For the Morning Post.

MY REMINISCENCES.—No. 4.

BY FRED. POWER.

CONTENTS:—Departure from Pittsburgh. Cincinnati. Anecdotes relative to Henry Clay. Baton Rouge—and Interview with General Taylor.

"That was a severe shower with which we were visited?" said a passenger on the American Eagle steamer, to a fellow-traveler. "Yes sirree, I guess it was nothing else," was the answer. Neither of them were in error. We had left the Iron City under a regular fall of snow, which ceased not until we had almost reached Cincinnati, when it very graciously left off; but the frost remained, and the air was exceeding chilly. Here there was an intermission of twenty-four hours—of which we took the advantage, and strolled over the principal part of the city; took a peep at Rockwell's circus; the churches; the College of St. Xavier; the Railway terminus, and other veritable establishments, generally. We would have left the Queen City with a quiet conscience, had it not been for an apparition in the shape of a four horse omnibus which intruded itself on our commiseration and attention.—Spirits of Jehu and of Taglioni! why did ye cast your maledictions, and with such a vengeance, on Cincinnati! Laugh at our astonishment you may, kind and indulgent reader; but it was no laughing speculation for us. So forcibly irresistible was the occurrence, that it actually carried (our thoughts,) back to the world's metropolis, and to Astley's Amphitheatre, to a scene in which Mr. William Betty drove around the area, in a carriage drawn by four Tom Cats!

On the opposite bank of the Ohio from her, of Park notoriety, there stands a building, which may be a church, for aught that we know to the contrary, and on the top of this building, there is something placed like the statue of a man. As a sort of feeler, we threw out a suggestion to a Kentuckian, that the object alluded to was a statute of Clay in the act of speaking: He did not gulp the dose, however; but replied, if it were intended for the great statesman, it should be represented shuffling a pack of cards!

A general conversation took place on the subject of Clay for the Presidency, which ended by a unanimous opinion given, that his friends would no longer hazard their votes. Yet one old fellow seemed determined to hold out to the last for "Harry." "Henry Clay," said he, "is a man every inch of him, dame Nature made him with her sleeves rolled up." "You had better put a little salt on that joke," was the replication. "Why so?" said he. "Because it's so stale that it wont keep much longer; besides in this country one man's as good as another, and a dod darned sight better!" A peal of hearty laughter followed this jest, after which a gentleman asked us "if it were a fact that a public banquet was intended to be given by the Whigs of Pittsburgh to Mr. Clay?" "We replied that we had heard of such a thing." "Then," said he, "the Merchants, Manufacturers, &c. should be reminded—and they might not take the hint amiss—to invite him some season of the year when the navigation is open, as it is a well known fact at Ashland," that "*three months of the year the Ohio river of Pittsburgh is frozen over, and three months it is almost dried up, during which time the navigation is closed, and consequently Pittsburgh never can be the Key to the western states, and to the Mississippi valley.*"

At Baton Rouge, some twenty of us, headed by a right worthy gentleman, Capt. Johnson, (brother to Ex-Vice President Johnson,) drew up in regular order at the residence of General Taylor, who was at home, and received us with the greatest affability, and kindness. Mrs. Taylor had been unwell for a considerable period, and the General was just recovering from indisposition, which had confined him to his room for some time. As we respectfully stood around that old man, the distinguished Hero of Buena Vista, and those other brilliant victories, which have wafted his fame to every nation of the earth, with what enthusiastic feelings of veneration, and esteem, did we contemplate his every look, and his every expression "unuttered or expressed." Byron boasts of having possessed "pride which not a world could bow," but with what pleasure do we smile at such an assertion, and poising the balance, find that pride, and scoffs, and vanity are light and airy, when weighed against the greater merits of worth, valor, firmness, patriotism, and moral courage."

From the Arsenal we proceeded to the Penitentiary, the gentlemanly superintendant of which took us through every part of it. A new wing has been added to this establishment, and for the honor of Pittsburgh be it stated, that the metal castings used in its construction were furnished by Knapp & Totten, of the Iron City.

On a plantation below Baton Rouge, a Gentleman of Pittsburgh, found five chameleons, which he carefully placed in a bottle, intending on his return to present them to a certain vagrant "*Spouter*" who is notorious for changing his colour like the little "varmint" in the bottle. But I wish this secret to be properly kept until the gentleman returns with the little present of Natives. It will be quite a surprise. Oh, cricket. 'Tis a pity that I can't be there.

With the Sunny South I am much pleased. The scenery of the Ohio and Mississippi is undoubtedly grand, and cold indeed must be the heart of the tourist, or other traveler, who can gaze on its beauties without bearing witness to its effect on the imagination. Coasting along wooded heights, and verdant bluffs, low prarie grounds and swampy cane brakes, the eye falls with rapture on the plantations so rich, so rare, and the perfume of Orange groves, and the appearance of the Peach orchards in full blossom is indeed exhilerating. Here on this day (the 30th Feb'y) the heat is as excessive as I felt it during any part of the last summer in Pittsburgh. How sweet it must be to reside in such a lovely country; to enjoy the brightness of that transparent sky, and rapturing gaze upon the azure vault of heaven. The wild woods, and the tall trees, from whose branches hang the long plumes of Spanish Moss, in which the Red, and the Blue birds, and the speechless paroquette, delight to revel: Oh, indeed it is charming.

Here we are, however, in the Southern metropolis—New Orleans—inhaling its pestilential atmosphere, the very smell of which sickens the heart. This appears to be the emporium, not only of sugar and molasses, but of the fruits, and productions of the tropics; of Cocoa Nuts, Bananas and Pine Apples; of Conk Shells and Canary Birds, Parrots and Spanish Lap-dogs; and of Rats! And yet Dr. Colton could not find a single long tail for his lecture last night. To the terror of the city fathers, and strangers visiting this city, the ship fever is raging irresistibly, so much so, that medical skill is unavailable. From this cause, it is expected that the citizens &c. will take their departure, sooner than usual, this season.

The play-going community have Dan Rice, Madame Bishop, Professor Risley, and Forrest, the Tragedian, who are nightly winning golden favors from the gulls; and General Tom Thumb arrives to-day from Havana, holds a levee this evening and to-morrow, and on the next day leaves for Quakerdelphia. The British ship Forrest Monarch, the largest vessel that ever entered the port of New Orleans, arrived here on Wednesday last.

The Louisiana Editorial clique appear to be very much tickled at the following couplet, which they have taken from an English paper:

"The time shall come when wives shall cease to scold,
And Pennsylvania bonds be paid in gold."

And again they laughed at the bare idea of either of these desirable circumstances taking place.

MY CONSCIENCE!

* Our friend Power is mistaken, if he means to say that the remark he has quoted originated with the "Sage of Ashland." That quixotic individual, John Randolph, of Roanoke, claimed the honor of originating that bright thought.—ED. POST.

☞ AT A MEETING of those favorable to a celebration of the approaching anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, held at the house of Hugh Sweeny, in Allegheny city, on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst.—On motion, JAMES CALLAN, Esq., was called to the chair, and *R. B. Roberts* appointed Secretary.

On motion, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That we will celebrate the coming 17th of March by partaking of a Supper, to be prepared by Mr. Hugh Sweeny, at the Fountain Hotel, in Allegheny City."

"*Resolved*, That the said celebration be entirely irrespective of party, and that *all* be invited to attend."

The following Committees were appointed to carry into effect the first Resolution, viz:

Committee of Arrangement—Hon. Hugh Davis, John Anderson, R. C. Stockton, Thomas Gibson, Esq., Andrew Burke, Esq., Henry S. Magraw, Michael Kane, Jno. Shipton, Hon. Cornelius Darragh, David Meeker, Robert McPall, John J. Michel, Esq., Dr. Alex. Black, Robt. Swan, James Armstrong, Robert M. Riddle, J. K. Moorhead, Dr. J. R. M'Clintock, R. C. Townsend, Geo. R. White, John C. Dunn, Gen. L. G. Clover, John Morrison, James Erspine, Hon. Samuel Jones, Col. W. H. Smith, Patrick Murphy, Esq., Robert Galway, Hon. Wm. Kerr, David Lynch, Ephraim Jones, Jr., John B. Robinson, William Birnie, James Watson, Samuel Roseburgh, Andw. McIlwain, R. C. Curling, Joseph O'Brien, Wm. M. Howe, John Magee, John B. Guthrie, Michael McCarthy, Henry Sproul, Saml. Cooper, John McClelland, Wm. B. McClure, Esq., Alex. Speer.

Committee on Treats.—James Callan, Esq., Maj. H. Keine, Col. Thomas Hamilton, R. H. Kerr, Jos. H. Riddle, Morgan Robertson, N. Buckmaster, Esq., Wm. E. Austin, Esq., Samel Painter, Esq.

Committee on Officers—Thos. J. Bigham, Esq., Hon. W. J. Howard, John Coyle, Lecky Harper, Col. Wm. H. Whitney, Col. John Taylor, John M'Devitt, M. Dan Maguahan, Esq., Henry M'Cullough.

On motion, adjourned.

The Morning Post.

E. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1848.

THE VOICE OF PENNSYLVANIA!

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

DEMOCRATIC ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.
WILLIAM BIGLER, of Clearfield.
DAVID D. WAGNER, of Northampton.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTORS.

I.	HENRY L. BENNER, Philadelphia	County.
II.	JOHN R. KNIGHT do	City.
III.	ISAAC SHUMA do	do
IV.	A. L. ROUMFORT do	do
V.	JACOB S. YOST, Montgomery	do
VI.	ROBERT E. WRIGHT, Lehigh	do
VII.	WILLIAM W. DOWNING, Chester	do
VIII.	HENRY HALDEMAN, Lancaster	do
IX.	PETER KLINE, Berks	do
X.	BERNARD S. SCHOONOVER, Monroe	do
XI.	WM. SWEETLAND, Wyoming	do
XII.	JONAS BREWSTER, Tioga	do
XIII.	JOHN C. KING, Clinton	do
XIV.	JOHN WEIDMAN, Lebanon	do
XV.	ROBERT J. FISHER, York	do
XVI.	FREDERICK SMITH, Franklin	do
XVII.	JOHN CRISWELL, Huntingdon	do
XVIII.	CHARLES A. BLACK, Greene	do
XIX.	GEORGE W. BOWMAN, Bedford	do
XX.	JOHN R. SHANNON, Beaver	do
XXI.	GEORGE P. HAMILTON, Allegheny	do
XXII.	W. H. DAVIS, Crawford	do
XXIII.	TIMOTHY IVES, Potter	do
XXIV.	JOSEPH G. CAMPBELL, Butler	do

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
ISRAEL PAINTER, JR.,
Of Westmoreland County.

IN THIS PAPER, THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES, TREATIES, RESOLUTIONS OF CONGRESS, &c., ARE PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

Morning Post Job Printing Office,
CORNER OF WOOD AND FIFTH STREETS.

☞ See advertisement on the first page.

☞ *Advertisers are requested to hand in their favors before 4 o'clock, P. M. This must be complied with, in order to insure an insertion. When it is possible, an earlier hour would be preferred.*

☞ E. W. CARR, United States Newspaper Agency, Sun Buildings, N. E. corner of Third and Dock streets, and 400 North Fourth street—is our only authorized Agent in Philadelphia.

A CARD.

Just as might have been expected from a man destitute of a single honorable principle, the Editor of the Journal published yesterday an article in regard to myself which is a tissue of wilful and malicious falsehoods from beginning to end. His statement that Mr. ALLISON sustained his slanders is a deliberate lie. So long as he remains a disgrace to the press of this city, I may be made the subject of his personal malignity, but I assure him that I am as indifferent to his abuse as the moon is to the barking of a dog! I hold ROBERT M. RIDDLE, to be a deliberate and malicious liar and calumniator, and brand him as such; and if he can get a respectable citizen of Pittsburgh who will say that his life and character do not bear out my allegation, I shall agree to forfeit every claim to the character of a gentleman.

March 15. 1848 L. HARPER.

Our Campaign Paper.

From present indications, there is no doubt but that we shall obtain an immense circulation for our proposed Campaign Paper, *The Jeffersonian.*—The Democracy, generally, decidedly approve of the project, and many of the most influential members of the party, have promised to use their best endeavors to give the paper a wide and extensive circulation. The terms of the paper are so cheap that it will be brought within the means of every Democratic voter in the West. The paper will be spicy enough to please the taste of all kinds of readers—in fact, it will be *all-spice!* The Mexicans and their allies and friends in this country, will receive as much cannister and grape as they can possibly desire!

Mr. Hampton's Buncombe Speech.

On Tuesday last, the 9th inst., the Hon. MOSES HAMPTON, our Representative in Congress, spent an hour, in making a Buncombe speech, in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of setting himself *rectus in curia*, before his constituents. Our readers will remember, that soon after the beginning of the session of Congress, Mr. HAMPTON voted with the Democrats, against the ASHMUN resolution, declaring that the "war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President;" and they will also remember, that Mr. HAMPTON, about the same time, brought in a proposition to annex Mexico to the United States. Both of these acts, rendered Mr. H. so odious and unpopular with his Federal supporters at home, that they took occasion to denounce him, *sans stint*, in their public meetings and in their private circles. It was generally believed, that HAMPTON had actually turned loco foco; and his beautiful and interesting brother-in-law, Aleck Miller, was not far from being crazy, on account of the thousand-and-one questions asked him by the feds, concerning the supposed somerset of Moses. To set matters right, Hampton wrote to Miller, communicating the highly important intelligence, that he had not turned loco foco! and attributed all the fuss that was kicked up at home, to one or two persons who were desirous of being at Washington in his stead! He announced, at the same time, that he would take occasion, the first opportunity that would be presented, to "define his position" on all the great questions of the day,—the Mexican War—the Tariff—Internal Improvements,—and blow up this wicked Administration, generally, and reinstate himself in the good graces and confidence of the "Whigs" of Allegheny county. Well, his speech has been made—and thus far his promise has been redeemed! But does he say anything about the war? Not a word. He does not explain his scheme to annex Mexico, or his vote on the Ashmun proposition. Perhaps, he will excuse himself, by saying, that these matters would have been out of order, in discussing the River and Harbor Bill; but not a bit more so, than the Tariff of 1842, which Mr. H. exhumed from the dead, for the purpose of galvanizing, and eulogizing its defunct carcass. Mr. Hampton has rode med his promise, however, to make a speech; and he can now "breathe freer and deeper." But so far as we can learn, this Buncombe effort, is considered by the "Whigs" of this city, as a "most forcible feeble" affair; and it will entirely fail to secure a re-nomination for its author—a thing his heart is panting after, most fervently. With all his cunning and scheming, Mr. Hampton will not be re-nominated. His Taylorism, will effectually floor him in Allegheny county. A demonstration has already been made in behalf of other "Whigs;" but there is no person willing to say one word in behalf of Mr. Hampton—not even Aleck Miller! THOMAS WILLIAMS and HARMAR DENNY have already been brought forward by the Whigs. The former is understood to be the favorite candidate of the "young Whigs," or, more properly speaking, the "Clay Whigs,"—while the latter is believed to be the candidate of the Antimasons and Scott men. Mr. WILLIAMS is a man of intellect, and is popular with his party; and in these respects, he has the advantage over his rival. A. W. LOOMIS, Esq., is unquestionably the best man the Whigs could nominate. If he desires it, he can receive *the* unanimous nomination of his party at any time; but we have understood, that he will not consent that his name shall be used in connection with that or any other office of trust or profit. This being the case, there is no doubt, but that Mr. WILLIAMS will be the successful candidate for nomination. Our very particular friend, Mr. HAMPTON, will therefore, have permission granted to him to stay at home and practice at his profession—and mourn over the ingratitude of Republics.

☞ We understand that Mrs. Pierce Butler, formerly Miss Fanny Kemble, has been engaged by Mr. Simpson, of the Park Theatre.

Gen. Gideon J. Pillow.

The Federal papers throughout the country, almost without an exception, have given currency to all manner of scandalous reports, calculated to affect the character of this brave and gallant officer; and, even when there have appeared contradictions of the unmanly charges, they have not been very ready to admit these denials, or to make those disclaimers which are to be expected from magnanimous opponents. The New Orleans Picayune was foremost in circulating stories impeaching the bravery and honor of this valiant soldier; and among the fabrications which it circulated was one, that its correspondent and associate Editor, (KENDALL,) had seen the original letter signed "Leonidas," about which so much has been written and said; and that he saw in that letter alterations and interlineations made in the handwriting of Gen. Pillow himself. This letter, our readers will remember, spoke in the highest terms of Gen. P. as an officer, a man, and a soldier; and was the cause of his arrest *on suspicion* by Gen. SCOTT. Gen. PILLOW has certainly manifested less of concern about these infamous statements, than any one would have done, who could have adopted such a course as he has been charged with. He has written, (so far as we have seen,) but two letters in which he alludes to these slanders; and both of these were to intimate personal friends, to whose judgment he left the disposal of the whole matter. In the last of these, written to a friend in New Orleans, he most positively disclaims having ever seen, or having had any knowledge of the "Leonidas" letter, until it had appeared in print, and encloses a letter of Maj. Burns, in which this gentleman says that he is the author of that letter, and that Gen. Pillow had no knowledge whatever of its contents until any one else might have read it, from its appearance in the newspapers. So ends this vile charge against Gen. P. We wonder how many of the Federal editors will feel themselves at liberty to publish the denial, and thus do all they can to secure justice to the name of a gallant officer?

Responses of the Democratic Press.

Had we space to spare for that purpose, we would certainly publish the responses of the Democratic Press of Pennsylvania, to the nominations made at the late Convention at Harrisburgh. It is pleasing and soul-cheering to witness the entire unanimity of the sound and radical Democratic papers, that have so often and so faithfully battled in the cause of equal rights in good old Pennsylvania. The nomination of JAMES BUCHANAN is every where received with the best spirit imaginable, which must certainly have its influence upon the minds of the Delegates to the Baltimore Convention. When the Democracy of Pennsylvania pull all together they cannot be defeated. It is only when we are divided that defeat overcomes us, and it is right that it should be so. The principles of our party are founded upon eternal truth and justice, and when these are taken as our guide, we must and shall triumph.

Clerical Dress.

Under this head a writer in the Journal of Commerce gives vent to a considerable amount of indignation, because of the violent manner in which his refined nerves were assailed from the pulpit of one of the churches in that city. The nature of the offen e consisted in the pastor of the church having introduced into his pulpit an humble minister of the Gospel, "from the Western country," who wore "a capacious *black* stock round his neck," and who wiped his nose with "a huge bandana handkerchief;" which, whenever he had done using it, he put "under the good book." He says "the operation went on to the close of the sermon, and a most annoying one it was;" and then he gives the females of this gentleman's congregation a lecture, for not having prepared their pastor with "a goodly supply of cambric handkerchiefs;" closing with a pretty strong intimation that it is not *decent* for a minister of the gospel to appear otherwise than in "a full suit of black," "a white cravat," and "a cambric handkerchief." It may not be known to this exceedingly refined critic upon *appearances*, that the people of "the Western country," as a mass, look much more to the moral character of their fellow men, whether clergy or laity, than they do to the color or quality of the cloth they wear, or the peculiar cut of their coats. Such *refinement* may do for a city which contains more misery, and wretchedness, and vice, and want, than any other in our country, but the plain, honest, industrious, and independent population of the West do not regard them. They sustain their ministry as well as they are able; and the *refined* New York gentleman might *hear* (even if he is not capable of appreciating) eloquence from our Western clergy men of a character unsurpassed by any others.

For the Morning Post.

MR. HARPER:—Please give the following a place in your useful and widely circulated paper.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

I was present at Cumberland, Md., on the 9th inst., when the following conversation took place:

Mr. Wm. McKnight, of this city, asked Mr. David Lynch, why the friends of Mr. Buchanan allowed the Cass men to out-general them in the Convention. Mr. Lynch replied, that he knew of no underhanded game of the kind having taken place in the convention; and, moreover, that *every* delegate, *both* of the *State* and *National* Convention, was bound, in *honor*, to use *every fair* and upright means to secure the nomination of Mr. BUCHANAN by the National Convention; and that any departure from that, would be a direct violation of plighted faith, voluntarily given. Mr. McKnight then stated that John L. Dawson, Esq., one of your delegates to the State Convention, told him, in Baltimore, that the friends of Gen. Cass had elected 10 of the delegates to the National Convention; and that it was *perfectly* understood that Gen. Cass was the second choice of Pennsylvania. Mr. Lynch replied that Mr. Dawson must have intended to say that Gen. Cass had received *only* 10 votes out of the 133 that composed the State Convention; and that he *must* have been *entirely* mistaken, as the convention felt too confident of the success of our candidate to think of, much less provide directly or indirectly for, a second choice. Mr. Lynch then left us, but returned in a few minutes and asked Mr. McKnight if he was at liberty to repeat the conversation that had taken place between him and Mr. Dawson; when Mr. McKnight replied, by all means, for that Dawson made no secret of the matter, and that he could *not be* mistaken in regard to what Mr. Dawson had said on the subject.

Now, if the above course of Mr. Dawson is in accordance with the following *instructions*, for which he himself voted, he is excusable; but if this course is a *direct* violation of the letter and spirit of these instructions, it is only right that it should be met at the threshhold, to prevent *false* impressions going forth.

The following are the instructions alluded to, which were unanimously adopted by the Democratic State Convention, held at Harrisburgh, Pa., on the 4th March, 1845, which nominated James Buchanan for President of the United States.

Resolved, "That *each* and *every* delegate of this convention hereby *pledge* himself to use *all* fair, upright and honorable means to *promote* and *secure* the nomination of the Candidate *selected by a majority* of the Democratic delegates of Pennsylvania, before the national Convention for President of the United States.

☞ The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention have declared a *strong preference* for her favorite son, JAMES BUCHANAN, for the Presidency. Massachusetts has declared for Judge WOODBURY. Either of these great statesmen would receive an enthusiastic support from the Democracy of the Union.—*Cleveland Times.*

For the Morning Post.

THE SEER'S WARNING.

Yonder forest's deep gloom doth conceal a rude cot,
Long years have passed by, and it is almost forgot.
There, once, dwelt an old man, nor knows any name:—
His life was a mystery, and none knew his name.
He dwelt there alone, and with no one conferred:—
By those who oft saw him no murmur was heard;—
He ever was solemn, though gentle, and kind
To lord or to lady, to foeman or friend:
His thoughts seem'd to wander far, far from the earth,
As his keen eye would gaze on his desolate hearth;
And, oft though invited, he never would roain
From the forest around him: for that was his home.
Ere Sol waked the Morn might that old man be seen,
With tottering step, but with dignified mein,
Partaking with Nature her bountiful store—
Her fruits for his food, her great book for his lore.
Once, many had missed him—and days had pass'd on,—
He still was unseen. Had the old man, then gone?
Thus all would enquire, as they met and pass'd by,
And none seem'd to think that he suffering, might lie.
None, save a bright maiden, whose gentle breast, mov'd
By tender compassion, that old man had lov'd.
Alone, through the mazes of that dreary wood,
She sought his lone cot, took him med'cine and food.
And there, as she entered, she soon could descry
The old man alone, and now likely to die.
She smoothed his white locks, and with tenderest care
Though cold gloomy days did she minister there.
His voice was now failing, and sight seem'd to fade,
And still by his couch stood that tender-eyed maid:
When thus spoke the Seer, on the brink of the grave—
From sorrow and death that kind angel to save:—
"List, fond one, I pray thee,—oh! list what I say,—
Though gay ones surround thee by night and by day:—
For brief are the moments allotted me here;
And few now remain who were once wont to cheer.
My limbs have grown stiff, and my locks long been gray:
My spirit is leaving its mansion of clay:
Yet all of the past is now full in my view;
And something I see of futurity too.
Thy footsteps have lingered, when others were gone:
Thy sweet smile hath cheered me when dreary and lone:
Thy fair hand hath softened my pillow of care:
And even my sorrows thou kindly didst share.
I see thee now standing in maidenly pride;
But little thou dream'st of the woes that betide!
Oh! rank grow the weeds on our beautiful earth;
And little doth flourish of heavenly birth.
Then heed thou the warning I give thee in death,
And bend down thine ear to my last parting breath.
My last sigh shall bless thee, and bid thee beware,
And trust not thyself in the profligate's snare!
Soon one will attend thee, in moments of joy,
In whom trust thou not: he will seek to destroy
Thy pure, happy soul, and then bid thee despair.
Oh maiden! lov'd maiden, I warn thee beware!
One love thou dost cherish—oh! cherish it still;
It will shield thee from sorrow, from danger, and ill;
And if thou be constant, he never will prove
Unfaithful to thee, the dear maid of his love.
Enough from thee misfortune shall force him to roam,
He soul of thy soul will visit thy lov'd, happy home:
And nightly will linger, thy slumbers to guard—
Thy love his inspirer, his hope, and reward.
When waking, think thou of his passion for thee:
When sleeping, in dreams to his lone pillow flee;
In gloom, unto Heaven address thou a prayer:—
His voice will vibrate in sweet unison there!
Whenever thou meet'st one of a gay, happy throng,
Think thou of his love who hath bless'd thee in song;
And think of the tears thou hast shed o'er his woe,
Who for thee doth all social enjoyments forego.
Thy love unto him is more precious than life;
And, but in the name, than art truly his wife:
Do thou cherish, and that sweet influence shed;
Nor let him e'er feel that thou mourn his merciless dread.
The past thou dost know; and thou knowest the chain
Of affection, once parted, ne'er closes again:
The future's before thee, where, bid, thou mayst know
Lies thy portion of bliss, or thy burthen of woe:
The bliss thou mayst gain, when kind Fortune appears
In his path, whom thou lovest: but sorrow and tears,
And wrong, burning shame, and the mockery of scorn
May close thy career, if thou leav'st him forlorn!
Nay, start not affrighted! I speak but to save
Thy pure soul from sin, and thy life from the grave:
Be true to thy vows, and some score moons at most
Will bring the reward, (may it be true, or thou'rt lost!
A last word I give thee, and then I depart;
I know thy pure, gentle, affectionate heart
May trust to the smile which a villain can wear,
Who would seek to betray thee! Oh! maiden, beware.
Earth holds but few spirits congenial to thine:
And then now know'st—I have never known mine.—
And now, while my life is fast ebbing away,
I pray thee thou never thy faith with betray.
Trust thou in no man (t is the voice of the stars,
That never can lie—in earths tumults and wars,
They speak ever the same,) unless thou shalt find
He's possessed of a noble and generous mind:
And give him no thought who can ever deceive
Thyself or his friend. Thou mayst never believe
That his soul can be true. Now my blessing I give:
Be firm, and be faithful, and long shalt thou live."
Thus spoke the old man to that young maiden gay—
Nor turn'd she from hearing a moment away:
But when he had ended, she turn'd her aside
And bitterly wept. Ere the old man had died
She sought him again, and an eloquent prayer
To the Father of Life, forth she uttered there—
That He would sustain her, with strength from above,
To live for His glory, and live for her love.
And while thus she raised up to Heaven her eyes
That old man ascended to dwell in the skies:
And the maiden did wonder at death so serene:
But she knew he was happy; for good he had been.

LORENZO.

For the Morning Post.

Mr. Clay and Mrs. Polk.

The following well-told anecdote is taken from the Western Continent, published in Baltimore. It will be quite refreshing to our readers, these dull times:

It is doubtless known to our readers, that before his departure from Washington, Mr. Clay tendered a dinner party, with many other distinguished gentlemen of both political parties, at the President's house. The party is said to have been a very pleasant affair—the viands were exquisite, the wine was old and sparkling—good feeling abounded, and wit and lively repartee gave zest to the occasion, while Mrs. Polk, the winning and accomplished hostess, added the finishing grace of her excellent housewifery in the superior management of the feast. Mr. Clay was of course honored with a seat near the President's lady, where it became him to put in requisition those insinuating talents which he possesses in so eminent a degree, and which are irresistible even to his enemies. Mrs. Polk, with her usual frank and affable manner, was extremely courteous to her distinguished guest, and whose good opinion, as of all who adjust the hospitalities of the White House, she did not fail to win.

"Madam," said Mr. Clay, in that bland manner peculiar to himself, "I must say, that in my travels, I have seen much beauty, in all companies and among all parties, I have heard but one opinion of your charms. All agree in commending in the highest terms your excellent administration of the domestic affairs of the White House. But," he continued, directing her attention to her husband, "there is one, for that young gentleman there, I cannot say as much. There is," said he, "some little difference of opinion in regard to the policy of his course."

"I am certain that—"

But the laugh that followed this pleasant repartee which *lost nothing* from the manner *not* the occasion of it, did not permit the guests at the lower end of the table to hear the rest of Mr. Clay's reply. Whether he was "certain that" he should be the tenant of the President's mansion, or whether he only said he was "certain that" whoever did occupy it would find it in good condition; like the rest it of the coming contest for the presidency, remains a mystery.

☞ A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer says:

"The revenue from customs goes on increasing in a steady ratio. The receipts from 1st July last to the last of February inclusive, may be fairly stated at $24,000,000, so that the annual revenue from 1st of July, 1847, to 30th June, 1848, inclusive, may safely be estimated at $36,000,000. So the revenue increases during the war, as that of England did during the period of her wars with France. It would really seem as if the war stimulated enterprise of every sort, and imparted a new energy to the people."

☞ The Pittsburgh *Commercial Journal* is pleased to devote a whole column of words to the *Pennsylvanian*—in which we regret to find that it forgets equally propriety and truth.—As we are not of the class that prefer such a contest to an honorable or manly discussion, we must decline the personal encounter to which we are invited.—*Pennsylvanian.*

LOCAL MATTERS.

RECEPTION OF HENRY CLAY.—The following are the names of the *Committee of Reception*, appointed by the Meeting held on Tuesday:

A. W. Loomis, Hon. Hopewell Hepburn, Hon. Walter Forward, Wm. Larimer, Jr., W. Robinson Jr., Hon. Benj. Patton, Geo. W. Jackson, James Marshall, Major John Willock, D. Metcalf, James Crossan, R. Mackey, H. S. Magraw, Esq., T. Bakewell, Jonas R. McClintock, Morgan Robertson, Henry Children, G. P. Hamilton, George Singer, George Fortune, C. B. Scully, R. H. Kerr, James Gracy, Hon. Samuel Jones, John B. Bull, John B. Guthrie, R. S. Townsend, John Fox, (5th ward.) Capt. John Irwin, J. H. Ralston, R. Woods, S. F. Von Bonnhorst, C. Imbreen, Wm. Bull, Esq, Hon. Wm. J. Howard, Col. E. Trovillo, James Dalzell, Wm. Gates, David McLeiland, P. A. M-deira, Dr. Alex. Black, T. J. Bigham, A. McMaster, Esq., Albert Moore, Thomas Simpson, John Laughlin, Jacob Weaver, T. J. Marks, R. P. Tanner, H. D. King, J. D. Davis, John Small, John Gilfillan, John Ander on, Saml. Walker, Gen. Jas. H. Watson, Thomas Varner, Hon. Wm. Kerr, Wm. Leckey, Col. W. L. Miller, Col. Jas. A. Gibson, Hon. H. M. Brackenridge, J. Kelly, David Shields, George Bailey, Alexander Hilands, Capt. John Hay, Robert Galway, S. H. Woodward, Wm. McCully, Jared M. Brush, Joseph Pennock, Wm. Barnhill, Jo' n Harper, M. W. Lewis, John Aiken, J. Blakely, Esq., James Montooth, Joseph Cust, Rody Patterson, Caleb Lee, John McIlvaitt, Jas. Knox, Esq., B. C. Sawyer, Henry Stimple, T. A. Douglass, James Patterson, Jr., John Caldwell, James Fenlon, Chas. H. Paulson, Col. S. Butler, C. Fendrick, Alex. Carnahan, Jno. D. Miller, Jno. McCaskey, J. B. Sheriff, A. P. Ambury, Saml. Snowden, R. A. Fahnestock, Dr. T. F. Dale, Charles Avery, Thos. M. Howe, Jno. Graham, Jessee Carothers Paul A. Way, Hon. Charles Shaler, Major D. Lynch, W. B Foster Henry Barker, Jno. Beitler, Wilson McCandless, Hon. Jas. Riddle, W. H. Hartley, Major A. Beckham, T. B. Updike, C. W. Ricketson, James H. Irwin, Samuel Fahnestock, David Irwin, S. W. Caskey, Calvin Adams, J. J. Rogers, J. M'Donnel, N. Voegtly, G. L. Ross, Maj. J. B. Butler, J. Sheriff, S. Gormly, G. Ogden, J. Jack, T. Flood, M. Kane, Jr., J. Parker, Jr., J. R. Robinson, Wm. McCandless, Gen. W. Marks, Hon. W. H. Lowrie, Hon. C. Darragh, A. Burke, C. O. Loomis, W. M'Knight, Hon. W. Wilkins, Col. R. Carothers, C. B. M. Smith, John Allen Esq., J. M'Faden, Hon Wm. Porter, Wm. Eichbaum, C. Barnett, Capt. J. May, J. Shipton, J. Forsythe, J. Hanna, R. McKelvy, F. Lorenz, J. Painter, M. Allen, A. M'Illwain, J. Christy, A. H. Miller, David Sims, Wm. Algeo, Wm. W. J. Totten, Jno. McQuewan, Henry W. Williams.

SOUTH PITTSBURGH.—The long, tall borough has been organized, and will, on Friday next, elect their officers for the year. On Tuesday the citizens met in mass and put the following gentlemen in nomination for the various town offices:

Burgess.—JAS. Watt, Sr.
Justice of the Peace.—E. McAninch.
Council.—Daniel Davis, Jno. D. Miller, Benj. Blackmore, Jno. Beck.
Assessor.—Jno. Hanna.
Constable.—Jno. B. Sheriff.
Overseers of the Poor.—Joseph Ross, Joseph McKibbin.
Judge of Elections.—Jas. B. Blackmore.
Inspectors.—Wm. Young, Jno. Beck.
Constable.—Patrick Welsh.

CAPT. NICKELS.—We copy the following notice of this gallant soldier from the Vera Cruz Free American, of January 31:

In the list of arrivals by the last train, published in Saturday's paper, we omitted the name of Daniel Nichols, Quartermaster's agent, ex-Marshal of Pueblo, and formerly an aide to Gen. Lane, and now bearer of Quartermaster's documents to the city of Washington. Mr. Nichels has in his charge the body of the lamented H. A Moore, head clerk of Capt. Lane, whose remains likewise came down with the train. Mr. Nichols has done good service in Mexico; among other achievements, he captured the adjutant of Gen. Rea, at Puebla, in November last, and is favorably mentioned in the gallant Lane's report, for his coolness and bravery at Huamantla.—*Vera Cruz Free American.*

From the above it will be observed that we were mistaken in saying that Capt. NICHOLS belonged to the Maryland Volunteers. He is, however, a native of Frederick, Maryland. The Captain arrived in our city on Tuesday, and took lodgings at the Monongahela House. He left for Washington yesterday on the steamer Baltic. The little intercourse we have had with him convinces us that he is a gentleman as well as a soldier. He is a man who will make friends wherever he goes, and in whatever circle he moves. We wish him success in the object of his visit.

ST. PATRICK'S SUPPER.—We hope Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen will not neglect the supper to be served up by Mr. Sweany, on to-morrow evening. He will do it up in such a style as will render the entertainment pleasant even to a native. We understand that the company will be large, and of course agreeable, for we never attended a St. Patrick's Supper that was anything else. To those who love the delicacies of the table, we say go; and to those who love song and sentiment, we say go. All should be there.

THEATRE.—When we take into consideration the inclemency of the weather since the opening of this house, the patronage has been fine; and we believe the Manager is satisfied. The *stock* draws well; and why should it not, with Mr. Oxley, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Porter; and Miss Porter, and Miss Anna Malvina.

The entertainment promised for this evening is attractive, and we expect to see well filled boxes. No state piece has been announced yet. It is expected that a particularly bright one will shoot in among us some of these nights.

CONCERT.—The *Blakenoick Family*, from England, will give a Concert in Philo Hall, this evening. We have never heard them; but an amat eur who has enjoyed their music for one evening, spoke of them in strong terms of their powers. It is now some time since we have had a musical concert, and we think our citizens will feel disposed to patronize the Family, who present themselves this evening.

ARRESTED.—Will Watt, one of the fellows charged with committing a rape upon the person of a young girl near Wheeling, was arrested about sixteen miles from town, a few days ago, by officer Tyler, of Allegheny city, who immediately took him to Wheeling, where he is now in jail. The other offenders cannot be found; and the officers have given up all hopes of taking them. It is supposed that they are in some far off country.

BOY SHOT—NOT KILLED.—On Tuesday evening, two boys were quarreling in or near Burnside's Auction store, Allegheny city, when one of them took a pistol, and, the ball taking effect somewhere in the clothing of the other, and then lodged in the door. The boy who fired was at once arrested and brought before the Mayor; but at the time it was supposed that the ball had struck any one; and it appearing that the firing was accidental, he was discharged. No information has since been made.

FELL DOWN.—Before the Duquesne reached the fire in Allegheny, on Tuesday evening, a member, named John Merriman, fell to the ground, as if in some kind of a fit, and for a time seemed insensible. He was taken into a neighboring house and medical aid brought. In a short time, he recovered partially and was taken home.

STRANGE LARCENY.—Some rascal entered one of the Allegheny city wagon yards on Monday night, and drove out three fine cattle. He was seen crossing the bridge with them; but no other information has been obtained in relation to the thief or cattle.

QUARTER SESSIONS.—The March term commences on next Monday. The Jail is tolerably well filled; and many of the inmates are hard ones. To those who feel an interest in the "horrible," this session will be pleasant.

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