From Graham's Magazine.

EDITH MAURICE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

How many beautiful, lovely minded women do we meet in society, who are united, by marriage contract, with men whose tastes, habits and characters, cannot but be every way uncongenial. And on the other hand, how often do we find the finest specimens of men unequally joined to women who seem to have no true appreciation of what is really excellent in morals or social life. The reason for such inequality is very apparent to all who observe with any intelligence. The affinities which govern among those who enter life's dazzling arena, are, in most cases, external instead of internal. Accomplishment, personal appearance and family connections are more considered than qualities of the heart. Beauty, wit, station, and wealth, are the standards of value, while real merit is not thought of, or fondly believed to exist as a natural correspondent of the external attractions so pleasant to behold. In this false and superficial mode of estimating character, lies the bane of domestic happiness. Deceived by the merest externals, young persons come together and enter into the holiest relation of life, to discover, alas! in a few years, that there exists no congeniality of tastes, no mutual appreciation of what is excellent or desirable in life, and, worse than all, no mutual affection based upon clearly seen qualities of the mind. Unhappiness always follows this sad discovery, and were it not for the love of children, which has come in to save them, hundreds and thousands, who, in the eyes of the world, appear to live happily together, would be driven angrily asunder.

Aunt Esther, whose own experience in life, confirmed by much observation, made the evil here indicated as clear as noonday to her perception, saw the error of her beautiful neice, Edith, in courting rather than shunning observation while in society.

"You wrong yourself, dear," she would often say, "by this over carefulness about external appearance. You attract those who see but little below the surface, while the really excellent, and truly intelligent, avoid instead of seeking your society."

"Would you have me careless about my appearance, aunt?" Edith would often say, in reply to these suggestions.

"By no means," Aunt Esther would reply. "A just regard to what is appropriate in externals, marks the woman of true taste and right feeling. But you go beyond this."

"Then I violate the principles of taste in dressing?"

"I will not say that you do very broadly. Most persons would affirm that you display a fine taste, and in using the word display would express my objection. I think that a woman infringes good taste, when she arrays herself so as to attract attention to her dress."

"As I do?"

"Yes, Edith, as you do. If you disguise from yourself the fact that you both love and seek admiration for your personal appearance, you do not do so from others—at least not from me."

Aunt Esther did not wrong her niece by this judgment. It was Edith's weakness to love and seek admiration; and what we love we naturally seek. Without actually infringing the laws of taste and harmony, she managed to dress in a style that always attracted the eye, and set off her really fine person in the most imposing manner. The consequence was that she had many admirers, some of whom were elegant and attractive young men. But none of these were drawn to the side of Edith from a love of her moral beauty. It was the beauty of her person, the fascination of her manners, and the sparkle of her wit, that made her an object of admiration.

Edith had a friend whom she dearly loved; a sweet, gentle, true-hearted girl, named Mary Graham. Those who were dazzled by an imposing appearance, passed Mary with indifference; but the few who could perceive the violet's odor by the way-side, as they moved along through life, sought her company, and found, in the heart of a loving woman, more of beauty and delight than she ever gives as a creature of show and admiration.

Different as they were in many respects, Edith and Mary were alike in the possession of deep affections. Both loved what was pure and good; but while one had an instinctive power of looking beneath the glittering surface, the other was deceived by appearance. While one shrunk from observation, the other courted attentions. The consequence was that Edith had hosts of admirers, while only the discriminating few lingered near the retiring Mary. The one was admired for what she appeared to be, the other was loved for what she was.

Two young men, entirely dissimilar in character, yet thrown together as friends, by circumstances, met one evening, when one of them, whose name was Ashton, said to the other:

"Erskine, I met a glorious creature, last night; a perfect Hebe!"

"Ah! Who is she?"

"Her name is Edith Maurice."

"She's a showy girl, certainly."

"Showy! She's a magnificent woman, Erskine. And so you have met her?"

"A few times."

"Were you not enchanted?"

"No. Your glorious creatures never turn my brain."

"You are an anchorite."

"Far from it. I delight in all things lovely; and, above all, in the presence of a lovely woman."

"A lovelier woman than Edith Maurice I have not seen for a twelvemonth."

"Though I have."

"You have? indeed!"

"I think so. She has a friend, named Mary Graham, whom I think far more interesting."

"Pray, introduce me."

"I will, when opportunity offers.

Not long afterwards an introduction took place, and Ashton spent a short time in the company of Mary Graham.

"That's your lovely woman," said the young man to his friend, in a tone of contempt, when next they met.

"To me she is exceedingly interesting," returned Erskine.

"Interesting? A duller piece of human ware it has not been my fortune to meet for this dozen years. I should say she has no soul"

"There you are mistaken. She is all soul."

"A soul! If you want to see a woman all soul, look at Edith Maurice."

"All body, you mean," replied Erskine smiling.

"What do you mean by that?"

"All external. It is rather the beauty of person than the beauty of soul that you see in Edith; but in Mary, every tone and motion but expresses some modification of the true beauty that lies within. Edith bursts upon you like a meteor; but Mary comes forth like Hesperus, scarcely seen at first, but shining with a purer and brighter light the more intently you gaze upon her."

"Not a meteor, my dear fellow," replied Ashton. "I repudiate that comparison. Edith is another Sirius, flashing on the eyes with an ever-varying, yet strong and beautiful light. As for your evening star, with their unimpassioned way of shining,—their steady, planet-like, orderly fashion of sending forth their rays—I never had a fancy for them."

"Every one to his taste," said Erskine. "As for me, I like true beauty—the beauty of the mind and heart."

"Oh, as for that," returned Ashton lightly, "let people go in for hearts who understand such matters. I don't profess to know much about them. But I can appreciate, aye, and love a magnificent woman like Edith Maurice. You can have Mary Graham and welcome; *I* will never cross your path."

From this time Ashton became the undisguised admirer of Edith. The young man was handsome, well educated, and had a winning address; yet, for all this, there was something about him from which the pure minded girl at first shrunk. Erskine she sometimes met; and whenever she happened to be thrown into company with him, she was charmed with his manners and interested in his conversation. Unobtrusive as he was, she admired him more than any man she had yet seen. But the showy exterior of Edith hid from the eyes of Erskine her real worth. He looked upon her as vain, fond of admiration, and, of course, possessing little heart—and turned from her to find a congenial spirit in her friend Mary. Had Erskine sought to win the favor of Edith, a man like Ashton would have proved no rival. But Erskine evinced no disposition to show her more than ordinary polite attentions, and with an inward sigh, she suffered the heart which shrunk at first with instinctive repugnance, to turn with its affections towards Ashton.

Vain with the thought of having so imposing and beautiful a woman as Edith for a wife, Ashton did not stop to inquire whether there was a relative fitness for mutual happiness, but pressed his suit with ardor, and won the consent before the bewildered girl had time for reflection. Friends, who understood the character of the young man, interposed their influence to save Edith from a connection that promised little for the future; but their interposition came too late. She was betrothed, and neither could nor would listen to a word against the man with whom she had chosen to cast her lot in life.

A brilliant and beautiful girl, Edith was led to the altar by one, who, as a man, was her equal in external attractions; but he was far from possessing her pure, true, loving heart. It did not take many months to lift the veil that had fallen before the eyes of Edith. Gradually the quality of her husband's mind began to manifest itself—and sad indeed was her spirit at times, when these manifestations were more distinct than usual.

The experience of a single year was painful in the extreme. The young wife not only found herself neglected, but treated with what she felt to be direct unkindness. She had discovered that her husband was selfish, and though to the world, he showed a polished exterior, she had found him wanting in the finer feelings she had fondly believed him to possess. Moreover, he was a mere sensualist, than which nothing is more revolting to a pure minded woman. External attractions had brought them together, but these had failed to unite them as one.

No wonder that in such a marriage, a few years robbed the cheeks of Edith of their roundness and bloom, and her eyes of their beautiful light. Those who met her, no longer remarked upon her loveliness, but rather spoke of the great change so short a time had wrought. A certain respect for himself caused Ashton to assume the appearance of kindness towards his wife, when any one was present; but at other times he manifested the most perfect indifference. They had three children, and love for these held them in a state of mutual toleration and forbearance.

Ill health was the undersood reason for the change in Edith's manner and appearance. Few, if any, knew the real cause. Few imagined that the fountain of her affections had become sealed, or only poured forth its waters to sink in arid soil. In society she made an effort to be companionable and cheerful, for the sake of others; and at home with her children, she strove to be the same. Oh! what a weary, hopeless life she led; and but for the love of her little ones, she could not have lived.

Mary Graham was united to Mr. Erskine, shortly after the union of Edith with Mr. Ashton—and it was a true marriage. A just appreciation of internal qualities had drawn them together, and these proved as they ever do, permanent and enduring.

Mary and Edith had retained a tender regard for each other, and met frequently. But in all their intercourse, with true womanly delicacy, Edith avoided all allusion to her own unhappy state, although there were times when her heart longed to unburden itself to one so truly a sympathising friend.

It was one evening—it was ten years from the time of Edith's marriage—her husband came home in his usual cold and indifferent way; and whilst they sat at the tea table, something that she said excited his anger, and he replied in most harsh and cutting words. This was no unusual thing. But it so happened that Edith's feelings were less under her control than usual, and she answered his unkindness with a gush of tears. This only tended to irritate her unfeeling husband, who said, in a sneering tone—

"A woman's tears don't lie very deep. But it's lost time to use them on me. I'll go where I can meet cheerful faces"

And then rising from the table, he put on his hat and left the house, to spend his evening, as usual, in more congenial society.

Edith dried her tears as best she could, and going to her chamber, sought by an effort of reason, to calm her agitated feelings. But such an effort by a woman under such circumstances, must, as in this case, ever be fruitless. Calmness of spirit comes after a more passionate overflow of grief. When this had subsided, Edith remembered that she had promised Mrs. Erskine, who lived only two or three doors away, to come in and spend the evening. Had she consulted her own feelings now, she would have remained at home, but as she would be expected, she rallied her spirits as much as she was in her power, and then went in to join her friend.

How different was the home of Mary to that of Edith. Mutual love reigned there. The very atmosphere was redolent of domestic bliss. Mr Erskine was away when Edith joined Mary, and they sat and talked for an hour before he returned. At that time Mrs Edith intended going home, he came in, with his ever cheerful face, and after greeting her cordially, turned to his wife, and spoke in a voice so full of tenderness and affection that Edith felt her heart flutter, and the tears steal unforbidden to her eyes. It was so different from the way her husband spoke. The contrast caused her to feel more keenly, if possible, than ever, her own sad, heart-wrung lot.

Rising suddenly, for she felt that she was losing the control of her feelings, Edith excused herself and hastily retired. Mary saw that something had affected her friend, and, with a look made her husband comprehend the fact also. He remained in the drawing room, while Mary retired with Edith into the hall, where they paused for a moment, looking into each other's faces. Neither said a word, but Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her friend, and sobbed passionately.

"What is it that pains you, Edith?" Mary asked, in a low and tender voice, as soon as her friend had wept herself into calmness.

Edith raised her face, now pale and composed, and pushed back with her hand a stray ringlet that had fallen over her cheek, and said, with a forced but sad smile—

"Forgive my weakness dear—I could not help it. A full heart will at times run over. But good night—good night."

And Edith hurried away.

A few years more, and the history of a hopless, weary life was closed. Is the moral of this history hard to read? No; all may comprehend it.

Music.

Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers or win applause from the crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections, is far from being perceived by its admirer; a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were, with a golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in unison and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so popular in public. It is a great mistake to suppose, that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the degree of enjoyment, will, of course, vary with our power of appreciation, but like all other great influences, it is able to attract even the ignorant; and this is what the poets taught us when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilizers of the earth. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach, we may modulate our own voices and make them give forth sweet sounds; we may sing those simple strains which require neither teaching nor skill, but which, if they come from one heart, are sure to find their way to another.

"The Rights of Woman."

We have heard a great deal about "The Rights of Woman" from many and "Old Social Reform," but we never saw them more felicitously set forth than in the following lines, by one of "the sex," Mrs. E. Little:

"The Rights of Woman,"—what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep;
The right o'er others woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress;
The right, while others curse, to bless;
The right to love when others scorn;
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth;
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lend the soul to God,
Along the path her Saviour trod;
The path of meekness end of love;
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong;
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's rights, and God will bess,
And crown their champions with success.

The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH,
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 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.

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE, FOR ALLEGHENY CO.

Pursuant to public notice, the Democratic Standing Committee, met at the house of Major FICKESON on the 28th instant, and unanimously adopted the following:

Resolved, That the Democrats of Allegheny county are requested to hold primary meetings at the usual places on Saturday, the 17th day of March, next, to elect delegates to the County Convention, to meet at the New Court House, in the city of Pittsburgh, on the following Wednesday, the 21st of March, at 11 o'clock, to elect delegates to the Fourth of July State Convention, to nominate a candidate for Canal Commissioner.

The meetings in the townships to be held between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., and in the wards and boroughs at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Resolved, That the Democrats, in their primary meetings, are requested to take into consideration the contest now going on between the friends of the "TEN HOUR LAW" and its opposers. And if they deem it proper, authorize their delegates to take action on it in the County Convention.

HENRY S. MAGRAW, Chm.

JAMES WATSON, Sec'y.

☞ The great meeting of the friends of the Ten Hour Law, held in the old Court House on Saturday last, was composed of men belonging to all parties. The interests of humanity should not be bounded by party lines. So the men at that meeting thought, and so they expressed themselves.—But the pensioned presses of the whigs are of a different opinion; and the Journal denounces the sentiments of the people, as expressed at the meeting with insulting malignity, and all the baseness and bitterness of the Editor's heart. Let him go on! He is removing the scales from the eyes of the people. Specious promises, which were never intended to be fulfilled, and the malignat denunciations of every true man who thought for himself and dared to talk of the progress of human rights,—we hope will deceive no longer, or deter any from joining the ranks of those who wish to see Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, prevail throughout the Earth. The Democratic party is a party of progress. It acknowledges man fit to make laws for his own government; and declares that all legislation should be to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. Its aim is to make, every human being moral, intelligent and prosperous; and to render him happy in all his political and social relations. To every true man, with a true heart in his bosom, we say, if these principles find favor with you, come into the ranks of the people. There is a great work going on—a work of social and political regeneration, on this little planet of ours—a work for patriots and philanthropists. All the people must be educated and elevated. There are germs of loveliness in every human soul, which must be cultivated and developed; and when this is done, instead of thorns and thistles disfiguring the human family, they will be bearing fruits and flowers, differing in excellence and glory, according to the nature of the heart from which they spring. We are no rhapsodist; we speak what every man who has thought upon human progress has felt in common with ourself.—All things cannot be done at once; but we should go on with every reform that will tend to elevate and ennoble our race. The Ten Hour Law is one step in this great work, and there are many steps beyond it. But, fellow-democrats, let us do one thing at a time, and do that thing well.

General Taylor at Washington.

General Taylor reached Washington at 8 o'clock on Friday evening, after a long and tedious journey. The Washington Union, of Sunday morning, gives the following account of his reception in the metropolist.

"Long before the cars arrived last night, a dense crowd had gathered on the streets surrounding the railroad depot, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the President elect. The avenue in front of the depot presented a seen never wittnessed before at that hour in this metropolis.

"About eight o'clock, the locomotive whistle blazing bonfires, rockets and roaring artillery, mingled in splendid confusion with the darkness of the night, and loud enthusiastic hurrahs of the assembled multitude gave notice that war-worn chief had arrived. General Taylor, attended by the Marine Band, the committee of reception, and a large concourse of citizens, reached Willards's Hotel safe and sound. On arriving at Willard's the crowd called for 'Old Zack,' in shouts that made the welkin ring. Gen. Taylor made his appearance on the portico in front of the hotel, where he was received in tons of welcome such as seldom greet the ear of a guest in Washington.

"Gen. Taylor, being announced by the Mayor then made a short address, in which he said that were he ever so well qualified, he could not make anything like a set speech. He alluded to the fatigues of his journey, and to the fact that he had not recovered from an injury he had received a few days ago, and concluded by thanking the citizens of Washington for the cordial reception they had given him, and expressed his sincere wishes for their continued health and prosperity. The President elect then bade the crowd good night, and returned amidst the most deafening huzzas and hearty demonstrations of delight on the part of the assembled citizens."

It was announced that he would receive his friends on Saturday morning, at Willard's Hotel, if sufficiently recovered, from the fatigue of his tedious journey; but previous to the appointed time, a notice was posted postponing the reception until Monday morning.

☞ Mrs. General Taylor is a native of Calvert county, Maryland. A writer in the National Intelligencer says Mrs. Taylor's father was Capt. Walter Smith an independent and highly respectable farmer, whose estate was situated on the right bank of St. Leonard's Creek, in which Commodore Barney's flotilla was blockaded in the late war. She is the sister of the late Major Richard Smith of the marine corps, well remembered, in New York especially, for his gallant and soldierly appearance and bearing, and his fine social qualities. It was in Kentucky that the general, then a very young man, saw her, was conqured, and "surrendered."

☞ Five Senators now in the Congress of the United States, were members of the *same* class in the Transylvania University of Kentucky. They are Downs of Louisiana, Jefferson Davis of Miss., Atchison of Missouri, Hannegan of Inda., and Jones of Iowa. They are all Democrats.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS.—It is stated that, during thirty-four years, 233 steamboats have exploded, causing the death of 2,563 persons, and wounding 2,090. The pecuniary loss has been $3,099,366.

The World in a Nutshell.

☞ Two lots of Gold from San Francisco, on board the Lexington, were insured in State street, Boston, on Wednesday—one for $12,000, and the other $17,000.

☞ The Free Soilers of Rhode Island are to hold a State Convention at Providence, on the first of March next.

☞ The gallant General James Shields, Senator elect from Illinois, was present at Louisville, and Madison, and took part in the ceremonies in honor of Gen. Taylor.

☞ Mr. John White, a young man at Jacksonville, Ill., was killed by being run over by a railroad car, which he and others were attempting to move.

☞ It is said that upwards of 40,000 passports have been issued at Washington within the last three months.

☞ The consumption of cotton during the past year, in England, was 280,000 bales more than in 1847.

☞ The Little Rock Ark. Banner, of the 6th inst., says that an attempt was made by eight prisoners to escape from the penitentiary at that place but was frustrated by the guard, who fired upon the prisoners, three of whom were wounded, one severely.

☞ The theatre-goers in New Orleans having expressed much dissatisfaction at the non-appearance of Mr. Booth, in Richard; his physician, "in justice to Mr. B.," informs the public that he was prevented from appearing by an attack of cholera.

☞ The Springfield Republican mentions an elopement from New Haven, Ct. The gentleman is said to be an artist, and the lady one of the "upper ten thousand," handsome, accomplished and romantic.

☞ In Hartford, last week, a woman named Smith, was robbed of $250. She suspected a man and his wife, named Dennis and Joanna Coughlan, of the robbery, followed them to Boston, gave notice to the Watch, and had them arrested.

☞ William Williams Smith Bliss, otherwise Major Bliss, the son-in-law of General Taylor, is born in the village of Whitehall, county of Washington, state of New York.

☞ The reason why inland postage is still charged on letters coming from England, is that the ratification of the Treaty by Great Britain is not yet officially known at our Department.

☞ J. Hutchison, of Charlestown, Massachsetts, committed suicide on Tuesday night, by cutting his throat with a pen knife.

☞ The Opera in Boston, re-opened on Wednesday night, with Truffi, Patti, Benedetti, and Rosi, in Lucrezia Borgia.

☞ Col. Henry Francis Marshall Moody Lipford, of the vicinity of Holly Springs, was found dead between two hogs. He was a dissipated man.

☞ Joseph Kelsey, the keeper of a tavern in Buffalo, died last week, having made a death-bed confession of numerous crimes, including murder.

☞ The Louisville Courier cites numerous medical authorities, proving that Malaria is one of the chief sources of disease and death. It also advances the opinion that Cholera is produced by Malaria.

☞ In India ice is made by placing unglazed earthen pans filled with water upon straw and letting it remain there all night, protected from all interfering influences; by morning the water is found frozen.

☞ The Boston Transcript says there has not been so much ice in the harbor of that polar empo rium since February, 1844. Gloucester harbor is also badly frozen up.

☞ The Methodist church at Centerville, Ia., has been visited with an extensive revival. The meeting has been held twelve days, and is still going on.

☞ A bill has been reported to the House of Delegates of Virginia doing away with public executions, and directing them to be inflicted privately, as in some other States of the Union.

☞ The New Orleans papers of the 14th say, that the Mississippi was still falling at that city, and all the way down the stream, and was slow falling.

☞ A right Whale, measuring about 50 feet in length, was captured opposite Bridgehampton, L. I., on Friday of last week, which will make, it is supposed, from 50 to 40 bbls. of oil.

☞ A steam plough had been tried on a farm near Stratford, in England, by stationary engines at the extremities of the field, and the experiment is said to have been satisfactory.

☞ Mr. Abraham Rawson, a large woolen manufacturer of Andover, Mass., died in that place on the 20th, at the age of 77. Mr. H. was a native of England.

☞ 200,000 tons of ice have been cut in Massachusetts the present year, for home consumption and exportation.

What the Whigs Say.

We copy the following from the Pittsburgh Daily American, (a whig paper) of yesterday:

JUST AS WE SAID.—The Post comes out with a long list of new subscribers, the result of a long attempt of a few shallow locos and whigs to put down his paper. The result is precisely as we stated the other day that it would be, and ever will be. Had these dolts really wished to put the Post down, they should have left it alone to die of itself, like an error in religion, but the attept to persecute and break it down, could have but one possible end—to make it, for a while, more popular than ever. People will care nothing for Harper or the Cotton-Mill, warm up at once against any and all attempts to break another down by the strong hand. They have made themselves not only asses, but have decked themselves out in gaudy dresses to be distinguished the more as objects of ridicule.

Paid for Lying!

We find the following in the Pittsburgh American of yesterday:

It is now said that the Journal received $50 from some leading locofocos to commence the war on the Post whose Editor, the Journal man mortally hates and that the mode of extermination was devised by the sagacious Editor himself, who was to follow up the editorial *communicated*, with an onslaught from his own all powerful and all annihilating pen and quill. He has done it, and as he usually does up all his master operations, *He* was in earnest, as were some 15 or 20 star gazing whigs.

It must be remembered that the American is a whig paper, and its Editor is generally pretty well posted up in all that is going on in the ranks of his party. The Journal man, we doubt not, was well paid for *lying us down!* And a pretty business he made of it, truly!

THE SOUTHERN MOVEMENT.—The Hamburg (S. C.) Republican contains a call for a meeting to respond to the Southern Address. The Sumpter Banner also contains a similar call. A large meeting took place at Columbia, S. C., on the 15th, of the citizens of Richland district. Resolutions were adopted approving the action of the southern members of Congress; declaring submission to present and threatened grievances degrading and intolerable; volunteering co-operation in the most effectual measures of resistance, commending the action of Virginia and North Carolina; recognizing the claims of Virginia to the leadership of Southern States; and appointing committees, one of sixty, to co-operate with other districts, and another of safety, consisting of fifty individuals.

The Augusta Sentinel states that a "crisis" meeting, at Macon, Geo., a town containing five to seven hundred voters, was a failure, mustering only "twenty to twenty-five persons." Yet the people in other counties are already exhorted "TO MARCH FORWARD LIKE BIRD," the County in which Macon is situated.

☞ We find the following in the Cincinnati Gazette (a whig paper,) without comment. It is exactly the sentiments of whiggery, but that it should be *published* is a little curious. It comes the nearest to whig *principles* of anything we have seen. As the whigs have no written *creed* we suggest that they mount this at the head of their newspapers, and paint it on their flags:

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident*"—That all men are endowed with inalienable rights—except *poor men*. All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scamps—except those who cheat on a large scale. All men are born free and equal—except *negroes*. All men are sinners—except *those who belong to Church*. All men are allowed to think and act freely—except those who *work for a living*. All well dressed and accomplished women are ladies—except *factory girls*.

JOHN VAN BUREN'S LAST.—JOHN VAN BUREN met MR. FILLMORE at the time of his last visit to Albany. "What are you going to do for us, Mr. Fillmore, now that you are in office?" said the hopeful heir of honor. "Do for you?" said the Vice President elect, good humoredly; "we shall do nothing—we don't know you." "GEN. TAYLOR will certainly redeem his pledge to us," said John. "Pledge! what pledge?" "The one he gave us at Buena Vista, not to leave his wounded behind him."

LIST OF LETTERS

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

Ladies' List.

A

Abercrombie E
Agnew Elizabeth
Agnew Elendor
Alexander Hetty
Anderson Bridget
Anderson Marg't
Anderson E

B

Baker Catharine
Barnes Maria
Barrier Julian
Beason Alice
Beck Martha L
Beck N ncy
Blackmore Lucin
Blazier M A
Blessing Eliza
Boob B A
Buxton Ann
Booth Mrs Thos
Borden Isabella
Boyd Agnes
Boyle M F 2
Braden M R
Brien Judy
Brisband Jane
Bryan Susan
Beatla M J
Burrell M J
Byrne Ellen
Burk Louisa
Burton Mary
Butler Sarah G
Butler Emeline
Butler Sarah
Butler Mary

C

Cadwallader Mary
Calfen Mary 2
Calhoun Cath'ne
Calhoun Sarah A
Cameron Mary A
Campbell Deb'h
Camel Elizab'h
Cann Lydia
Carles Harriet
Casey Mary
Caskey Sarah
Chaplin Harriet
Clance Margaret
Clinton Letitia
Cochran Cath'ne
Coe H M
Colbert Mary
Collins Isabella
Combs Mary
Cornell Mary Ann
Cooper Isabella
Cowley Alice
Cox Mary
Curry Elizabeth

D

Daily Harriet
Davis Hortentia
Davis Elizabeth
Davis Mary
Dickson Margt J
Dushane N
Dillon Kate C
Dimmit Cath'e
Dolan Catharine
Donley Cath'e
Dorsed Sarah
Doris Isabella
Dryden Nancy A
Duffy Mary
Dunn Jane
Dunaghue Margt
Dunlap Louisa
Dunlap Carol'e L

E

Eaton Rebecca 2
Edwards Ellen
Elliot Anne
Emory Maria
Ernest Sarah
Ewing Margaret
Ewing Mary J 2

F

Farrell Mary
Farran Letitia
Ferguson Agnes
Ferguson Rachel
Fagan Margaret
Finical Elizabeth
Flanigan Mary
Fleicher Mary R
Fleming Elzbth A
Falts Catharine
Forsyth Margt
Forrester Elzbth
Fowler J B Miss
Francis Matilda

G

Gailey Ann L
Gallagher Bridget
Gardener Jane
Gleason Mary
Gleasam Mary
Gaston S Jane
Gillespie Rebecca
Gilmore Isabella
Gluss Nancy C
Glenn Mary
Glenn Margaret
Godwin Mary Ann
Goodwin Charlotte
Jones Margaret
Jones Ann
Johnston Henrietta
Johnston Cath'ne
Goldsmith Elizabeth
Graham Maria
Gumbert Sarah
Gwynne Hann'h M
Gwin Eliza
Gwin Mary Ann

H

Harns H S Miss
Hague Mrs John
Henderson Sarah
Hann Sarah
Hall Ann E
Hamilton Mary J
Harbaugh Ann E
Haslett Margt C
Hamilton Clement
Hill Ellen
Huntsman Eliza
Hatfield Eelia
Hay's Lydia
Henderson Sarah
Henly Eleanor
Henderson E M
Heron Mrs Matthew
Hering Elizbth
Hettick Margaret
Hilder Mary
Hughes Ann
Hite Margaret
Hong C E
Hoffman Barbara
Hot Phebe A
Holmes Jane
Holley Cornelia
Holler Charlotte
House Elizbth I
Hays Mary Jane
Horran Rose

I

Irwin Adaline
Irwin Mary
Irwin M Miss
Irwin Martha

J

Jack Mary
Jackman Susan
Jackson Rebecca
Jackson Cath'ne
Jenkins Marg't
Joiner Charlotte
Jones Margaret
Jones Ann E
Johnston Henrietta
Johnston Cath'ne
Johnston Sarah J 2
Johnston Susan
Johnston Sarah

K

Kearns Celina
Kearns M
Kelly H Mrs
Kennedy Eliza
Keedley Phoebe
Kennison Parn
Kelty Annnah
Knox Julia
Kuchel C Mrs

L

Lafferty M A
Lanham Letitia
Lawrence A Mrs
Lawrence Margt
Leeper E Miss
Lemos Mary Ann
Leonard Mary C
Linton Mary
Lincomb Lucinda
Lowry Margaret
Luckett Elizabh
Lupwig Henrietta
Ludwig E J
Luther Lucinda
Lynn Ellen Jane
Lynch Mary 3
Lynch Catharine

M

Mackerel Elizab'h
Mackey Margt
Marks A A
Martin Julia
Mechan Sophia
Metts Catharine
Miller Mary
Miller Sarah
Miller Margt
Mitchell Eliza
Morrow Margt
Morrel Mary
Moreland C
Morris M A
Morson S A
Morgan N W
Morgan Mary
Moreland Mary
McBride Mary
McBride Maria
McCall Mrs J
McCandlish Mary
McCasland Mrs
McCleese C
McClure Margt
McCormick Margt
McCrackin Louisa
McClelland E
McCullough R
McCullough E
McCleary Margt
McCrea Mrs Thos
McCrum Eliza
McCrum Cath'ne
McCullough Jane
McCullough Margt
McCullough Ann
McCullough Mary
McCullough Jane
McCullough Margt
McCullough E