Daily Morning Post.

LECKY HARPER.....THOMAS PHILLIPS
Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING.....MARCH 7.

☞ No North, no South, no East, no West, under the Constitution; but a sacred Brotherhood of the Common Good, and true devotion to the Common Brotherhood. —WASHINGTON PRESS.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

CANAL COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. FORSYTH,
of Philadelphia County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
EPHRAIM BANKS,
of Mifflin County.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
J. PORTER BRAWLEY,
of Crawford County.

☞ FINE JOB PRINTING.☜
Having recently made large additions to our Job Printing Type in our Newspaper and Job Offices, we are now prepared to do PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, in the most superior style, and upon the shortest notice. Every variety of Type, from Pica down to Diamond, will now be found in our extensive Job Office. Give us a call.

☞ We are informed that efforts are now being made to increase the salaries of the President Judges in our County Courts. At present they receive $2,000 per annum, and the proposition is to increase it to $2,500. How the taxpayers like this movement we have not heard to any extent, but we are apprehensive that it will not meet their notions of economy. An office, paying $2,000, will appear to most people as a very pleasant position, and sufficiently lucrative to afford the incumbent all the necessary comforts of life.

We are no advocates for cutting down the salaries of public officers to a starvation point, but we cannot help thinking that $2,000 is a fair remuneration for the services of those who *seek* the office to which that salary is attached

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, March 3, 1853.

Dear Phillips—You must not expect a long letter from me; for amidst the excitement, noise, bustle and crowd which prevail around me, it is next to impossible to write with either clearness or satisfaction, on any subject.

Washington is full of strangers—such crowds of people were never before seen in the National Capital. Every Hotel, boarding house, and private residence, is crowded from cellar to attic, and men "thank their stars" that they succeed in finding even a place to *roost!* Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the White House, is a moving mass of human beings—a procession of Democrats, representing every nook and corner of this wide-spread and glorious Republic. The Hall and galleries of the House of Representatives are filled to overflowing, and "confusion worse confounded" reigns supreme. As I am writing at the desk of one of the members, it is impossible to "hear my own ears." Such is always the case, however, at the close of the session. The Appropriation bills are under consideration. Two score of members are on their feet, exclaiming with Stentorian voices, "Mr. Speaker," "Mr. Speaker, I move that ——," "Mr. Speaker, I object ——," "Mr. Speaker, I call the previous question," "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is out of order," "Mr. Speaker, I move the following amendment," "No, no, all wrong," "Gentlemen must keep order and resume their seats," "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order," "It is impossible to know what is going on in the House,"—these are the sounds that are ringing in my ears. In fact, greater disorder prevails in this Hall than I ever witnessed in a town meeting.

In the Senate there is more quiet and dignity. Inworked my way into the galleries of that "potent, grave and reverend" body yesterday, to the no small discomfort of my small ribs. Gen. HOUSTON was making a very energetic speech, in which he eulogised his beloved Texas to the skies. He is a pleasing speaker, and is always listened to with attention; but it was physically impossible for me to remain long enough in so crowded a furnace to hear other Senators. I stayed just long enough to hear a lady exclaim, "for God's sake, let me out, I shall faint, I shall die!"

The Supreme Court room is another place of attraction. Let us enter and see what is going on there. This is a small room, immediately under the Senate chamber, ily ventilated and any thing but comfortable. There are eight Judges on the "Woolsack," dressed in long black silk gowns, much resembling the reverend clergy of the Protestant Episcopal churches. Judge GRIER sits on the extreme right, and is attentively engaged in reading some long printed argument of counsel. A South Carolina lawyer is delivering a dry legal argument. There are but few spectators in attendance, as there are greater objects of attraction in other localities.

Now, let us pass into the great Rotunda.—Here we find a dense crowd of people, many of whom are ladies, looking at the magnificent historical paintings which there fill the recesses.—This is altogether the most interesting and attractive place about the Capitol. If I find leisure, I may hereafter give a description of these paintings, for the amusement of our readers. Amongst the subjects are—"Landing of Columbus," "Embarcation of the Pilgrims," "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," "Washington Resigning his Commission in the American Army," "Crowning of Pocahontas," &c.

Last night several large delegations arrived foom Maryland, Pennsylvania and N. York, with music, banners, &c., to witness the Inauguration of President PIERCE. There will be much display; although the President elect deprecates it all. The American people cannot be persuaded to suppress their patriotic feelings on an occasion like the present. A platform has been erected on the East front of the Capitol, from which it is expected that President PIERCE will deliver his Inaugural Address to-morrow.

This is a most lovely day. The sky is clear and cloudless, and every thing betokens an auspicious day to-morrow. This is the last day of Whig rule—to-morrow, the government will pass into Democratic hands. All this change will take place peacenbly, without any undue excitement, bloodshed or revolution. Long may this happy state of affairs continue.

Yours, truly, L. H.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE: An Old Friend in a New Dress. New York; G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. Pittsburgh; S. Bosworth & Co., Market street.

In this neat little book we have the first volume of "Putnam's Choice Library." This series of works is to succeed the semi-monthly Library, the publication of which has been discontinued. The books of the series will be printed in better style, on better paper, than the Semi-monthly Library, and will be neatly bound in cloth. The price, the publisher says, will vary according to the size of the book, but will not usually exceed fifty cents. The first number is a work abounding in wit and humor. If any one wishes to enjoy a real hearty laugh at good puns and quaint sentences, let them peruse "The Miseries."

☞ The raft in Trinity river, Texas, fifteen miles below Dallas, which, like its prototype of Red river, has proved such a terror to pioneer navigation, being an accumulation of whole trees, logs, sticks and mud from many years freshets, and so firm and it become that a large wagon-road was opened across it, over which the traveler might pass at ordinary stages of water, ignorant that he had crossed the far-famed Trinity, has been lifted from its foundation and swept away by a rise, towards the Gulf, leaving not a vestige behind.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, 2d March, 1853.

Messrs. Harper & Phillips:

I address this to you, although I find that among the distinguished arrivals at the National to-day was Lecky Harper, Esq., of the Pittsburgh "Morning Post," one of the best newspapers in Pennsylvania, who appears to enjoy his usual good health and buoyancy of good spirits. I do not know that I shall be able to write anything that will suit you under present circumstances; but I will tell you of some things that he may not; and therefore I begin.

Judge Campbell, as has been generally said for the last two weeks, will go into the cabinet; in what capacity the public know not; but in whatever capacity it may be I venture to predict that he will make a good administrative officer; and I think, in view of his great services during the last campaign, that all ought to (as I believe all will) sustain him in all the efforts that he may make to advance the interests of the country, and promote the success of Democratic principles. He has been slandered and abused by our political opponents *as much*, at least, as any man in the State; and thus presents one of the strongest claims that a man can present, to the favorable consideration of his party.

I had the pleasure of meeting to-day, our mutual and highly valued friend Judge Shannon, who has nobly earned a brief respite from his arduous duties, by getting forward with the business of his Court in a manner at once to startle every body, on account of the excellence of his judgment, his remarkable industry, patience and perseverance, and the dignity win which he filled the station so recently occupied by one of the greatest intellects of Pennsylvania; and, at the same time to reflect high honor upon our excellent Governor, for his discernment in preferring a young but vigorous minded lawyer, to one of the keenest and shrewdest of the old practitioners at the Pittsburgh bar. Judge Shannon is here merely to enjoy the excitement of an inaugural festivity; and although he has suffered much lately, owing to his close attention to his duties, he now looks very well, and I doubt not will be greatly benefitted by his visit. I took much pleasure in introducing the Judge, (who is rather a stranger here) to my old "master," John S. Meehan, Esq., the Librarian to Congress—one of the best printers in the country, and one of the most kind and courteous gentlemen in the world; who always takes great pleasure in paying to strangers, who visit the Capitol, all those delicate little attentions, that render a visit to such an establishment as his so pleasant.

Our distinguished friend, and gallant fellow-citizen, Col. Samuel W. Black, is also in the city—where he is no stranger. Indeed I should like to know the place where he is now a stranger. He will be well provided for by the incoming administration.

You have heard that our highly valued friend Col. John W. Forney, Clerk to the House of Representatives, has been very ill. I am happy to inform you that he is now much better, and we may hope he will be able to be out in a day or two. Indeed he has been so ill for some time that his most intimate friends could not be admitted to his room; and it was only on yesterday, as I was told, that any had seen him for several days. This morning, the President elect (who has always manifested a high regard for him,) paid him a visit, and spent some time with him. This is considered by many as a mark of very distinguished regard; and well may it be thought so. But however high may be thought the compliment, there is no man in the country who deserves more consideration, at the hands of Gen. Pierce, than our own fellow-citizen Col. Forney. During the whole contest, he labored for the success of the cause, with an assiduity, industry, and zeal, such as few men have the disposition to exert; few have the physical power to exercise; and which he always pleasurably exerts whenever the interests of a friend, or the success of a great party seem to require it. John W. Forney was, in short, one of the brightest spirits; one of the most powerful actors; one of the most incessant workers in the late contest, that resulted in such a glorious victory for the Democracy. Is it wonderful, then, that the leaders of the Democratic party should honor one of its great captains? Is it likely that the Democratic party will forget one who has proved himself in every way so entirely worthy of its continued support; or that any of his honorable aspirations will not be almost unanimously seconded by his political associates.

The Ericsson Caloric Ship, that lies off Alexandria, attracts much attention; and many think that the discovery will make a great revolution in commercial affairs. I have not seen it; but from what I have heard, my opinion is that a citizen of our own State has invented machinery that would drive a ship, built under his directions, round that of *Mr.* E. when going at her highest speed.

There is a great exhibition of manufactures, machinery, &c., now at the Patent Office. I have paid it a visit, and was never more fully pleased with any thing of the kind. Among the number of exhibitors I find our State fully represented. There is one very ingenious affair that is designated as an "Improvement in apparatus for striking out and marking wrenths for handrails of stairs." It is the invention of Jas. H. Martie, of Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pa.—It is very useful—marking out the rails on both sides in the most clear and distinct manner, and with the most perfect accuracy. The same gentleman has also a machine for clamping rails together without the use of screws.

There is also an exhibition of Oil, prepared by Dr. Ethan Baldwin, of Philadelphia, for oiling machinery, or for lamps, which has been deodorized and so perfectly purified, that it will not chill in the coldest weather. This is a very valuable discovery: as by its use there must be a wonderful saving to all who require much oil for use about their machinery, or who are required to use much oil for lights in their manufactories. It will undoubtedly have a great run.

There are few inventions that I have seen more useful, or that will produce better results, than a new lamp for burning either camphine or fluid. By this invention it is rendered impossible that an explosion shall take place, or that the fluid or camphene shall take fire if the lamp shall be broken. It is highly probable that some of them will soon find their way to Pittsburgh; and when this shall be the case, everybody will be satisfied of its utility. It is an invention of R. V. De Guinon, of New York; patented in 1852. Mr. Stewart, the agent, will soon be in your city.

Several beautiful mantel pieces, made of cast iron, and yet closely resembling the richest marble, are also to be seen, which are objects of great interest.

A beautiful marble coffin is exhibited by Mr. John McF. Lyeth, of Baltimore, which I think is one of the most chaste pieces of workmanship that I ever saw. They are furnished at about $100 each; and would perfectly preserve the form against decay, with the exercise of very simple means of preservation.

Mr. Henry Johnson, of this city, exhibits a machine for taking the yeas and nays in legislative assemblies. It is exceedingly simple, and works with the most perfect accuracy. The inventor offers to put one of his machines in operation in the Senate for $1,500; and I doubt not the amount would be more than saved in a single session, even in that body, from its use; while in the House of Representatives—where the introduction of the machine might cost eight or ten thousand dollars—the machine would more than pay for itself in a week or two at most. The whole time necessary for taking the yeas and nays in the House of Representatives would not exceed two minutes and a half.

Every thing is excitement, bustle and confusion about the Capitol; and the city is becoming daily and hourly more and more crowded. In promenading the Pennsylvania Avenue (which is the great thoroughfare of the city) you might have seen to-day, one of the greatest displays of beauty and magnificence in dress, that your eyes ever rested upon. Indeed, if I did not know that there is a lovely pair of eyes that beam for me alone, I might have been rendered comparatively unhappy in the display of brightness and beauty that the day called forth. The close of the session and a delightful day always produce such a result as this; but not always to the extent of this day.

To-morrow will witness still more of bustle, excitement, pomp and parade, and until it shall have closed I will calmly await its revolving scenes.

Yours truly, L. E.

Items of News and Miscellany.

A resolution passed the New York assembly on Friday to instruct the finance committee to report a bill appropriating $700,000 to be devoted to enlarging and extending the canals of that State. It is proposed to render the Erie canal navigable for boats of 150 tons.

Eighteen French Catholic missionaries have taken their departure within six months, says the Boston Traveller, for different points of the globe, as follows:—Seven for China, two for Cochin China, one for Thibet, four for Pondicherry, two for Tonquin, one for Siam and for Mysore.

The Senate of Delaware has passed a bill granting to Roman catholic societies all the corporate rights and privileges of other religious societies of that State. Right.

Rich silver mines have been discovered on the Rio Grande opposite El Paso, causing great excitement. Several tons have already been secured.

The people of the United States pay as much for imported cigars as they receive for exported wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, it is reported, have an idea of re-visiting the United States; and Anderson, according to the London press, is certainly to visit us next year.

The Carrollton Mirror suspects that Colonel May, who lately married Miss Law, has left the dragoon service to engage in the *infant-ry* drill! Oh *Law!*

The Traveler says the story published by the New York Tribune and other papers about five negroes being hung near Darien, Ga., on suspicion of having murdered their master, is an old affair, and was originally printed a year ago.

The New York Journal of Commerce estimates that about three million pounds of wool are now controlled by speculators, most of which could be sold at an advance of fifteen cents per pound above the price at which it was first thrown upon the market.

The notorious prize-fighter, Chris. Lilly, who killed McCoy some years ago in New York, is keeping a gambling house at Panama.

We rarely meet with persons that have a true judgment; which in many, renders literature a very tiresome knowledge.

John Kennedy, now living near Columbus, Tennessee, has eighteen children—fully grown—seventy-four grand children, and fifty-one great-grand children—in all, one hundred and forty-three. There has not been a death in the family since 1806.

That plenty should produce either covetousness, or prodigality, is a preversion of evidence; and yet the generality of men are worse for their riches.

A prize fight took place on Tuesday, on Aiker's island, below New York, between two men named Adams and Codey, for a stake of $600, in a twenty-four foot ring, half minute time. The fight lasted 10 minutes, during which time thirteen rounds were fiercely contested, Codey was declared the winner.

The new Empress of France had fifty-eight splendid wedding-dresses made a few days previous to her marriage. Her pocket-handkerchiefs, it is said, cost 2,000 francs apiece.

The Commissioners of the Northern Liberties have rejected a resolution approving of the proposed subscription of $2,000,000 to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad by the Commissioners of Philadelphia, and in its stead adopted one against the subscription as uncalled for by the people.

For the Morning Post.

Professor Robbock's Musical Soiree.

The second entertainment, given for this season, by Prof. Robbock and his pupils, came off on last Monday, Feb. 28. As we had the pleasure of being among the invited, we feel obliged to express our gratitude for the exquisite enjoyment with which we have been favored. Mr. R.'s Soirees are always to be considered as valuable efforts to raise the culture of music in our community. The reputation of the distinguished Professor is too well established at home and abroad, as to require any recommendatory notice. The entertainment was, as usual, a brilliant one; and the excellent method of the accomplished pianist manifested itself in every part of the performance. Mr. R.'s pupils show that they are assiduously kept at work by their teacher; and that, moreover, their knowledge of music and of the instrument rests upon a solid basis. We can but encourage them all in their efforts, wishing that they might profit of the extraordinary acquirements of their master, and follow his advice in every respect.

As we are acquainted but with few of the performers, it is impossible for us to mention their names and to give to each one individually a word of admiration and encouragement. We are also unable to recollect all the pieces of music which we have heard. The "*Grandes Fantaisies,*" from "*Les Huguenots*" and "*La Favorite,*" seem to our judgment, to deserve the highest praise for the correctness, precision and dexterity of the execution. The "*Duo brillant,*" by Huenten, was performed in an admirable manner.—Paganini's splendid "Witches Dance," transcribed for the piano by V. W. Wallace, recalled to our memory the sounds which, a few months ago, dropped from the instrument of the distinguished Ole Bull. The "*Fantaisie,*" from "*La fille de Regiment,*" deserves also great applause for the elegant and delicate execution.

We should like to extend our notice and to enter into details on the different pieces which were performed, but thinking that we would have to pass through the whole programme, we regret to limit our remarks in so short a space, and we conclude with repeating once more the expression of our gratitude to Mr. R. and his pupils for the agreeble evening we have passed in their society. X.

A DEFAULT OF $50,000.—A default of $50,000 in the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank of New York is mentioned in the *Tribune* of that city.—The first, or paying teller, Mr. Peck, is said to be missing from his desk, and irregularities in marking as "good" the checks of a depositor, who had no funds in bank, have been discovered. The depositor alluded to is Mr. T. A. O. Green. Mr. Peck is fifty-eight years of age, and by this act he has lost the confidence heretofore reposed in him. He has held numerous positions of trust in banks, insurance offices, &c., for nearly a quarter of a century.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, of later date, says the defult will not exceed $10,000.

☞ The following from the London correspondent, of a New York Sunday paper, will go for what it is worth:

Queen Victoria is said to be dreadfully alarmed at the idea, which perpetually haunts her, that a revolution will drive her from the throne of England. On this fear she is said to have invested the savings of her income in foreign securities, to have means of subsistence in private life; and it has been said a hundred times over, that her chief investments are in the United States. I have even heard that the Barings have purchased for her, at least, half a street in the city of New York.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

COFFEE.

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

All sing the praise of ruby wine,
Through crystal goblets dowing,
And murmur of the purple vine
'Neath endless summer glowing;
How well it charms, the heart it warms,
The soul in sunshine steeping,
As beauty, mirth and hope's bright birth
Lay chained within its keeping.

But wherefore gild the tempting draught,
Which stains the lip that praises?
A nectar far more pure and sweet
The wearied spirit raises;
'Twill time with light care's darkest night,
Like some divine libation!
Joy fills the eyes, and hearts beat high
Beneath its inspiration.

It ripples through the silver spout,
In clear, transparent china,
Brought freshly from the sparkling hearth,
By Phillis or by Dinah.
How rich the scent when softly blent
With cream, rich, thick and yellow,
Whose currents glide in mingled tide
Its pungent strength to mellow!

It stirs the flesh of soul and sense,
Still wit and converse mingle;
For mind's best rays, like sorrow's waves,
Ne'er rush to meet us single;
Bright fancies strike on minds alike,
That fade not with the fleeting,
For words that thrill grow deeper still
When glance with glance is meeting.

It wakes within the melting soul
Time's lost or buried pleasures,
Old friends, old books, old songs, old joys,
And all life's garnered treasures:
Bereft of pain, 'twill softly gain
Old memory's haunted places,
While o'er us rise, in angel guise,
Soft smiles on vanished faces.

As one by one our guests depart,
Left with remembrance only,
We scarcely sigh that time flits by,
And leaves us sad and lonely;
Hope's morning breaks, and joy awakes,
Life's gloomy page to brighten,
As on our quiet, silent hearth
The dying embers lighten.

Then on the pillow softly sinks
The head with visions teeming,
And many an Eastern pageant floats
Before our prepossessed dreaming;
To see life pass in fancy's glass,
With moon-light radiance beaming,
It seeks the lonely drizzly bleak
Through misty Mocha gleaming.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION;

OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I am a young wife, and not an old woman.—In fact, I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family Bible, which records "Amelia Jane, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all his friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a *leetle* less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him entirely indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—Quite the reverse—I'm very happy *now*—I say *now*, because I was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of the young women about to marry, the secret of our discomfort, and our present happiness.

The fact is, I was brought up a strong minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about every thing, and to insist upon answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled every body in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance. They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and Professor Faraday's Friday night lectures. One thing, however I do owe to the royal institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant. I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in decomposing myself. He attended three courses at the institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gasses, started at the same explosions. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the *entozoic and paleontological* fields of investigation.—The only question he seemed inclined to ask, was, were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend Faraday's lecture on a candle, he declared he did not care a snuff about such things, and that he wished, as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff.

This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted Mrs. Somerseville's example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princes with whom Euler corresponded, and the professoress who used to lecture at Bologna, though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still further, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling very strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject. And the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me in quite a passion for that abominable metrical harbor of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I didn't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes, I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple.—And how do you think I was cured? I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by Miss Lucretia Mott and her friends. I had a perfectly awful argument with Edward upon the report of the meeting in the Times, and he had gone to the club, as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to *me*, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of Edward's brutality, and thinking what a world this would be, if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with Tennyson's *Princess*, and thought *Ida's* argument much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through in all!

And now for my dream. I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy, the women filled the men's places, and the lords of creation were ladies.—How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner. It was so pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, and discuss the vintages and trifle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over luke-warm cups of tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and old Mrs. Peabody (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of gray hair round about it, which, somehow, she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said spoiled our palates for the claret. I'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know *I* saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and Edward complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young Surcingle, after we came up stairs in the drawing-room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But to see how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared that they had been comparing notes concerning their wives and their house-keeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on the sofa, till it was time to take Edward home.

Next day I had such a head-ache! I vowed I'd never "pass the decanters" again as long as I lived, but got up stairs with the gentlemen.—Edward wanted very much to go out shopping, but I was too ill to escort him, so I sent Mary, our foot-maid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called. Mary tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent street, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt, after this, it was not safe for Edward to walk out without me, and, as he wanted me to go into the city, I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang," and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he did not want to go. The driver (whom she addressed as Sarah) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was plainly convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at Verey's, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding Edward's remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could depend on the police, but—alas! I had forgotten that Mrs. Commissioner Mayne was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, out poured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called the police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behavior of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchmen at the banking house close by, (who frightened the drunken men,) the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the watchmen might have been kissed all around!

I felt then, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning Emily Brown (not Julia, who was called to the bar last year, came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out a fishing. Emily had gone into the navy, under Mrs. Admiral Napier, and seemed to me to have grown a sad, wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main brace," which I discovered was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cock-pit—how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather, and how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit; and, altogether, I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After Emily and her cousin had left, Edward insisted on my taking his arm to hear the band play at St. James'. Really, I had never thought Edward so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him.—When we got to St. James', I saw at once what it was that made him anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-majoress. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments were guitars and pianos, and they played Julien's polkas, and marched away to the tune of "*The girls we've left behind us.*" Altogether, it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old fife and drum was more spirit stirring of the two.

Edward wanting a new hat, so I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw that it was a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left Edward at Gunter's and walked home. When I reached our own door, I was stopped by two ever-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of Edward's horrid cigar bills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law, now, made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once, that this was no change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if some body must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon Mrs. Boroughy, (a recently elected member of Parliament) an old school-fellow of mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall not forget; the stairs were littered all over with brooms and dust pans; and the drawing room, into which I made my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust pan and a bundle of wood: the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an oyster cloak, and the housemaid's box of black-lead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table cover, whilest "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavoring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Sich a Gettin Up Stair."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he cooly told me that "Missus was busy, and would'nt be disturbed by nobody, and that master had gone out in a huff, 'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, and missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and convinced me that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manœuvre or legislation like home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife? What the Budget to the weekly house-bills? What the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons, to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it, there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influences of the latter, by its rough sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering and hardening the effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the most important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as Edward let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fireside.

"HAPPINESS."

We had sweet dreams the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their printer's bill!

GOVERNMENT MAIL STEAMERS.—The following appropriations are made in the appropriation bill which recently passed the house, and has been sent to the senate:—

New York to Liverpool	$858,000
New York (Chagres line)	290,000
Panama to California	348,000
Charleston to Havana	50,000
Across the Isthmus of Panama	120,000
Bremen and Havre lines	350,000

The Vera Cruz and New Orleans line to have an appropriation of $65,000.

☞ A CLERGYMAN.—An old and valuable subscriber has sent us a certificate from one of his Parishioners, which he wishes published for the benefit of his neighbors, and the community at large. It states on authority that needs no confirmation, the particulars of a remarkable cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, an article we have already taken occasion to notice, and which we have reason to believe, is worth notice. This sufferer had been reduced very low from the effects of a Cold and Cough, caused by over exertion at a fire, nearly three years since, and from which it was evident to his friends that he was fast hastening to a premature grave. Many of the remedies of the day and the advice of eminent Physicians had all failed to afford him relief, when he was induced to try the Cherry Pectoral, which soon cured him. The crowded state of our columns will not admit the full particulars, but we earnestly invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another part of our paper.—*Christian Advocate.* daw

BOOKS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The whole number of books published in the United States during the year 1852, was.....1288
Of these there were reprints of English publications and translations.....322

Original works.....966

Literary Register.

☞ Messrs. J. Kidd & Co. have just received *fifteen dozen* of F. S. CLEAVER'S *highly perfumed* HONEY SOAPS, comprising the ordinary Honey Soap, Extra Scented Windsor, Musk Brown Windsor, Winter and Honey Shaving Soaps. It is admitted by all, that CLEAVER'S Soaps are the finest in the world. mch1dw

M'Lane's Liver Pills.

☞ Have now become the great Specific for Hepatic or derangement of the liver, in its most complicated forms. This medicine has done an immense amount of good in curing this fearful disease, so common throughout the United States, and, as evidence of its efficacy, we will state that it is superseding every other remedy. The demand for this certain cure is unprecedented. Orders for it are coming in from all quarters, and every mail brings something of the following tenor:—

CANNMORE, Ohio, January 1851.

Messrs J. Kidd & Co.—We are nearly out of M'Lane's Pills. It would be well to keep us supplied, as there is a *great demand for them in our place.* COLE & CLARK.

For sale by most of the Druggists and Merchants, and by the sole proprietors. J. KIDD & CO.,
mar1:2dw 60 Wood street.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....JOSEPH C. FOSTER

☞ Doors open at 6¾ o'clock; performance to commence at 7¼ o'clock.

☞ Seats may be secured at the Box Office, during the day, without extra charge.

☞ First night of the recognizant of the celebrated actress, Mdlle MARIE DURET, on which occasion she will appear as *Lady Macbeth.*

☞ The whole of the Double Company will appear; and all of Mr. Locke's beautiful music will be given.

THIS EVENING, March 7, the performance will commence with Shakspeare's great Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Macbeth.....Mr. Brelsford.
Macduff.....M. C. Foster.
Lady Macbeth.....Mdlle M. Duret.
Singing Witch.....Mrs. Foster.

TARANTELLA.

By Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Wood and Miss Waldegrave.

To conclude with the entirely new Farce of—

THE DUEL IN THE DARK.

Mr. Gregory Greenfinch.....Mr. Elfeler.
Mrs. Greenfinch.....
Countess de Rambteau.....Mdlle M. Duret.
Charley Yates.....

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ H. AHL, Surgeon Dentist.—(Successor to G. W. Biddle.) No. 144 Smithfield st. [my3cy

☞ U. A. O. D.—Meets above the O'Reilly Telegraph Office, corner of Third and Wood streets, every Monday evening. [ap29

☞ ANGERONA LODGE, I. O. O. F.—The Angerona Lodge, No. 232, I. O. of O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Washington Hall, Wood st. [jy17

☞ BLACK TEA.—For the best QUALITY TEA in Pittsburgh, at 50 cents ℔ lb., go to the Pekin Tea Store, No. 83 Fifth street, where the very best Black and Green Teas can always be had. [jy9

☞ JOHN H. FOWLER, late Fowler & Pullis, Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, and Wholesale Dealer, No. 14 Barclay street, five doors below the Astor House, New York. mar1dw

☞ Silver Medal awarded by Franklin Institute, 1852.—F. H. SMITH, Manufacturer of Pocket Books, Porte Monnaies, Rose Wood Writing Desks, Dressing Cases and Work Boxes, 200 Arch street, one door below Sixth, Philadelphia. mar1dw

☞ I. O. O. F.—Place of meeting, Washington Hall, Wood street, between Fifth street and Virgin alley.

PITTSBURGH LODGE, No. 235—Meets every Tuesday evening.

MECHANICS ENCAMPMENT, No. 87—Meets first and third Friday of each month. [mar26dly

☞ ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.—Capital Stock $300,000; Assets $189,122. Office of the Pittsburgh Agency in the Store Room of M'Cully & Loomis, No. 59 Wood street.

nov4tf R. H. DERSON, Agent.

☞ Corns! Corns!! Corns!!!—A great many persons are dreadfully tormented with corns. A certain remedy will be found in Dr. CORNY'S CORN PLASTER, for sale by Dr. GEO. S. KEYSER, 140 Wood street.

Price, retail—25¢ and 25 cts. per box. sep8

☞ Liberal deductions to those who buy to sell again.

☞ CURTAINS, Curtain Materials; and Curtain Trimmings of every description, Furniture Fringes, Brocatelles, &c., Lace and Muslin Curtains, N. Y. Painted Window Shades, Gilt Cornices, Curtain Pins, Bands, &c., at wholesale and retail. W. H. CARRYS,
No. 169 Chestnut street, corner Fifth, Philadelphia.

☞ Curtains Made and Trimmed in the very newest French style. [mar2dly

☞ Miller's Window Shade Manufactory, CORNER OF SECOND AND ARCH STS., PH