THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, here wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call—
"Your claims divide, the world is wide—
There's room enough for all."

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor:
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land, with sunny skies,
Where gold for toil is given,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance.
Up, leave your loathsome cities, now,
And toil for independence;
Oh, hasten; then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in land beside,
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime, that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune' tide—the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

Domestic Happiness.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joy of home? See the traveller does study call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; he quickens him to diligence; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him hope—"Thou shalt know also, that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." Oh! the joys of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what recommends him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, hastening home to enjoy sweet repose. Half way down the lane, by which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitants of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to thy house!—*Rev. W. Jay.*

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home—early home. There is magic in the *very* sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the house in which he knew a parent's love and found a parent's protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, wither, with a joyous troop like him self, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of feruls and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an occasion that called forth some generous exhibition of the noblest traits of human nature. There it is where he learned to feed some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made a home for himself, happier, even, than that which his childhood knew.

There are certain feelings of humanity, and these, too, among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fire-side. There is a sacredness in the privacy of that which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who disregards the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence which is not likely to be abused.—*Dr. Hawers.*

Indian Names.

We like Indian names when they are liquid and sonorous, and strike as gently on the ear as a Pandean pipe in a sequestered vale—and regret that all such names had not been retained when our fathers first discovered the rivers, lakes, forests and mountains of the new continent. Such names, for instance, as the following, properly accented, according to the Indian pronunciation, can hardly be improved in sweetness and melody—we rejoice that they have been retained in the white man's vocabulary: Susquehanna, Monongahela, Niagara, Amonoosick, Pemigewaset, Tuscarora, Winipiseogee, or Winepipisocky. But what shall we say of the following Indian names, which, according to Dr Jackson's Geological Report of Maine, are attached to some of the lakes, rivers, mountains, falls, portages, &c., in the unsettled portion of that State, viz: Aboljacknagesic River—Katachicwac Lake—Ambijejis Lake—Chigalapsagos Falls—Paugunkamus Portage—Sowadnebund River—Umpazookskus River—Caucomgomac River—Ponguongamook Lake—Meriumticook River—Wapshenhegen River—Bamnchenungsmuck Lake—Appmoojenegamook Lake, &c., &c., &c. These are almost as bad as the mellifluous word which the worthy Elliot introduced into his Indian Bible, to signify "kneeling down to him," and which is follows:

Wuttappesstukquasunnoowehtunkquoh!

a word, which, as Mr. Howard says in his Gazetter, would puzzle a Demosthenes to pronounce without an extra pebble stone in his mouth. Try it!—*Bos. Adv.*

Humble Origin of Literary and Scientific Men.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil? What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hearken to these facts: One of the best editors the Westminister Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal, was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the Times was a weaver in Edinburg; the editor of the Witness was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Bauff; the late Dr. Milnes of China, was a herdboy in Rhynia; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a saddler at Huntly; the leading machinist on the Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician was a druggist in Bauff; Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the pestle and mortar at Montrose; Mr. McGregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy in Rosshire; Mr. Wilson the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Heddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.—*English Paper.*

The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1849.

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

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☞ E. W. CARR, United States Newspaper Agency Sun Buildings, N. E. corner of Third and Dock streets, and 600 North Fourth street—is our only authorised Agent in Philadelphia.

☞ **For Commercial and River News, see next Page.**

The Latest News, Market Reports, &c., will be found under Telegraphic Head.

Slavery in the District of Columbia.

Considerable excitement prevails in the public mind, throughout the country, in relation to the proposition recently introduced in Congress, to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia. This is quite natural, as there has been no subject, since the organization of the Government, which has a tendency, so much as this, to disturb the peace of our beloved Union. Every good citizen must deeply regret the agitation of this question, as no good can possibly grow out of it, and unlimited mischief may be the result. Slavery, we admit, is the greatest curse that now stains the fair character of the American Union, but it existed at the formation of our present system of Government, and still exists, by force of the compact which was then entered into between the various sections of the Union. Maryland and Virginia, two Slave States, ceded to the Union, a strip of land, ten miles square, known by the name of the "District of Columbia." In this District, the inhabitants retained all their original rights in regard to the subject of Slavery.

Now, the question arises, has Congress the power legally, to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia? The powers of Congress are extremely limited; and are derived from the Constitution of the United States. What that Constitution *authorizes* Congress to do, they have the *power* to do—nothing more. A *strict* construction of the Constitution, is always the safest for the country; and thus viewing that instrument, we are honestly of the opinion, that it confers no such powers upon Congress. Besides being the National Legislature of the country, Congress are the Local Legislature of the District; hence, they are the agents or servants of the inhabitants of the District, and should not enact any laws in relation thereto, which the citizens of the District do not expressly authorize and request them pass. For Congress to undertake to force laws upon the people of the District, without their consent, is a species of tyranny, which every correct thinking man must condemn as wrong. The people of the District of Columbia have *not* requested Congress to abolish Slavery therein. The proposition originated with a few hotspurs in the House of Representatives, who are extremely fond of notoriety, and live and batten in the midst of excitement.

The time will come, (and we fervently hope that it is not far distant,) when Slavery will be abolished, not only in the District of Columbia, but in many States of the Union where it now exists. Public opinion, upon this subject, is undergoing a radical change. The Slaveholders themselves, in many places, admit that it is wrong to buy and sell human beings, like cattle in market; and had it not been for the violent conduct of the *pseudo* philanthropists, two or three States of the Union would long since have abolished Slavery within their limits. Of this there is no manner of doubt. Let Congress act no further on this subject than the Constitution of the country authorizes them to act, and there is no danger of the peace and harmony of the Union being continually disturbed.

Another Attempt to Reduce Wages.

We are told that the respective firms of Wood, Edwards & McKnights, G. & J. H. Shoenberger, Bissells & Semple, and Church & Carothers, Iron Manufacturers, of this city, have given notice to the hands in their employ, that they may soon expect a reduction in their wages. Two or three other firms have expressed a determination to give similar notice to their hands, and will no doubt do so. To their credit be it spoken, several manufacturers are opposed to this movement, and have declared that they will continue business, as usual, at the present prices, which they consider fair and equitable.

This reduction in wages is intended to apply, we are informed, to puddlers and boilers. Puddlers now receive $4,00 per ton, and boilers $6,00. Taking into consideration the wages paid to laboring hands employed in those branches, the prices mentioned are low enough in all conscience. That there is any necessity for any reduction in wager in this branch of industry, we utterly deny. The raw material is much cheaper now than it was a year ago, while there has been no reduction in the price of the manufactured article. The demand for all kinds of iron and nails is probably greater now than it was at any period heretofore. For the truth of this assertion, we will mention the fact that one establishment has been unable to fill all the orders upon it; and not long since, the raw material was taken from the wharf in the morning, manufactured into iron, and shipped off the same evening!

Then why should there be a reduction of wages? every one will ask. The boilers and puddlers have asked their employers the question, and only in one instance was there an answer given. A member of one firm frankly admitted that the object of the movement was to *break up the small establishments*, or, to use his own significant language, "the big fish are going to swallow up the little ones!" The wealthy monopolists are anxious to crush those who are doing a small business, and get them out of the way, in order that they may fix prices to suit themselves. Whilst they remain in a state of suspension, (which will be the inevitable result of a reduction of wages,) we will find petitions in circulation in every nook and corner of the city, asking Congress to pass more restrictive Tariff laws, so as to exclude from market every species of iron, the sale of which may interfere with the profits of the manufacturers here.

We are rejoiced to learn, that the hands employed in the iron establishments, have had the moral firmness not to submit to this tyrannical proposition to reduce their wages. They are not a class who will bow the neck to every imposition that may be attempted upon them. They are men of intelligence, who know their rights, and dare maintain them. They have capital of their own, sufficiently large in the aggregate, to establish themselves in a profitable business, whereby they can undersell those who now wish to crush them. It would be well for their present employers to think of this.

There will be a mass meeting of those who are employed in the different iron establishments, at Duffy's, in the Second Ward, on Saturday evening, next, and we anticipate a large gathering on that occasion, of those who intend to resist everything like imposition.

☞ Attorney General Darragh, we are informed, intends practising in this Court, instead of at Philadelphia, as has heretofore been the custom with the Attornies General of the Commonwealth. No appointment of Deputy Attorney General, will, therefore, be made for this county. The extensive private practice of Mr. Darragh, would, we should suppose, render his acceptance of the office with the proviso that he should reside in Philadelphia, a pecuniary loss.—*Journal.*

We are glad that Mr. Darragh is not to leave this city.

☞ We have heard but one opinion expressed in relation to this appointment—that is one of satisfaction. If all Gov. Johnston's acts be as unexceptionable as this appointment, his administration will be popular.

New and Important Discovery.

We announce a new discovery, (says the Washington Union,) as it is described in the following official communication from Lieut. Maury, of the Observatory, to the Secretary of the Navy. We thoroughly sympathise with him in the sentiments of national pride which it is calculated to excite. It is more. It is not only a tribute to our own country, but a contribution to all countries. It is a trophy of the age itself. The press is proud of disseminating such discoveries. We take peculiar pleasure in publishing the improvements of our enterprising countrymen, not only because of the benefit which they confer upon mankind, but because they tend to illustrate the national character: and more; because they are the evidences of the free institutions which we enjoy. A free people are always enterprising and always ingenious. They think for themselves. They cast off the prejudices which spring up from antiquated institutions, and which fetter the human mind. Men dare to tred boldly in new paths of discovery; and hence the variety of new improvements which are constantly contributing to the glory of our country,—the steamboat, the telegraph, the improvements in the steam engine and steamers, and hence the multiplication of new machines which crowd the Patent Office. Our countrymen have obtained such a character abroad that they are not now turned off from foreign courts, their propositions suspected and their discoveries neglected. Now, they are respectfully examined and frequently encouraged. We know of a gentleman who is now crossing the ocean with two applications to attest the ingenuity of our countrymen, who we trust will succeed in both his propositions.

OFFICIAL.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY,
Washington, Jan. 5, 1848,

SIR: I have the honor of making known to you a most important discovery for astronomy, which has been made by Dr. Locke, of Ohio, and of asking authority from you to avail myself of it for the use and exposition of this Observatory.

The discovery consists in the invention of a "magnetic clock," by means of which, seconds of time may be divided into hundredths with as much accuracy and precision as the machinist, with rule, and compass, can subdivide an inch of space.

Nor do its powers end here. They are such that the astronomer in New Orleans, St. Louis, Boston, and of every other place within the magnetic telegraph reaches, may make his observation, and at the same moment cause this clock, here in Washington, to record the instant with wonderful precision.

Thus, the astronomer in Boston observes the transit of a star as it flits across the field of his instrument, and crosses the meridian of that place. Instead of looking at a clock before him, and noting time in the usual way, he touches a key, and the clock here subdivides the second to the minutest fraction, and records the time with unerring accuracy.

The astronomer in Washington waits for the same star to cross his meridian, and as it does, Dr. Locke's magnetic clock is again touched it divides the seconds and records the time for him with equal precision.

The difference between these two times is the longitude of Boston from the meridian of Washington.

The astronomers in New Orleans and St. Louis, and every other place within the reach of the magnetic wires, may wait for the same star, and as it comes to their meridian, they have but to touch a key, and straightway this central magnetic clock tells their longitude.

And thus this problem, which has vexed astronomers and navigators and perplexed the ages, is reduced at once, by American ingenuity, to a form and method the most simple and accurate.

While the process is so much simplified, the results are greatly refined. In one night the longitude may now be determined with far more accuracy by means of the magnetic telegraph and clock, than it can by years of observation according to any other method that has ever been tried.

It is, therefore, well entitled to be called a most important discovery; and it belongs to that class of achievements by which the most beautiful and enduring monuments are erected to national honor and greatness. It is a national triumph; and my feelings of professional pride will not allow me to pass it by without calling your attention to the garland that has been hung about it by the navy.

To the navy belongs the honor of having first applied the magnetic telegraph to the determination of longitude. Five or six years ago Captain Wilkes, of the navy, used it for determining the difference of longitude between this city and Baltimore. This was the first time it had been applied to such a purpose; and it was a great improvement upon the methods which, up to that time, had been used for finding the longitude, for it reduced the results down to the accuracy with which the time between the ticks of the second-hand could be measured on the face of the clock by the eye and ear.

And thus the honor of being the first to convert the magnetic telegraph into an astronomical instrument, and that too into one of great practical value and importance, was secured by one of its officers to the American navy. Though the errors of the problem were greatly reduced by this discovery, there were, however, small sources of error still remaining, and was left for Dr. Locke, formerly an officer of the navy also, to devise a means of eliminating them so completely, that now there is scarce a *trace* left in the results—so free are they from doubt and uncertainty. The probable error of longitude determined with Dr. Locke's clock, is brought within such narrow limits, that if, while the astronomer in St. Louis or elsewhere were operating with the magnetic clock here for his longitude, the observer in Washington were to move from one instrument to another in this building, the fact that he had moved would be made known at once, and whether he had moved to the east or the west would be told by the clock, and appear in the resulting longitude.

Dr. Locke was formerly a member of the medical corps of the navy, and as such spent a portion of his early manhood and prime years of his life at sea.—It is, therefore, not surprising that sailors should be *quick* to lay hold of the problem of longitude through any improved means that may be offered for its solution. Every one can see the importance of accurate determinations of longitude, but sailors both see and *feel* it.

In his letter to me describing his clock, and giving an account of its performance, Dr. Locke kindly offers to put up one at this Observatory.

It would be of incalculable service and advantage. It would increase the accuracy of results, and greatly simplify them in numbers. With this clock one observer could do more, and better work, than two can now. An illustration of the value of such a clock just now occurs. I am writing at night; the sky is very clear, and it is the first fair night for observations that we have had this year. The wind is very high, and the observers have just come in to say they cannot hear the clock on account of the wind, and therefore they cannot observe. Now, it is not necessary to hear, or even to see the magnetic clock; and had we one, we could work quite as well in windy as in calm weather.

While, therefore, one of Dr. Locke's magnetic clocks would be of such value to the Observatory, it would, without at all interfering with that value, be of incalculable advantage to the public generally; for wherever in any part of the country there is a transit instrument and a line of wires, this clock may be used by the observer at that instrument, not only for recording his observations, but also for determining his longitude from the capital of the country; and thus it would, without cost or trouble, enable the National Observatory to perform a most important part of its appropriate duties, and a most acceptable service to the world, in perfecting the geography of the country, and in affording so many well-determined points of departure for the traveler, the surveyor, and the navigator.

Respectfully, &c.,
M. F. MAURY, Lt. U. S. N.
Hon. JOHN Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy.

The World in a Nutshell.

☞ The difficulties about the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls have been adjusted, Mr. Ellet receiving $12,000 in full of all claims.

☞ Turkeys are selling in Chicago for 37½ cents each. The market is stocked with venison and prairie chickens, which are selling very low.

☞ Leap Year is over. The girls must now subside into a modest calm, and wait for offers, though we hope the majority of them made the best of their late privileges.

☞ The Hon. Zadok Pratt, of Prattsville, Greene county, has been elected President of the Mechanics' Institution in New York city.

☞ The President has recognized Arnaud Cesaire Latailladie as consular agent of the French republic for the port of Monterey, in Upper California.

☞ The snow, in the vicinity of York, Pa., fell last week to the depth of 22 inches, and at Gettysburg to about 18 inches. So much snow has not fallen there at any one time for the last six years.

☞ Messrs. Koble & Miller have an establishment in Cincinnati, whose whole business, employing some $10,000 worth of capital, is preparing sausage skins for the European market

☞ Col. Isral Painter, Canal Commissioner elect is now at Harrisburg. Judge Longstreth is at home, gradually recovering his health.

The Death-bed of Cromwell.

The following from Headley's work, is marked with the usual brilliancy of this peculiar writer.—Cromwell appears no longer as the Hypocrite, but rather the sincere Covenanter, when called to his last summons.

At length the last night drew on that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching heaven to spare the Protector: but the King of Kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith on the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not——" his toungue failed him; "but says an eye witness,* "I apprehend it was, 'He will not leave me;'" Again and again there escaped from the ever moving lips the half articulate words "God is good—God is good." Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "*I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.*" All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God; showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and trees that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uptorn, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed—the waves smote in ungovernable fury, the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when they are,

"As they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire commotion, and confused events
Now hatched to the woeful time.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Was feverous and shake."

But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white winged dove, sate; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles now murmuring only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, "*Tete d'armee*," as his glazing eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a noble departure. The storm and uproar without, brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed steadfastly on the 'eternal kingdoms,' and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight forever.

He died at three o'clock that day—on the very day, which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultous field of Dunbar—the same which seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But thus was the last and most terrible battle of all, yet he came off victorious; and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into that serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

*Underwood.

A Gem Passage.

In a letter written in 1838, Lamartine thus beautifully explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our concience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but a grain of sand. He will say to you, I placed before you, in your day, two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in the one was good, and in the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither. Let the wind drift away; it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

The Heart.

The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that had sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has but little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary, and the threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains longest, gone; I would fain leave the souls of my fellow men with him from whose hand they came.—*Longfellow.*

DIED:

In New Orleans, December 27th, WARRICK, youngest son of Warrick and Rachel Martin, aged about 2 years.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CARD.

☞ We, the undersigned, passengers on board of the steamer *New Orleans*, on her upward bound passage, beg leave to return our thanks to Dr. ALFRED T. KIRO, Greensburgh, Westmoreland county, Pa., for his kind attention to us, who were sick during our recent trip.

We would also beg leave to announce that although there were several unquestionable cases of *the Cholera* on board, and numerous other passengers who were laboring under the premonitory symptoms of the disease, yet all recovered, by the prompt and energetic treatment of the above named gentleman.

G. R. Gilmore, Cin.;	L. Dreffer, Louisville;
H. A. Beale, Philadelphia;	A. McHaron, Parion, Ind.;
R. W. Lyman, England;	H. Bowan, New York;
B. F. Pratt, Massachusetts;	Wm. Brannagan, do.
J. W. Pratt, do.	J. R. Lee, do.
Edgar Cowan, Penna.;	J. C. F. T. Hogan, La.
F. F Thompson, Mass.;	J. W. Clark, Penna.;
H. Sydam, New York;	E. Victor, Kentucky;
John A. Miller, New City;	D. H. Butz, New York;
Prior Medearis, Miss.;	Mrs. Robt. Seymor, Eng.;
J. L. Tulbert, Cincinnati;	H. Seymor, England.

jan11:d2t&1tw

☞ COUNTERFEITS! COUNTERFEITS!—*Beware of Counterfeits!*—Citizens of Pittsburg, counterfeiters of Wistom's celebrated INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are still abroad, and of the worst conceivable kind. We would respectfully invite you to call on the Agent for Pittsburg, Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, 156 Liberty street, and examine a box that was purchased at a Drug Store in this city. It is absolutely enough to make one blush for poor, frail humanity, but at the same time to guard all against the villainy of the counterfeiter. The passing of counterfeit coin is not a touch to it. It is as much inferior in the degree of criminality, as petty larceny is inferior to downright murder.

Always remember that the Original and only Genuine INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have the written signature of WILLIAM WRIGHT on the top label of box.

Remember, also, that H. SNYDER, Druggist, corner of Market and Third streets, is sole agent for this medicine, and we cannot guaranty the genuineness of that offered by him for sale.

JOHN THOMPSON, 156 Liberty street, is sole Agent. Purchase only of him. jan11:d&w

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C. S. FOSTER.....Manager and Lessee.

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Dress Circle	50c.	2d and 3d Tier	36c.
Pit	25c.	Private Boxes	$1,00.

BENEFIT OF MISS PORTER.

☞ Last appearance of BARNEY WILLIAMS, Thursday, January 11, and last time of the GREAT BANDITTI, ABELLINO, THE GREAT BANDITTI.

Abellino, ... Mr. Oxley.
Hildendo, ... Mr. Prior.
Parozzi .....
Rosamonda ..... Miss Porter.
Dancing, by Miss Walters, Mr. Goodwin and Mast Wood.
To conclude with the
IRISH POST.
O'Grady ..... Barney Williams.

☞ In rehearsal, "A Squint at Pittsburgh."

NOTICE.—The Gallery will remain closed during the cold weather.

☞ Doors open at 6½; Curtain will rise at 7½ o'clock.

Lots on Perpetual Lease.

A FEW LOTS yet remain undisposed of, and to be let on perpetual Lease, near Keating's old Mansion House, 7th Ward, Pittsburgh. They are the cheapest lots in the market, being of large size, in a healthy, convenient and prosperous location, and the purchase money never required to be paid; only the interest or annual rent, from $18 to $24 a year, according to the size and position of the Lot, with the privilege of extinguishment at any time by payment of the principal. The privilege of the well belonging to said Mansion House will be given until the new Basin is completed.

THOS. MELLON, Arty,
jan11:tc Corner of Wylie and Fifth streets.

PRINTING PAPER.

50 reams	Printing Paper,	24x37;
100 "	Fine Book Paper,	19x24;
25 "	S. P. Book Paper,	20x28;
25 "	Medium colored Envelope,	received and

for sale by JOHN H. MELLOR,
jan10 No. 81 Wood st.

LOCAL MATTERS.

ELECTION FOR COUNCILMEN.

The following is the result of the vote for Council, on Tuesday:

FIRST WARD.

Select Council—J. T. Kincaid.
Common Council—B. C. Sawyer, W. Mason, A. Cordell.

SECOND WARD.

Select Council—Isaac Jones.
Common Council—Wm. J. Howard, A. M'Farland and Henry Woods.

THIRD WARD.

Select Council—*John Coyle.*
Common Council—*Jacob M'Collister, R. B. Roberts, Alex. M'Clure*, M. W. Lewis, R. J. Smith, Jas. Montooth.

FOURTH WARD.

Select Council—F. Lorenz.
Common Council—R. M'Knight, D. Holmes and C. Yeaker.

FIFTH WARD.

Select Council—Thomas Hays.
Common Council—*Wm. Wilson, A. M'Cammon, Jno. Mackin, Benj. Sutton, H. N. Speer*, Geo. Hamilton and Alexander Bradley.

SIXTH WARD.

Select Council—*Alex. Black.*
Common Council—R. A. Cunningham, J. Armstrong, and J. G. Lambourn.

SEVENTH WARD.

Select Council—*Charles Kent.*
Common Council—Messrs. King and Wick.

EIGHTH WARD.

Select Council—*S. Morrow.*
Common Council—Jacob Grier and A. P. Osgood.

NINTH WARD.

Select Council—H. Robinson.
Common Council—Robert Hill.

Whigs in Roman; Democrats in *Italic.*

Of the nine new members of Select Council, five are Whigs, and four Democrats.

DESTITUTION.—A benevolent gentleman furnishes us with the following communication for the *Post.* We trust his suggestions may be attended to:

MR. EDITOR:—We were informed of a case we think requiring the attention of the humane of our sister city. A woman and her child, an infant, has been abandoned by her husband, after having literally stripped her of all except her meagre clothing, leaving her totally destitute, and dependant upon her exertions for support, which she managed to obtain by washing. Being of a delicate frame and constitution, she was taken ill, and is now probably in the first stage of consumption; at least, the physician, called in by some one, forbid her attempting to wash any more, or it would surely cause her death. She has lain ill for some weeks, (although now partially recovered,) in the midst of a most respectable and populous neighborhood, with but little care, her room containing a table, a chair, and a low bed, with poor and uncomfortable bedding for an invalid and nursing mother. We are prone, indeed do believe, that few of the ladies in the vicinity know much of her case, or we are sure she would have the attention her situation demands.

We believe there is a society for the relief of such cases, at present in operation, in Allegheny city, but we are sure their means are limited; for we have heard of a poor woman, who had only 75 cents per week, in provisions, allowed for herself and three children, and in consequence of the low state of the charitable fund, they were obliged to reduce it *one half* last week. We are sure these are worthy and capable persons who have this in hand, but why do they not send out Collecting Committees at once, and compel contribution? Who dare refuse for such a purpose, when called upon? If they cannot raise funds enough for all purposes, better abandon it at once, and let them seek aims from those most willing to give; for it is surely better to be allowed to beg, than compelled to endure want; for, by a rule, those under the care of the Society are not allowed to seek alms from the public. The fault lies somewhere. The public are to be blamed most, for we are sure the organization and plan adopted are good, and capable of reaching all cases, if the proper amount of means was placed at the disposal of the worthy almoner.

We are told that the person alluded to in the former part of this article, lives in a small blue frame on Robinson street, over Mr. Gungle's grocery store. We hope she may be looked to immediately. She now exists from meal to meal, as they are brought to her by some who are cognizant of her condition.

QUARTER SESSIONS—*Wednesday, December 10.*—The arguments of counsel and the charge of the Court in the case of Com. vs. Adam Scott, charged with the larceny of goods from the store of A. A. Mason & Co., occupied the entire of yest erday. Mr. Shinn, for Commonwealth; followed by Messrs. Kerr, M'Clure and Black, for Defence; and Mr. Shaler for Commonwealth. We did not hear the charge of the Court.

During the day, the Court room was densely crowded by citizens, who took great interest in the progress of this curious case.

—The Jury retired, and in a very few minutes returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty, and Proccucutor pay the costs.."* The audience was about to raise a shout of delight, when the Court interposed, and prevented the demonstration.

The verdict has given great satisfaction, as there is no doubt of the innocence of the boy; notwithstanding his extraordinary confessions.

We understand a prosecution will be commenced against Baker and Anthony, for "conspiracy." Also, a civil suit, to recover $400; from the firm of A. A. Mason & Co.; being double the amount paid to them by Scott, while under the accusation of stealing from their store.

So, it seems the end is not yet.

*The Prosecutor, in a case of this kind, cannot be required to pay costs. The Court ordered the verdict to be entered simply, "Not Guilty."

THE JAIL.—We think it time that something was done in relation to ventilating the jail of this county. A more loathsome place we never visited. The atmosphere is pestilential. A residence there is DEATH. We do not know how other prisons are arranged; but it seems to us, we have noticed in other cities and towns, large iron grates in front of each cell. Why cannot these be put in our prison? Some say they will be broken open, sawn, cut, &c.; and prisoners thus escape. Better let a rascal go occasionally, than afflict all the unfortunate, and endanger the health of the city by such a pent up house as we now have. But the fear of escape may be prevented, by putting a watchman on duty. The expense would be light—three or four hundred dollars a year—and the benefits incalculable.

We make these suggestions, and trust the County Commissioners will act at once.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Tuesday evening, the body of a man, named Thomas Kinkead, was found on the premises of a man named Grierson, about two miles from the city, on the Colony road. He died from cold, from the appearances. It is supposed he was making his way to the stable for lodgings. The Coroner summoned a jury and held an inquest. Verdict in accordance with the facts. Kirkead was a common vagrant, and has been much of his time in prison. He was buried at the expense of the county.

☞ Capt. Herron will be inaugurated on Friday, and Mayor Adams will hand over the reins to him, and retire.

We understand, that a few days previous to the election, the Journal made an ill-tempered and undignified fling at Mayor A.—we did not see the article. Now, though Mr. Adams was elected against our wishes, we must say that, with the exception of his seeming harshness to some of the unfortunates that are brought before him, we have seen no fault for which he ought to be denounced.

☞ We understand, a young man named M'Clurg, whose parents live above Birmingham, was taken down with Cholera, while coming up the river, on the Telegraph, but with the care of a physician, and the attentions of the second clerk, Mr. R. R. Guthrie, he was much better when he reached Wheeling. The boat stopped there, and no other steamer would consent to take him on board; so, that he was compelled to remain. Mr. Guthrie deserves great praise for his attentions to him on the way up.

MAYOR'S OFFICE—*Wednesday Morning.*—There was not a single case in this morning. Why? We can only account for it by reference to the result of the election. If Mayor Herron will keep the Tombs empty, we will endeavor to keep him in office, hereafter.

☞ Miss Porter takes her benefit this evening. In addition to her personal claims, and the pieces she offers, Barney Williams will appear in two of his favorite characters.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—A stage started from the St. Charles, yesterday, with seven or eight young men bound for California. Thomas May, Alexis Bonnet, two named Coltart, and others whose names we did not hear. Mr. Curry, who stands at the head of the company, leaves to-day.

MR. OXLEY.—When does this gentleman take his Benefit? We must know some days in advance; for our citizens are determined to give him a real bumper.

☞ The weather yesterday was cold, and snow fell in light flakes during the greater part of the day.

☞ A large assortment of cutlery, hardware, dry goods, boots and shoes, and clothing, damaged by the sinking of a boat on the Pennsylvania Canal a few weeks since, on account of underwriters, at McKenna's Auction Rooms, this morning, at 10 o'clock, will be sold. Among the lot is a large quantity of carpenter's tools.

American Phrenological Journal.

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