For the Morning Post.

Moonlight in the Rocky Mountains.

BY CHARLES B. GILLESPIE.

There is a voice amid these lonely mountains,
A deep, and voice, yet pleasant still withal;
For lo! it comes from far off rushing fountains,
And waving pines, and spicy cedars tall—
Chords of the harp on which the night wind plays
Its holiest music, thrilling the very earth;
And heaven is filled with such diviner lays
That angels deem they have not here their birth.

* * * * * * * *

And upward still this midnight hymn is wending,
Now strong, now weak, now lightsome, now profound,
The far-down valley with the mountain blending,
Each flower, each tree, electric all with sound;
Whilst the full moon looks listening from on high,
And showers her silver on the world below,
Save when a cloud with lightsome foot comes by,
And tries to dim the effulgence in its flow—
But vain attempt, the cloud itself is turned to snow.

Around me there are mountains huge uprearing
Their dim peaks like shadows in the sky,
Beneath my feet and far away appearing,
The lonesome valleys half in shadow lie;
A wondrous world, where grandeur reigns supreme—
Scarce hath a footstep its dim vistas trod,
Or mortal voice its shadows stirred, I deem,
Pure and unstained as if but just from God—
Unpruned is still the forest, and yet unturned the sod.

No trenchant axe, with lusty strokes resounding,
Hath marr'd the fulness of these shadowy woods;
No infant voices, no glad footsteps bounding,
Have verg'd the ear of these deep solitudes;
Yet here are gardens deck'd with wondrous flowers,
And quiet streams meandering through the vales,
And towering pines, and cedar scented bowers,
And virgin lakes enclosed from alpine gales,
Where drinks unharmed the deer, and where the wild fowl sails.

These have their counterpart in rocks, contending
With the wild clouds when lightnings are at play—
And fearful heights, and mountain torrents rending
With many a pang their bosome soft in spray—
A glorious world, its wonders yet unknown—
How calm, how hush'd, how awful, and how grand;
Materials for worlds together here are thrown—
Glorious profusion of God's creating hand!
Where can we find on earth so rich, so fair a land?

Nor strange the thought, but nations yet forthcoming
May find in this their land of promis'd rest,
And crowded cities with their busy humming,
Sparkle like gems amid these valleys blest;
And here may trampled millions flee, to find
That peace denied them in another land;
The memory of wrongs for aye shall bind
These trodden people in one glorious band,
And this shall be on earth fair freedom's final stand.

Rattle Snakes and Ash Trees.—It is a curious fact, perhaps not generally known to those unacquainted with this reptile, that it has a great aversion to a white ash tree. Strike it with a twig of this tree, and the rattle-snake becomes convulsed. And with such a wand in his hand, a person may travel through the habitation of this venomous reptile without fear of molestation. The Indian, aware of the virtues of this tree, strews his couch and his wigwam with its leaves, and the hunter fills his boots and his pocket with them.—A gentleman, who was in the habit of hunting in the Pequaket country not long since, gives us the following illustration of the effect of the white ash upon the rattle snake:

On returning from their traps one day, one of their party caught a rattle-snake, and brought it alive into camp. Accordingly, a winnow of leaves was gathered together in form of a circle; a segment of the circle being composed entirely of the leaves of the white ash, the remaining part of the leaves of the maple. The rattle snake was placedin within the circle, which was fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The rattlesnake, in great fear and trembling, retreated towards the maple leaves; but here the experimenters met him with their ash twigs, and he was glad to step his course and laid his head down in quiet submission.

After this manner had been essayed for some time, the segment of maple leaves was set on fire aad the hunters retired to watch the effect. The rattle snake raised his head, moved about in a small circle, turned his head towards the burning leaves, coiled himself for a throw, gave his shrill rattle, and plunging into the flame, esped from the circle.—*Manchester Democrat.*

From the Journal of Commerce

"THE WILMOT PROVISO."

This celebrated proposition is arraying parties against each other and section against section.

Wherefore is this? The writer has mixed freely with North and South for many years, and professes to know something of the feelings of both. It is a prevalent feeling at the North, that the South desires to extend the limits of slavery beyond Texas, into territory that may be acquired from Mexico. This I must solemnly deny; and challange the proof. Is the proof to be *inferred* from the opposition of the South to the Wilmot proviso? No, that is a mistake; I fear a capital mistake. That proposition or proviso, is founded on the false assumption that the South aim to carry slavery beyond its present limits. Now, if this nation be fa'se, what becomes of the conclusion?

The South are opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, not because it aims to limit the extension of slavery, but because it is founded on a false assumption. The effect alleges a feeling that does not exist—it is meant to allege barbarity, and therefore does it become offensive.

The allegation is wholly gratuitous.

Although in principle the writer of this scrap is with the Wilmot Proviso—that is to say, he is as decidedly against the extension of slavery beyond the Rio Grande as the rankest abolitionist; yet he thinks the agitation unecessary, mischievous, and calculated to defeat the object in view. Why can't the principle embraced in that proviso be allowed to slumber until the naked proposition comes up to carry slavery over the Rio Grande? It will be time enough then to resist it; and the writer hopes every good man, North and South, will help to put it down; and there is no doubt power enough to put it down at once, peaceably and constitutionally.

Ye Democrats! ye Whigs! who profess yourselves to be favorable to the Wilmot Proviso, are you afraid to trust majorities? Dare you tell the people that? If not afraid to trust the people, then why foreatall them? The progress of education through the country will qualify the future to take care of itself; there can be no fear that the free principle will travel backward; posterity requires no counselling from the present generation in this matter. When New York was a slave State, whence came the coercing that forced her to become free? It was simply her interest—there lay the coercive power.

☞ The English girl spends more than one half of her waking hours in physical amusements, that is, in amusement which tend to develope and invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She *rides*, *walks*, *drives*; rows up the water, runs, dances, plays, swings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this without having it forever impressed upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit, which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a necessary consequence is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in subordination; her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much, at the age of seventeen, as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not, but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hot-house culture, and though maturity comes later, it will last proportionably longer. Eight hours each day of mental application, for girls between the ages of ten and nineteen years, or ten hours each day, as is sometimes required at school, with two hours for meals, one for religious duties, the remainder for physical exercises are enough to break down the strongest constitution.

THE MORNING POST.

E. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1847.

☞ E. W. Carr, United States Newspaper Agency, Sun Buildings, N. E. corner of Third and Dock, and 440 N. Fourth street—is our only authorised agent in Philadelphia.

Telegraphic Despatches.

Our readers may, perhaps, wonder why we have given them no telegraphic news, for some time past. They may learn, then, that three of the daily papers (the Post being one) entered into a contract to receive those despatches, and pay equally for them. Two of the number have regularly paid their bills—while the third is said to be largely in arrears to the company. We will soon be able, we think, to make an arrangement by which we shall furnish regular reports, as heretofore.

The President's Message.

This able and most interesting State paper, we presented to our readers on yesterday morning, only 42 hours after its announcement to both Houses of Congress. It would have been laid before them several hours earlier—only in consequence of some misunderstanding with the conductors of the Magnetic Telegraph, by means of which it was communicated to Pittsburgh.

It will be seen that Mr. Polk takes high ground on the subject of the war with Mexico; and on no point are we left merely to infer his views. This message will be spoken of, we hesitate not to say, as one of the most able that has ever emanated from an American Executive. The assertion of the plain, bold proposition, that "The doctrine of no territory is the doctrine of no indemnity," shows that, notwithstanding the many statements to the contrary, by Federal editors and others, the President has not mistaken the views and feelings of the mass of the People; and that, despite the opposition which may be made to him, he will prove faithful to their interests; and will duly reflect their will. Such a course of policy as will sustain the honor of the country, will alone receive his sanction; and a more vigorous and efficient movement against Mexico, is his most ardent wish. A brief period will determine, whether the majority in Congress are disposed to sacrifice all patriotic considerations, at the shrine of their party.

In relation to the general affairs of the country, the message is clear all explicit; and the recommendations contained in it, are such as, we think, will prove acceptable to the political friends of the President in general.

We would like to give a much more general review of this important document, but have not had the time, as yet, to examine it as critically as we could wish. We commend it to the attention of our readers—in the full assurance that they cannot rise from its perusal, unfavorably impressed in relation to the ability and patriotism of its author.

For the Morning Post.

An Outrageous Statement Corrected.

In the Pittsburgh Gazette of the 29th ultimo there appeared a misstatement of the number of deaths of the Pennsylvania Volunteers in Hospital at Perote, stating the total at 445!! from first June to 28th October. Whether this enormous exageration, (which I have not yet seen corrected,) arose from mere carelessness; or in consequence of an extra effusion of pro-Mexican zeal at that moment, *the wish* became father to the misstatement, I leave it to the editor himself to say. I have taken the trouble to examine the full list of names given in the New Orleans Delta, and discover the gratifying fact, that the editor of the Gazette, in his hurry, (or, I dare, over anxiety,) has killed off just 373 Pennsylvanians more than he had warrant for. It was this, I presume, which set the young whigs so much a-crying. See the proceedings of their meeting on the 24th, where they "blush" and "deplore," "and saddest of all" they "bewail" the "ruined health" of—of—40,000 soldiers (besides 15,000 more actually dead,) and all for going, "in the middle of the nineteenth century," to draw the sword against a "younger sister." Ah, see how these young fellows love the girls! Mexico, with her guerillas, murderers, robbers, and cut throats, is their "*young sister.*" Oh!—Oh! But to return to our correction. The *true* statement is as follows:

Deaths, at Perote, of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

From 1st June to 1st July	27
" 1st July to 1st August	26
" 1st August to 1st Sept	12
" 1st Sept. to 1st October	5
" 1st Oct. to 30th do	2
Total	72

Instead of 445. Of these, 20 were of the first Regiment, and 52 of the second. All the other deaths at Perote, during the above period, were Regulars, and a few South Carolina, New York, and some other volunteers. B.

Mississippi.—The Democrats have swept the State—electing all their State officers. The majority on the Governor's ticket is upwards of 12,000—the Senate stands, 25 Democrats, 7 Whigs; and the House 76 Democrats, Whigs 24. *Only* 69 Democratic majority on joint ballot!

From the Pennsylvanian.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD LETTING.

The Board of Directors of this road, held their letting at Lewistown, on the 29th of November. The contractors names, appear below; and they have engaged to do the work at a fair rate, over a rough country, as a great part of the route is from Mifflintown to Lewistown—the average being less than $9000 per mile. The labor on the 22 miles let last summer, has progressed rapidly, most of the grading being already completed. The bridge section, four miles above Harrisburgh, is in charge of Capt. Tustin, in a great state of forwardness, and only awaiting a favorable stage of water to commence the pier work and superstructure.

The Directors have returned, highly gratified with the manner in which the grading has thus far been completed, and full of the hope that a complete realization of all the benefits expected from this enterprise will soon accrue to the stockholders, citizens of Philadelphia, and the State at large.

Sections.		*Sections.*	
22.	Nagle & Lee	42.	Laverty & Irvin
23.	Joseph Bailey	43.	do.
34.	D. Custer & Co.	44.	Michael Quinlin
25.	do.	45.	Shoemaker & Passmore
26.	Rody M'Gee		
27.	P. Donnelly	46.	do.
28.	Wm. Buffington & Co	47.	J. & A. Dougherty
29.	do.	48.	do.
30.	James Nead	49.	A. & Perry Martin
31.	Thomas O'Brien	50.	Willis & M Reynolds
32.	M'Conahue & Co.	51.	B. P. Collins
33.	Eastman & Adams	52.	Edward Karns
34.	James Nestor	53.	John Gainer
35.	Walton & Mills	54.	Casper Dull
36.	J. Lafferty	55.	Creswell & Oliver
37.	Means, O'Hara & Co	56.	Ed & J. V. M'Govern
38.	W. G. Thompson	57.	D. & H. Saltsberry
39.	Wm. M'Allister	58.	Wm. Clark & Son
40.	Dolan & Elliott	59.	Ralph Vogle
41.	William Nead.	60.	Galbraith & Waters

Letters from the Second Regiment.

HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS,
City of Mexico, 27th Oct., 1847.

DEAR GILLIAN:—You will perceive, by the above, that I am in the City of the *Aztecs* and reveling in "*them Halls*," that we have so often talked of; and, judging from the length of time it has been, since I have been able to write to you, I suppose you, long ere this, think me numbered with the missing; but I am still right side up, and in hopes that you keep your legs under you, as stiff as ever. I have much to write about, but refer you to a Package I send to my father, with authority to let you read it. I received a letter from you before we left Puebla, dated 1st June; for which I return you my hearty thanks. We have been several times deceived the hope and reports (camp news,) of a speedy return home; but the prospect don't appear any better now, than when we landed at Vera Cruz. It's true, we have got to their Capital; fought with, and whipt them, in ten or twelve battles; taken from them between five and six hundred pieces of artillery, with any quantity of small arms, and ammunition enough (if in the hands of good men) to drive our little squad back into the Gulf of Mexico;—and still they hang out.

They have moved their Congress to a place called Queratarо, 10 leagues from here, where they are at present in session, with a portion of Santa Anna's cowardly troops standing over them, for the purpose of overawing them, and to keep them from speaking of peace; but wait awhile, until the reinforcements come up, (which we expect every day) and we will send a few blue jackets out there, who will make them *baumis* (rub) in double quick time. That is said to be the calculation, as soon as they come up. At present there are hardly enough of us to feel secure in the city; and for a week or two, after we got possession, there was scarcely a night, when there were not two, three, or more Americans assassinated in the streets. Even the sentinels were stabbed on their posts; and the cowardly rascals, who were afraid to meet us face to face, in daylight, would find a way to stab our men, at night; but they had men to deal with, who would not bear with such proceedings long, so they began to retaliate; and for the life of one of the New York Regiment, they took eight; and now the place has become comparatively quiet—the stores and shops, that were all shut on our entrance, have all opened up, and business is brisker now than it has been for some time before in this city.

You must not think that I am dying for home—for I am just as happy as any soldier can be. There are lots of fun here. I can go to a Spanish *Fandango* any night in the week—more particularly on Sunday—one half American soldiers, the other Mexican *Senoritas* of different grades of color, and conditions in life. I have bought a fiddle, and we raise a fandango in our quarters whenever we please. We had a regular *Irish Green* Ball some nights ago; and in the morning, just as I was getting out of bed, my head began to reel—the earth appeared to shake, &c.; thinks I—I have taken too much of that brandy last night; but seeing consternation on all the countenances round me, and running into the street, I saw the Mexicans, in great numbers, on their knees, praying to the Creator to avert the doom which appeared to threaten them. It was a heavy shock of an earthquake. I set it down among the catalogue of dangers through which I have passed since I came to Mexico.

I received a letter from Joe Portsman, dated May 9th; he was then at Brazos Santiago, Texas; I had no chance of answering him; as there was no mail left for the States, after I read his letter. He said he did not intend to stay there long. It he has got back to Pittsburgh, let him write to me; or if any of you know where he is, write to me, and let me know.

Your affectionate friend,
WM. CRAWFORD.

CITY OF MEXICO,
October 24th, 1847.

Dear Parent;—In my first letter to you, I stated that I enjoyed good health in this country; and how I have escaped,—not receiving the least injury, in the many dangers and difficulties that I have encountered; for all which I return thanks to God, for his mercy towards me, still enjoying the hope that I may be spared to get back to my home. I shall now proceed to give you a brief history of the many battles that have been fought, in the Valley of Mexico; but I suppose, ere this, you have had a more correct account, than I am able to furnish:

On the seventh day of August, the army was put in motion from Puebla, to advance upon the Capital; and on the 19th of the same month, the first battle took place at Contreras, where the enemy were entirely routed; leaving twenty-two pieces of artillery on the field, which fell into our hands, with a large number of prisoners. During the action, the 2d Pennsylvania Regiment of volunteers, remained in San Augustin, to guard a large wagon train, containing money and provisions for the army; which was threatened to be attacked by a body of Lancers, numbering four or five thousand. They, however, kept at a very respectable distance. Early on the morning of the 20th, the 2d Regiment, together with two Regiments from Worth's Division, were started on the march for the scene of action. We hastened, with all speed, to join our comrades. When near the place, a loud shout was heard, which was caused by the victory being ours. Gen. Twiggs had taken up his position during the night, and the work was done before we reached him. Gen. Worth countermarched the three Regiments back to San Augustin.—The enemy fled to Churubusco, where they had another strong battery; but here they were again defeated, on the same day; leaving upwards of thirty pieces of cannon in the battery,—among which were three guns taken from Gen. Taylor, at Buena Vista. An armistice then followed, which lasted from the twenty-second of August, to the seventh of September; when Gen. Scott notified the enemy, that they had broken the armistice, and he would commence operations.—He was as good as his word; for early on the 8th, the roar of cannon and musketry was heard in the direction of the City. The Second Pennsylvania Regiment being in San Augustin, and not knowing that the armistice was broken, were in suspense to know what caused the firing,—when the news came that the enemy had been again defeated at a place named Molino del Rey. But victory was dearly gained; for the American loss was upwards of seven hundred, killed and wounded. Among those wounded, was Capt. Guthrie, from Pittsburgh, and Lenox Ray, belonging to his Company. All the troops remaining in San Augustin, were marched to a small town called San Angles, where the Second Regiment quartered until the evening of the 11th of September, when we received orders to march. That night, about eleven o'clock, the whole Division halted, and slept on the road side until two o'clock in the morning; when the order was given to march onward. When within a half mile of the Castle of Chapultepec, our regiment was divided into different parties, to help to throw up batteries. The Company to which I belong, threw one up, and mounted two large guns, consisting of one 64 pound howitzer and one 24 pounder, which proved very destructive to the enemy in the Castle. The battery was not finished when daylight appeared. All were afraid that we would be discovered and receive a shot from the Castle before we could retire under cover.—The men worked with renewed activity, to get done. In a very short time, the enemy discovered our situation; and then they opened their fire upon us.

Capt. Porter's company, with two others, which were on the ground, retired under shelter; and remained as a reserve in case the enemy should charge the battery. The Castle is a beautiful building; and it stands on a high hill; but its beauty was considerably diminished before night, by the big guns of the Americans. At length the morning of the 13th September came, on which the grand effort was to be made. The Castle was charged, and carried at the point of the bayonet; and the flag of our country waved from its battlements before ten o'clock that day. The second Pennsylvania Regiment formed a part of that storming party; and the glory that has been attached to the line of troops furnished by old Pennsylvania, during the revolution and the last war, was not in the least diminished, on the 13th, by the second Regiment. The Mexicans retreated towards the city in dismay; but rallied to make another stand at the different gates. The road on which General Quitman followed the enemy (he being our General) was the strongest fortified of any around the city;—for the Grand Citadel of Mexico is situated where the road enters the Capital. The second Regiment suffered severely from the fire of the Citadal, and a battery at the entrance of Cosme Gate. You might have an idea of how heavy and hot the fire was, when, out of nearly three hundred men, reported fit for duty a few days previous, one hundred and twenty-two were either killed or wounded. Night at length put a stop to the dreadful work, and the General gave orders to fill sand bags to make a breast work, to protect us from the fire in the morning, to which we were exposed on the preceding day. What was our surprise to see a white flag come in the morning, from the city. Yes, the enemy knew, full well, that preparations were going on during the night to renew the fight the next day; and they made good their retreat from the capital, leaving a free entrance for the "Vandals of the North," as they style Americans. The Army had no sooner entered the capital, when the strictest military discipline became necessary. Soldiers had their throats cut by wandering to remote parts of the city. Sentinels were killed while on guard. Squads of five and six men would go to Mexican taverns, get drunk and quarrel; when the Mexicans would fall upon them with their knives, either killing or cutting them in a most shocking manner. A month or more has elapsed since our troops first occupied the city; and all has now become peace and quiet. The white flags that floated from every house as an emblem of protection have all disappeared. Stores are no longer closed; and business begins to assume its usual aspect. The people also think that the Americans are not such robbers and rascals as they were represented to be. I shall now draw mi letter to a close; hoping that the next one I write, may be in my own native country, when I shall no longer be subject to the rules and regulations of a soldier's life.

I remain your most affectionate son,
EDWARD SMITH.

For the Morning Post.

James Buchanan.

It is presumed that, at the approaching Democratic National Convention, the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency, will be conceded to the northern States. In this event, there is no State in the whole Union, which can present as strong claims as old democratic Pennsylvania. In all the great contests for the maintenance of democratic principles, and the retention of that power, the exercise of which has made us a great people, and consolidated an extensive and growing empire, what State has fought the good fight, and led the way like Pennsylvania? She has ever been foremost among the advancing! She has ever been the fulcrum of the democratic party, and thus she has acquired the expressive and appropriate appellation of the Keystone of the federal arch. And yet, since the foundation of the government, no one has been selected from within her borders as a democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York and Ohio, have been permitted to take the precedence, and Pennsylvania has stood in the back ground. It is now time, however, that her claims should be pressed upon the National Convention.

Of the several distinguished individuals whose names have been used in connection with the Presidency, there is no one, I believe, who stands so strong in the affections of the people of Pennsylvania, as JAMES BUCHANAN. He is by birth a Pennsylvanian, and a Pennsylvanian in feeling. He has risen from humble life, to his present distinguished position, by the force of his talents, and by a purity of life and conduct which has carried with it the esteem and regard of men of all parties. Mr. Buchanan is unquestionably the soundest statesman now at Washington. His papers from the department of State, indicate a peculiarly able mind, combining great sagacity with singular prudence and caution. Without ultraism, his course has been always open and manly; and *un biguity* is not one of his resources, when called up on to define his position. He has never truckled for office; nor has he ever trafficked with his vote for *ulterior purposes*. He has ever been for the good of his native State, and that of the whole Union. At the Baltimore Convention of 1844, in order to promote harmony and unanimity, he with drew his name from the list of nominees, and thus sacrificed himself.

With these views, I ask the Democracy, not only of Pennsylvania, but of her sister States, to respond to the name of James Buchanan for the Presidency. Let the democrats rally at their primary meetings and county conventions, and let them instruct their delegates to carry to Harrisburgh, on the 4th of March next, the assurance, that James Buchanan is the choice of the people!

SIMON SNYDER.

Correspondence of the Morning Post.

WASHINGTON, Saturday night, 12, M.

ED. POST.—Sir—The great agony is over. The whigs held their caucus this evening and after four hours balloting and wrangling succeeded in nominating the following officers:

For Speaker, R. C. Winthrop of Boston.
For Clerk, J. T. Campbell, of Tenn.
For Sergeant at Arms, N. Sargent of Pa.

Giddings, Adams, &c., took no part in the caucus, and may kick over the whole affair on Monday. I will inform you of the events as they occur.

Yours in the bonds, M.

For the Morning Post.

THE PRESIDENCY—GEORGE M. DALLAS.

As the Democrats of this State will shortly be called upon to express their preferences for the Presidency, I ask leave through your columns to make a few suggestions in relation to that subject.

It is generally conceded that Pennsylvania is entitled to the nomination. Such being the case it becomes her to bring forward her ablest and strongest man, and to present him to the Convention, if possible, with the unanimous approval of his own State. The question then arises who is the strongest man in Pennsylvania, and whose name is most likely to receive the concentrated vote of her democracy. This is a question with regard to which there may be some diversity of opinion, but it is a question which can easily be settled by recurring to certain facts which must be taken as unmistakeable indications of the feelings of the people.

Last week the Democracy of Philadelphia county, in one of the largest meetings ever held in that county, expressed their decided preference for 'Pennsylvania's favorite son,' George M. Dallas, and urged the propriety of his nomination in strong terms on the party. This is Mr. Dallas' own county, and that was the expression of his neighbors, of those who had known him long and intimately, and who now wish to show their appreciation of his talents, his integrity, and his devoted services to his party and to his Country, by placing him in nomination for the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. Had they spoken otherwise, had this vast assemblage of his party in his own county refused to endorse him, or had they by any act of theirs shewn any want of confidence in him, I would have thought it the duty of the party to hesitate and to look elsewhere for their nominee, because I consider that a man's own immediate neighbors, having the best opportunities, are but able to form correct opinions of him.

Lancaster county, too, the *home* of Mr. Buchanan, in a way and on *an occasion* not to be misunderstood, has manifested her decided preference, and will send delegates to the convention in favor of George M. Dallas. In fact, I believe there is but little difference of opinion on the subject in the Eastern part of the state. They know there that Mr. Dallas will awaken greater zeal, and carry more strength with him into the contest, than any man who can be placed in the nomination—They see the enthusiasm of the people in his favor and they know that it is spontaneous, not brought about by the bestowal of official patronage, nor fanned into life by hireling partizans.

I am doing no injustice then to any one, when I say that Mr. Dallas at the present time, is by many thousands the strongest man in Pennsylvania, nor in saying that Pennsylvania will rally to his support with more zeal and with more certainty of success than with any other candidate that can be nominated. Why it is, I will not pretend to say, but, that so it is, no candid observer will deny.—Perhaps it may be accounted for in the fact, that Mr. Dallas not only is, but *always has been* a Democrat. He is a Democrat *now*, in the war of 1847, and he *was* a Democrat in the war of 1812. Always found riding with the country and with her interests, he was among the foremost to take his stand along with the great and good Jackson in the war which he declared upon the United States Bank, and no threats or persuasions could drive him from his position until the final overthrow of the monster. Since then he has filled various high trusts always with fidelity to his country, and in a manner reflecting credit on him self.

This then is the man, whom Pennsylvania presents to the Union, as her "favorite son," asking credit at their hands, when she tells them he is worthy of their confidence, that no trust reposed in him will be misplaced, and that his whole life from his youth down to the present time is a guarantee of what his future course will be.

In conclusion I will say that I have no inclination or desire to disparage the claims of other candidates. But the stake in this contest is a high one, and if we wish to win it, we must play for it carefully. We must select as our candidate, a man who is strong in the affections of the people, and whose past life present few vulnerable points to our enemy. In looking for such a candidate, I in common with a great majority of the Democrats of this State, have concluded, that George M. Dallas is the man. NO COMPROMISE.

Death of Mr. Hugh Bellas Alward.

We have received a copy of the "Flag of Freedom," published in Puebla, Mexico, containing a notice of the decease of the estimable young gentleman whose name is given above. With his many friends, we can unite in lamenting his early death; for it was our fortune to know him intimately, and we always looked upon him as the possessor of every generous and manly quality.

"When blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand."

We give below, the notice of his death, as published in the Flag of Freedom.

Died.—In the city of Puebla, Mexico, on the 26th inst., H. B. ALWARD, private in the "Duquesne Greys," Capt. John Herron, 1st Pa. Reg. Volunteers.

The deceased was a young man in the prime of life, and universally beloved by all who knew him. For a number of years previous to his volunteering to fight the battles of his country in Mexico, he was a clerk in the U. S. District Court, for the Western District of Pennsylvania, where, by his business qualifications, and strict attention to the duties of his office, he won the confidence and good will of all with whom he came in contact. As a soldier—he was brave and generous—as a man, affable and polite, and as a friend, trustworthy and confiding. "Peace to his ashes."

His friends may be assured that no attention was wanting on the part of Capt. Herron and his friends, to alleviate his sufferings in life and honor him in death.

A few days previous to his death, the detachment of which he was a member, was ordered to escort Col. Wynkoop's command to Perote, and few were left of the Regiment to perform the duty of burial, when the "Rough and Ready" and "Queen City Guards," together with the "Ohio Military Band," upon request, kindly assisted upon the sad duty, for whose promptness we feel grateful, and can as sure them that the "Iron City Volunteers" are ever ready at their call. Communicated.

We were happy to see the band of Col. Brough's Ohio Regiment, as well as a large number of its soldiers, turn out to the funeral of B. Alward, of the 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers, on Wednesday last. This is as it should be—soldiers should be brothers, and whether we belong to one State or another, we are all members of the same great family, fighting for the same cause, advancing the same interests, and the greatest possible harmony between the several parts will and must insure that brotherly feeling which all combatants for the rights of our country should have for each other.—*Flag of Freedom.*

Female Society.—Without female society, it has been justly said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated d'Alembert makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex, and to his own feeling. "We are in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities. Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival."

These are secret workings in human affairs, which overrule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our counsels, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavors. The great business of man, therefore, is the regulation of his spirit; the posession of such a frame and temper of mind as will lead us peaceably though this world, and in the many weary stages of it, affords us what we shall be sure to stand in need of, "*rest unto our souls.*"—*Sterne.*

LETTERS FROM MEXICO.—We publish two very interesting letters from Mexico, this morning.

LOCAL MATTERS.

LOCAL MATTER is scarce just now, and we are not in the mood to make extra exertions; loss of sleep and other causes, have used us all up. It is well for Printers that President's Message comes but once a year.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.—The Lecture before this Society, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. J. M. Lancaster, attracted by far the most numerous audience that we remember ever to have seen assembled, in this city, upon any similar occasion. The large and finely arranged Hall, presented an array of beauty, intelligence, and respectability, that told, more eloquently than words, the high estimate put upon the character and ability of the learned lecturer.

The subject—"TASTE"—difficult in itself, and not likely to present many features of interest or amusement, was treated in an able, ingenious and popular manner. It was logical, without being dry; and profound, without being tedious or wearisome. The view taken of the subject was, certainly, in many respects, novel and striking. The instruction and entertainment of all, was, corectly enough, the aim of the lecturer; and we are confident that the proper chords were struck, and the necessary impressions made. B.

SOMETHING NEW.—Hunker, Fifth street, who is always devising ways and means to please his friends, has made a new kind of sweetmeat, to which he has given a French name, *unpellable* by us. We suggest to those who love to taste things that are good and rare, to call and get a little.

PITTSBURGH VOLUNTEERS.—The Dispatch says that Charles Blakeman, of the Duquesne Grays, was lying dangerously ill in a New Orleans Hospital.

"Thomas Thornburgh, of the same company, and James McCutcheon, of the Blues, were expected to arrive from Vera Cruz on the 26th ult. The Rough and Ready Guards, Capt. Rowley, left New Orleans on the morning of the 24th, on the steamer Fashion, for Vera Cruz.

☞ The Neptune Ball, last evening, was very fine. We were in a few moments, and can say with truth, that it had all the appearances of a successful soiree. The company was large, notwithstanding the bad weather, which no doubt prevented many from attending.

FOURTH STREET ROAD, (or Pennsylvania Avenue, as it is now named,) is in a most horrible condition. In nearly its whole extent, from the vicinity of the Court House, beyond the city limits, it is almost impassible. Foot passengers cannot pass without being almost covered with mud from the passing vehicles; and wagons, &c., are often stalled on the way. The committee of the councils, who were appointed to attend to this thoroughfare, ought to do their duty. It is one of which much travelling is done; an the tolls are higher than on any road near tne city.

THE VIGILANT.—At a meeting of the Vigilant Fire Company, held on Monday evening, the annexed resolution was adopted, in consequence of the refusal of the councils to make the necessary appropriations:—

Resolved, That we will sell the hose carriage and every thing belonging to it, if councils do not grant our petition, before the first of January next.

☞ Is it true that the Depot of the Central Rail road is to be in Allegheny city? It is so declared by many who profess to know, and who have opportunities for gaining information. The public should know the intentions of the company.

☞ The hat store of Mr. M'Callan was entered on Monday night. The burglars left without booty.

☞ What are our city politicians about? Have they forgotten that there is a Mayor to elect soon? Candidates are to be nominated. We want some excitement, and Mayoralty elections are always exciting, ane sometimes very funny.

☞ Ladies can have Oysters served up in excellent style at the Athenæum. This is the most fashionable Saloon in the city; and the proprietors are all attention to their guests. The ladies' apartments are fitted up in superior style. We are anxious that they may be patronized.

☞ We have not yet been informed as to the truth of a story in circulation, about a watchman who permitted a burglar to escape merely because he had a knife.

E. M. STANTON, Esq.—It will be observed, by an advertisement, that this gentleman has entered the list of Attornies at the Pittsburgh Bar, notwithstanding the regrets of the Ohio papers.

☞ There were six very hard looking cases in the Tombs, on yesterday morning. Five of them were put out of the rain.

Death from a Slight Cold.—By neglecting those salutary precautions which common sense dictates, many, very many, fall victims to their imprudence. We have seen the young bride, blooming as it were, as the bird of paradise and the fair flower of hope, the pride of her father and the joy of her mother—her cheek flushed with anticipation, and her eye beaming with the soft expression of love—the gay dreams of life dancing on her fancy with the rich and varigated tints of the rainbows promise. We have seen all this changed—aye, the wedding garments for a shroud and the bridal chamber for this sepulchre of the dead; and all this from neglecting a common COLD. Now, before it is too late, use DR. ROGERS' LIVERWORT AND TAR, which gives immediate relief as thousands of our most intelligent families now admit of its most extraordinary cures. The gay, the beautiful, and the young speak forth its praise; and will, so long as it makes positive cures, and cheers the despairing family fireside. This medicine has made some of the most remarkable cures of Consumption, as can be seen in the certificates which can be had at J. C. Kneeland's; also at Messrs. Kidd & Co.'s, the Agents. It also breaks up the most distressing Cough, in a few hours time. dec10

TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, &c.—Who would for a single day scratch, when afflicted with the Tetter, Itch, or other diseases of the skin, if they knew who would relieve and cure them.

'Tis horrible to be obliged to rub and scratch when alone, but more horrible to abstain from it, [for decency sake,] when in company. Let it be remembered that DR. LEIDY'S TETTER & ITCH OINTMENT is the most efficacious of any other preparation in existence in curing the Tetter, Itch, and other diseases of the skin. As all diseases of the skin must arise from the impurity of the blood and the fluids of the body, and where such diseases be of long standing, and the constitution affected thereby, if Dr. Leidy's Sarsaparilla Blood-Pills be used with the Ointment, they will cure any case whatever, and if they do not, the money will be returned by Dr. Leidy. Most cases, however, will be effectually cured by Dr. Leidy's Tetter and Itch Ointment, unless the whole system is impregnated by the diseased humors, which will be completely carried off from the system by Dr. Leidy's Blood Pills, and the surface of the skin healed by the Ointment. Price of Ointment 25 cents. For sale by B. A. FAHNESTOCK & Co.
Cor of First and Wood, also cor of 6th and Wood streets. dec10

French Merinos.

A. A. MASON & Co., 62 Market st., will open this morning, 20 pieces of French Merinos, of the best qualities and most desirable colors, also 10 pieces of those very superior Cashmeres. dec10

DESPATCHES
BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.
EXPRESSLY FOR THE MORNING POST.

NEW YORK MARKET.

December 9, 3 P. M.

Stocks—Treasury notes are down to ¾ per cent.

Flour—The foreign news has failed to produce any material change in the market, which continues quite dull.

Grain—The market is at a stand. Prime Yellow Corn is selling at 80c.; Prime White is held at 78@80c. Oats, moderate sales at 49@50c. Rye, Prime is in good demand, and prices, as last quoted, continue steady. The market is quiet, and dealers awaiting private letters.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

December 9, 4 P. M.

Flour—The steamer's news has produced no material change. The markets are nominally as before. Sales Western brands at $6,40.

Corn Meal—The market has increased in firmness; and the article is held at $3,25.

Corn—Sales of 3000 bu. Prime Yellow at 56c.

Wheat—Sales Prime Red at $1,40.

Whiskey—Limited sales at 28c.

Pork—Less doing.

Cotton—Quiet, nothing doing.

Stocks—The market is dull, with a downward tendency.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

December 9, 3 P. M.

Flour—The foreign news has produced a marked change. The market is nominally as before. Howard street brands are held at $6,25; City Mills at $6,37.

Grain—There is a fair inquiry for good samples of Wheat, but poor lots are dull. Corn is in demand, with a good deal doing. Sales Prime Yellow at 70c. Oats are in better demand, with sales at 38@41c.

Provisions—dull for Pork and Beef. Sales of other articles, present little or no change.

Whiskey—Moderate sales at 28½c.

No material change in any of the articles not quoted above.

NEW DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS, BURK'S Building, Fourth street.

Hough & Anthony, Daguerreotypists from the Eastern cities, would call the attention of the inhabitants of Pittsburgh and the neighboring towns to their Daguerrotypes of citizens and others, at rooms in the Third story of Burk's Buildings, 4th street.

Persons wishing pictures taken may rest assured that no pains shall be spared to produce them in the highest perfection of the art. Our instruments are of the most powerful kind, enabling us to execute pictures unsurpassed for high finish and truthfulness to nature. The public are solicited to call and examine.

Persons sitting for pictures are neither required or expected to take them unless perfect satisfaction is given.

N. B. Opperators will find this a good depot for stock and chemicals.

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