THE PITTSBURGH DAILY MORNING POST.

JOHN BIGLER, Editor.

PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

The New Dress.

We this morning present our patrons the Daily Post in an entire new dress. This improvement, will, we hope, be satisfactory to our numerous patrons; it will at least give evidence of a determination on our part to render the Daily Post in every respect, worthy of the support of the people. All that untiring exertions can effect will be done to render the paper interesting to the public in general, and efficient in maintaining the great principles of the Democratic party. The democracy now control the affairs of this State, and the nation; upon them in the main, therefore, rests the responsibility of securing to the people wholesome and just laws, and a faithful and just administration of them.

So, far as we can exercise any influence, it will be used to secure a strict adherence to correct principles, and an energetic support of such measures, and such only, as will promote the general good.

Regarding this as a proper occasion, we embrace it, to return our sincere thanks to our Democratic friends and the public for the very liberal patronage heretofore awarded, and respectfully to solicit its continuation.

The Connelsville Rail Road.

The Philadelphians have, it would appear, made a wonderful discovery; they have really ascertained that under a charter given by the Legislature, the Connelsville Railroad can be extended to the Maryland line, and there connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This is certainly all true—the Connelsville Railroad can and will be extended to the Maryland line, but it is not true that *fraud* was practiced in securing the passage of the bill. The bill in both branches passed through all forms and readings required by the rules of the Legislation—was regularly placed upon the files of all the members—and was open to the examination of all, and it is therefore grossly unjust to say, that fraudulent means were used to secure the measure.

To prove that the measure was not hastily devised and suddenly thrown before the Legislature, it may be proper for us to state that we seen a manuscript copy of the bill in possession of Mr. Hill, the efficient member from Fayette county, a few days before the 1st of February. Messrs Craig and Robinson also know this to be the fact, and will testify to its correctness. It is therefore sheer folly for the Philadelphians or others to say that the measure was passed *stealthily* through the Legislature. It may be that some of the opponents of the Right of Way failed to examine its provisions, and to discover the intentions of the law, but it such be the fact, it only proves that they were not as vigilant as they should have been and not that the friends of the measure practiced a fraud. The provisions of the bill passed are plain—there is no ambiguity about them, and no man could fail, after examining the section repealed, to see that the plain intent of the bill was to give the Connellsville Rail Road Company the power to extend their road to the State line.

Gen. Thomas J. Rusk, Senator from Texas.

General Rusk, the associate Senator of Gen. Sam. Houston, from the new State of Texas, is one of the very finest looking men in the Senate. He stands full six feet; strong sinewy frame; well proportioned and perpendicular. He is about forty-five years of age. He is a South-Carolian by birth and education. He studied law in that State, and in 1824 removed to Georgia, where, in the course of a ten year's residence, in practice—the practise of the law—he married. In 1831 he removed to Nacogdoches, in Texas, (the Red River country,) where he resumed the practise of his profession.—In the formation of the Provisional Government of Texas, in December, 1835, of which David G. Burnet was appointed President. Gen. Rusk was chosen Secretary of War. He was present in his official capacity at the battle of San Jancinto, April 21st, 1836. At this battle Gen. Houston was wounded early in the action, and taken off the field, when Gen Rusk and Major Wharton headed the charge upon the enemy's entrenchments, and carried the day. Subsequent to this victory, General Rusk assumed the command of the army, on its southward march in the expulsion of the enemy. In the Summer of '45 he was chosen President of a Convention called for the consideration of the resolutions of annexation proposed by the United States; and the State having accepted the terms, and, having adopted an acceptable constitution, and having been admitted into the family with the clear certificate of a legitimate daughter, Gen. Rusk was elected one of the Senators to represent the new commonwealth at Washington. Gen. Rusk is a man of family, and of considerable property. He is a cotton planter of the Red River country. His residence is at Nachogdoches. His history is more like a chapter of the Aarabian Knights than of an American politician.

The Committee of Investigation.—The Washington City Union of the 6th, says: "The committee to inquire into the charges against Mr Webster, of which Judge Pettit is chairman, will meet to-morrow morning, and commence their labors. The sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives has already served a summons upon some of the officers of the State department. In regard to the following statement from the New York Sun, we understand that the chairman of the committee has received no letter of any sort from Mr. Tyler:"

"*The Secret Service Fund.*—We learn that President Tyler has written a letter to the committee of Congress, in which he alleges that Mr. Webster never applied any portion of the secret service fund without consulting him, and receiving his entire sanction; that no part was applied without proper consideration, and that he, and not Mr. Webster, is wholly responsible for its application in all cases."

So, the tale that President Tyler had written a letter in defence of Mr. Webster in reference to the *secret service fund*, is a sheer hoax.

Naval.—United States Revenue schooner Woodbury, Lieut. Commanding Benson, from Brasos Santiago and Galveston, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th ult. The Woodbury has been absent more than three months, and has been engaged in surveying the coast of Texas, for fortifications and lighthouses, and affording protection to vessels conveying Government stores.

Deaths in New York.—The bill of mortality of the New York city inspector, for last week, presents an aggregate of 190 deaths, a decrease of 30 from last week. The deaths from consumption were 30, dropsy in the head 16, fevers 12, inflammations 33, small pox 4.

Municipal Repudiation.—A report of the Finance Committee of the city of Galena, Illinois, recommends a repudiation of the city debt, at least so far as to withhold from its creditors payment of the interest on its public debt.

Fire at Rochester.—The office of the Rochester Democrat was consumed by fire on Friday night last. The loss to the proprietors of that paper is covered by an insurance of $2500.

Beauty of the Jewess.

Fontain asked me one day, says Chateaubrand, why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of Man, scourged him to ignomy and the cross. The women of Judeah believed in the Savior—they loved, they followed him, and they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner annointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law and the women who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was the spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, with balm, and spice, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre. "Women why weepest thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalene; he said to her, 'Mary!' At the sound of that well known voice, Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess.

Express Robbery.—Livingston & Wells have received part of the money stolen by Harrington, Hatch and others; and last week paid over to the parties interested *fifty cents* on the dollar for the respective amounts forwarded by them, say some $10,000 or $15,000.

Executed.—On the 10th ult., the negro man Martin who murdered a white woman by the name of Polly Roberts, some eighteen months since, was executed at Huntsville, Alabama. He declared the innocence of another negro now under sentence of death for the same murder.

The Small Pox in the Country.—A letter from the correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, at Pottsville, Pa., says that the small pox is doing its work in that place as well as at Minersville. He mentions a melancholy death at Pottsville from its ravages. The press is silent about the disease.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have carefully looked over the news received by the steamer Cambria and present our readers with the following additional news:

Oregon Question.—The following extracts from an article in the London Times, of the 18th ult., show that that paper does not look upon the line of 49° even as a certain line of agreement, and gives also the latest opinion which we find on this question:

* * * In the whole course of these negotiations, that which has changed most completely, is the claim set up by the Americans. In 1818 and 1826, the territory in dispute was expressly asserted and clearly understood, to be comprised between the 42d and 49th degrees of latitude. As for the more northern tract between 49 and 54 40, we are not aware that the paramount claims of Britain to that part of it were then called in question. The proposals for partition ranged between the mouth of the Columbia and the 49th degree, but not beyond; and the American plenipotentiaries unsuccessfully claimed the whole of that region, but no more. Since that time, and in their more recent dispensions, they have raised their demands; they have laid claim to the whole country; and then, and if it were the farthest limits of condescension and concession, they revert to their former offer, the very same which they before rejected. * * * *

They have raised a claim to the whole of Oregon, not with any expectation of acquiring the entire province, but in order to reconcile us to terms we have before declared to be inadmissible. But the truth is, that the bare 49th parallel, is to all intents and purposes, the same thing that it was 20 years ago.

We intimated an opinion some time ago, that the 49th parallel ought conventionally to serve as the basis of an arrangement; but it is clear that such a proposal must be accompanied with more extensive conditions than those heretofore annexed to it by the Americans. It must leave the whole of Van Couver's Island, the navigation and harbor of the Straits of Fuca, the free use of the Columbia and its northern branches down to the sea, and an indemnity or compensation to the Hudson's Bay Company for the posts they would be called upon to surrender.

We do not pretend to point out all the stipulations which it would be the part of a prudent and just policy to require as an equivalent for a concession so much below our original claims, and, we firmly believe, our just rights. But the cession of the vacant soil might be politic and double provided the private rights already long acquired and enjoyed by British subjects were duly respected, and thus must, beyond all question, be protected by the *ultimatum* of England.

Between these two proposals lies the question of peace and war—narrowed as these controversies always are to a small issue; but, nevertheless, broad enough to swallow up the peace of the world.—The moderate members of the Senate make the 49 parallel their "fighting line." President Polk is evidently more inclined to lean to the side of resistance than of concession; and on our side we can really discover no motive of reason or argument to justify us in any further departure from the position assumed long ago by the British Government, and confirmed by the emphatic declarations of the Ministers of the Crown.

Corespondence on the subject, as printed by order of Parliament.—

The Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Packenham.

Foreign Office, March 3, 1846.

Sir—I have much satisfaction in conveying to you the entire approval by Her Majesty's government of the steps which, as reported in your dispatch of the 29th of January, you took, and of the letter which you addressed to the American Secretary of State, for the purpose of ascertaining clearly and authoritatively whether the United States government would be disposed to admit the application of the principle of an arbitration in the Oregon question on any other terms than those which they had already rejected.

In thus acting, you have, in the most judicious and satisfactory manner, anticipated the instructions which I was preparing to forward you on this subject.

We have now nothing to do but to await Mr. Buchanan's reply to your appeal to him, although I collect from your despatch that your proposal will certainly be refused. Should that reply, however, be of such nature as to give any ground of hope that the matter in dispute may be brought to an amicable issue by means of direct negotiation, I shall gladly avail myself of such an opening. If not, it will then be for her Majesty's government to consider what measure it may expedient to adopt, in order to meet any emergency which may arise. I am, &c.

(Signed) Aberdeen.

The Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Pakenham.

Foreign Office, March 3, 6 P. M., 1846.

Sir—Since my preceding despatch of this day's date was written, I have received your despatch of the 5th of February, with its inclosure, by which you put me in possession of the final rejection by the United States government of our proposal of a reference of the Oregon question to arbitration.

There is, of course, no time before the departure of the mail of this evening for the consideration of so serious a question as that which is involved in the President's decision as now announced. I am, &c.

(Signed) Aberdeen.

The Oregon question continues to be a fruitful source of discussion with the British journals.—The speech of Mr Webster, and the propriety of settling the dispute upon the basis of 49, were much commented upon. The London Times, by some called the organ of Lord Aberdeen, though it is more probably the mouth-piece of the Hudson's Bay Company—is as bitter as ever in deriding and opposing the American title north of Columbia river, and states that latitude 49 was as far as the original claim of the United States extended, and that line had never been conceded by the British statesmen. If conceded now, the Times claims the freedom of the Columbia, the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the straits of Fuca, with full indemnity to the Hudson Bay Company for resigning their posts.

From the Washington Union, May 6.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

The Postmaster General was employed from Thursday last until yesterday, in opening the bids for carrying the mails in the western section, for which the contracts come round this year. The number of offers is very great. We understand the bids amount to about 18,000. In the State of Arkansas alone there are between 60 and 70 routes, and more than 1,100 bids were made. We understand, further, that the saving to this department under these bids will be from 30 to 40 per cent. And it is hoped that in consequence of the reductions in the cost of transporting the mail, and in addition to this, if the postage law be so changed, that letters on which the five cents postage is paid be reduced from half an ounce to a quarter of an ounce, it may come to pass, at no distant time, that the department may be able to pay its own expenpenses, without drawing for additional resources upon the general treasury.

The Postmaster General is anxious to expedite the mails, as well as to reduce the expense. He is now engaged on a scheme for transporting the mail from Boston to Washington in 24 hours; and if all railroads will but extend the same facilities which some are willing to do, the work will be accomplished. He proposes to economize the time which is now lost at the Post offices at Baltimore, Philadelphia, &c., in waiting for the mails, so as to hand in the bag at the Postoffice as the car passes, and receive in return the made-up mail mail-bag for the Postoffices on the route.

From the Washington Union of May 6.

FROM THE CAMP

Despatches were received yesterday from General Taylor to the 5th of April—several days earlier than other letters which had been previously received from the camp by other sources. General Ampudia had not arrived at Matamoras at the date of these despatches of 6th. There were said to be at that time not more than 2,000 Mexicans badly armed and organized. Our troops felt perfectly secure in their own strength and position.—The general had raised a battery on his side of the river, and on the 6th he had mounted the cannon in their places, so as to command the town of Matamoras. They had also enclosed a camp near the batterry for a smaller corps of men, which was considered perfectly unassailable; and thus the general might hereafter dispose of the main body of his troops, as their health and convenience should require. A full and interesting account is given of the interview between General Worth and the Mexican officer at Matamoras, at which the general displayed all the tact, coolness, and self-possession for which he is so eminently distinguished.

These dispatches were written before Colonel Cross had disappeared. Of course no account is given of him.

There are no New Orleans papers by this evening's southern mail. And of course we hear nothing of the steamer Hunter at New Orleans, in which General Worth had embarked, and in which it is also supposed that later despatches from the army were transmitted.

FROM MEXICO.

The National Intelligencer contains the following extract of a letter from an American officer on the Vera Cruz station, dated April 15.—

"Nothing of importance has transpired here recently, but news of exciting interest pours in upon us from the frontier. The demonstration of Gen. Taylor on the banks of the Bravo, and the concentration of the Mexican forces about Matamoras, are events that we look upon as involving probable consequences of vast importance.

"The British Mail packet Tweed arrived last evening from Havana with thirty passengers, among whom were Almonte's Secretary, who evidently brings important intelligence or propositions."

The New Orleans Picayune translates the following letter from a new paper called L'Puritano, published at Mexico, which will be found interesting in the present position of affairs. It is addressed to Gen. Tornel, at present Secretary of War:

My Esteemed Friend and Companion—Your entrance into the War Department has been much applauded, and I join with the nation in congratulations upon it; especially as it will enable you to give your active services in the matter of the Texas question and the other frontier departments. *We know better than you the intentions of the United States of America.*

You have done well in accepting the portfolio of war, as it will enable you to reciprocate the kind offices of Senor Paredes, extended to you at the melancholy crisis of your banishment. You know well that the noble and generous conduct of that General to yourself and other friends of mine, reconciled me with him, and I have not hesitated to express as much in my correspondence with others. By that course of conduct he entitled himself to every consideration from me, and to a certain point repaid the solicitous kindness which he received, during his severe and critical illness at Taluca.—You will recollect that one of my aid-de-camps was charged with visiting and attending upon him, extending to him at the same time the pecuniary assistance called for by his situation.

I know not for what Providence has reserved me; whatever may be my lot, I live in the enjoyment of the sweet idea that the day will come when justice shall triumph, and when not only my innocence shall be acknowleged, but my policy vindicated, which you well know was always inspired by the purest patriotism. In nothing does my conscience upbraid me; I live in peace, notwithstanding that I eat without salt the bread of exile.

I shall never solicit a return to my beloved country, and should events ever restore me to her bosom, it will be only to serve her, and to shed the little blood which is left in me in defence of her liberties, and in defeating foreign influences, direct or indirect.

Present my profound respects to Madame your wife, and count always upon the affection of your old friend and companion.

A. L. de Santa Ana.

The imperturable impudence of the above is so characteristic, says the Picayune, that we believe the letter to be genuine; its grossness led us at first to think it a hoax. Presuming it to be genuine, we argue from it that Santa Ana will be in Mexico by the time it has been sufficiently circulated.

La Reforma of the 28th ult. says that orders have been given to the administrator of the mails from Jalapa and Vera Cruz, that any extraordinary courier from the latter port to the capital should be strictly detained at Puebla; and the drivers even are enjoined to preserve silence as to what may transpire at Vera Cruz. This may be an invention of *La Reforma*, but it shows what men are thinking about in the capital, and that Paredes knows well from what quarter danger threatens.

The Deadly Foe of the Snake.—Attack and defence call forth perhaps some of the most beautiful combinations of effect and passion which can be conceived, as for instance in the secretary bird and the snake. In an instant the former circumvents its intended prey; its escape is hopeless: it instinctively feels itself in the presence of its deadly enemy, and for the preservation of life prepares itself for the fearful encounter. Half erect with gleaming eye, and its body coiled or straightened to meet the exigencies of the moment, it faces its ever active foe; it writhes and sweeps the ground with the convulsive movements of its tail, and like the skilful fencer, acts on the defensive till the opening for the fatal lunge presents itself; but the wary bird allows no such advantage, for dropping its wings, shield-like, before it, it repels every attack by prostrating the serpent by the powerful action of its pinion, and leaping behind it, secures the prey by a well-directed blow on the scull. This is a beautiful picture; the issue of life is in the struggle, of which nature is the prompter, and in which the energies and passion of both creatures are worked up to their highest pitch. Dreaded by every other living creature, the snake here encounters its mortal enemy, ordained by the hand of Providence to keep its race within due limits.—*E. P. Thompson's Note Book of a Naturalist.*

AMERICAN GIRL'S SONG.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us—
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag-waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet the freemen—
For glory's star knows no elipse,
When smiled upon by women.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threats of danger.
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayer is for her gallant band,
Who strike where honor leads them,
We love the tiantless air we breath—
'Tis freedom's endless bower;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath,
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare—
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies, England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We read not boast their haughty charms,
Though Lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a lover!

THE LAND PIRATE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

During the war of the Revolution, the district of country lying between the American lines on the Hudson, and the British out-posts above New York, called familiarly the neutral ground, was infested by a set of wretches, known as cow-boy, skimmers, and land pirates, who prayed at will on the patriots. A party of them long carried on their outrages unchecked, in close vicinity to the British lines; a leader of redoubtable courage, who had once been a colonist or some estate, but having squandered it in riotous living, had taken to his present irregular life on the breaking out of troubles.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American lines, and the evil became at length so great that it was determined at any cost to extirpate his company. But this was found easier to threaten than to achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts, or moving with astonishing celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake Harding, for such was the name the miscreant bore.

A young officer at length volunteered to enter Harding's company as a spy, in order to obtain such information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieut. Vaughan knew his life hung on a thread, in such a difficult mission; for discovery would be instant death; besides, he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land pirates.—His heart had been in possession of Emily Headley, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who, though hitherto a neutral, was suspected of leaning towards the American cause, and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father, or by the beauty of the daughter, might sooner or later make Headley's farm the scene of his lawless atrocities.

It was on a dark and stormy night on which Vaughan, disguised as a deserter, found his way to a low tavern near the Hudson, where the land pirates were known sometimes to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number; but his story was so well connected, that all doubt after a while was removed. One morning, a corp approached him.

"You are to accompany us, for the first time, to-night," said he. "The captain has resolved to attack old Headley, who, you may have heard, lives up among the hills, and is almost as rich as an English lord. They say, too, that he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing, though, if he has, I'd venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughan could hardly conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared was about to fall, and he had neither time to warn his friends nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert, and hasten to Headley's farm, but he knew he was watched closely, and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughan managed to steal away from his comrade, and sauntered into the inn; for they were at another low tavern similar to the one where he had first joined the freebooters. The bar-maid was there alone; the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so Captain Harding is going to attack old Mr. Headley's house, to-night," she said pettishly. I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Headley has done him or the king no harm; but it is the daughter, and not the father, Harding is after.—She refused him once, when he was a gentleman, and now he's determined to have her, on his own terms, the villain."

At this confirmation of his worst fears, Vaughan could not withhold a muttered curse. The girl looked up. He saw that his indignation had betrayed him, and his eye quailed beneath her searching glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenant Vaughan," said the girl, bending over and whispering in his ear, "you are known, but you have nothing to fear. I was brought up near your father's, and saw you many a day; my parents farmed the little place at the foot of the hill. Do you know me, now? I am Kitty Gray."

The recognition was mutual. But the pleasure derived from it was alloyed to Vaughan by what he now heard of Harding's intentions. Kitty, it seems, had listened, pretending to be asleep in the bar, while the leader had divulged to two of his confidential followers, the evening before his purpose in taking the Headley farm, and it appeared that he had hoarded up his old rejection, and had now resolved to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the old man by force. The blood of Vaughan ran cold at the narration. Fortunately, Kitty was disposed to assist him; for her woman's nature was not so far debased but what she could feel for the peril of Miss Headly.

"If I could obtain a trusty messenger and a fast horse, we might send word to the out-post at——," said Vaughan. "A force could march for the farm and intercept our band."

"It would be impossible to send off a messenger while Harding is here," said Kitty, "besides, we have nobody to trust, but I tell you what can be done.—There is a fast nominal in the stable, and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when, by hard galloping, I may reach the out-post, and give timely warning—that is, if a party of dragoons happens to be there, and will spare neither whip nor spur."

There was a detachment at the post when I left," said Vaughan. "Pray heaven they may be there yet, for your scheme is the only feasible one."

Their further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughan suspiciously, and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for the fidelity of his accomplice, however, as he went out and saw Kitty begin a bantering conversation with the freebooter.

His companions were already busy in preparing for their ride, and Vaughan immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarcely finished when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," said he, eyeing him keenly, "and have made up for idling in the bar room. You will attend close on me, to-day—new recruits are apt to be suspected, and it behooves them to be especially ardent." He accompanied these words with a significant smile, which left Vaughan half convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party were in the saddle, and the quick pace at which they advanced increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since, even if she proved true, and succeeded in reaching the American out-posts, succor would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it. He was well aware of the inflexible purpose of Harding, and knew that neither present supplication nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed, single handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs, and had brought him along to torture him by the sight of the ruin to be worked at the Headley farm. Yet this look might only arise from natural suspicion of a recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But if there was no dragoons at the place when she arrived? These thoughts agitated him continually.

"I will die to save her; and if needs be," he inwardly swore, "I will preserve her from profanation by sacrificing her with my own hand."

With these bitter reflections, Vaughan followed his commander, his heart tormented now by despair, and now pacified by hope. At length, Headley farm broke on their sight, our hero looked eagerly in the direction where the dragoons, if coming, would appear; but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed and all around wore a calm and peaceful look. He turned sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead; and when Vaughan thought of the desolution soon to fall on that now happy household, his feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding, at this moment, having returned from a reconnoisance of the buildings, which he found, as he expected, wholly unprotected; then as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted, in a voice which told the household of his approach. "Halt!"

Instantly the men drew in their reins, while the hasty barring of doors was heard from the house. It was the work of a moment, however for the assailants to dismount, and stand before the long hall door, which had given away before an axe which one of the party carried, though not until a shot had been fired from an upper story window.

"Our motto is beauty and booty," shouted Harding, as the door fell in. "Spare none, and revenge your fallen comrade!" With these words, he rushed towards the stair-case leading to the apartment which Vaughan knew to be occupied by Emily.

The crisis for which he had breathlessly waited, ever since the attack began, had now come; and regardless of the peril, Vaughan sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's designs. Almost together they ascended the stair-case. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on the lock of Emily's door—that door which had been so sacred, hitherto, even from Vaughan's approach—when our hero arrested it by a blow from his sabre, which would have severed Harding's hand, had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Ha! a traitor," he said, comprehending every thing at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery; "then take that!" and he levelled a pistol at our hero, who saved his life only by knocking up the weapon with his blade. In an instant the two excited men had crossed—Harding, furious at the discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughan thirsting for his heart's blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time, the refugees were pouring up the stair-case, and, for a moment, they paused in astonishment at the spectacle of this unexpected combat. Recovering from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughan, who they disarmed and bound, after receiving many wounds. He expected nothing now but immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily, he desired to die. He would have blessed any one who would have put an end to his existence.

"Oh! why did my good blade fail me!" said he, "why could I not finish the miscreant!"

To add to his distress, one of the servants, who had been dragged into the hall, recognised him, and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of the fair bird within, as well as a traitor and a spy," said Harding, hoarse with passion, and mad with the pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughan's sword; "then you shall witness how she shall be my leman, ere you die!"

Vaughan writhed in mental agony. Already he seemed to behold his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffians.

"For God's sake," he implored, "torture me—do what you will with me—but spare Miss Headley; spare her."

The villain answered by laying hold of the door-knob, as he did this, a bullet whistled in the air, and he fell dead, pierced by a pistol ball from an unseen hand. As he fell, a huzza arose from the staircase, which was now seen full of men in the attitude of American dragoons.

"Huzza—we have them now in a trap," shouted a stentorian voice, which Vaughan recognised as that of his commanding officer; "no quarters, my lads—cut them down."

The fight was soon over—the result could not be doubtful. The refugees were cooped up, and had no escape, while their enemies outnumbered them five to one. Harding fell in the beginning of the fray. The assault, the melee and the defeat passed almost with the rapidity of thought.

"We were just in time," said Vaughn's comarade, when the scuffle was terminated, and every refugee either slain or pinioned; your messenger found us fortunately at the post."

The terrified Emily now came from the chamber where she had fled with her father, and by her fair hands were Vaughan's wounds bound up. After the war, she and our hero were hapily married; and Kitty, as a recompense for her services, was taken into their household.

Old men still live in the quiet valleys of the Hudson, who have heard, from participants in that day's fight, the story of the land pirate's death.

A Tall Screw.—The great screw for the Great Britain steamship weighs seven tons.

MONDAY PACKET.

THE regular mail and passenger steamer UNION, Captain M'Clane, will run as a regular packet between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, leaving this port every Monday at 5 o'clock, P. M. Returning she will leave Cincinnati every Thursday at 6 P. M.

The Union was built expressly for this trade, and affords every accommodation.

For freight or passage apply on bord.

may8

Segars! Segars!!

JUST received from New York, a large quantity of Havanna and Principe Segars of the most popular and superior brands now in use. Also, an excellent article of chewing Tobacco and several bales of superior Cuba Leaf Tobacco for sale.

B. E. WINCHESTER,
No. 59, Third street, two doors from the Post Office.

may9.

New Drug Store.

JOHN D. MORGAN, *Wholesale and Retail Druggist*, No. 93½ Wood street, one door South of Diamond Alley, Pittsburgh.—The subscriber has just received from the Eastern cities, and is now opening at the above stand, a full assortment of articles in his line, consisting of Drugs of all kinds, Dye Stuffs, Paints and Varnishes, Chemicals, &c., together with all such articles as are usually kept for sale at a wholesale and retail drug store.

His stock is entirely new, and has been selected with care. He is confident that his articles, both as to quality and price, will please such as may favor him with a call. may9-y.

CIDER.—8 bbls. Economy Cider, just received and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

CHILLICOTHE SOAP.—200 boxes Chillicothe Soap, just received and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

SPERM OIL.—1000 Gallons Sperm Oil, unbleached, just received and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

BEEF.—1 barrels Beef in store and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

LINSEED OIL.—25 bbls. Linseed Oil on consignment and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

DRIED APPLES.—20 bbls. Dried Apples on consignment and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

LARD.—16 kegs Lard in store and for sale by
may9 MILLER & RICKETSON.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—Just received and for sale by EDGAR THORN,
may7 Corner of Hand and Penn sts.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Prepared and corrected every Afternoon.

PITTSBURGH BOARD OF TRADE.

COMMITTE FOR MAY.

J. Carothers, J. May, John Shea.

PORT OF PITTSBURGH.

EIGHT FEET WATER IN THE CHANNEL.

Union, M'Lane, St. Louis;
American, Smith, Nashville;
Calorado, Gormoly, St Louis;
Michigan, Boies, Beaver;
Louis M'Lane, Bennet, Brownsville;

DEPARTED.

Clipper No. 2, Crooks, Cincinnati;
Brunette, Perry, St. Louis;
Susquehanna, Israel, do;
Billow, Page, Louisville;
Putnam, Blew, Zanesville;
Lake Erie, Hoops, Beaver;
Consul, Mason, Brownsville.

IMPORTS BY RIVER.

Cincinnati—Pr str Circassian: 28 bbls loaf sugar, M. Leech & Co; 10 bbls alchahol, B. A. Fahnestock; 50 hhds tobacco, Tauffe & O'Conner; 10 bags saltpetre, Young, Ihmson & Plunket; 25 bbls, P. M'Cormick; 29 bbls scrap iron, 4 casks do, 1 bags coffee, one half bbl sugar, one half do molasses, 1 keg rice, Hall & Speer; 20 bags pea nuts, James M'Cully.

Cincinnati—Pr str Messenger: 25 bales hemp, D. Leech & Co; 16 bbls molasses, A. King; 47 bbls whiskey, R. Galway; 104 bbls do, W. & M. Micheltree; 2 boxes specie, A. Kramer; 12 bbls lard oil, 3 half chests and 3 bxs tea, W. Bingham; 2 bdls saddletrees, J. D. Hartly.

Louisville—Pr str Colorado: 33 hhds bacon, A. M. Wallingford; 32 bales hemp, 2 pcs bagging, John Irwin & Son; 3 bxs furs, 1 bale deer skins, 2 bags feathers, Lewis Hutchison; 11 bbls scorchings, 2 do scrap iron, Lorenz & Sterling; 5 hhds tobacco, H. Graff; 1 box books, P. G. Odiorne; 1 box, 1 chest, D. Leech & Co; 19 bales furs, W. B. Holmes & Son; 19 bales, 1 cask, 12 bbls lard, 24 kegs do, I. Dickey; 6 hhds tobacco, S. Kier; 5 hhds do, 1 box samples, A Jordon; 17 hhds tobacco, 1 box samples, 35 hhds bacon, Bingham & Co; 1 hhd tobacco, 52 bacon, 14 bbls flour, Clark & Thaw.

Nashville—Pr str American: 1 box, 1 bbl and 32 bales skins, J. W. Butler & Bro; 48 sks feathers, 4 do ginseng, 1 cask, A. C. McAnulty; 11 bbls, sugar, 11 bags coffee, J. May; 41 bales cotton, Forsyth & Co; 6 casks bacon, 23 bags feathers, 4 bxs rags, 8 bags do, J. Laughlin; 2 casks, A. Laughlin; 1 sack feathers, J. McFadden; 50 tons pig metal, Wood Edwards & McKnight; 38 do, M'Curdy & Loomis; 15 do, Bissels & Semple; 6 crates rags, 1 cask do, J. Howard & Co; 2 cks butter, J Kidd; 1 trunk, 3 chests, 2 bales, 1 package, R Dalzell.

Cincinnati—Pr str Union; 10 bxs candles, 11 do tobacco, Bagaley & Smith; 154 hhds whiskey, S Cockshoot; 50 boxes soap, 4 bbls s. salts, 11 bxs candles, S. M'Clurkan; 4 boxes, 36 hhds tobacco, 1 casks potash, 1 do ginseng, S. Wightman; 49 cks bacon, H. & P. Graff; 11 beef cattle, S. Beloh; 19 hhds tobacco, Williams & Dilworth; 100 sacks oats, James Donaldson; 4 hhds tobacco, J Roe; 7 do, R Dalzell.

☞The new and elegant steamer *Union*, Capt. McLane, will take his place as a regular packet between this city and Cincinnati on Monday next. The Union is furnished in the best style, and is in every respect calculated to render comfortable all who may travel on her. The captain and clerk are clever and accommodating gentlemen, who will spare no exertions to please the travelling public.

The Steamer St. Anthony.—This splendid steamer is now at our wharf, and will leave on Sunday for St. Louis; she is in charge of Captain Montfort, a skilful and careful officer. The St. Anthony is a noble craft—she measures 151 feet keel; 165 on deck; 24 feet beam, 23 feet floor and six feet hold; she is very neatly furnished; every part of the work is executed in admirable style.

☞The elegant and fast running steamer *Messenger*, Capt. Linford, leaves this morning at 10 o'clock, for Cincinnati, and all intermediate ports.

☞The new and splendid steamer *Circassian*, Capt. Bennett, will leave this morning at 10 o'clock, for Cincinnati, and all intermediate landings.

RIVER INTELLIGENCE.

River.—The heavy rains of Thursday evening and Friday morning, has caused quite a swell in the river, and it is still rising. Navigation is now in very good order, both on the river and canal, and notwithstanding the weather is very wet and unfavorable there is a very large amount of business doing.

☞The Cincinnati Commercial pays the following compliment to the new and splendid steamer Circassian:—"The Circassian leaves this morning at 10 o'clock for Pittsburgh. This boat is a perfectly safe one and has just been examined by Mr. Banks, U. S. Inspector, and pronounced No. 1.—Those going up this morning should by all means go on the Circassian, Capt. Bennett, who does things up right."

☞The Cincinnati Union of the 5th, says: "We have an excellent stage of water in the channel at this point, and still rising."

☞The St. Louis Reporter of the 30th ult., says, "Yesterday there was nine New Orleans boats in port, and a tendency was manifested towards a further reduction in freights. The river is rising fast, and there is an abundance of water to Cairo. The steamer Missouri left yesterday morning, for New Orleans, freighted to the guards."

☞The St. Louis Reporter of the same date, has the following: "A report gained currency yesterday, that Capt. Swan, commander of the J. M. White, had been killed by a fall from the hurricane deck of his boat. We endeavored to ferret out the source of the rumor, but were unsuccessful. We sincerely hope it may prove untrue."

☞The Ben Franklin is reported to have been hard aground at Devil's Island, on Tuesday last.—The Omega was along side.

☞The Steamer Ohio Mail has been sold for $6,000 to run on the Illinois river from St. Louis to Peoria.

SUNDRIES.—6 bbls. Brazil Sugar.
3 sacks Liverpool Table Salt.
2 Bales Bordeaux Almonds.
1 " Paper Shell "
1 " Cream Nuts.
5 boxes Ground Pepper.
5 " Rock Candy, to arrive and for sale by
may7 J. D. WILLIAMS, 110 Wood street.

FISH.—8 bbls. Trimmed Shad.
6 " No. 1. Herring.
To arrive and for sale by
may7 J. D. WILLIAMS, 110 Wood st.

BACON AND OATS.—2000 assorted Bacon, 25 bbls. Oats, in store and for sale by
may7 J. D. WILLIAMS, 110 Wood street.

COFFEE.—45 bags prime Rio Coffee.
2 bags Laguayra Coffee, to arrive and for sale by
may7 J. D. WIL