[From the Quaker City.]

THE GOLD DEVIL;

Or, California Now, and a Hundred Years Ago.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

PART FIRST—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago, an adventurer who had penetrated into the heart of Mexico, was sitting in his hacienda near the City of the Montezumas, with the last rays of the setting sun upon his moody brow. His cheek rested on his hand, his eyes were fixed upon the floor, and his lip compressed between his clenched teeth, indicated a mind absorbed in the mazes of a trembling Hope, or a troublous Memory. The view from the casement was beautiful—the lake and the City of Mexico, bathed in the sunset rays, with a Volcanic Mountain rising in blue heaven, a lone pyramid of snow and fire, in a canopy of cloudless azure.

But the thoughts of the adventurer were not upon sublime scenery or bewitching landscapes. He was from the land of old Castile; he had wandered to the land of Mexico in search of El Dorado; he was now thirty years of age, with a muscular form clad in dingy velvet, a bold forehead darkened by perpetual anxiety, and a pocket—excuse the anti-climax—tenanted by a solitary doubloon. Therefore Juan Gonzas sat at sunset in his lonely hacienda, near the city of Montezuma, with his cheek on his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Inez!" he sighed, "El Dorado!"

Inez was a dark-eyed, voluptuous lady, whom he had often seen in the City—at the Cathedral, on the Alameda, at her father's palace smiling from the balcony—and without an El Dorado, it was impossible to win her hand. That was the meaning of the words coupled with a sigh. There was also the thought of a half-wild peasant girl, who oftentime went singing under a burden of fruits and flowers, along the road to the great City. She was a brown-cheeked, dark-eyed maiden, with the mingled blood of Castile and Mexico throbbing in her veins. Her name, Coyotla, was oftentime on the lips of the poor adventurer, and once or twice he had spoken to her—she was, in sooth a rude wild flower of a beauty, but the lady Inez was beautiful, and rich, and noble—alas! for poor Coyotla!

Juan sat alone for a long time, until the shadows of evening gathered over the City and the Lake, while Popocatepetl flamed like a funeral pyre through the night. Suddenly our adventurer became aware of the presence of an intruder, who had entered unobserved, and seated himself at the opposite side of the table. The Stranger was remarkable for his height and vigorous form, and also for a singular hood which relieved his boldly marked features. His eyes were very bright; they sparkled like fire flies in the gloom. Who the Stranger was, or what was the nature of his mission with the poor Castilian, we cannot tell, but it is recorded that his interview lasted until the daylight rushed through the casement, when Juan was discovered with his forehead resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the table, while the Stranger sat opposite, regarding him with a quiet look and smile.

"El Dorado," said the Stranger in a bland voice. "There is the map of it—the Jesuits call it California;"—he pointed to the parchment which was spread upon the table. "It is yours, friend Juan, for a mere song. Come, we must be going."

But Juan pressed his hand against his brow which was damp with sweat, and fixed his glaring eyes upon the map, murmuring in an impassioned tone—

"This room full of gold. Gold in the river sands, gold in bars, gold in rocks, and all in this country which you say you will discover to me for what? He gazed upward into the face of the Stranger, without changing the position of his head, and awaited his reply in breathless suspense. "I am to sign no parchment, mark ye, bartering away my immortal soul. No devil's work now—you understand?"

The Stranger rested his chin upon his hands, and threw one leg over the arm of the chair.

"Parchments!" he echoed, "a fig for such nonsense! I will discover the gold to you for the sake of doing you a pleasure. I am an eccentric character, beloved by everybody, and respected alike by the Merchant, the Priest and the King. Just come with me—get this gold, marry the Lady Inez, and with your two hundred and thirty billions of millions of bright doubloons, you may become the actual Monarch of a World. Bah! what need of parchment in such a case?"

He smiled pleasantly, while Juan, absorbed in contemplation of the map, felt a soft hand stealing around his neck, under his dark curls, and heard a mild voice whisper in a tone that startled him:

"The man who sacrifices all his hopes, his home, his days and nights for Gold, has no need of parchments or written obligations, to bind his soul to the Evil One."

It was Coyotla, the half-Indian maiden, who had entered into the room and listened to the words of the Stranger, and shuddering for her lover—who had never spoken of love to her—she whispered the warning in his ear.

Juan heard her voice; he felt the thrill of her pulse, as her hand encountered his neck, but he did not raise his head and gaze upon her face. The Map of El Dorado rivited his soul.

The light of the rising sun streamed through the casement over Juan's pallid brow, and over the mild, timid face of Coyotla, while the visage of the Stranger, was in shadow. The empty goblet on the floor glittered like a fire-coal. At this moment, Juan raised his head and shuddered as he caught a gleam of a face which grinned upon him from an aperture in the wall.

"It is the face of Death," he faltered, and reached forth his hand to grasp the hand of Coyotla. "Take your map, here is your map. Here is El Dorado," and clasped the hand of the Mexican girl, while his haggard face was overspread by a momentary smile. "Here, in the light of Home, shines the true Dorado."

Keeping his hand beneath his chin, the Stranger whispered gently, as his eyes devoured Juan's face—"Gold in river sands, Gold in bars, Gold in rocks. With this room full of gold, you can command the commerce of the world."

And then Coyotla and the Stranger contended for the possession of Juan, while the skeleton face grinned merrily above, and the Map of El Dorado glowed in the sunshine, from the table. Who conquered? Let us see.

"Are we almost there?" asked Juan, as toward the close of a beautiful day they entered the confines of a gloomy ravine, whose perpendicular rocks were topped with pines—"I am hungry and foot-sore, and by the Mass! it seems to me, that in these twenty days we've journeyed as many thousand miles. You have not spoken since we left the Jesuit Mission of San Jose this morning. Tell me, are we near it yet—this El Dorado?"

As he spoke, the Stranger drew his cowl over his singularly marked countenance and murmured—"Very near," while they passed into the [illegible] of the ravine, where a twilight gloom slept like a raven, among the rocks and trees.

"By the Mass! This is glorious! Gold in the sands, gold in bars, gold in rocks! That poor Coyotla was a silly thing. No [illegible] for Inez and the empire of the world. But fi[illegible] of gold! That was your p[illegible]omise, my friend!"

They crossed a brook [illegible] through the twilight, [illegible] which sang and sparkled and scooped a handf[illegible] The Stranger bent down [illegible] and of sand from the little river—and which [illegible] sparkled with countless points of light.

"G[illegible] old is!" [illegible] the sands," he whispered, and they went deer[illegible]er into the gloom, following the course of the [illegible]rook, until they came to a cavern through whose [illegible] mouth it pattered gaily. The Stranger led Juan through the cavern mouth, and presently they stood beneath an immense roof of rock, illumined by a light which seemed to flow from the bowels of the earth.

"Gold in bars," murmured the Stranger, and Juan, with his heart palpitating with the very agony of rapture, saw the golden bars, huge, cumbrous and glittering, piled up along the cavern floor, like logs of wood before a farmer's door.

"Two hundred billions of millions of doubloons," cried Juan. "Coyotla was a fool—decidedly!"

The Stranger led him inward from the cavern into a dark passage which sunk into the bowels of the earth, and which was in fact an inclined plane of a mile or more in length.

"Gold in rocks," said the Stranger, as they passed from darkness into light. Juan uttered an incoherent shriek of joy. He stood on the threshhold of a cavern in which gold was heaped in masses like blocks of granite in a quarry. A light emitted from these rocks filled the place with a golden light. The very air breathed of gold.

Juan, in the very extravagance of his joy, attempted to move one of the smallest rocks, but his effort was in vain. All the force of his sinews braced for the work by the very madness of rapture, could not stir the mass one solitary inch.

"Gold, gold, gold!" he said. "Certainly Coyotla was a fool. Millions, billions, trillions, and trillions, millions and millions. By-the-bye, my good fellow, I'm as hungry as a *leporo* after a three days' fast. Can we have a nice fowl or two, done to a turn, and a flask of wine or so would not be difficult to take."

"Eat!" said the Stranger, who was seated upon a rock of gold, with his legs arranged crosswise like a Turk; "Eat! drink!" and as the cowl fell back from his face, he reached forth his hands toward Juan. One hand was filled with golden sand—the other grasped a golden stone worth perchance some hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"You mock me," faltered Juan, shuddering, he knew not why.

"Eat! drink!" said the Stranger, and the gold cavern rung with his hollow laughter.

"I will leave this place," cried Juan, turning pale and red again as he spoke. "Fiend, I am not yet in your power. You have unmasked yourself too soon. I have not signed my soul away—you have no parchment stamped with my name written in blood."

"The man who sacrifices hope, and home, and all the labors of life for Gold, needs no parchment scroll to bind him to the Gold Devil!"—and again he smiled, turning his eyeballs to the light, with a look of horrible mockery. "There is no going back in the Gold Hunt, my dear." Then, to the silent horror of Juan Gonzas, the mouth of the cavern was closed by a huge rock of gold, weighing some twenty tons, and he was alone there with the Gold Devil, who said, "Eat! drink!" amid his bursts of merry laughter.

PART SECOND AND LAST—CALIFORNIA NOW.

The sequel to this story is found in a letter sent from California by overland express, and dated November 11th 1849. It is addressed to a gentleman of this city:

DEAR BOB—Come out here, right off; come, I say, and bring Charley and Bill with you. Don't show this letter for the world, for I am almost crazy with joy, as I write it, and at the same time I tremble with fear lest the U. S. Government should get hold of our secret, and deprive us of 100000000000000000 millions of Gold Eagles. I write this in sympathetic ink, which you will comprehend when you are unable to read it without placing it before the fire. How I tremble lest Polk should get hold of our awful secret. To be brief, let me tell you all about it. Some days back (on the 7th) Jake and I left the four other men fellows who are washing gold from the sands, and struck off on our own hook. We naturally concluded that there must be a fountain for all this gold—a quarry, in fact, where it was stowed away in lumps, and *we have found it*. WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE GOLD CAVERN! Not a soul knows of it but us two, and we spend our days in watching the mouth of the cavern from a distance, and at night we go into the cavern, strike a light, and measure the gold. Measure it, by Jove! Why it lies in lumps and chunks, and rocks and blocks, as thick as coal in Pottsville. We have made a rude estimate of the amount bidden here—in its pure state, mind ye, for it has been smelted long ago by volcanic fire—and this is a moderate calculation:

Gold in chunks about the size of a peck measure—

$1,000000000000000000000 millions.

In blocks the size of a bushel—

$2,500000000000000000000 billions.

One piece, about the size of a Chestnut Street Omnibus—

$4,000000000000000000000 trillions.

And a cluster of seven pieces, varying in size from an omnibus to a small two storied dwelling in Green street, Philadelphia—

$8,630000000000000000000 septillions.

Come out—and bring a copy of Emerson's Arithmetic, for I declare I can't count the stuff any more. It goes ahead of all figures. And bring a few hundred of sausages in your chests, as Jake and I are living on our second dog, at present, and are much afraid we'll have to use up the last of the lot for our Sunday dinner.

Yours most affectionately,

BEACHER A. N. D. BILKEN.

P.S.—I'd almost forgot to mention a singular circumstance. When we first discovered this cavern, we found a human skeleton embedded between two blocks of gold, and on one of these blocks was written in Spanish, or carved I should say, these words—

"THE GOLD DEVIL."

Detraction.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed, forever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame;
The envious, who but two in others' pain—
Behold the hour, delighting to depress,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave;
Seize on each fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows;
Distort the truth, exaggerate the lie,
And gilds the pyramid of Calumny!

A Singular Malady is prevailing in the neighborhood of Uniontown, Pa., and has caused twenty deaths out of fifty cases in two weeks. Its ravages are mainly among the young. It is supposed to be cholera, but the symptoms as described differ widely from that disease—the first indications being sometimes pains in the fingers and limbs, fever and headache, followed by vomiting and diarrhea. Some of the patients break out with spots like the measles, and after death the body and face are covered with large black spots, the legs and arms assuming a black color.

A recent copy of the German Wiener Zeitung—the official Gazette of Vienna—contains a well-written sketch of James Buchanan, and speaks in terms of merited commendation of his despatches as Secretary of State. Most of his writings have been translated into German—as was the whole of his celebrated argument on the Oregon title—and all, Germany declares, have been warmly admired for their lucid perspicuity, their chaste and temperate simplicity, and their entire freedom from useless and ostentatious ornament.—*New Haven Register.*

THE ORGAN.—We learn from a very reliable source that A. C. Bullit [illegible], of this city, and George D. Prentice, of Louisville, have been invited by General Taylor to take the charge of the administration organ in Washington. A pretty strong team, that!

The above paragraph is from the last New Orleans Delta. The Washington Union cannot believe it. If General Taylor's administration should begin thus, where will it end? If thus in the green tree, where will it be in the dry?

LATEST FROM YUCATAN.—The New Orleans Picayune has files of papers from Yucatan to 25th ult.

The Indians made repeated attempts to re-take Valladolid and Tihonuco, but they have been all repulsed, losing a large number of prisoners. They are straitened in resources. On the east side of the peninsula they have been checked thoroughly. But not so on the west—an incursion having been made by a great number of them into the district of Campeachy, even threatening the city.

The American volunteers are said to have incurred several losses, from excess of courage.

FROM HONDURAS.—*An English Blockade.*—A letter from the Belize, Jan. 26th, in the N. O. Picayune, mentions a report, thought to be well founded, that two of her Britannic Majesty's ships of war had arrived at the bay of the river Trazillo, and commenced blockading that city. Trouble has been for some time brewing between Honduras and the English, in regard to territorial rights, &c. The interior of the whole Central American republic is said too present a melancholy picture. Fresh disturbances have broken out in Salana; and all the country between that place and Guatemala was a prey to disorder and anarchy. A change has taken place in the Government of Honduras; and Omoa is now in the power of Seno Bustillo, as Commandant.

☞ **Attention Firemen!**—In accordance with requests addressed to me as President of the Firemen's Association of this City, from Committees appointed by two several meetings for said purpose, I beg leave to request the Firemen of the city and vicinity to join in the Procession proposed, in honor of the arrival of General TAYLOR, President elect of the United States, and in all suitable manner, to contribute to the public demonstration, welcoming that distinguished citizen amongst us.

Respectfully, &c.,
F. S. NEAL.

P. S.—Owing to the season, I would suggest that the Firemen parade without their apparatus. [feb16] F. S. N.

☞ **Ten Hour Meeting.**—An adjourned Meeting of the friends of the Ten Hour Law, who are in favor of a REPEAL of the "SPECIAL CONTRACT CLAUSE," will be held in the Room of the President Engine House, on Saturday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

Col. Black, W. E. Stephenson, James Watson, John S. Hamilton, and others, are expected to address the meeting. feb16d

The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1849

Morning Post Job Printing Office.

CORNER OF WOOD AND FIFTH STREETS.

☞ Having added to our Establishment, a splendid Steam-Power Printing Machine, we are prepared to do all kinds of Newspaper and Book work in a style of unsurpassed beauty and neatness; and upon the most reasonable terms. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in this line of our business.

☞ *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 authorised Agent in Philadelphia.

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

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

☞ Several new advertisements, &c., are crowded out.

FACTS.

It is a Fact; That the Ten Hour Law was passed for the benefit and "protection" of the laboring classes; and it is therefore essentially the Poor Man's Law.

It is a Fact, That a majority of the manufacturers; who are constantly asking Congress for more "protection," and demanding exclusive privileges, violently oppose the Poor Man's Law.

It is a Fact, That the Chief of the cotton conspirators recently visited Harrisburgh, to have the Ten Hour Law repealed; and returned "with a flea in his ear."

It is a Fact, That after the passage of the Ten Hour Law, the cotton manufacturers had a committee appointed to select a location some where in Virginia or Ohio, where they might remove their machinery, so as to evade the Poor Man's Law.

It is a Fact, That the proprietors of some of the factories violated the Ten Hour Law—its *spirit*, at least.

It is a Fact, That Gov. Johnson alluded to those very men in his first annual message, and recommended the Legislature to repeal the special contract clause, in consequence of their tyrannical acts.

It is a Fact, That some of the factory proprietors formed a combination, which was illegal and indictable, to defeat the objects the Legislature had in view in passing the Poor Man's Law.

It is a Fact, That the gentlemanly proprietors of the Star factory refused to engage in this illegal combination.

It is a Fact, That the conspirators thereupon undertook to prostrate Messrs. Hunter Myers, & Veughty, and ruin their business because they would not commit an illegal and indictable offence.

It is a fact, That the proprietors of the Star factory are running their machinery but ten hours each day, and are eminently successful in business, notwithstanding the villainous efforts of the conspirators to cripple their operatives.

It is a Fact, That the evasion of the spirit of the Poor Man's Law, on the part of the proprietors of the Union factory, was the legitimate and only cause of the present controversy.

It is a Fact, That the engineer, by the direction of the proprietors of the Penn factory, threw scalding water and hissing steam in the faces of the poor little girls which was the cause and origin of the "aggravated riot."

It is a Fact, That the whig presses of Pittsburgh, *since the election*, have taken sides with the conspirators in opposition to the Poor Man's Law.

It is a Fact, That the conspirators are trying to break down the *Post*, because we have taken sides with the weak and the oppressed, and stand up for the laws of the State, and the rights of the laborer.

It is a Fact, That the organs of the conspirators are daily appealing to business men to withdraw their patronage from the *Post*, because we are in favor of the Ten Hour Law—the Poor Man's Law.

A Voice from Philadelphia.

It is acknowledged on all sides, that the Pennsylvanian, at Philadelphia, stands at the head of the Democratic press in the United States. It able Editor JOHN W. FORNEY, Esq., is a bold, fearless and vigorous writer. He has always been a "terror to evil doers," and was never yet known to shrink from any responsibility, where Right and Duty were involved. Knowing the character of the man, we have been looking, with considerable anxiety, to see what he would say in relation to the recent attempt of a few manufacturers and their toadies in this city, to break down the Post, for taking sides with the laboring classes, and upholding their rights and interests. The Pennsylvanian of the 13th inst., contains the following manly and eloquent article on this subject, which we trust the conspirators against law and labor will read each night before going to rest, and in the morning before breakfast, and on the Sabbath before going to the House of the Lord:

THE INSOLENCE OF CAPITAL.

There seems to be a pretty well-organized effort among the manufacturers of Pittsburgh, with a few rare and honorable exceptions, to put down the *Morning Post*, of that city, which paper has offended them grievously in daring to take the side of the ten hour law, and to champion all operatives who insisted upon that law being carried into effect. The manufacturers refused to be bound by its provisions, and it is certain everywhere that when the poor workmen, work-women, work-boys, and work-girls, turned out to sustain it, they were arrested for riot and conspiracy. The *Post* stood by the laboring masses, and the manufacturers have decreed that it must be crushed. But it has let out fearless brother hold up his head and defy them! "Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just." The arrogance of wealth too often overleaps all bounds, and forgets the danger of oppressing those upon whom it depends for its profits and its prosperity. As the *Post* forcibly says:

"At least two-thirds of the citizens of Pittsburgh are working-men, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They produce the wealth—they build the city. They are the bulwarks of its strength and greatness. What would capital be, without their strong arms? Nothing."

And when these toiling men see how their employers would grind down them and their defenders, how natural if they exclaimed, with the great poet, in bitterness and anguish:

"Oh that we—we,
The hewers of wood and drawers of water,
Had been swept away, so the proud might learn
What the world would be without us!"

Madison and Indianapolis Railroad.

JOHN BROUGH, Esq., the efficient President of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, reached this city yesterday, on his return home. He has purchased for the Company, of Messrs. Weld & Co. of Boston, 4,400 tons of Railroad Iron, of the T pattern. The purchase is regarded as highly favorable, being at the rate of $45 per ton, payable 12 months after delivery, without interest. Of this amount 1,200 tons are to be shipped so as to reach New Orleans in May or June,—the remainder in all the balance of the year 1849.

The Iron will complete the entire track of the Road from Madison to Indianapolis. The Road for the last two years has paid the stockholders 14 per cent. per annum. An increase of the capital stock will be made to meet the present expenditures for the improvement of the track; but it is estimated that upon the stock so increased, the road will produce over 10 per cent. per annum. Under the judicious management of Mr. Brough, the company appears to be enjoying a high degree of prosperity.

☞ We last evening saw the little girl whose arm (which has been paralized since she was a week old) has been partially, and will be completely, restored by the mesmeric influence. We will give this case a more extended notice on Monday.

☞ The Gazette and Journal are becoming as "thick as pickpockets." The rogues will fall out about the plunder, ere long. Mind that!

Correspondence of the Morning Post.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Harrisburgh, Feb. 13, 1849.

Mr. HARPER:—This is called private bill day from the calendar. Bills go through at locomotive speed, except those that are amended which elicit much debate. "An act to incorporate the Pequa Railroad and Improvement Company," was taken up and amended, or proposed to be amended by Mr. McCullock, a Democratic member from Washington. He offered this: "Provided, That the stockholders shall be liable as joint partners for the debts of the said company, and that all contracts for labor, and unpaid at the end of each month, if entered up in the office of the Prothonotary, of the proper county, within six months thereafter, shall be a lien upon the real estate of the company, which lien shall have a priority," &c. The yeas and nays being demanded are: yeas 35, nays 41. So the amendment was lost. The vote will shew who are for the interests of the laboring classes. Every Democrat who was in his seat, voted for the proviso; every whig the other way. Remember this and call attention of our mechanics to it. When will those hard working men learn to respect themselves by voting for those that stand ready to support their interests? Democrats only of the Radical School can be relied on, and not our bank-swindling democracy, that will go any where to get facilities.

The joint resolution to open the auction accounts of Patrick McMenna, Esq., was finally passed and signed by the Governor.

There is a bill read in place to increase the tax on Brokers. My only regret is that my good friend Larimer will be placed in the same category with sharpers. Also, a bill to increase the license of Inns and Taverns from $15 to $500. This is pretty salty, but I think it will pass. Revenue must be raised and it is thought best to make whiskey drinkers pay. If they will scald their idiotcies, why, the members say, let them pay for firing up. So be it.

The following section of "Eyster's bill," as it is called, was before the Senate to-day, and will pass to-morrow:

"Be it enacted &c., That the act to which this is a supplement shall not be so construed as to grant any fee simple rights or any psivileges whatsoever to the surface of the bed of the river, but any right acquired under said act shall be confined exclusively to sinking shafts and mining under beds of said rivers," &c.

This will help the matter a little. Poor men will not be deprived of the privilege of making a living by tunneling and gravel. They need not ask the consent of the tricksters. Darsie offered this amendment. I copy from his MS.

The House is now (after 5 P. M.) in session, debating the liability principle. On this question the Democrats are fighting hard for the poor laborer; the Whigs are doing all they can against him. Lieut Klotz, of Carbon, is at work bravely for the right; he is a man among men. He fought or battles in Mexico as a volunteer, and is here fighting for the same cause.

TRUTH.

Postal Treaty.

We lay before our readers this morning a copy of the postal treaty, which was ratified by the Senate, and which reflects so much credit upon the Postmaster General, as well as our minister in London:

Notice to the Public and Instructions to Postmasters.

I. A postal treaty has been entered into between Great Britain and the United States, placing the correspondence between the two countries, the mail packets of each government, and the postage charges upon an equal and reciprocal footing.

II. Letters posted or charged in the United States will be rated at a half ounce to the single letter, over a half and not exceeding an ounce a double letter, over an ounce and not exceeding an ounce and a half as a treble letter, and so on, each half ounce or fractional excess constituting a rate. In England the half ounce limits the single letter, the full ounce the double letter, but on letters exceeding the ounce and not exceeding two ounces four rates are charged; also on letters exceeding two ounces and not exceeding three ounces six rates are charged; that is, two rates are imposed for each excess over an ounce.

III. The single rate to be charged on each letter posted in the United States addressed to any places in Great Britain or Ireland is 24 cents, the double rate 48 cents, the tripple rate 72 cents, and so at according to the United States scale of progression in weight.—See No. 2.

IV. Like single, double, triple, &c., rates will be collected on each letter according to its weight, which is posted in Great Britain or Ireland without being prepaid, and is received at any office in the United States for delivery.

V. Said postage on letters going to any place in Great Britain or Ireland may be prepaid, if the whole amount is tendered at the office in the United States who is mailed at the option of the sender.

VI. Newspapers may be mailed at any office in the United States to any place in the United Kingdom on the prepayment of 2 cents, and may, on receipts from any place in Great Britain or Ireland, be delivered at any office in the United States on payment of 2 cents. Note.—Each government is to charge 2 cents on each newspaper. Letters may be sent in bands or covers, open at the sides or ends, and to contain no manuscript whatever.

VII. On each pamphlet to be sent to any place in the United Kingdom, and on each pamphlet received therefrom, there is to be prepaid in the first place, and charged and collected in the second, one cent for each ounce in weight, or a fractional excess of an ounce. These are to be sent in bands or covers, open at the end or sides, so as readily to be examined, and to contain no manuscript whatever.

VIII. On letters addressed to any place in British North America, not to be conveyed by sea, there is to be charged a postage equal to the United States postage and the province postage combined; but, as this department is not yet informed of the British province rates, the United States postage to the line will be charged, and prepayment thereof required, until the details are ascertained and settled, as required by the 21st article of the treaty. United States postage on newspapers to Canada and other British provinces is to be prepaid.

IX. On letters to be sent to any foreign country or British possession, and mailed for that purpose to any post office in the island of Great Britain, there must be prepaid, if sent by a British packet, 5 cents the single rate, and if by an American packet 21 cents—to be doubled, tripled, &c., according to weight.

X. On letters received from foreign countries or English possessions, through the London or any other post office in Great Britain, to be delivered in the United States, the foreign and British postage is to be prepaid, and what remains to be collected on delivery here in such cases is simply the United States postage—5 cents, single; if brought by a British packet; 21 cents if brought by an American packet; 40 cents if such letters are delivered at San Francisco, Astoria, or any other place in the territory of the United States on the Pacific, when brought to an Atlantic port by a British steamship; and 56 cents if brought by an American steamship.

XI. On British or foreign letters received in the United States, to be forwarded to the West Indies by American packets, or any place on the Gulf of Mexico, to Chagres or Panama, in the United States mails, the single postage charge will be (as the British postage and the postage arising in its transit to Great Britain must be prepaid) 12½ cents if to Havana, 20 cents if to any other place in the West Indies or on the Gulf of Mexico, or to Chagres; 30 cents if to Panama, with 10 cents added it brought to the United States from Great Britain in an American packet.

XII. Care is to be taken to see that all American postage on letters from Havana, from other places in the Gulf of Mexico, from our Pacific possessions, and from the British North American provinces, is paid in the United States before the same is despatched by mail to Great Britain.

XIII. Newspapers for countries beyond Great Britain may be sent on the prepayment of two cents each—also pamphlets as stipulated under No. 7—and newspapers and pamphlets received from countries beyond Great Britain are to be delivered on payment of the two cents for each newspaper, and one cent per ounce in weight of each pamphlet.

XIV. Postmasters are cautioned to write on their postbills opposite each entry of a foreign letter, newspaper, or pamphlet, posted by them respectively, the word "foreign"—the better to enable the postmasters of New York and Boston, and any others that may be designated, to make a seperate quarterly report of the amount of foreign postage.

XV. The Postmasters of Boston and New York will be specially instructed as to the closed mails contemplated by the treaty, the mode of keeping their accounts of foreign postage, and of mailing and acknowledging receipt of foreign matter.

C. JOHNSON, Postmaster General.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, January 8, 1849.

THE TEN HOUR MEETING.—We hope the citizens of Allegheny will not neglect to attend the Ten Hour Meeting to be held in the President Engine House this evening. Col. Black and others will be there.

The petitions have been prepared and will be distributed at the Meeting.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Pittsburgh Post Office from the 1st of February, 1849, to the 10th of February, 1849. Persons calling for Letters, will please say they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

A

Amberomcie M
Abercombie L
Adams Rebecca
Adams A M
Adams Emma F
Adams Ann E
Acres Elizabeth
Ackin Mary

Bailey E Miss
Baker Caroline
Baker Agnes
Baldwin C Miss
Baldwin Martha
Ball Rachel
Barker Ann M
Barlow Elizabeth
Barclay Eliza
Barker Ann
Batner Henrietta
Batty Hannah
Beatty Mary 3
Bedford Mary
Bedell Eliz'th P
Beer Nancy
Bennet Elizabeth
Bennett Isabella
Benson Mrs. Geo

Call Bridget
Calvet Nancy
Cameron M Ann
Cameron Sarah J
Campbell Margt
Campbell Rebecca
Campbell Margt
Carroll Elizabeth
Carrol Eliza
Carrol C Miss
Chaplin Amelia
Chaplin Harriet 3
Chero Mary
Chamer Mary Ann

Dabney Sarah
Dale Mary 2
Dailey Mary E
Dailey Harriet
Dalzell Mary J
Davis Martha
Davis Susan
Deal Mary
Durbarrow Nancy

Early Esther 2
Edrington Virginia
Easton Sarah
Eaton Sarah M

Fagan Mary Ann
Farran Caroline
Farral Mary G
Finney Eleanor
Filley C R
Finigan Eliza

Gallagher Mary
Gallagher Harriot
Garreth Isabella
Garven M Miss
Garwood Jane
Gibson Mary
Gibson Mrs
Gibson Helen M
Gillmore Elizabeth
Gilchrist Reb C 2
Gillespie Emma
Gillespie Catharine

Hagerty Hannah
Haley Mary
Hampton C Miss
Hamilton Margt
Hampton Louisa
Hamline Mrs
Hanna Margaret
Hanna Joanna
Hanley Margt
Hanel Charlotte
Hopper Martha A
Hall Rachel
Hall Hannah
Hamilton Kissiah
Hamilton Mary

Israell Matilda
Israell Catharine
Irons Matilda

Jack Anna
Jackson Nancy J
Jackson Mary
Jamison Mary
Jamison Fanny

Kane Elizabeth
Kane Ann E
Kane Bridget
Kane Mary Ann
Kearney Mary
Kearns Jane D

Lane Kate
Laughery Malvina
Langham Susan J
Lavery Elzbth
Lawman Ann
Lawrence Mary
Lee Amelia
Lee Ann 2
Lee Letitia
Lee Mary J
Leech M J
Leech Henrietta
Leech Ann

Mackey Eliza
Mooney Sarah
Mahany Mary J 2
Major Mary
Malones Eliza
Marshall Margaret
Marcus Sarah
Marsland Sarah
Mason Agnes 2
Mason Mrs Harris
Morrison Mary E
Martin Mary
Meeds Mary
Moore Rachel

M'Aree Mary J
M'Cassity Caihne
M'Clarson Eliza
M'Clure Nancy
M'Closkey M 3
M'Closkey Mary 2
M'Closkey R
M'Clurg Margt
M'Clure Sarah
M'Cleran Lucy
M'Crory Ann
M'Cully E M
M'Donald Margt
M'Cue Catharine

Nealons Jane H
Nelson Elizabeth
Nolan Mrs Luke

Orman Elizabeth
Osborn A E
Owens Rose Ann

Parker Margt
Patterson Rosa
Payne Mary
Peacock Mary
Penk Bertha
Pinch Hannah
Peppard C J
Perry Jane

Rafferty Ellen
Raffles Dorothy
Ramsey Phebe A
Ramsey Isabella
Ralston Rachel
Rhey Jane
Reams Eliza
Reed Jane
Reed Mary
Reed Catharine W

Sanders Sarah
Scully Mary
Sters Catharine
Shaffer Rachel
Shaffer Sarah
Shuter Sophia M
Shall Rosanna
Shannon Catharine
Sharp Hannah
Shaw Elizabeth
Shiloe Margaret
Shorter Ann Eliza
Stewart Mary

Tate F Miss
Taylor Sarah A 2
Taylor Rachel
Taylor Amelia
Thomas Theresa

Vance Eliza

Woinwright A
Walker Betty 2
Walker Jane
Walker Mary
Walker Mary E
Ward Jane
Watts Henrietta
Watson Isabella P

Young Laura

Agnew Sarah
Alexander Sarah
Allen Mary Ann
Alward Eliza
Anderson Eliz'h
Anderson Ann
Anderson Mary E
Amagan Rosa

Barns Eliza
Biddle Minerva
Black Mary J
Blakely Jane
Boobyer Anna
Bonner Mary
Bonner Elizabeth
Borden Isabella
Borden Mary E
Bowman Phebe J
Bowers Julia A
Bowers Mary J
Boyd Sarah
Boyd Pamelia J
Boyd Rebecca
Bratt Mrs. T
Braddock Mary
Branstrop Mrs
Brannon Margt

Clarke Bridget 2
Clark Fe Mary
Cleary Mary
Clingan Mary Ann
Clutier Harriet M
Crates Mary
M'Cooper Mary
Coltart Mary J
Conaway Mary
Cooper Athilia
Cordell Mrs John
Concoran Miss
Countice Rebecca

Delaney Bridget
Dennistoun A A
Derry Eliza B
Devlin Sophia
Dillon Bridget
Dickson Sarah
Dixon Nancy
Doppen Marg't

Eaton Maria 2
English Jane
Encell Elizabeth
Errett Margaret 2

Finley Eliza
Fisher Mary
Flanagan Sarah B
Fleming E A 2
Fleming Mary
Flint Jane

Graham Sarah
Glenn Agnes
Glenn Hester
Glass Mary
Gorby Emeline
Gordon Margery
Gorman Mary
Gormly E
Gousalin Nancy
Graham Mary L
Graham O Miss
Girt Jane W

Hamilton Sarah E
Hamilton Elizbth
Hare Sarah Jane
Harris Harriet
Harbaugh Maria
Harvey Mary M
Hare Lane
Hastings Clentine
Hay Gertrude 2
Hayden Margt
Hallinger Margt
Herron Charlotte
Herring Elizbth
Herron Mary
Hamilton Sarah A

Irwin M
Irwin Martha

Jeffrey Josephine
Jenkins Fanny
Jervis Anna J
Jervis Ann
Jones Margaret P

Kelchner C A
Kelly Sulin
Kennedy Isabel
Kennedy Martha
Kennedy Louisa
Kernan Mary

Lefuere M
Lenfesty Kessia
Leonard Sylphina
Leslie Mary A
Lightner Miss
Lighter Mary J
Lilley Catharine 2
Little Elzbth
Little Margaret G
Livingston Ruth
Lock Ann
Logan Elizbth
Lompry Jane

Melon Alice
Merryman Jane
Mitchell Ann
Mitchell Fanny
Milligan Catharine
Mills Margaret
Mills Mary C
Mary Jane Merill
Miller Martha
Montgomery Elzb
Morrow Mary
Morrow Betsey
Morrel W Mrs
Morris Matilda 2

M'Cully Lizzie
M'Culley C Miss
M'Clelland Mrs J
M'Donald Mary
M'Donegy Mary J
M'Dowell
M'Farland Mary
M'Gothren C
M'Gill Sarah
M'Gregor A
M'Guen Marg't
M'Kane Deborah
M'Kee Eliza
M'Kee Eliza J
M'Guistoe Agnes 2

Nelson Eliza
Nichols Eliza

O'Brien Anne
O'Harn M A 2

Pertijes Cotens
Peterson Anne
Peire Sarah
Pierce Sarah J
Phillips Hannah
Pinch Lavinia
Pilkington Tammy

Reed Alice
Reed Dorothy A
Reynolds Eliza
Rhodes Ellen
Rhodes Helen
Richardson Margt
Richman Elizb
Riddle Catharine A

Bartholmew Sarah
Armstrong Nancy
Atchi on Mary
Atkinson Grace
Atkinson Mary
Aughinbaugh Elizbeth
Ail Nancy

Briggs Mrs
Brindal Marian
Hrjue Margt
Brier Susan 2
Brown Evaline
Brooks Catharine
Bryan Mary
Brown Elizu
Brown Elizabeth
Brown Margt
Brown Sarah
Buekner Clarinda
Burgess Margaret
Burke Mary
Burley Alice
Burns Mary
Burns Elizabeth
Butler Ann
Bennet Louisa

Couch Mary Ann
Courtney Sarah J
Cover Annie J. 3
Cox Mary Ann
Coyle Nancy
Craig Catharine
Craig Eliza
Crawford Eliz'n A
Crawford Lizzie
Crichlon Bell
Cupple Jane
Cust Sarah
Cutter Henrietta
Christy E Miss

Dougherty M A
Dougherty Abigal
Downey Mary J
Duff Mrs F
Dugin Catharine
Dunn Eliza
Dunn Margery
Dunn Jane

Evans Jane B
Evans Margaret
Ewing Mary A
Ewalt Rebecca

Forrest Nancy
Foster Mary J
Frank Sarah
Frederick Susan
French Martha 2
Filton Mary

Graham Sarah
Gregg Elizabeth
Green Huldah
Greenfield Eleanor
Greenfield Eliza J
Grissle Ann
Grogan Mary
Grove Amelia E
Grubb Ann C
Gunning Betsey
Gwinne Mary Ann

Hibler Catharine
Higgins Jane A
Hochkiss Mary
Hoit Phebe A
Holmes Mary A
Holden Harriet E
Hood Esther
Horn Francis
Hughes Sus