Darkness. But again the voice sounded, and said: "Before you is the Future.—See," and instantly, as she turned, she grew dizzy with intolerable splendor. It seemed as if seven suns were blazing at once from a firmament of sapphire and garnet; yet, as her eyes expanded to the light she saw through a soft, purple haze, interminable plains, profusely decked with the odoriferous plants; bright colored birds and butterflies were flying in and out of the branches of gigantic, but graceful trees, under which beautiful wild animals basked in harmony; countless children sported on velvet lawns, and amid dewy under woods, which passing streams reflected in various brilliancy; the forms of noble women, of heroic towering men—ministered to by innumerable gracious spirits, who laughed from the rose buds, and danced in the rainbow beams—sat in lofty circles, conversing in tones more inspiring than music or the most delicious wine.

[illegible] led her foot upon [illegible] red into her being with the [illegible] balmy atmosphere, a world of indescribable peace and joy; all disease fell from her limbs, and all sorrow from her mind. She would have rushed with the wings of an eagle to join the multiplying groups of happy and free people that sprung up on every hand; but she was arrested by a hallowed awe. One prospect after another opened and revealed to her new splendors of appearance, new delights of life. She saw each separate society wheeling about the other like the celestial orbs, in inextricable harmony, amid the effulgence of glory; but suddenly the mighty hosts came towards her; they bore her on their uplifted arms to their white shining central palace, while in mystic fire characters were written across the skies, "Jenny Lind"—"Welcome the Nightingale"—"Glory for ever to Art." This, whispered the intoxicated girl to herself, must be the far-famed Muspelheim,—region of blessedness and undying growth, the inmost residence of the gods. Saying this, she was in a moment transmuted into a Nightingale of stupendous size, and then hovered away beyond the reach of mortal eyes, into an ineffable Blaze.

The Morning Post.

J. L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1850.

☞ "*No American citizen can ever cease to esteem the Union as the first of all blessings. Disunion! God forbid — Nations yet unborn would rise the rashness of the deed.*"—BUCHANAN.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION FOR MAYOR

JOHN B. GUTHRIE.

To Advertisers.

THE MORNING POST has a larger circulation than any subscription paper published in Pittsburgh. To business men it affords an excellent medium for Advertising; and being the only Democratic paper issued in Allegheny county, it goes into the hands of a class of readers reached by no other paper. Advertisers will be good enough to bear this in mind.

☞ According to custom, no paper will be issued from this office to-morrow.

TICKETS.

The candidates for city offices, who may wish to have tickets printed at this office, will be good enough to leave their orders immediately.

NEW YEAR.

On the beginning of the New Year it is customary to pass compliments, to moralize on the changes of Nature, and the vicissitudes of human affairs. It is a difficult thing to break from custom, even if one felt disposed to do so; and though averse to compliments and forms, we will let our full heart flow over in expressing to our readers its gratitude for the many tokens of approbation we have received from them during the past year; and we assure them that it shall be our endeavor in striving to merit a continuance of their good will, to make the *Post* keep pace with the progressive improvements of the age, and be equal at least to any of our contemporaries in the essential qualities of a good newspaper.

Readers and Friends! from the fullness of our heart we wish you all the happiness that earth can afford you! May the future be bright to you, and if clouds should gather over you in your journey, may their shadows only come to temper the intensity of the sunbeams!

The New Year's Day is a point in time when we should all take a retrospective view of our past lives, and profit by the lessons which experience suggests. The Old Year which has passed away has left upon every one of us the record of its transit over the path of our existence, and whether for good or for evil that chronicle will endure through the countless ages of eternity. This solemn thought should not be cast lightly by, but we should cherish it until we have resolved to redeem by our future actions the errors of the past. To some of us the year 1850 will be remembered as a year of affliction; to others of us it has mingled no bitterness in our cup of pleasure. If we have lost friends, it is the order of nature, and we should be comforted in preparing to meet them in a happier state of existence. If our cup has been filled with sweet waters, our hearts should be thankful to that Good Being who has shown his good will to men by bestowing upon us so large a share of felicity and prosperity. If it gives us pleasure to see the blossoms on our tree and to gather the golden fruit, it should not make us unhappy to see the snow of winter upon its boughs, for we may reasonably expect the spring-time to come again.

Friends, we have no disposition to sermonize, though our train of thoughts have been fast hurrying us into that thankless office. But in wishing you all happiness on this New Year's Morning, we do not pray for a blessing beyond your reach. You may all be happy if you will. We commend to you the following verses from BURNS:

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth, like Lon'on bank;
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making mucklе mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy long;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrong.

A New Gift.

We devote the entire first page of today's *Post* to the publication of a beautiful Theological Tale, entitled "VALA," written by PARKE GODWIN, Esq., associate Editor of the New York *Evening Post*. The story grows out of the wonderful life and character of JENNY LIND, the Swedish Nightingale. As evidence of its popularity we may state that the story has recently been published by G. P. PUTNAM, of New York, in quarto form, with magnificent illustrations, and splendid typography.

If we were given to boasting, like the overgrown Whig papers on Third street, we would take some credit to ourself for presenting to our readers so rich a treat. Bragging and bluffing is not a part of our nature. If we please our kind patrons, our ambition is satisfied.

☞ We received by yesterday's mails full files of California papers, which our friends may examine by calling at the Editor's Room, 3rd story, Post Buildings.

CENSUS OF VERMONT.—The census of this State has been completed with the exception of eight towns in Rutland county, and adds up 303,190 inhabitants—gain since 1840, 20,658, which will probably be increased about 500, making the increase of the State about 21,000.

"ENTERPRISE."

NOX had spread her ebon wings o'er half the world. The iron tongue of the church clock told the noon of night. We paced our sanctum in agony of mind. The steam was hissing in the boiler, and the press was in working order, but still our despatches did not arrive. Was our Timbuctoo correspondent eaten by anthropophagi on the mountains of the Quorra, that our despatches came not? Did his Celestial Majesty of China forbid his cook to let our reporter have the recipe for making snail soup, for fear that the outside barbarians should enjoy that exquisite luxury? Could it be possible that some vandal sportsman had shot on the wing our carrier pigeons on their way from the Frozen Ocean? These questions and many others were suggesting themselves to our mind, we had determined to be "*enterprising*," and we knew all our Third street brethren would be "enterprising," and the mortifying idea of being badly beaten was driving us to frenzy. Like the poor wife of Blue Beard, crying to her sister Anne, "do you see any body coming?" we were constantly asking our sympathising compositors, if they heard any footsteps on the stairs? But all was silence. We thought of the *Gazette*, and its new suit. It was true the matter might be dull enough, but then the *appearance* would be *so* fine; and we knew that excellent philosopher Polonius made no mistake when he said, "apparel oft proclaims the man." And we thought, too, that the Deacon might *possibly* get a letter descriptive of the two tailed "*genus homo*" from the Mountains of the Moon. Next we thought of that most "enterprising" of prints, the *Journal*, and its Napoleonic Editor, glancing over the proof sheets of its "intellectual" leaders, while he sipped a "hasty plate of soup," decocted from his own excellent *escargatoire*. And then came up the *Chronicle*, with its epistles descriptive of the Tycho crater, "sent expressly" by the man of the moon on a lunar beam. And last, not least in "enterprise," the *Dispatch* came to our mind, with a glowing account of a mountain of solid gold just discovered on a tract of land of which the Editor holds a Spanish grant.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; and sick of heart we sat down in our arm chair and leaned our aching head upon our hands. We cannot say how long we remained in this state of mind, but we were suddenly aroused by a tap on the shoulders, and looking around a queer looking object sat grinning at our back.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" we exclaimed, as we surveyed the "questionable shape" that sat perched upon the top of our second chair. A good natured smile from the elf restored us to our self-possession, and attentively examining him, we felt at once disposed to make his acquaintance. He was a little man wrapped in a clock, with a diminutive body, and enormous head. His complexion was dark, his chin two balls of fire, and his cheeks shaded with an enormous pair of red whiskers. He carried a pair of crutches from which we supposed he was lame; and the foot that protruded from under his cloak was hoofed and cloven. We guessed him to be a demon, and enquired,—

"Have we the honor of a visit from Mephistopheles?"

"No," replied he with a smile, "I am a better natured devil; I am ASMODEUS!"

"What," we exclaimed, "the clever demon that unroofed the houses of Madrid for the student Don Cleofas?"

"The same, at your service," said he with a low bow.

We immediately told Asmodeus our trouble: how we intended to be equal in "enterprise" to the *Journal* and *Gazette*; about our new types and lightning presses; of our correspondents from all parts of the world and the rest of mankind; our editorial arrangements to be equal in "mind" with our cotemporaries; and of the unfortunate concurrence of disappointments by which we were likely to come out at the tail of the scrub-race. Asmodeus laughed so heartily that the windows rattled in their cases; and placing his crutches under his arms, asked us to take hold of his cloak. We obeyed. Instantly we felt ourself passing out of the roof of our office, flying over the house tops, and standing on the gable end of the "Gazette Buildings." The roof opened at the touch of Asmodeus, and we looked in. There sat the Deacon, his "eyes in wild frenzy rolling," and looking from earth to heaven, trying to catch an idea, but without success, for the idea would not be caught. He dipped his pen a dozen times in the ink stand, and brought it to the white paper, but the idea, if conceived at *all*, refused to come forth. The Deacon was *in great agony of mind*.

"What does he want to write about?" enquired we of Asmodeus.

"About the political honesty of the '*Old Gazette* and its editor," he answered.

"He seems to be troubled with his theme!" said we.

"Yes," replied Asmodeus; "the phantoms of tergiversations are rising up before him, like the ghosts that appeared to Richard before the battle of Bosworth Field."

"Poor Deacon!" we exclaimed.

We continued to look on. The editor's face began to lose its frightful rigidity, and assumed a sort of sardonic smile. He dipped his pen again in the ink, and commenced to write about the new dress of his paper, and the enormous expense he had incurred to gratify his aristocratic readers, and of his endeavors to be orthodox in all things, and never to carry water on both shoulders. After finishing the article he took up a copy of the *Journal*, which lay on the table, and eyed it askance for a considerable time, and then burst into a paroxysm of laughter. The Deacon laid down the rival paper, over whose appearance he had enjoyed so much felicity, and took a clean sheet of paper, and wrote at the head of it, in bold letters,

"OUR WESTERN RAILROAD;"

and as his pen began to run over the lines, Asmodeus closed the roof, and in the twinkling of an eye we were on the top of the "Journal Buildings," and the secrets of its sanctum lay open to our view.

O, that we had the powers of Swift or Cervantes, to describe the Napoleon of the Pittsburgh press, as there beheld him in the midst of the "minds" that contribute to his "intellectual" and "enterprising" *Journal*! O, that we had thy pencil, immortal Hogarth—but we havn't; and there is no use in fretting over our deficiencies.

Before a table covered with papers and manuscripts sat the "responsible" editor holding his pen as Jupiter holds the lightning when he writes his imperial bulletins. His article was headed:

"THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW;"

and the editor was fulminating his wrath on all Wilmot provisoists, and other enemies of the Union. After finishing the article he opened a file of the *Journal*, and as he read his face became of an ashy hue. The paragraph that annoyed him was that which refused the support of the *Journal* to Mournful MOSES HAMPTON, because it was thought that he was *not* a friend of the Wilmot proviso. The associates of the editor, seeing his perplexity, enquired and learned the cause. One of them, a philosophic looking personage, with spectacles on the point of his nose, bade him forget the past; said that change marked all things; and why might not man change his sentiments as well as the earth its seasons. Another poured out from a decanter a glass of the waters of Helicon, and told him *that* was the elixir which *elevated* man to the stature of a demi-god, and made him forgetful of all unpleasant things. The editor emptied the cup, and seemed comforted. A boy placed a dish of soup before the editor, made of the best developed helices of his escargatoire, and he sipped the rare luxury with all the exquisite pleasure with which Apicius eat the first Colchester oysters. When the plate was clean, the editor cried out in a military tone,

"Attention, the whole! Number One, have you finished that Washington letter?"

Number One answered, "Yes."

"Number Two, have you got through writing those letters from New York and Philadelphia, and looked well to see that they do not vary from the newspapers?"

Number Two said, "I have."

"Number Three, have you completed the correspondence of the *Commercial Journal* from London, Paris, St. Petersburgh, and Constantinople?"

"All but the postscripts," answered the writer.

The editor folded his arms after the manner of Napoleon, and giving the Pittsburgh *Gazette* a kick to the other end of the room, exclaimed in accents of heroic ardor, "What a glorious thing it is to feel that one is surrounded with the atmosphere of 'MIND,' and that in 'ENTERPRISE' one can distance all competition!"

We joined so loud in a laugh with Asmodeus, that the editor of the *Journal* sprang to his feet, and cried out, in the language of Ion,

"—WAS THAT THUNDER!"

Asmodeus suddenly closed the roof, and hurried us off. He told us, on our way back, that there was an ill-natured devil, named Mephistophiles, who hung about Third street, with whom he had no desire of making an acquaintance, and whose presence induced his abrupt departure. He promises to give us some further glimpses of our "enterprising" cotemporaries from time to time, as his other numerous engagements will allow; and we have also his assurance, that he will not fail in *his* correspondence, even should our other correspondents throughout the world disappoint us, as they have on this most interesting occasion, when we wished to show off *our* "enterprise" at the beginning of the New Year.

The Whigs for Simon Cameron.

If any evidence were wanting that SIMON CAMERON is totally unworthy of the confidence of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, the fact that the great body of the Whigs are warm advocates of his election to the U. S. Senate, should satisfy any reasonable Democrat that he is not to be trusted.

The Hollidaysburgh *Register*, *Miners' Journal*, *Schuylkill Haven Map*, and many other Whig papers have come out openly and advocated CAMERON's election to the Senate. The latter paper is published in a village that contains a branch of the Middletown Bank! Read what it says:

"We, as a Whig Editor, have given up all hope of electing a Whig Senator in place of Dr. Sturgeon; the only object now to be aimed at by the Whigs in the Legislature is to secure a Tariff man. Under this caption it would be out of place to argue the Tariff question, and as unappropriate as it may be, it is still more useless. The people of this neighborhood, and the Whig party in general, see the necessity of such a movement. There are now before our Representatives, several names to be used in connection with this office, and they should weigh well the interest of the constituency on this important question. We believe, we know, that Gen. Cameron is the only one of the opposition party who is a Tariff man, and with this view, the Whigs would be justified in supporting him, and for this reason, alone, we hope they may do it.—*Schuylkill Haven Map, Dec. 11.*

Out of some eighty Democratic papers published in Pennsylvania, only three, we believe, have taken a stand in favor of the Caesar of the Middletown Bank. Public opinion, in Democratic ranks, is equally as strong against the Winnebago Chief.—No honest Democrat can trust him; and no party will ever prosper that has any thing to do with the unprincipled demagogue.

Methodist Laymen's Resolutions.

At a meeting of the male members of the Forsyth street (New York) Methodist Episcopal Church, held on the 23d ultimo, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, at a meeting of the ministers of the M. E. church of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg, held at the Mission Rooms, in New York, on the 9th of November, 1850, a preamble and resolutions were adopted strongly condemning the fugitive-slave law, and in effect repudiating a clause of our constitution, which requires the rendition of fugitive slaves to their owners: Therefore be it

Resolved, By the male members of Forsyth street M. E. church, that, while we willingly concede to our preachers the right of expressing their private opinions, yet we consider the promulgation of such sentiments as were embodied in the preamble and resolutions passed by the preachers' meeting of November 9th to be injudicious, and calculated to produce religious discord and promote political disunion.

Resolved, That we dissent entirely from the sentiments of said resolutions.

Resolved, That, as a portion of the M. E. church, as we have hitherto sustained, so we will ever strive to maintain the character of a conservative, law-abiding, peace-loving church, and as such worthy of a confidence in our integrity, not to be mistrusted or impeached. H. DOLLNER, Chairman.

J. L. TAUSZOW, Secretary.

The Constellations of this Season.

The Newark *Daily Advertiser*, after remarking that at no time of the year do the constellations possess the splendor as at the present season, proceeds thus: "Standing with our faces towards the south, where the 'Whale' is culminating, we see the white light of 'Lyre' fading in the west, with the 'Great Bear' at no great distance. But it is at the east that the sky is gemmed with the most sparkling jewels of the night. The 'Pleiades' lead on the host of constellations; 'Aldebaran' in the 'Hyades,' follows close behind. Then comes the glorious 'Orion,' supported on one side by 'Capella,' and on the other by 'Procyon,' and the 'flashing Sirius,' the largest and most effulgent of the heavenly myriads. Thus the gorgeous procession advances, till the morning pla set where in the dawn."

THE DISTURBANCES IN TURKEY.—A letter in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, dated Beyrout, Syria, November 15, says that it is understood that General Bem, who is in Aleppo, with the title of Murad Pasha, was the chief director in the infliction of the chastisement upon the insurgents, of whom there were 3000 slain.

"Old Ironsides."

A proposition has been made to convert the frigate Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—as the sailors call her—into a receiving ship at Boston. We sincerely hope the desecration will not be perpetrated. What, turn that glorious frigate, whose flag has "braved the battle and the breeze" for upwards of half a century; whose quarter-deck has been trod by Preble, Hull and Stewart in more blood of the whose planks are yet stained with gore her into an brave tars who died at her battery! There is as little ignoble receiving ship! Never, at a time in the age, occasion for the profanation shall be thoroughly repainted, gestion. The Constitution cost for another half century two years ago, and of the fastest ships in the navy. Let us keep it! has never been beaten.—glorious old frigate! associations her name awakens!

"Out on it! stars and a row of steel,
With a tempest scowl and the battle-peal—
Mid your ship of the free!"

To [*Phil. Bulletin.*

Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

This is undoubtedly one of the most eccentric papers in Pennsylvania. The editor is a perfect enigma, and it puzzles his readers no little sometimes to know what he is driving at. Occasionally he has lucid intervals, and writes tolerable good common sense, but he is certain to fall back into his peculiar habits, and makes himself an object of pity and contempt in the eyes of all good Democrats in the State. The *Times*, when under the editorial charge of Col. DU SOLLE, stood high with the Democratic party—it was a spirited, radical, honest, national paper; but since it has passed into the hands of its present conductor, it has been a disorganising sheet, remarkable only for its sickening eulogies of the free soil fanatics and disunionists. Persons who know the editor inform us that he has a very ugly habit of imbibing too freely, and while under the influence of strong drink he writes many foolish things which astonish and mortify his immediate friends.

During one of his lucid moments, on the 7th day of November last, the editor of the *Spirit of the Times* penned the following paragraph, in giving expression to his views on the question of U. S. Senator, with a full *personal knowledge* of the gentleman about whom he was writing:

"We cannot, however, after a full review of the emergency, express our decided advocacy of the nomination of Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, of Somerset County. His PUBLIC and PRIVATE character, his sternness of political purpose, his inflexible adherence to all the formula and rules of discipline, which are indispensable to our success, the native powers of his intellect, and the extent of his LITERARY, LEGAL and POLITICAL acquisitions, ALL combine to impress this idea upon the minds of all, who seriously and INTELLIGENTLY consider the subject in all its bearings. But we shall ENFORCE our PREFERENCE more at length hereafter."

In his paper of the 14th of December, the Editor wrote an article retracting nearly every word contained in the above. It seems that he was of the opinion, when writing the foregoing, that Judge BLACK was an enemy of Mr. BUCHANAN; but learning afterwards that the kindest personal and political relations existed between these patriotic and distinguished sons of the Keystone State, the *Times* man turns around and vilifies Judge BLACK in the most outrageous manner, and opposes his election to the U. S. Senate.

In his paper of the 17th of December, in writing on the same subject, (probably while under the influence of liquor,) the Editor of the *Times* says:

"We have made it a point in the coming election of a United States Senator from Pennsylvania, (and the people are ready and eager to sustain us,) *that the successful candidate must be opposed to Mr. Buchanan*, and must be regarded as pledged to defeat all the plans and influences by which he may attain the Presidential chair. Any other political complexion will as certainly ensure the defeat of the candidate, as that his name will be offered to either the caucus or the Legislature."

This is certainly a new test, and extraordinary as it is new. Heretofore our party test was, when a candidate presented himself for office, "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the constitution?" Now this wiseacre in Philadelphia wishes to interpolate into the Democratic creed the additional tests, "Is he an enemy of James Buchanan? Is he an Abolitionist?" The extreme absurdity of such demands will strike every reasonable man at a glance. As well might a religious test be set up at once, and the particular church to which a man belongs be made an objection to disqualify him for office. If it is a crime in Judge BLACK to be a friend of JAMES BUCHANAN, then nearly every Democrat whose name has been mentioned for U. S. Senator, will be guilty of a misdemeanor in the opinion of this crack brained Philadelphia Editor. JAMES BUCHANAN has not a warmer or more enthusiastic friend in the world than our talented townsman, Col. WILSON MCCANDLESS. ARNOLD PLUMER, as we happen to know, is also a devoted friend of Mr. BUCHANAN. And other candidates for U. S. Senate, Judge WOODWARD, DANIEL STEADMAN, Gen. FOSTER, R. P. FLENIKEN, Gen. PACKER, RICHARD RUSH, JAMES X. MCLANAHAN, JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN, are well known to be friends of "Old Buck." If the *Times* man adheres to his test, he will have to swear allegiance to the Middletown Bank, or else go into the ranks of Whiggery at once.

We shall notice a "cock and bull story" of the *Times*, and then let the silly paper slide for the present. It says:

"There are but few persons, in either party, who have forgotten the incidents of a cabal held a short time since, at the celebrated political and mineral springs in the vicinity of Bedford. The most prominent actors were JAMES BUCHANAN and Jeremiah S. Black. Need we say more?"

This is but a reprint of the miserable slang of the Federal papers of the State. We happened to be at Bedford last summer during the entire stay of Mr. BUCHANAN at the Springs. We saw and conversed with him daily and hourly; and we believe, and indeed *we know*, that no such "cabal" as that alluded to ever took place. Judge BLACK did not reach Bedford until a few days after Mr. BUCHANAN had left; and hence it was impossible for these gentlemen to be "actors" in any "cabal" whatever.—We have frequently read in Federal and professing Democratic newspapers, accounts of some mysterious meetings at Bedford Springs, written by some contemptible puny-a-liners, who are paid for manufacturing all such marvellous yarns. We saw a monkey of this description loafing about Bedford while we were there, who had a great profusion of hair growing about his upper lip. As he was constantly sipping mint julips and cherry cobblers, he was generally in such a condition that no gentleman was willing to notice him. It was said that he was one of the editors of the Philadelphia *Times*. His name we have forgotten, but we believe it was not LEMUEL GULLIVER!

Railroad Election.

We learn from the Mansfield Shield and Banner that the election on Monday, the 24th, in Wet township, for or against subscription to the stock of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, resulted as follows:—

For subscription,	461
Against subscription,	144
Majority for subscription,	317

A FRIEND OF THE UNION.—"*Oh, don't do that till I am dead.*"—The Atlanta (Ga.) Republic says:

On the day of the meeting of the secessionists at Kingston, a revolutionary soldier retired to his residence in Cobb county, on the railroad, though his eyes were so dim that he could not see very well see. He was told that they were trying to get the people to dissolve or secede from the Union. Whereupon, he drooped his withered form, and seemed to be in deep distress for one or two minutes, after which he raised his head, and, with a faltering voice said, "Oh, don't do this till I am dead!" While he uttered these words, large tears coursed each other down his wan and withered cheeks. He was told that a great number of men would try to prevent them, to which he replied, "Don't let them do it till I am dead!"

CENSUS OF CONNECTICUT.—The returns from the entire state, with the exception of two towns—Canterbury and Sterling—have been received, which show a population of 372,000. In 1840 there were 310,000 inhabitants—gain 62,000, or about 20 per cent., in the last ten years. This tells a good story for old Connecticut.

UNION MEETING IN NEW HAVEN, CT.—A meeting of the friends of the Union was held in New Haven on Tuesday evening, and was largely attended by men of all parties. A series of resolutions were adopted, which abounded in patriotism and a determination to uphold the laws.

☞ Land difficulties in Scotland exist to such an extent, that the British papers are calling for an encumbered estates Commissioner to divide and sell the lands in the Highlands.

DIED:

On Tuesday, the 31st ult., Mr. JNO. H. MOHLER, aged 28 years.

His funeral will take place from the residence of E. Holmes, on Lucock street, Allegheny, this day at 1 o'clock.

Scribblings and Clippings.

— Jenny Lind was in good health at Charleston on Tuesday, and intended to give three concerts, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. Tickets range from five to ten dollars.

— A fire broke out in Danville, Pa., on Thursday night, destroying four stores, and a building used as a dwelling, and a barber's shop. The loss is about $5,000, partly insured. The buildings were owned by J. T. Beach.

— A fracas took place between two free negroes in Jeffersonville, on the 29th, when one, named Daniel Smith, killed the other with a chair.

— The National Intelligencer says the Washington monument is now 85 feet above the ground.

Mrs. Partington wonders what on airth keeps it from fallin' down!—*N. Y. Sun.*

— The Troy (N. Y.) *Whig* says that L. Ward Smith, of Rochester, a member of the Legislature from that city, is to be Adjutant General; Mr. Porter, a son of Gen. P. S. Porter, Governor's Secretary.

— A memorial signed by Jared Sparks and others, of Cambridge, asking Congress to purchase Hiram Powers' emblematical statue of America, has been presented in the House by Mr Disney.

— Perry Davis has recovered damages in the Supreme Court of Rhode Island against Geo. Kendall, for imitating the label of the pain-killer, a medicine very warming for the innards.

— The Trenton True American states that on the 1st of July, 1851, there will be an *overplus* in the U. S. treasury of $15,115,169 19, instead of Mr. Corwin's amount of $858,996 99.

— The New Hampshire Constitutional Convention has almost unanimously provided for the election every two years by the people of a State Commissioner of Agriculture—his duties and pay to be fixed by the Legislature.

— The Century Question, which agitated the world last year, is about to be revived. According to the most generally received opinion the first half of the nineteenth century closed last night; (Tuesday) Dec. 31st, 1850.

— Forty pews were sold in the new Methodist Church, Norfolk, on Tuesday evening, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, which was a premium of five hundred dollars upon the assessed value.

— Mrs. Fannan, of New Orleans, week before last, gave birth to no less than three pledges of affection. At 12 o'clock, on Friday, a girl was born, at midnight a fine boy, and on Saturday, at noon, Mrs. F. gave birth to a girl. All the three and the mother are said to be doing well.

— A Daily paper has been established at Harrisburg by Geo. Bergner & Co., which is intended to be permanent. It is published at $5 per annum, or 6 cents per week. It will be an useful publication, especially during the session of the Legislature, and eight thousand inhabitants of that town will no doubt find it so.

— Punch has lately heard of a Protestant who has just discharged an old and faithful servant, because the poor fellow happens to have a Roman nose.

Scott wards!

YOU are requested to call at JAMES M'GUIRE'S, 77 Wylie street, and select your Fanta, *immediately, or before the 8th of January.* By order.

T. A. ROWLEY, Capt.

M. WALLACE, 1st Serg't. ja1

Election.

AN ELECTION will be held for President, Managers, and other officers of the BOARD OF TRADE, in the Rooms of the Association, on Thursday, the 3d inst., at 7 o'clock p. m. ja1:1t JOHN HARPER, Sec'y.

Wanted.

A GOOD FARMER wanted to go to Kentucky and take charge of a good farm. A number of bookkeepers, salesmen and young men want employment in the city or neighboring towns; also a number of boys of all ages, and several colored men and boys wish employment. Money borrowed and loaned; land and houses rented or sold, and all kinds of agencies attended to at the usual charges. Please call at

ISAAC HARRIS'

ja1:3t* Agency and Intelligence Office, Fifth st.

FOR SALE—2 boxes cheap and useful Family Medicines; 150 cheap middle sized wash tubs; 2 dozen Bowls; a few Maps, and a Temperance Chart; To Lets, Quills and Paper; for sale cheap by

ISAAC HARRIS.

"OUR HOUSE."

SHELL OYSTERS AND GAME received daily at "OUR HOUSE," No. 24 Diamond alley.

WM. BENNETT.

FLOUR.—300 bbls Superfine and Extra, in store and for sale by STUART & SILL,

ja1 104 Wood st.

TOBACCO.—50 boxes prime 5's just received and for sale by STUART & SILL.

SCOTCH SNUFF.—40 boxes, 4 oz. packages, Bond's extra, for sale by STUART & SILL.

SPANISH CIGARS.—20,000 Regalias and Principes for sale by STUART & SILL.

COFFEE.—58 bags for sale by STUART & SILL.

TEAS.—40 half chests, to close, by STUART & SILL.

MOLASSES.—10 barrels for sale by STUART & SILL.

BROOMS.—200 dozen, to close out by STUART & SILL.

LARD.—10 kegs just received by STUART & SILL.

CORN.—10 bbls. in store and for sale by STUART & SILL.

PEACHES.—225 bushels in store and for sale by STUART & SILL.

NAILS.—100 kegs, 8 and 10d., in store and for sale by STUART & SILL.

BUTTER.—40 kegs and 10 bbls., to close consignment. STUART & SILL.

Selling off at Cost, to quit the Business.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS!! SHIRTS!!—The Shirts and Gents. Furnishing, at No. 80 Fourth street, sign of the golden Bee Hive, store so soon by the 6th of January. Call soon, as they are selling at 50 and 75 cents less than the usual prices, and far less than first cost.

S. H. LAWMAN.

New Stock of Pianos.

JOHN H. MELLOR, No. 18 Wood st., has just received a new and splendid lot of PIANOS, now open and ready for sale. dec31

Central Tea Store.

THE subscriber, thankful for the large and extensive patronage extended to him in the Tea business, would inform the public that he is now receiving a fresh supply, of very superior Teas of all kinds, warranted to give satisfaction. Country merchants are respectfully invited to give their attention to his assortment—warranted lower than any other house in the Tea Market.

HENRY C. KELLY,

dec31 Cor Fifth st & Market alley

500 BUSH. SHORTS in store and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN.

BRAN.—100 bush. in store and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN.

100 BUSH. MIDDLINGS in store and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN.

CORN.—325 bush. Corn, in the ear, in store and for [dec31] RHODES & ALCORN.

GROUND FEED.—On hand and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN.

CORN MEAL.—On hand and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN.

OIL MEAL.—On hand and for sale by RHODES & ALCORN,

dec31 117 Wood st., opposite St. Charles Hotel.

Money Found.

FOUND in the Stocking Store, on Fifth street, a Portemonnel, containing Ten Dollars and some silver—The owner can have it by application to WM. DALY & CO., Fifth street. [dec30

Dr. Charles Hoffman,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to Penn street, No. 281, (between Hand street and Garrison alley). [dec30

Penmanship.

AT no time for many years has there been such unscrupulous trickery practised upon the public about penmanship, as at present. Pieces of engraving are circulated through the town and country, with no engraver's name suppressed, in order to induce the ignorous of becoming rapid and elegant penmen, will do well to call at DUFFS' MERCANTILE COLLEGE, and examine the handwriting of some of the best penmen in the city, who have been instructed in this Institution.

dec27:3daw

Notice.

IT is requested that all persons having accounts against the Pittsburgh Water Works will hand them in for settlement on or before the 1st proximo.

dec28:1w JAMES NELSON, Superintendent.

New Books! New Books!

WALL, 85 Fourth street, has just received the Ladder of Gold, an English story, by Robert Bell.

To Love and to be Loved, a story, by A. S. Roe;

The Forrest Rose, tale of the Frontier, by Emerson Bennett;

Leni Leoti; or Adventures in the Far West, a sequel to the Prairie Flower, by Emerson Bennett;

Temptation; or the Watch Tower of Koat-ven;

Olive, a novel, by the author of "The Ogilvies;"

Singleton Fontenoy, R. N., by James Hannah, author of sketches in "Ultra-Marine."

The Romish Confessional; or the Auricular Confession, its history, consequences, and policy of the Jesuits, by M. Miceler;

Western Scenery on land and river, hill and dale, in the Mississippi Valley, by Wm. Wells; for sale as above, and at P. S. Retford's, Federal street, Allegheny. dec31

The Holidays.

FIFTH STREET AHEAD.

A New Cake for New Year's Day!

MR. P. H. HUNKER has baked and ornamented another Mammoth Cake for New Year's Day. It surpasses his Christmas Cake in quantity and quality.—He would respectfully return his thanks to the public for their liberal patronage of his establishment on Christmas, and begs leave to assure them that he will spare neither expense nor trouble to prove himself worthy of a continuation of their favors on New Year's Day.

On New Year's evening, at 8 o'clock, he will put up in lottery all his Fancy Stand Decorations, such as Shell Flowers, Wax Flowers, Vase Images, &c.

Cakes, Candies and Fruits can be had at No. 19 Fifth street. [dec30] P. H. HUNKER.

SPLENDID GIFT BOOKS, &c.—

Leaflets of Memory;
Snow Flake;
Cabinet of Modern Art;
Gems of Beauty;
Friendship's Offering;
Amaranth—Winter Bloom;
Presbyterian Psalm and Hymn Books, splendidly bound;
Episcopal Prayer Books, splendidly bound;
Juvenile Presentation Books;
Albums, &c. &c. For sale at the

dec30 EDUCATIONAL REPOSITORY, Cor Market & Fourth sts.

Christmas Presents.

A LARGE variety of French, English and American Fancy Stationery, suitable for Christmas and New Year Gifts, such as Papier Mache, Pearl, Ivory inlaid, and Bone Card Cases and Porte Monnaies, Porte Monnaies with profiles of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, B. and TAYLOR, etched in ivory.

Ornamental Paper Weights, of Glass, Marble, Alabaster, and Bronze. Bohemian Glass Wafer Stands and Weights with flowers and other beautiful designs curiously moulded in the centre. Gold Pencil Cases with and without Gold Pens. Portfolios, various sizes. Rosewood Work Boxes. Portable Writing Desks. Backgammon boards. Chessmen. Scrap books. Herbarium's Music Portfolios. French Note Paper embossed, silver and colored edge,—lace, and other styles, with envelopes to suit. Porcelain Inkstands richly gilt, a great variety. Paint Boxes.

The above, with many other fancy articles in the stationery line, for sale by W. S. HAVEN,

dec25 corner of Market and Second st.

Holiday Presents.

KENNEDY & HAZLETT have a large and rich assortment of fine Wood, Tin, Gum elastic, Wax and China TOYS. Fine Watches, Jewelry and various goods, suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents—useful and ornamental—for sale low at

dec24 No 94 Market street.

Great Attraction.

HENRY MILLER & CO.'S Book Store on Smithfield street, opposite Brown's Hotel, is now the place of attraction to those wishing to purchase Annuals, Gift Books, &c. If you want to present a friend with something really worth the acceptance, go to MINER'S and buy a book. They have decidedly the largest and most superbly beautiful collection to be found any where, which can be attested by all who have examined their stock. The stock of novels and cheap publications, generally, at MINER'S, is immense and embraces an endless variety. [dec24

Gift Books for the Holidays.

LEAFLETS OF MEMORY, edited by Reynold Coates, M. D., splendidly bound in Turkey morocco.

The Iris, edited by Professor John S. Hart, bound in Turkey morocco, with numerous illuminations and engravings.

Gems of the Season, elegantly illustrated.

The Keepsake, a gift for the Holidays, bound in Turkey morocco, with illuminations.

The Crystal Fount, for 1851, edited by T. S. Arthur.

Sons of Temperance Offering, for 1851, by T. S. Arthur.

The Christmas Tribune, for 1851.

Irving's Offering, do do do

Snow Flake, do do do

Forget Me Not, do do by Mrs. E. S. Smith.

Friendship's Offering, do do do

Gems of Beauty, or Literary Gift for 1851, edited by E. Percival, bound in Turkey morocco, with numerous illuminations and engravings.

The Rose of Sharon, a religious souvenir, for 1851, edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, various editions, elegantly bound and illustrated.

Read's Female Poets of America, containing portraits of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. S. J. Hale, E. C. Kinney, Miss Ann C. Lynch, Miss Sarah J. Clarke, (Grace Greenwood.)

Shelly, Goldsmith, Burns, Moore, Coleridge, Howitt, Milman and Keats; Coleridge, Shelly and Keats; Pope, Byron and Wordsworth's Poetical Works.

Also, a large collection of panier mache, papierite, Albums in morocco and papier mache binding; also, a large collection of splendid Juvenile Books, with other works, for sale by R. C. STOCKTON,

Kate Johnston & Stockton, corner Market and 3d sts.

dec23

GIFT BOOKS.—All the beautiful Annuals for 1851, and the Gift Books of the season, splendidly bound just received and for sale at the

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