men in their way; and their supporters are men of the most shocking purity we ever did hear of.

From the N. Y. Evening Post:

THE DRAMA.—ACT I. SCENE 1st. Place, United States, Time, 1848.—Audience, the people of the United States.

FERRIDON VS. SLAVERY.

Martin Van Buren.—I am in favor of prohibiting by law, the introduction of slavery into territory now free.

Lewis Cass.—I will veto any law prohibiting slavery in territories now free.

Gen. Taylor.—I say nothing on that subject. I keep mum. The Yankee guess I'm for freedom. The slave-holders reckon I'm for slavery; but as I have myself only 300 slaves, I let them reckon and guess."

But we might fill the Spy with contradictory reports, from papers advocating the same candidates, in different sections. Would that some paper with a circulation like that of the Ledger, would take up and expose these shameful tricks of the demagogue vote-seekers; and would that some man whom the whole people should know, would offer himself as a candidate. Then would a vote like that which elected our Washington, tell to the knaves and libellers who rule and direct the political manoeuvres of this country, that "the people are always right—always to be trusted."

In one of the rooms of the Smithsonian Institute is to be erected the philosophical machinery presented to the Institution by Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, and worth \$25,000. The chemical lecture room, above has a groined ceiling, is heavily ribbed, and with foliage at the intersections of the ribs. The cloister has pillars, heavily capped with every variety of foliage. The window glass, in the shape of the diamond, fine crown, was imported from England. The inner doors are of Georgia pine, varnished; the outer are bronzed, ornamented with Norman hinges and shields. The west wing, which is nearly completed, is highly ornamented, but of a heavier and more substantial structure than the east. The most distinguished feature is the asp, a semicircular projection, with vaulted roof and pillars.

FROM FORT CHILDS.—The St. Louis Republican of the 1st inst., publishes the following news from the upper Missouri:—From Fort Childs, on the Upper Missouri, we have information to within a few days. The battalion of troops there were in good health, although the small pox had prevailed among them to a limited extent. Of five cases, one was fatal—William Turner, of "Company E," having died from this cause. The storehouses and officers' quarters were nearly completed, but as the troops were anxiously expecting their discharge from the army, they had almost ceased to labor upon the works. Captain Van Vliet, U. S. Quartermaster, was making every exertion to have the buildings completed at an early day. The location is said to be a very favorable one.

Address of Col. Gossler at the Reception of Lieut. Cochran and his Men.

I am honored by your fellow citizens, brave volunteers, with the pleasing duty of welcoming you to your homes again, from the fields on which you have covered yourselves with so much glory and imperishable renown—have done so much honor to the good old State of Pennsylvania, and to your country. We witnessed your departure from among us, for the seat of war; and many a sincere and ardent wish was expressed, many a heartfelt prayer was offered up, that the "God of Battles" would watch over and protect you;—and while we in all sincerity lament—deeply lament—the loss of those of your brave companions in arms, who perished on the field of battle, we may rejoice to know that they were not found wanting—that they proved themselves "good men and true," and that they fell battling for the sake and in honor of their country. It may not be in our power to mark the spot on which they fell, nor erect monuments of marble to perpetuate their memories, but their names are deeply engraven upon our hearts, and will adorn the brightest pages of their nation's history. Your disinterested patriotism—the privations you have endured—the toils and hardships you have undergone, cannot but awaken within our breasts the liveliest sense of gratitude and profound admiration; and the reports of the glorious battles in which you were engaged, will be to Pennsylvania, to our gallant little borough, our own Columbia, a source of the highest and most enduring pride.

I may allude at this time to one of those heroic spirits who was among the first to lay down his life in the contest—an old friend and school mate. We all know and loved our friend—the lamented and heroic Cochran, who is no more. He was noble, he was brave, he was generous, he was the very soul of chivalry, and honor. We deplore his premature death; we condole and sympathize with his relations; and we will remember and endeavor to emulate his virtues. The monument within view—that massive column which surmounts his grave, tells silently and impressively, the passers-by of his memorable death, at the head of his gallant command and against vindictive and overpowering numbers, on the blood stained field of Resaca de la Palma. While we grieve his loss, we have reason to rejoice that he died so nobly; and also that he has found so worthy a successor in his stalwart brother, who more fortunate, though not less daring, is now with us and amongst us.

With no less feelings of pride can we speak of that Waterloo defeat, Beena Vista, in which Columbia was so nobly represented by one of her gallant sons, now with us, and who exhibits evidence of not having left that glorious field without wounds and scars—honorable scars.

As near and familiar to us are the cities and towns and mountains and forts from the port of Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, as those of our own free land. Who can forget the bombardment of Vera Cruz—the rapid and successful passage of the National Bridge—the storming of the heights of Cerro Gordo, and the triumphant entrance of the magnificent city of Puebla!—Contreras, Churubusco, and El Molino del Rey! the scaling of the walls of the once impregnable Chapultepec, and the breaking the gates of San Cosme—and last, the battle of Mexico.

Under our republican form of government, every man in the cause of his country, feels an equal responsibility. To the private soldier, then, are we under as many obligations, and do we feel as deeply indebted, as to the field General. If they plan, it is the private who carries the plan into execution. The war with Mexico has fairly tested the Volunteer system—the result of which has been to increase confidence at home, and command awe and respect abroad. It has carried terror to the hearts of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, and we may rely upon it, they will be wary before they will quarrel with us.

The heroes of the Revolution received their reward, and you, too, will receive yours, if not in some substantial manner, at least in the good opinion of your friends, your neighbors and your country. "Glory is the reward of such patriotism as you have displayed; and those who deserve it—as you most eminently do—earn all incense yours." The real price of your services is immortality; and posterity will pay it."

Allow me again to bid you welcome, a hearty welcome—to tender you the hospitalities of this, your native town; and after this meeting shall have dispersed—tell, if your well known modesty will permit—to your friends, the story of your sufferings—of the scenes of joy and sorrow through which you have passed—of the thoughts of home which you experienced while far away; and let the eyes of beauty and loveliness shine a heartier welcome than words will enable me to express.

Lieut. Cochran's Reply.

Friends and Fellow-townsmen:—How much gratification it gives me to meet you once again, I have no language to express. With me, on this occasion, you perceive the remnant of the gallant band of soldiers who, some eighteen months ago, left their homes to fight the battles of their country far away in the sunny South against a strange people and in an inhospitable climate. They are men of very few words; but they are men of deeds, and what they do they do, and do it well.—They have desired me to express in a few sentences the deep sense of gratitude which they will ever entertain for the manner in which they have been received at their homes, by those who know them best and who seem, by this demonstration, to have appreciated their services. If there is anything to repay us for our toils and sufferings, it is such a reception as the warm hearts and kind spirits of the people of this beautiful town have this day given us. We have come home, worn and wearied by the fatigues of the most extraordinary campaign which the page of history records; but we come home feeling that we have been fortunate participants in it, and that, from the manner in which you have received us, that we must have done our whole duty—for who but the people can best judge of that fact? But we are not all here who went away—the bullets of the enemy and the diseases incident to the climate of Mexico, and which almost decimated the army, have fearfully thinned our ranks, and some of the best of our lit-

tle band are now sleeping the "sleep which knows no waking" in the "land of sun and flowers," thousands of miles from those whom they loved so well. The bones of hundreds and thousands of our gallant American soldiers are bleaching on the sandy shores of Vera Cruz—are whitening the hill tops of Cerro Gordo, and are scattered broadcast throughout the valley of Mexico and along the National Road; and on the other line—the northern line of invasion—the dead are also there. The battle-field and the hospital have made fearful havoc among the brave and gallant spirits who rushed to the standard of their country, when she called. Those who have died on the red battle-ground, amid the roar of artillery—the rattle of the musketry, and the cheer of victory, are as immortal as history can make their honored names; but, oh! those who died of disease—in the loathsome hospitals—of untold sufferings—have no monuments of glory erected to their names. When they were seared with fever or racked with pain, no kind mother, devoted sister, affectionate father, or attentive brother had they to smooth their pathway to the grave. They died in the arms of their brother soldiers, who—a band of brothers as we were—took all care of them. I have seen such attentions to the wants of their sick brethren by the brave soldiers, and such friendships formed, as must have made the very angels rejoice. Those who died of sickness in that far-off land deserve to be blessed with those who died on the battle field, or who have once more come to their homes.

"They did not fall in eager strife Upon a well-fought field— Not from the red wound poured their life, Where covering foemen yield.

The Arch-angels' pall was slowly cast Above each pallid brow, But firm and steadfast to the last, They sleep securely now."

Nearly one year ago we entered the ancient city of the Aztecs. On the morning of the 14th of September, scarcely six thousand of us took from the boisterous Mexicans their beautiful city, and marched into their main Plaza. In the language of the brave old General who accomplished the work—the chivalrous Scott—"Thank God for the victory and glory to that gallant little army." Such an army,—old regulars, new regulars, and volunteers—allow me to say, the world never saw. A braver set of men never shouldered arms, I verily believe, and take them as they were (some bad spirits among them, of course,) the world "never will look upon their like again." Through the fields and forts of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the gates of San Cosme, and St. Belin, we fought our way to the City, and to an honorable peace. But all who went to that war helped to conquer the city. The glory does not belong solely to us, who were in the battles of the basin of Mexico. They commenced, who fought at Palo Alto, to take the city; and Monterey, and Buena Vista, and Cerro Gordo, and all the rest, paved the way for us to the "Halls of the Montezumas." We were fortunate who were at the "heel of the hunt," and who "were in at the death," but yet all who went to that sunny land, in the far-off South, deserve to be considered as the second conquerors of Mexico. The dead, also, are among those conquerors, and although the green chaparral waves above their heads, and the wild flowers perfume the atmosphere, and the gay birds sing their matin and their noonday songs, and warble their vesper roundays above their much regretted graves, the world will honor them as heroes and the pages of history gain lustre from their glorious names.

I have nothing more to add. It will afford me pleasure to converse with you all on this most fruitful theme, and we shall—and we all will—be ever ready to do so. Allow me to assure you, sir, that the beautiful language with which you have greeted us has sunk deep in our hearts, and that with the gratitude we feel for all the kindness of our friends you will ever be associated.

BROOKLYN IN RUINS.—Brooklyn has been visited by a terrible fire which has laid in ruins the oldest and most central part of the city. The space burnt covers an area of some fifteen acres, upon which stood over two hundred dwellings and stores.

The fire, which was occasioned by the explosion of a spirit lamp, broke out about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, in a store near the junction of Henry and Fulton streets.

There being little or no water at hand, the flames swept South and East, crossing Middah, Cranberry and Orange streets, on both sides of Henry, and burning out eight squares to Washington street, leaving a block of eight houses on the corner of Pineapple and Henry, and a portion of the houses between Orange and Sands streets on the East, so that there was no staying the all devouring element till it had reached the wider streets of Pineapple and Washington, which mark its blackened boundaries. The flames raged with the greatest fury until 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, when they were finally extinguished by blowing up several houses on Concord street.

Among the most valuable buildings are three churches, Universalist, corner of Fulton and Pineapple streets, Mr. Thayer, pastor; the Baptist church, corner of Nassau and Liberty, and the Methodist E. Church, in Sands street, the oldest Methodist church in Brooklyn, of which nothing but the bare walls remain.

The value of property destroyed is variously estimated at from one to two millions of dollars.

The crowd on the Fulton Ferry Bridge was so great that it gave way, and many were precipitated into the water. One fireman was drowned, and others were severely injured. Edward Crowley, of Company 22, was run over and instantly killed. The Post Office with that of Saturday's mail, was destroyed. A Mr. Kirley and a child were killed by a wall falling upon them. Another child had his legs awfully crushed by an engine running over them.

THE PROTECTOR UMBRELLA.—The novelty of the "protector" consists chiefly in the adoption of a screw handle, which when removed from the stick literally locks up the umbrella and renders it useless. The principle of appropriation hitherto so liberally indulged in is thus entirely prevented, for all that the real owner has to do to secure his property is to pocket the small handle. The invention is one of unusual interest.

GLOOMY PROSPECTS.—A letter in the Washington Union, dated London, August 18th, and said to be from a gentleman who is a close observer, has the following gloomy forebodings:—"The spirit of discontent and rebellion is wide-spread and deep; yet confined, I think, to the lowest class of the population. In Ireland, law and order still rule—but with martial hands. All parties agree that something is wanting; and Parliament is about to adjourn a session remarkable for having done nothing, when more was demanded of it than the oldest remember among preceding sessions for fifty years. I have no doubt the demonstrations of the rabble hold the middle classes in check, otherwise there would be different results. The immediate future looks dark and threatening. Serious distress exists all over the land. The potato blight is again announced; great solicitude is felt for the grain crop, as we have had thirty days' rain. The cholera is approaching with firm and rapid strides, and is expected before winter. All these facts paralyze speculation, and intimidate merchants and manufacturers, and winter is but three months off!"

FIRE IN POTTSVILLE.—The most destructive fire that ever visited this flourishing town, occurred on the night and morning of the 10th and 11th inst. The locality comprises the neighborhood of Rail Road and Centre streets, Callowhill and Market streets, and the loss estimated at \$100,000. The sufferers are: Daniel Aurange, Geo. Mason, Patrick Fogarty, Patrick Curry, Thomas Howard, Fox & Brother, F. Epling, W. H. Hill, Foster & Daley, Joseph Weaver, T. Pollock, Mr. Mill, F. W. Nagle, Mr. Leib, Mr. Cochran, Mr. Hoffman, Thomas Foster, Glenn & Stine, and numerous small frames. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

WALL STREET.—A writer in the tribune is serving up "New York in slices." Among his descriptions is one of Wall street, the great money centre of the Union, the appearance of which, after three o'clock, he thus describes:—"But hark! The clock strikes three. As if by magic, the bustle and confusion which but now ran through the street, ceases, and the whole neighborhood rapidly subsides into the calm of Sabbath. Stillness re-asserts her empire. Wall street is locked up and gone home for the day. The omnibuses in Broadway expand with their double faces—many even mount the step, preferring the chance of being thrown off, or rubbed off against a cab, or splashed deplorably; and the whole living scene disappears—leaving nothing but the gray stone walls and irregular pavement, and innumerable tin signs, of all that which was so lately noisy and lively Wall street."

HONOR TO AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.—We understand, says the New York Courier, the Prussian Minister at Washington, Baron Goltz, has lately received from the King of Prussia the "gold medal of science," which he has by command of the King forwarded to Mr. Downing, of Newburgh, the well known horticultural writer, as a mark of the estimation in which his works on Pomology, Landscape Gardening and Architecture are held in Germany. Mr. Downing's work on Fruit Trees has reached the ninth edition in this country, and is about to be translated and republished in Germany. His work on Landscape Gardening has lately been pronounced by Professor Lindley, of London, superior on the whole to any European treatise on the subject—an admission from an English critic of high reputation not a little gratifying to American taste.

THE GRAPE IN TEXAS.—The Lvaca Herald mentions that Captain Hatch grafted a species of the "English grape" on a vigorous vine of the Mustang kind, and such was the life and vigor infused into the young graft by the parent stem, that in the course of one season it entirely covered a large oak tree, around whose trunk the wild vine had been accustomed to cling for support. The young vine bore the first season, remarks the Herald, at the lowest calculation, 600 bunches of grapes.

NEW SPARK ARRESTER.—Mr. James Cunningham, of Canonsburg, Penn., has lately secured a patent for a very novel mode of destroying and arresting sparks that issue from the smoke pipes of locomotives and steamboats or other engines.

INTERESTING FACTS.—A bell rung under the water returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air. These experiments prove that water, wood and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch, and the fender pass through the water, and along the deal, and flannel to the ear.

It must be observed, that a body in the act of sounding is in a state of vibration, which it communicates to the surrounding air—the undulations of the sound affect the ear, and excite in the sense of sound. Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of 15 miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distances.

Suppose a ship in distress fire a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, 20 seconds before a report is heard, it is known to be at a distance of twenty times 1142 feet, or little more than four and a half miles.

Again if I see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than 760 yards from the place where I am, and I should instantly retire from an exposed situation.

General Scott publishes an order, in which he assumes command of the Eastern Division of the Army, lately assigned to him by General Orders No. 49. His Head Quarters will be at New York. General Gaines is assigned to the command of Departments Nos. 3 and 4, Head Quarters, Baltimore; and General Wool to command of Departments 1 and 2, Head Quarters, Albany.

ACQUITTAL OF LOUISA BREMOND.—The trial of this woman for murdering Pierre D. Bremont, at his business office in Nassau street, in July, resulted in her acquittal last night. Little additional evidence that published at the time of the murder was given.—The Court seems to have charged favorably to the prisoner, who it was proved was married to the deceased, letters addressed by him to her in that character, and the marriage certificate, being produced in Court.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

The Markets.

Retail Lumber Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes COLUMBIA, Friday Sept. 15, 1848. Inferior Cull Boards and Grub Plank, 11 00; Culling, 8 00; 2d Common, 16 00; 1st Common, 22 00; Pannel, 30 00; Hemlock, Scantling, 9 00; Pine Scantling, from 2 to 18 00; Plaster Lath, from 2 to 2 25; Shingles, 8 to 14 00.

Columbia Retail Provision Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, \$5 00 a 5 50; Wheat, 1 10 a 1 20; Rye, 66 a 69; Corn, 44 a 46; Oats, 28 a 31; Hams, 8 a 10; Dried Beef, 12 a 14; Butter, 13 a 14; Eggs, 10 a 12; Potatoes, 35 a 37; Beef, 6 a 8; Veal, 5 a 6 1/2.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15, 1848.

Flour—\$5 75 a 5 87 for good old stock Penna and Western, and \$6 00 for good fresh ground; Rye flour \$3 87 a 4 00; Corn meal \$2 75 a 2 87.

Grain—Wheat \$1 20 a 1 23 for good Penn; Rye 70 a 71 for Penn; Corn 68 a 70 for yellow Penn.

Iron—Penna Pig \$23 a 27 per ton for Anthracite, and \$25 a 30 for Forge and Foundry Metal. Bar Iron ranges from \$70 to 75, and \$85 to 90. Cargoes of Yellow Pine Boards at \$15 a 16 per M.; Susquehanna \$11 a 15; Hemlock Joists, \$7 a 7 50; Scantling \$7 a 8.

Laths—Are in fair demand, with sales of 150,000 Eastern at \$1 20 a 1 25 per M.

BALTIMORE Sept. 15, 1848.

The flour market at the close was firm, after an active demand at earlier sales; sales at \$5 50. Sales of white wheat at \$1 16 a 1 19, and red wheat \$1 10 a 1 12; oats \$3 a 3 50.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 15, 1848.

The flour market is firm, with good Eastern and home demand. Sales \$4 62 1/2 a 4 75. Wheat commands 75 to 80 cents; yellow corn 31 cents 1/2. Rye is lower, and barley is heavy and inactive.

BAD BREATH, a disagreeable taste in the mouth and many other unpleasant symptoms, are always the result of indigestion. When the stomach is not properly dissolved, remains in the stomach until it becomes in a manner petrified, a deleterious fluid, called Septic Acid, is generated in the stomach, which, mixing with the food of the month is certain not only to breed bad breath, but is also the true cause of wasting of the lungs, a deposit of tartar, and decayed teeth.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. Remember that the original and only genuine Indian Vegetable Pills have the written signature of WILLIAM SWAYNE on the top label of each box.

For sale by SEITH W. FOWLE, General Agent, 128, Washington Street, Boston, and as he generally keeps on hand a supply of the medicine, he will be pleased to send you a copy of the prospectus, and to answer all inquiries.

For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street Columbia, Pa.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. A Voice from Vermont.—Mr. Seth W. Fowle, Dear Sir, I hereby certify that one year ago last June, I was violently attacked with a cold and cough, with a lame side and stomach, and was not free from a cough during that summer. In December following, I was increased to an alarming extent, so that during that winter I lost about thirty-five pounds of flesh, and physicians with whom I advised, said that I was not only to die, but that I should never recover. As my good fortune would have it, in March following, after suffering exceedingly through the winter, I procured a bottle of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, by way of a friend who had received the express benefit by the use of the medicine, and was induced by him to make a trial of it myself, and no words can express my obligations to that friend for thus recommending this article to me, and at the critical moment, he did, for I had not taken one bottle before I felt a complete change, and from that day to this have not been troubled with a cough. I can cheerfully recommend it to all, as being a remedy of great value, having cured me of my complaint, and thus become convinced of its merits, and perhaps saved from the fatal grasp of consumption.

For sale by SEITH W. FOWLE, General Agent, 128, Washington Street, Boston, and as he generally keeps on hand a supply of the medicine, he will be pleased to send you a copy of the prospectus, and to answer all inquiries.

For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street Columbia, Pa.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. A Voice from Vermont.—Mr. Seth W. Fowle, Dear Sir, I hereby certify that one year ago last June, I was violently attacked with a cold and cough, with a lame side and stomach, and was not free from a cough during that summer. In December following, I was increased to an alarming extent, so that during that winter I lost about thirty-five pounds of flesh, and physicians with whom I advised, said that I was not only to die, but that I should never recover. As my good fortune would have it, in March following, after suffering exceedingly through the winter, I procured a bottle of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, by way of a friend who had received the express benefit by the use of the medicine, and was induced by him to make a trial of it myself, and no words can express my obligations to that friend for thus recommending this article to me, and at the critical moment, he did, for I had not taken one bottle before I felt a complete change, and from that day to this have not been troubled with a cough. I can cheerfully recommend it to all, as being a remedy of great value, having cured me of my complaint, and thus become convinced of its merits, and perhaps saved from the fatal grasp of consumption.

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