SATAN'S HOLIDAY;

A SCENE OF THE WAR IN HUNGARY.

Translated from the German for the Morning Post,

BY WM. J. ROSE.

It was a dark night in the borough of St. Thomas. No star was visible, nor could it be regretted that Heaven saw not what was passing upon Earth.

Men who had grown up together in kindness and friendship, who lived in the same street, nay, beneath the very same roof, who were bound to one another by the ties of blood, of relationship, gratitude, and duty, and had been accustomed, from their earliest year, to share each other's joy and sorrow, all at once, as if gone mad with some hellish inspiration, began to devise plans for mutual destruction, and to fill their hearts with the most blood-thirsty hatred against those who had never harmed them.

It was St. Eustatius' Day. The Raitzen* assembled in the church, in order, as they said, to worship God. But no Gospel teaching, no solemn worship God. But no Gospel teaching, no solemn hurrying past to the church, said to themselves, "The Raitzen hold high festival to-day!" and felt no further concern, but went tranquilly to bed. Towards 12 o'clock, however, the alarm-bells pealed out their summons, the doors of the house of God opened, and the midnight *blood bath* began.

With ferocious yells the infuriated rabble rushed into the houses of their sleeping neighbors. It seemed as if they had some bitter, long remembered injury to avenge, so fierce, so devilish was the rage with which they murdered all those whose windows were not lighted up; for this was the signal which the Raizen had adopted, lest some of their own people might be attacked in their dwellings, by mistake.

In less than two hours, the whole Magyar population of the borough were slaughtered, with the exception of a few, who had managed to escape the common massacre in cars and other vehicles. But even these, too, were pursued, and when the uproar in the neighborhood, the noise of conflict and the clang of the tocsin, had long died away, from time to time a cry of mortal agony and of despair would break upon the stillness of the night, from the surrounding fields, as some vehicle, fast imbedded in that treacherous marshy soil, was overtaken and its fugitive occupant pitilessly butchered. At length, even these heart rending sounds were hushed. The voices of terror and of pain were no longer heard, but in their stead arose from more than one quarter of the illuminated borough, the sounds of music and dancing and savage merriment.

It was long past midnight, when a car rolled through the now desolate streets of St. Thomas. Within it sat a man closely wrapped in his mantle, and exhibiting extreme astonishment at the numerous lights and the bubbub of loud rejoicing. In front of his own house door, he checked his horse. To his complete amazement, his dwelling, too, was illuminated, and from within, gay music, the buzz of voices and the rush of dancing feet burst upon his ear. At once, surprised and alarmed, he stepped on tiptoe to the window and gazed in, through it, upon a number of well known faces.

The company, intoxicated with wine and wild with enjoyment, sang and shouted and drank out of his glasses and danced about like maniacs, through his chamber. They were all old cronies, and inhabitants of the borough.

Unacquainted, as he was, with the events of this night, the whole scene rose before him like a dream.

But now, a jauntily dressed woman attracted his gaze. She was skipping about among the guests with loud laughter and immodest gestures, and seemed to take the most delighted and prominent part in these abandoned orgies. At first he could not distinguish who she was; but, suddenly, he recognizes her:—*it is his own wife!*

"Stop!"—he rather howled than shouted, and dashed into the room where the Saturnalia were going on. Yet, he knew not what he should say or do; it was hard to find a word that could express the fury which possessed him.

"Stop!"—he thundered, while every fibre of his frame quivered with passion,—"What do ye here?"

At his sudden appearance, the guests stood for an instant as if converted into stone. The very boldest stepped back at the sight of this unexpected apparition, as he sprang into their midst, fearful to look upon and ghastly pale; none ventured to approach him. He strode towards his wife—a dark-haired—black-eyed creature with rosy cheeks and voluptuous figure,—who stood there like an effigy of marble. He fixed his eyes, darting their deadly lightnings, upon hers, and cried "Down on thy knees, wife!"

The woman did not stir.

"Upon thy knees, wretch!" shouted the infuriated man, and dealt her a blow with his clenched hand upon her face, that felled her to the floor.

"Stop, vile dog!" was now the exclamation from all sides. The Raitzen rushed forwards, and the distracted husband was grasped by twenty sinewy hands. He struggled against them, clutched one of his assailants by the throat, and although himself buried to the floor and trodden under foot, he let not go his hold, until his antagonist had and ceased to breathe. The rest, at once, bound his hands, and flung him into a corner of the apartment. They then formed a circle round him.

"What want ye of me?"—he asked, while blood streamed from his mouth.

"What want we? Look around thee. Dost thou not see that here are none but Raitzen?" replied a gigantic, black-eyed Serb, as he scowled darkly upon the unhappy prisoner.

"And I am a Magyar. What more?"

"Ask thy neighbors! Hast thou not heard that, to day, we celebrate *our* festival? The festival of the destruction of the Magyars?—Thou, too, art one of them; THE LAST in the borough. All the rest are DEAD. As the last thou shalt choose thine own mode of death!"

"Thou, then, art the executioner, Bash?"

"If yes, I have been chosen by my people," with a fearful curse, such as belongs only to the Hungarian tongue, the Magyar, at these words, spat in his enemy's face.

"Scoundrel!" growled, through his teeth, the exasperated man, "For this, shalt thou weep tears of blood!"

"Weep! What I? Who has ever seen *me* weep? Ye might butcher me, ye might put me to the rack, ye might tear me limb from limb; there are enough of ye to do it, but see me weep, ye shall not, should ye burst with impotent fury!"

"Weep, thou shalt, and I am one who will make thee weep! Know then that it is I who have dishonored thy wife, and for whom she has betrayed thee!"

"That is thy shame, not mine."

"All thy kindred are murdered."

"Better that they should lie stark and stiff upon the streets than breathe the same air with thee."

"All that was thine is destroyed!"

"May God destroy, also, those who do like thee!"

"By my faith, thou art a cold-blooded fellow. But stay!—thou hadst a daughter, too, a sweet, innocent child—"

The Magyar gazed upon his torturer and shuddered.

"Lina, methinks, was her name," continued the Serb, as, with refined cruelty, he slowly drawled his words.

"What—what meanest thou?" asked the trembling father.

"A comely damsel, on my word! Tempting, ravishing to look upon, was she not?"

"The foul Fiend seize thee, villain! Proceed!"

"So young, too, only thirteen years; so delicate and yet—*six* husbands already! She was difficult to please. Thy wife could not decide to whom she should belong. Then I steptin and set matters right. I married her to *all six!*" And with these words he broke out into a fiendish scream of scornful laughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FRATERNAL FEELING.—The Detroit *Tribune*, the most furious Seward organ in the West, begins an article headed "*President Fillmore and his cabinet, and the fall elections,*" as follows:

"In the early ages there was a Judas—in our struggles for independence there was a Benedict Arnold. A half century ago the democratic party possessed its Aaron Burr. A few years since the whig party elevated to power a John Tyler, and more recently, a Millard Fillmore has become the President, but to sting with treachery the very men who have raised him to the pinnacle of fame."

The Cincinnati Nonpariel says, "There are now *fifty-six* coal boats sunk between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. They are all heavily laden, and we fear the immense loss will have the effect to advance the price of coal during the winter.

Daily Morning Post.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

LECKY HARPER ..... THOMAS PHILLIPS

Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

SATURDAY MORNING:.....DECEMBER 20.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA:

Subject to decision of the Democratic General Convention.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA:

Subject to the same decision.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A Democratic State Convention will be held at Harrisburg, on Thursday, the 4th day of March, 1852, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of Canal Commissioner, to be supported at the ensuing October election.

Also, to elect delegates to represent the State in the next Democratic National Convention, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, and nominate an Electoral ticket to be supported at the ensuing Presidential election. The respective counties throughout the State will elect the usual number of delegates to said Convention

WM. DOCK, *Chairman.*

☞ A meeting of the Democratic City Committee of Correspondence was held on the 6th inst., when, on motion, it was

Resolved, That the Democrats of the First Ward hold their primary meeting at the Napoleon House, west side of the Diamond.

On motion,

Resolved, That the Democrats of the several Wards be requested to assemble at their usual places of meeting on Saturday the 20th instant, between the hours of 3 and 6½ o'clock, for the purpose of electing five delegates from each Ward, to meet in convention on the following Wednesday to nominate a suitable person for the Mayoralty.

A. McCAMMON, Ch'mn.

D. WEARTZ, Sec'y.

THE PRIMARY MEETINGS.

Our friends will recollect, that they are called upon to perform, this afternoon, a very important duty. In their primary capacity they are called upon to chose Ward Delegates, who shall select, from among the number of worthy men belonging to the Democratic party, a candidate for the office of Mayor. The duty of choosing delegates is one that should be as faithfully attended to by every voter, as any other duty of freemen.—Every voter should be at his post, at the proper time; because, if he shall abstain from performing his duty, delegates may be chosen who do not reflect the will of the majority; and a candidate may be nominated really obnoxious to a majority of his political friends. On the other hand, none but voters should be permitted to exercise the privilege of choosing Delegates; because, if such as are not qualified to vote, may be permitted to take part in this choice, the wishes of a majority of the voters of a Ward, and indeed of the entire city, may be as effectually expatriated as though they were driven from the polls, or from the city itself. Every voter in each Ward should therefore attend the meetings to-day; and when there he should use all his efforts to suppress any thing wrong—to appoint good men to take charge of the Tally-Books, to prevent all from marking who are not qualified to vote,—to see that every qualified voter, who wishes to participate in the primary election, enjoys that privilege,—and thus aid in guarding our elections from all impurity and irregularity. All that the friends of either candidate have a right to ask is—fair play; and all have a right to insist on this. Let every thing be done "decently and in order," and no one will have just cause to complain of the result.

Editors, and What is Expected from them This Month about Christmas.

There is many a journalist now languishing in poverty, while dozens to whose success in business he gave the first impulse, roll by him in their carriages, and have forgotten his very existence. There is no country, save ours, in the world where journalists are expected to do so much work for the special benefit of others, without recompense. Generally, out of this country, Editors are inaccessible if not anonymous; they may let you know what they think, but not who thinks it. You cannot walk into an Editor's room in London or Paris and ask him to devote his time and his columns to your advancement and profit. Here this is done every day, even by utter strangers. Half an Editor's time—sometimes his whole day, throwing over his proper work into the night—is given up to receiving the calls, listening to the stories and obeying the requests of one good natured friend after another, who thinks it is to try his chances of getting ten times as valuable an advertisement out of him for nothing as he would be likely to get out of the publishers by regularly paying. If he fails, he loses nothing—for he has plenty of brass left—if he succeeds, he has used his time to decided advantage. And thus is utility abused—thus is good feeling imposed upon. Many an editor receives several letters in a day requesting him to do this and that, to hunt up information and forward statistics or documents—for the benefit of utter strangers, or mere acquaintances, who have no shadow or claim to tax him.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The above is "truthful and to the point." Scarcely a day passes by but we receive a visit from some kind friend who has some grand project to unfold to us, whereby he alone will be benefited. For fear of being denounced as selfish and ill-natured, we are compelled to listen for an hour or two to a long story which interests us not the least; and then, to conclude the annoyance, our visiter politely invites us to walk a couple of miles to examine a piece of machinery, the workings of which we know as little about as we do about the domestic concerns of the inhabitants of the moon—thus robbing us of one or two hours more of precious time, without remunerating us therefor. Another of the delights of editorial life is to do some ten or twenty dollars worth of advertising and job printing (besides gratuitous puffing) for some fair or charity ball, and then be asked to make a donation of the amount! We have known such things to be done! If compositors would work for nothing, and paper and ink manufacturers and type founders furnish materials gratuitously, then editors could afford to be as liberal as the wealthiest philanthropist in the world!

☞ The *Lawrence Journal*, alluding to the assertion of the Harrisburgh *Keystone*, that Thomas J. Power, who is set down by that journal as against Mr. Buchanan, has been appointed a delegate to the Harrisburg Convention from the Beaver district, says:—"Not quite so fast, Mr. *Keystone*. Mr. Power isn't Senatorial delegate yet. Butler and Lawrence have something to say in the matter. Mr. Power is a very clever man, and there is no other man in the district we would sooner see go as a delegate, provided he would represent the wishes of the district, and come out and out for Buchanan."

☞ "A Democrat of 1800," writing from Luzerne county to the editors of the *Pennsylvanian*, warmly urges the nomination of JOSEPH Y. JAMES, Esq. of Warren county, for Speaker of the next House of Representatives of this State. He says that "Mr. JAMES is, in point of legislative service, the oldest member of that body.—He is calm and dignified, yet firm and resolute. Few persons combine more fully the necessary qualifications for an able Speaker." We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. JAMES, but some of our friends in this city, who enjoy his acquaintance, speak of him in very high terms.

☞ On Tuesday last, at Cleveland, the mercury in the thermometer stood 9 degrees below zero. It was the coldest day they have had in that city for the last 10 years.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.

On the occasion of the completion of their branch railroad, the citizens of Blairsville and its vicinity gave a complimentary supper to EDWARD MILLER, Esq., the Associate Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and JOSEPH BYERS, Esq., the principal Assistant. JAMES CLARKE, Esq., was called to the chair; John Devinny and Samuel McAnulty, were chosen Vice Presidents; and D. H. Barr and A. Mathias appointed Secretaries. A number of excellent toasts were offered, among them—

Our friend and guest, Edward Miller, Esq—An honor to his profession, and a gentleman of high accomplishments and moral worth. He has shown an energetic devotion to the great work under his care, without disregarding the interests of those among whom he has been sojourning.

Joseph Byers, Esq.—We know his talents—we know his integrity—we know his adaptation to the science he professes—and in his relation to the community as an artist and citizen, we know him to be without guile.

Public Improvements—The visible and tangible evidence of high civilization. May the promoters of, and contributors to such works be always successful in having such competent, faithful, and worthy agents to construct and manage the improvement as Edward Miller and Joseph Byers. Esqrs., Engineers of the great Pennsylvania Railroad.

The President and Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—Gentlemen of liberal and enlightened views, and worthy of the posts they occupy.

SERGEANT AT ARMS.

Our friend JAMES ONSLOW, Esq. of the Democratic Sentinel at Meadville, (whose arrival at the St. Charles we mentioned some days since,) is still to be found in our City. He will start for Harrisburg, however, in a day or two, where he expects to remain for some time. Mr. ONSLOW was a candidate at the last session of the Legislature for the office of Sergeant at Arms of the House; and has again been spoken of in connection with that office. He is a faithful Democrat, and we doubt not would make an efficient officer.

For the Morning Post.

MR. EDITOR: A correspondent in Thursday's paper, probably "*in order to gratify personal gratification,*" declares that no private considerations should induce the nomination of any gentleman for the office of Mayor, by the approaching Democratic Convention; and in this suggestion we perfectly agree. A man should be nominated whose personal popularity would strengthen—not weaken—the vote of the party; one who, from his qualifications for the office, would induce men of all parties to rally to his support; he should be a man whose energy of character would fit him for the discharge of the active duties of that arduous station—such a man we believe DAVID CAMPBELL to be, and with his name at our mast head, the Democratic party can go into the approaching municipal contest with the most brilliant prospect of success.

We are at a loss to devise what "considerations of public duty" can require the nomination of any particular person for any office. We have been educated in the Democratic creed, and have always supposed that the offices of our country were to be filled by those whom the people selected, and not by those whom the office happened particularly to suit.

Give all parties, Mr. Editor, a chance in this contest—the young and energetic, as well as the more advanced political aspirant—and then no fear need be entertained as to the success of any man's noisy adherents.

SECOND WARD.

☞ From the *Apalachian*, at Blairsville, we learn that the branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad to that place was completed on the 10th instant, "that the first locomotive, with a passenger car, passed over it; and trips have since been daily made." This branch road is a little more than two mil es and three quarters long; and was commenced about a year since. The people of Blairsville deserve much credit for the public spirit and energy manifested by them, in securing this junction with the main road It will no doubt prove a source of great advantage and pecuniary profit to them.

JUST SO.—The Rochester *Times* says it could never understand the reason why the man who sells a yard of cloth, or a hoe, or an axe, or a pair of shoes, is regarded by the community as a better or more respectable man than he who made it—nor he who sells a barrel of flour, or ships it off for another country, than he who raises the wheat from which it is manufactured Will not some one enlighten us on this subject?

PRODIGIOUS MARE'S NEST.—The Congressional correspondent of the New York Commercial says, that, "in the opinion of many sanguine men, the Democratic party proper will soon be broken up, and a Union party created on its ruins." Why, the Democratic policy and party are the Union policy and party.

CLOSE OF LAKE NAVIGATION.—The Cleveland Herald of Tuesday says: Navigation must be about closed for the winter. The Northerner left on Sunday for Detroit with mails, but owing to ice in the river was forced to return. The mails have been forwarded by land The Empire State is "fired up," and leaves for Buffalo this evening.

COLLINS' STEAMERS.—The additional accommodations which have recently been provided on all the steamers of this line, unable the proprietors to announce the following rates of passage:—

First Cabin Passengers.....	$120 00
Second do do	70 00

VERMONT.—The recent Legislature of Vermont passed a general banking law, a general manufacturing law, calculated to encourage the formation of manufacturing companies, and an act admitting atheists and persons convicted of crimes other than perjury or subornation of perjury, to testify under oath.

WHIG PRINCIPLES.—Our Whig friends talk a great deal about their principles. We have heard it suggested that if they have any now, they are luckier than they were in the Taylor canvass, as at that time they had *none to speak of.* The Pennsylvanian is responsible for that.

☞ A healthy child was born in Northampton, (Mass.) a short time since, well formed and in every respect perfect, save and except that it is minus one leg, from a little below the hip joint. The child appears to be doing well.

☞ A son of Mr. Underwood, the Senator who opposed the Kossuth resolutions in the Senate, is brother-in-law to the Russian minister.

☞ A new counterfeit $20 bill on the Licking county branch of the Ohio State Bank has been detected. The general appearance is excellent. —*Cleveland Com.*

A counterfeit "honest banker" was detected in the same branch. The *books*, too, like this new counterfeit, as the State *Journal* said, were "*all right,*" although the people were robbed of some $200,000.—*Cin. Eng.*

☞ From the tables accompanying the Secretary of the Treasury's Report, we learn that in 1851 there were built in the United States, 241 ships, 65 brigs, 532 schooners, 326 sloops and canal boats, with a total of 298,202 tonnage. Pennsylvania owns tonnage amounting to 254,373, being an increase of 25,000 over the previous year. New York has 1,041,013, being an increase of 96,000.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 6th inst., says a number of the planters of the coast will have finished making sugar in a few days. We have as yet heard only a few planters complain of their crops.

A returned Californian was robbed of $1,900 worth of gold dust, in New Orleans, on the 5th inst.

The Printer's Song.

Print, comrades, print; a noble task
Is the one we gladly ply;
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
The wonders of earth and sky;
We watch the thought, all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain,
And place the stamp of enduring form
On the poet's airy strain.
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letter round—
A glorious thing is our inboring:
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print; the fairest thought
Ever limned in painter's dream,
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our proud art can claim—
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round—
A glorious thing is our inboring:
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print; God hath ordained
That man by his toil shall live;
Then spurn the sneers that we disdain
The labor that God would give:
We envy not the sons of care,
Nor the lord in princely hall,
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.
Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round—
A glorious thing is our inboring:
Oh, where may its like be found?

BRIEF HISTORY OF LOLA MONTEZ.

Public opinion is very often wrong respecting the character of individuals. Whether it is so in the case of Lola Montez we must leave the reader to judge for himself, if he finds anything to judge by in the following brief account of her taken from the *Albany Express*:—

"Lola Montez is certainly a wonderful personage—a most extraordinary and remarkable woman. Her whole life has been one of peculiar interest and strange romance. The name of LOLA MONTEZ—more notorious than that of any of her sex, living or dead—has been heard in every land where civilization has a foothold—at the remotest parts of the globe, and frequently has created a wild furor, unparalleled in history.

Rosanna Gilbert—Lola's true maiden name—was the daughter of a poor, obscure shop keeper, a resident of one of the British Islands. Her father, desirous of affording his daughter the advantage of a liberal education, sent her to a school of high repute, where she progressed so rapidly that, at the end of the first year, she conversed with great fluency in the Italian and French languages.

At the age of fifteen she was pronounced as beautiful as Canova's most exquisite model, and her train of followers and admirers were almost numberless—many of them noble and wealthy. In July, 1840, she was married at Meath, Ireland, to a Lieutenant James, of the British East India Company's service, having taken a fancy to that gentleman, with the prospect of roaming through the world, and gratifying a predominant propensity for gaiety and variety.

Her great vivacity and uncontrollable desire for scenes of mirth and excitement, eventually induced her husband to request a discontinuance of her greatest pleasures, which, being disregarded, was followed by a command. She disobeyed, and her society was more courted than ever. Hundreds of admirers and followers were added to her lists, and other nine months of the marriage life had passed away, she separated from her husband and returned to England. Calumny had preceded her, and when she arrived, she found her name in everybody's mouth, and her character undergoing complete dissection. She replied to the charges preferred against her, demonstrating them as base and cowardly fabrications, and without the shadow of truth or justice. The scales were soon turned, and she again became the universal favorite.

Without any visible means of support, she determined upon assuming the profession of an actress, and made her first appearance under the name of James, on the boards of a theatre in one of the provincial towns of Spain. Her reception was flattering in the extreme. Before her second appearance, she discarded her name assumed by marriage, and took that of Lola Montez. Friends now sprung up on all sides—particularly among the nobility and aristocracy. Lord Brougham became enlisted in her cause, and introduced a bill for her divorce from Lieut. James, in the House of Lords. He succeeded, however, only so far as obtaining their separation as husband and wife, neither to marry during the life time of the other.

In December, 1844, the name of LOLA MONTEZ could kindle a flame in the hearts of thousands, anxious to gain her smiles. Her success upon the stage was of the most flattering character. Her great personal attractions, and the mystic poetry of romantic vision, entwined about her name and history, were far more powerful than her acquirements as an actress. At the age of twenty-one, she is described as being a perfect VENUS; in stature about the middle height, but at that period slender and extremely graceful. Her cheeks were slightly tinged, her silken eyelashes sentinelled to a clear and piercing blue eye, her lips ever wreathed into a smile, and a fine and delicately moulded chin, might well create an inexpressible feeling in the heart of any human being.

Then followed—what is charged against her by many who pronounce her unit to be recognized by respectable society—which, however, she stoutly denies, and brands with the name of calumny and falsehood. She was personated in a comedy: in rejoinder she wrote a counter comedy, and appeared in it herself. In this she was seen by the King of Bavaria, who, greatly enamored of her charms, made immediate offers to her to become his mistress. She declined them until, as the story goes, she had secured a pension of $10,000 per year, and the title of Countess of Landsfeit. She quitted the stage, and retired to a beautiful villa on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. For some time she lived a retired and secluded life, expending thousands of dollars in acts of charity and benevolence.

Weary of her retiracy, in May, or thereabouts, 1849, she again visited England, and being introduced to a young Lieutenant in her Majesty's Life Guards, he became smitten with her charms, proposed marriage, and she married him with a fortune of $40,000. She was subsequently arrested on a charge of bigamy, on the complaint of Lieut. James, gave bail in the sum of $10,000, and with her new lord started for the Continent. Her movements for the last two or three years have been chronicled from time to time, and at last she has visited this country, and is at present sojourning in New York.

She is now past twenty seven years, and we doubt whether a more wild or romantic life can be discovered in the history of the world; particularly where the heroine is so young, so accomplished, and so well known. Her beauty is still pronounced predominant, and we have no doubt she will attract great attention in this country, notwithstanding her chequered life.—There is much in it to wonder at, to admire, and to regret.

White Slavery in Great Britain.

The Rev. Dr. McClelland, says the New York Express, in a series of letters now appearing in the "Christian Intelligencer," relative to the condition and prospects of the poor in the Highlands of Scotland, asks what shall be done with them? Their number far exceeds their means of comfortable subsistence, and their condition becomes worse every day, from the operation of various causes, the first and principal of which is their indolence and thriftlessness, for which there seems no cure in the power of man. To this he adds, as a second cause, the contemptible smallness of their portions of land, seldom exceeding eight acres, hill and all, generally not so much. Formerly they were able to live, after their fashion, on these patches, by means of their black cattle and potatoes. He describes the spirit and policy of the landlords as terribly against the poor man. They are, for the most part, descendants of old chieftains of clans, who, though they have lost their feudal jurisdiction, retain all the land in the most absolute possession. Occupied solely with the thought how to secure the greatest amount of revenue from their serfs, they feel not half the sympathy with their difficulties which they show to their dogs and coach horses. They avoid all intercourse with them; and the only day of the year on which they appear conscious of their existence is that on which the pounds, shillings and pence are counted out, without interest or defalcation, by which they purchase the privilege of slow starvation. The Rev. Doctor exclaims:

Talk of the horrors of American slavery! It were well if the rabid declaimers on this subject here and in the other parts of the island would open their eyes a little to what is passing near their own doors! Enlightened and philanthropic Albion has quite enough to answer for in her own organization and treatment of the poorer classes of her population, without sending her anathemas across the Atlantic.

Let any man, especially an American not used to such sights, continues the Rev. gentleman, walk through the High street or Lallangate of Glasgow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he will see things that he will never forget. Dr. McClelland then goes on to say:

I have alluded to American slavery, and I name it again, to declare before God and man, my opinion that there are a hundred thousand people in religious, slavery-hating Scotland, whose happiness, temporal and eternal, we could not better consult than by reducing them to bondage. Bad as slavery is, I do not hesitate to say that in Glosgow alone there are twenty-five thousand beings, of our own flesh and blood, to whom it would be a blessing.

Know ye the Land?

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall,
Where the harvest of earth the most plenteous vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all;
Where the long rolling rivers go mightily trending,
With wealth on their billows through many a clime;
Where the lakes 'mid the woodlands, like seas are extending,
And the mountains rise lone in the center sublime?

Know ye the land where a Royal Oppressor
Made the Burghers and Husbandmen bow to his will—
But they fought the good fight, under God, the Redressor,
And the heart of humanity beats to it still!
Where the lakes, mounts and plains keep, inspiring or solemn,
Their tales of that strife, and its monuments be
The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column—
But—best and more lasting—the Souls of the Free!

Know ye the land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew,
Where Greece flashed like fire through the East, of the pinions
Of Rome's dreaded war-bird with victory flew!
Where, high as the heaviest, she lifts up her banner,
By crime undishonored, unshamed by defeat,
Whilst the gales of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And wait the full wealth of the world to her feet?

Where she bends, Great Protectress to greet the pale strangers,
The pilgrims of many a realm, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants her sons and their dangers—
To their birth place the exile that wafts them to her:
Whence, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores, by their slaves and their kings:
I will come, I will come, like the march of the Morning,
And use the healing of nations go forth on my wings!

Oh, that land! Yes, we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all Nature—America's land:
We would die for that land of our love and our glory!
We live to sustain it—heart, spirit and hand!
And thus, brother, friends, we salute it—Oh, never,
That proud Constellation made less by a star!
All hail it perpetual! still brightening forever—
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

Till the hard rock of Plymouth be worn by the ocean,
And Charlestown's tall Obelisk dust on the shore,
And dear Old Dominion, thy noblest devotion
And the gift of thy Chieftainry thought of no more—
Shall this bond, long our glory, still bind us together,
One people from Maine to the Mexican lines—
From the Chesapeake's wave to the cape of Fonlweather,
From the Palm of the South to the Cataract's Pines!

☞ A recent writer, who goes in for "extending the area of freedom" and hair, quotes our pious ancestors in favor of the capillary custom, thus:—

"The portraits at old Plymouth Hall
Show that they did not shave at all
In Pilgrim times.
John Davenport, and many more,
Upon their lips moustachios wore,
With coats straight buttoned down before,
Like Father Grimes."

And he gets a precedent from the Greeks, also, in the "early days of that celebrated republic"—

"The Greeks too, when as Grecians free,
Wore their beards flowing manfully:
But freedom gone,
Were not allowed to let it grow
Beyond two inches, for, if so,
It gave a handle for the foe
To fasten on."

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR HUNGARY—*The Hungarian Loan.*—The subscriptions for the Hungarian cause, thus far, are as follows:

Mr. Simeod, of Cincinnati,	$1,000
Mr. J. F. Genin, hatter,	1,000
Mr. E. M. Patterson, N. B.,	100
Professor Anderson,	1,000
Horace Greeley,	1,000

A Central Committee has been organized in New York, of which Simeon Draper, Parke Godwin, Horace Greeley, and Myndert Van Schaick are members, and branch committees will be raised all over the Union, for the purpose of receiving contributions for Hungary. A *One Dollar* subscription is to be at once started in every city, town and village in the country, and we have no doubt that from this source alone half a million of dollars will be realized. The people of the United States will send the great patriot back to Europe with at least one million of the sinews of war in his pocket.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.—The following statement, showing the number of presses and persons employed in the four largest book publishing concerns in New York, affords some idea of the great moral power that here moulds the public mind:

Harpers, establishment,	28	presses.	400 hands
The Tract House,	13		275
Bible House,	10		300
Methodist Book Concern,	8		200
—	51		1,175

The number of presses includes only power presses. But few, however, of any other variety, are in use. Of the hands, about four hundred and twenty are females, the majority of them young girls.

The Appletons have 18 presses running a good part of the time.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Dec. 11th.*

DIED:

On Friday morning at 5 o'clock, Mrs. RUTH PETERS, aged 70 years.

Her funeral will leave the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. H. Young, on Pine street, Duquesne borough, one square below the Allegheny water works, and proceed to the Allegheny Cemetery this afternoon at 2 o'clock—The friends of the family are requested to attend.

Non Intervention.

As a national policy, non-intervention may do very well; but when we wish to purchase CLOTHING, it is our duty to know where we may invest our money judiciously.

Purchasers are invited to call at CHESTER'S Emporium of Men's & Boys' Clothing, and examine our stocks, which for variety of material, durability of workmanship and moderation of prices, cannot be equalled in the city. Boys' Clothing, of all sizes and qualities; also Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Gaiters, Belts, Cups, &c. WE STUDY TO PLEASE

71 SMITHFIELD ST.

dec20 Near Diamond Alley.

Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

WOODWARD & ROWLANDS, 75 Third street, post office building, invite the attention of the public to their choice selection of Annuals, Albums and Gift Books suitable for presents, some of which are of rare beauty and excellence. All wishing to present tokens of love or friendship, will do well to call.

W. & R. receive subscriptions for the Monthly Magazines as low as $1.50.

January numbers received. dec20

January Magazines.

THE January number of Godey's, Graham's, Sartain's, and Ladies' National Magazines have been received at WALL'S, Fourth street. Subscriptions for either of the above only $2.50 for one year, or postage. Either of these magazines would make a very handsome holiday present and extremely cheap.

Also on hand, a beautiful assortment of Holiday Presents, which will be sold on reasonable terms. dec20

SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES—35 bbls. and 5 half bbls. in store and for sale by

dec20 KING & MOORHEAD.

COOKING WINES AND BRANDIES, at 25 cents per quart or 75 cents per gallon, for sale at

MORRIS' Tea Mart, Diamond.

SKATES! SKATES!—Just received by express, a large assortment of Skates, which we will sell very low to those wishing to avail themselves of this exhilerating exercise. BOWN & TETLEY, 136 Wood street.

dec20 3 doors from Virgin Alley, Pitts'g.

ALLEN'S SELF COOKING PISTOLS—Just received, a good assortment, at

BOWN & TETLEY'S,

dec20 136 Wood street, Pittsburgh.

DOUBLE BARRELED PISTOLS—Just received by express, 6 doz. pair double barrelled Pistols, which we will sell lower than ever they have been sold before.

BOWN & TETLEY, 136 Wood street.

dec20 3 doors from Virgin Alley, Pitts'g.

SHORT CHECKS on Cincinnati constantly for sale in any amount by

A. WILKINS & Co.

CITIZENS' Insurance Co —30 shares of stock for sale at a very low price, or would be exchanged for Bank stock. A. WILKINS & Co.

CITIZENS' Deposite Bank.—The stock of this Company for sale by

A. WILKINS & Co.

State Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Smithfield st., *Pittsburgh, May 1st, 1851.*

THE best evidence of the success of the Director in endeavoring to make the "STATE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY" meet the wants of the community, is the unparalleled amount of business which has been done—having issued 7,000 Policies during the past year, thereby adding over $130,000 to the funds of the company. Nearly all the property insured is of the safest kind, in small risks, and a large proportion insured for only one year.

Whole No Policies issued.....	7,900	
do do expired, terminated & canceled.....	92	
do do in force.....	7,808	
Amount of Property insured.....		$7,836,419
do Canceled, terminated and expired.....	201,728	
do do in force.....		$7,634,691
do Premium Notes.....	79,676,87	
do Canceled, terminated, exp'd,	627,10	
do in force.....		$79,049,77
do Cash Premiums received.....	$51,657,14	
do do canceled.....	321,24	
		$51,335,90
Whole amount of losses and expenses paid.....	$23,411,45	
Balance in favor of the Co., in cash,		$27,924,45

To city or country merchants, and owners of dwellings, and isolated or country property, it is believed this company affords advantages in point of cheapness, safety and security, inferior to no Insurance Company in this country.

Conducted on the equitable and greatly improved system of Classification of Risks, excluding all special hazards, insuring only a limited amount in any one locality, thus precluding the frequency and occurrence of large fires, and also, on both the Stock and Mutual plan, it not only possesses the cheapness and accommodation of both methods, but entitles the insured to a participation in the profits.

It is under the control of the following Directors:—J. P. Rutherford, A. J. Gillett, John B. Packer, Samuel T. Jones, Alonzo A. Carrier, Philo C. Sedgwick, Rob'rt Klotz, Samuel Jones, John P. Rutherford.

J. P. RUTHERFORD, Pres't.

A. J. GILLETT, Sec'y.

A. A. CARRIER, Actuary.

N. B.—A Scrip Dividend of fifteen per cent. on expiring policies has been declared by the Directors, and is now receivable at this Office for renewals, or redeemable in cash at the end of ninety days.

A. A. CARRIER, Agent.

my17:d&w

HALF SPANISH SEGARS—25,000 for sale by

SMITH & SINCLAIR.

dec10

MOLASSES—30 bbls. new plantation Molasses, per steamers Dindem and Columbian, for sale by

CARSON & M'KNIGHT.

dec16

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.—We have a large and beautiful assortment of the above Goods, which we will and can sell as low as they can be purchased any place in the city, and of the very best quality.

N. B—All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, carefully and neatly repaired.

KENNEDY & HASLETT,

dec16 No. 94 Market street.

HOMINY, Oil Meal, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Rice Flour, Hulled Barley, Chopped Feed, and all kinds of Spices, constantly on hand, at the Mustard and Spice Factory of

MYER & ALCORN,

dec17 117 Third street.

CORN—100 bus. in store and for sale by

SHERRIFF & BINNING.

dec16

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Card—Life Insurance.

☞ MR. D. A. COLTON, Sec'y.—*Dear Sir*—As a matter of common justice, I deem it my duty to acknowledge the very prompt and obliging manner in which the claim of a Policy recently effected by me amounting to ($3,000), five thousand dollars has been paid.

The liberal principles upon which the affairs of the "Pittsburgh Life Insurance Company" are conducted, entitles it to the consideration and patronage of the public.

The principle of prudential benevolence in the mutual arrangement of your organization, is the true socialist fraternal benificence, which humanity and Christianity both must approve. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, Pastor

nov25:6w of First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STATE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

☞ Whole amount of Property at risk up to October 31st.....$12,875,594 00

Premium Notes in force.....	124,996 27
Losses incurred and paid since last report (May 1st).....