"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

SONG.—The Happiest Time is Now.

SUNG BY THE BAKER FAMILY.

Talk not to me of future bliss,
Talk not to me of joys gone by,
For us the happiest time is this,
When love bids time to fly;
Though future doubts may overcast
To shadowy Hope's young brow,
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past,
The happiest time is now.

Though flowers, in spicy vales thrown,
Some odors yet exhale,
Their fragrance, when in air 'tis blown,
Breathes sweeter on the gale;
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
Let memory keep, but how
Can by-gone joys be like to this!
The happiest time is now.

Unmarked our course before us lies
On time's eternal tide,
As seen the sparkling ripple dies
As o'er the wave we glide;
Like birds, which weary of the wing,
Sit gently on the bough,
Then let us gaily sail and sing
The happiest time is now.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,
Not one but he shall blem or rue.
When by the wind the tree is shaken,
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken,
By One who sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain;
Yet from its juices rank and rotten,
Springs vegetating life again.
The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen work by spirits wrought;
And not a work but high its issue,
With blessing or with evil fraught.
And thou may'st seem to leave behind thee,
All memory of the sinful past;
Yet oh! be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

Miscellany.

From the Model American Courier.

The Belle of the Ball Room.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you ever see such a wit, frolicsome creature?"

"Never."

"I don't believe a sober thought crosses her mind from one year's end to another."

"A human butterfly."

"Just look at her, now."

"Ah me! To see so much frivolity in our young girls, is really sad. What can they be thinking about? Life is to serious a thing to be trifled with in this way."

"Indeed it is."

Such was the tenor of a conversation that passed between two ladies who had come to a ball rather as spectators than participants in the exhilerating pleasure of the evening. What business they had in such a place, it is not our business to know. We only mention the fact. The person who called forth the above remarks, was named, Anna Freeland. She was young, beautiful, and full of life. In compay you would find her among the gayest of the gay; herself the wildest spirit of all. On the occasion at present referred to, Anna entered into the exciting pleasures of the evening with her usual heartiness. She had come for enjoyment and she did not mean to be disappointed.

Mrs. Marrast, one of the ladies we have introduced, could not, from some cause or other, keep either her eyes or her thoughts away from Anna. To her, the light-hearted young girl was a living embodiment of frivolity. A very butterfly, as she called her, fluttering in the sunshine of fashion.

"Poor child!" she said to her friend who sat by her side, "this cannot last forever. Life is not all a fairy scene."

"What can her friends be thinking about?" replied the other. "Do they not know that sober duties come to all? That taken in any way, it is a serious thing to live?"

"They ought to know all this. But I am told that her father worships her, and will not permit her to do anything useful."

Can he consent to her running this round of folly? Can he really be a party to her destruction both soul and body? I speak plainly."

"Not more plainly than the truth warrants," said Mrs. Marrast. Ah me! Mothers and fathers of the present generation will have much to answer for."

Just then Anna Freeland, who had finished dancing a set, came lightly tripping across the room and took a seat beside Mrs. Marrast, saying, as she did so, in a light, playful way—

"Why, how grave you are! Has no one asked you to dance, to-night? I must find you a partner."

"I don't dance," replied Mrs. Marrast. This was said with a smile. It would hardly have been good manners to have looked options.

"You don't mean that your dancing days are over," laughed Anna.

"Yes. I think they are over with me."

"Oh, dear! I mean to dance when I'm sixty."

"Sixty! You don't expect to live to that age!" and Mrs. Marrast glanced at the slender form of the young girl, which looked as if a summer breeze would almost blow it away.

"Indeed, then, I do! Why not?"

"And you expect to enjoy yourself for the whole time?"

"Oh, certainly! I always have enjoyed myself, and always expect to do so."

The ladies shook their heads.

"People don't enjoy themselves in this world half so much as they would if they only took the pleasure that is offered," said Anna. "I'm sure you'd be as happy again, to-night, as you are, if like me you accepted all that the occasion offered, and danced and laughed with the merriest."

"You're a wild thoughtless girl, Anna," replied Mrs. Marrast, half smiling half serious.

"Oh, no," returned Anna. "Not tho'tless, by any means: though I own to being a little wild. I'm a philosopher."

"Though of the Epecurean school, I would say."

"Just as you please. Live while you live is my motto, and I mean to hold it through life."

Before either of the ladies could reply; Anna had accepted an invitation to dance another cotillion, and, in a little while was moving gracefully in the mazy circles that were wreathing their many forms to the sound of inspiring music.

"Gay, thoughtless creatures!" sighed Mrs. Marrast as the light form of the beautiful girl moved before her.

"And you might add, heartless," murmured her companion, in a tone of severity. "What does she care for the wants and sufferings of others? She would dance through the world in search of pleasure, and let bleeding humanity die by the wayside, unthought of and uncared for."

"Without human sympathies," returned Mrs. Marrast. "I see nothing attractive or lovely in youth, wit or beauty. And here lies my whole objection to fashionable society. It is all selfishness. To gain an hour of pleasure, a girl like Anna would disregard every consideration that involved merely the comfort or happiness of another. A sick sister, a grief-stricken friend, or a lonely mother would never keep her back from the ball-room or opera."

"No, I presume not. Pleasure claims the entire devotion of her worshippers.—She accepts no divided service."

"And if ever she had a faithful worshipper, that one is Anna Freeland."

"A truer word I have not heard spoken. But pleasure's day is a brief though bright one; and Anna, will, ere long, find herself encompassed by darkness and storms."

This was said with an expression, which to the ear of the listener, would have sounded very much as if the prophecy of evil sprung from a secret wish to see clouds and darkness gather round the form of the happy girl.

An hour afterwards, and while the company were passing towards the refreshment rooms, Mrs. Marrast heard some one ask—

"Where is that lovely young creature who moved about so like a fairy?"

"Anna Freeland you mean?"

"Yes. I've missed her for the last twenty minutes."

"So have I. Can she have left?"

"She may have been taken ill."

"Oh, no. She looked too beautiful and happy ever to be sick. I will not believe that."

Mrs. Marrast heard no more. She searched every where with her eyes, both while at the supper table and after returning to the drawing rooms, to find Anna, but nothing more was seen of the girl, who while present had been indeed the belle of the ball room.

About this time when the gay company were gathering around the supper tables, which were loaded with every luxury, the family carriage of Mr. Freeland drove up to that gentleman's door, and as the driver threw down the steps Anna tripped lightly out. On being admitted, she said to the waiter, in an earnest voice—

"How is little Eddy?"

"He isn't any worse," replied the servant.

Anna sprang along the hall, and up stairs almost as noiseless as a spirit. At one of the chambers she paused for a moment, and opened the door and glided in. A dim light burned in the room, and near a crib, in which lay a sleeping child sat the young girl's father and mother.

"Why Anna dear! What has brought you home so early?" said the latter speaking almost in a whisper.

"How's Eddy?" enquired Anna, without answering her mother's question.

"He's slept all the evening We hope he is better. But how came you to leave the ball room so early?"

"I told Thomas to be sure and call for me at 11 o'clock. And now mother you must go to bed. You were up nearly all of last night. I will watch with Eddy to night."

"I don't feel in the least sleepy dear," returned Mrs. Freeland, in an affectionate tone. "I'm sorry you deprived yourself of the pleasure you anticipated at this ball."

"It will give me greater pleasure to sit by the side of dear little Eddy, and know that you are getting the rest you need, than I would have received had I remained where I was. So, now, mother, you must go to bed; and if you are not sleepy, you soon will be. I am going up stairs to change my dress and will be down in a moment or two."

"Dear child!" said Mr. Freeland as soon as Anna left the room. "How little of selfishness finds a place in her heart?"

"Little—very little. But we must not leave her to sit up alone with Eddy."

"You were up last night, and need rest; and I do not feel well enough to lose my rest. Can't nurse remain with her?"

"Nurse is herself sick. She has taken a violent cold and complains of headache, and a pain and tightness in her breast. I sent her to bed an hour ago."

While they were yet talking, Anna came softly in again. She had changed her ball dress for a muslin wrapper.

"I can't think of your sitting up alone dear," said Mrs. Freeland, tenderly.

"I shall not be alone. You and pa sleep in the next chamber, and Eddy will be with me here. Oh, I shall not feel at all lonesome!"

It was no use arguing with her. She was so much in earnest that Mr. and Mrs. Freeland saw that opposition would be unavailing. So they consented to retire, and leave the sick child in her care.

Wakeful and patient, from that time until the morning rays came stealing in at the window, did Anna, who, a few hours before, was the light-hearted belle of the ball room, sit by the side of her little brother, or hold him tenderly against her bosom when he grew restless and tossed himself about from fever and pain.

As Mrs. Marrast, the lady who saw, in Anna, only a living image of folly, was descending, after supper, to the ball room, her husband, who has been called down a short time before, met her, and said—

"They have sent for us to come home. Henry is worse."

"Worse! who says so?"

"Thomas is at the door. He says the nurse is very much frightened, and wants us to come home at once."

"I don't believe in his being worse," said the lady, petulently. "I'm sure he was a great deal better when we left home. But it's just like nurse. She's always frightened at shadows."

"We'd better go home," said Mr. Marrast, in a serious voice.

"Oh, yes, of course, if its only for appearance sake—it will be known that we were sent for."

And with a very bad grace, the lady withdrew to the dressing room.

On reaching home, it was found that the child was really worse; so much so, as to fully justify, at least in Mrs. Marrast's opinion, the nurse in sending for them. But Mrs. Marrast had permitted herself to get excited in her disappointment, at being summoned to return earlier than she wished, and excitement always obscures the senses. She could not see that Henry was so very ill.

Twenty minutes after her return, the mother had reason to change her opinion, for the little sick boy, who was moaning when she came in, and moving his head on his pillow from one side to the other in a way that the nurse said was strange, suddenly went off into violent spasms, which continued for two hours, when they subsided, and the sufferer fell off into a quiet sleep.

For three nights the nurse had been up with the little invalid nearly the whole of each night, and she was now worn out and almost sick. Yet, when the spasms at last subsided and the child slept, Mrs. Marrast did not tell her to go to bed and get a little rest. That luxury the mother wished to enjoy herself; and, after telling the nurse to call her if there was any alarming change, she sought her pillow, and was soon locked in profound slumber. Over-wearied, the nurse leaned her head back in her chair, and ere long was also in the world of dreams. Fortunately, there was no change in the sick child. He slept, also, until daylight aroused his startled watcher.

It was, perhaps, a month after this occurrence that a pale young girl, with a slender, delicate, form that was slightly bent, came into the room where Mrs. Marrast sat reading. She had a bundle in her hand.

"Ah, Fanny," said the lady, "I expected you last week."

"I hoped to get your work done several days ago, replied the girl, in a slow, feeble voice. "But the pain in my side has been so bad, that I couldn't sit half my time; and now I'm obliged to bring in two of the shirts unmade."

"Not made!" Mrs. Marrast's voice expressed surprise.

"No ma'am; and I'm sorry for it. If I could have finished them in any good time, I would have kept them. But I'm so poorly that the doctor says I must stop work for a while, or his medicines will do me no good."

"Stop work!" said Mr. Marrast. "Why what will you do?"

"I'm sure I don't know ma'am." Fanny's voice was husky as she made this reply.

"Well, I'm sorry you didn't get them shirts all done. Mr. Marrast wants them badly," said the lady without evincing the slightest sympathy for the girl or even asking her to sit down, though she leaned heavily, from weakness, with her hand upon the sofa, on which Mrs Marrast was sitting. I think if you were to make an effort, you could finish them for me."

But the sick girl shook her head languidly.

"You know best," remarked Mrs. Marrast, coldly. Rising, she added, "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars, ma'am."

"For what?"

"For the three shirts I have made."

"A dollar apiece! is that what you charge?"

"Yes, ma'am; I always receive that."

"It's higher than I generally pay. Eighty-seven and a half cents I think enough, and in fact, too much for a shirt."

Mrs. Marrast looked steadily at the shrinking girl, who, feeling in her friendless condition, that good will was even more to her than money, gave in she was, said—

"If you think so, ma'am, I will be satisfied."

"Well, I do think so."

Fanny said no more. Mrs. Marrast paid her two dollars and five eights, instead of three dollars, and she took the money without a word and turned away.

When the poor sewing girl left the house of Mrs. Marrast, she still had in her possession a small bundle of work. With this she called at Mrs. Freeland's. Anna was sitting by her mother when Fanny came in; and the first thing she noticed was her pale face and feeble step. With instinctive kindness she arose and handed her a chair, saying, as she did so—

"Take a seat, Fanny. Why how poorly you look. Have you been sick?"

"I haven't been well for some time," replied Fanny, forcing a smile.

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear that," said Mrs. Freeland. "I was so afraid you were not so well as usual; for, when you were here last you seemed hardly able to be about. What has been the matter with you?"

"I have such a pain in my side, that I cannot sit and sew without becoming faint; and I seem to be growing weaker every day. I hope you wont feel hurt at me, Mrs. Freeland, but I've not been able to get your work done. I didn't think it right to keep it any longer, and so I've brought it home. If I felt that I could do it in any reasonable time, I would not give it up; but the doctor says that if I dont quit work, it will be no use for him to give me medicine."

"What does he say is the matter with you?"

"He dosen't say, ma'am; but he scolds whenever he sees me to work; and tells me I will kill myself"

"It would be of service to you, if you were to go to the country for a few months," remarked Mrs. Freeland.

"So the doctor says."

"Are you going?"

The poor girl smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Why not, Fanny? If the doctor believes it will do you good, you ought to go."

Fanny only replied by another faint smile. A few more questions were asked and answered, and then the girl retired with a slow step, and her form slightly bent.

As soon as she was gone, Anna, who had scarcely taken her eyes from her face a moment while she remained, said, with a long drawn sigh—

"Poor girl! I wonder if she has friends in the city?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the mother.—"I believe she has not a single relative here"

"What is she going to do?"

"That is more than I can tell. She ought to go into the country and spend the summer. It would do her more good than medicine; but I suppose she has no means of going"

"If she can't work, how is she to live even in the city."

"Dear knows."

Mrs. Freeland was called out at the moment, and Anna went up to her room with the drooping form of the young sewing girl so distinctly before her mind, that she could neither see nor think of anything else. All the sympathies of her kind heart were awakened, and her thoughts were busy in seeking for a plan of relief.

"I can't think of anything but poor Fanny" said she to her mother when they sat in met. "What is she going to do?—Wouldn't it be dreadful if they were to send her to the alms house."

Mrs. Freeland sighed. She, too, had been unable to shut out from her mind the image of Fanny, whose meek, pale, sad face, was making to her heart a silent but strong appeal.

"I've been thinking," said Anna, "that she would be just the one to travel with Mrs. Ellis this summer. You know she always takes some one with her as a kind of waiting maid and companion."

"With Mrs. Ellis? let me see," And Mrs. Freeland looked thoughtful for some moments. "Yes I think that it might do. Fanny is very neat in her person; is a girl of good principles, good manners, and has some education. Yes, yes—I think that will do, provided she is strong enough to bear the fatigue of travel. All she will have to do cannot hurt her."

"Oh, I am sure it would be just the thing," said Anna, with earnestness and enthusiasm. "The travel and change of air will be more than medicine to her; and you know that Mrs. Ellis, who is a perfect lady, will be so kind and considerate."

"No doubt of that. Still we must not be too sanguine. Mrs. Ellis may already have some one engaged."

Anna's countenance fell as she replied—

"True, true enough. But," and she arose as she spoke, "I will soon know all about that."

"Where are you going?"

"To see Mrs. Ellis and to talk to her myself. I shall not be able to rest until something is done for Fanny. It would be inhuman to let her waste away and die, when a little effort might save her."

"You say truly, my daughter. Providence has placed her in our way, and it is our duty to care for her. You can mention me to Mrs. Ellis, and say that I fully approve of the step you have taken."

When Fanny left the house of Mrs. Freeland, it was with a drooping heart. In giving up her unfinished work, she had severed her last known claim upon the world for an independent support. This act had been one of necessity. Three times during the preceding week had she sunk fainting from her chair, overcome with pain and exhaustion; and many hours of utter physical prostration had followed these attacks. When this became known to the doctor, who had given her medicine occasionally, he positively forbade her continuing her murderous employment; and she felt as if it would be wrong in the sight of Heaven any longer to go on in the old way. What she was now to do, she knew not, for she had no friends to provide for her in sickness. But with a pure and trusting spirit, she proceeded to give up her work. And though her heart trembled and sink in her bosom while she was doing what she believed to be right, yet a feeling of confidence in Him who is a father to the fatherless, sustained her.

On returning home, Fanny went to her little chamber, and, after closing and locking the door, sunk sobbing upon her knees beside her bed, and buried her face in the pillow. She remained thus for many minutes. When she arose her countenance wore a calm expression, and there was a light in her eyes.

It was not with a view of abandoning all efforts to sustain herself by her own labor, that Fanny took the step just mentioned. Instinctively she felt that it was wrong to go on in the way she had been going, she paused and stood still to see if Providence would open a new path for her feet. Doubting and trembling she thus stood—yet in her fear and doubt there was something confiding and hopeful. After remaining in her chamber for half an hour, thinking earnestly all the while, she went to the room where the woman with whom she boarded, sat sewing. She held in her hand the money she received from Mrs. Marrast. It was her little all.

"Here are two dollars and sixty-two cents, Mrs. Green," said she, holding out the money. "Mrs. Marrast wouldn't pay me but eighty-seven cents for making the shirts, or else I would have given you the three dollars that are due to-day."

"Is it possible that woman cheated you out of a shilling upon each shirt?" exclaimed Mrs. Green sharply.

"She said she never paid a dollar for making shirts."

"Though she'd pay twice as much for satin slippers, and not think the money wasted. If these people can grind a cent out of the poor, they think it so much gained. But their day of reckoning will come thank heaven!"

With this bitter spirit Fanny did not sympathise. After waiting a few moments until Mrs. Green's excitement could a little subside, she said—

"The doctor told me yesterday, that if I did not give up sewing, I would not live six months. He positively forbids me from making another garment."

"It is easy enough for the doctor to do all that," replied Mrs. Green coldly—"but how are you to live without work!"

"I don't expect to do that."

"How do you think of earning a living!"

When Fanny had come down stairs, there was a feeling of confidence in her heart.—But this now subsided.

"I thought," said she, hesitating, "that perhaps, as you had no help, you would give me my board for what I could do about the house for the next six months, until I picked up a little."

"Bless you child!" returned Mrs. Green, with unfeigned surprise, "I don't want any help in the house!"

Fanny choked up and stammered—

"Well—I only thought—may be—that you might want some help."

Mrs. Green bent over her work, and her hand moved faster. A silence followed that was oppressive to both. Without saying a word more, Fanny withdrew, and went up again to her own room. As she closed the door behind her, the tears came stealing over her cheeks. Quietly she sat down, but without making any effort to compose herself, and so her tears flowed on some time unrestrained. Then she grew calm again, and tried to look up with confidence.

"Perhaps I had better go and get back the work," she murmured, at length. "I don't see any thing else that I can do."

But the thought of needle-work made her conscious of a dull pain in her side, that she knew would grow too severe to be borne, if she went back to her old employment. And so, sighing, she turned her thoughts away.

While the poor girl yet remained sad and irresolute, there came a light tap at the door. On opening it, she was surprised to find that the visitor was Miss. Freeland.

Her pale cheek flushed, and she experienced a momentary embarrassment; but Anna spoke so kindly, and stepped in with such a familiar air, that she regained her self-possession at once.

"Fanny," said the visitor, as soon as she was seated, "how would you like to travel with Mrs. Ellis for two or three months?"

"Oh! I should like it very much," replied Fanny. "But I'm afraid I am not strong enough to do for her all she might require."

"She wants some one to be with her, more than any thing else. All you would have to do, would be to take charge of her clothes, and assist in dressing her. You will be strong enough for that I am sure. Besides, change of air and exercise will increase your strength.

"If I will suit her I will accept the place thankfully.

"I know you will. I have been to see her since you were at our house, and she says, if you like to go with her, she will pay you ten dollars a month."

Fanny's lips trembled as she replied, "You are very good, Miss Freeland. Nothing could have suited me better. Oh! but for this, I know not what I should have done!"

And, in the fervor of the moment, she took Anna's hand and kissed it.

How sweet is the reward of kindness and benevolence! Anna had never felt happier in her life. On the evening that followed that day, she attended a fashionable party, and was the gayest hearted maiden in the assemblage. Mrs. Marrast was there, also; and, as before, wondered at the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the young girl, and kept back all true enjoyment from her own heart, by indulging in censoriousness towards others. How little did she know of the pure spring from which flowed the happy spirits of the joyous girl.

Six months afterwards she met Fanny.

"Fanny! Is it possible!" she exclaimed. "How well you look. Really, I the'n you were in your grave months ago."

"And so I should have been, but for Miss Freeland.

"For Miss Freeland. Anna Freeland?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Why, what did she do?"

Fanny related all the disinterested, voluntary kindness of Anna in procuring her a place with Mrs. Ellis, where she had over sleep been, and said much in favor of her goodness of heart.

"I would not have believed it," replied Mrs. Marrast as she turned away, adding as she did so—"good morning Fanny."

Mrs. Marrast found herself puzzled.—She could not understand the meaning of what she had just heard. Like thousands of others, she had been so foolish as to believe that, because a young lady entered heartily into the pleasures of the gay assemblage, she could not, therefore have any heart—could not possess any human sympathies, nor love to do any thing that was useful and benevolent. As she erred the, thousands who were like her err. The belle of the ball room is not always a mere butterfly in the sun of fashion. The homes and social sphere of hundreds of our beautiful and accomplished young ladies will fully attest this; and the homes and social sphere of hundreds like Mrs. Marrast, will show that the capering and censorious are usually those who have least of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms.

Union of the Democracy.

The democracy of the north and west must come together, and those erring democratic sons of the south, who followed the *ignus fatuus* of Taylorism, must return at once to their first love. What if our quarrels at the north have been fierce and bitter, and what if Cass men and Van Buren men did seem ready to eat each other up? Does that make an early re-union impossible? Look how the whigs were fighting each other—we mean the Clay men and Taylor men—before the Philadelphia nomination, and immediately succeeding that event, and see how soon they settled their differences and closed their ranks again. Look further back and see how soon Daniel Webster, after running against the whig party under Mr. Tyler, to an equal extent with Mr. Van Buren against the democratic party, was received into full political fellowship with his party again.

We must profit by these examples of the whigs. We must be tolerant toward each other. We must forgive great political offences, or our adroit and skillful adversaries will place us in the minority.

If the democracy of Vermont can unite, why can't there be at once a similar union in New York, Massachusetts, and everywhere else? We see no particular and essential difference in the political creed of the two sections of our party, for they each preach opposition to "slavery in the abstract," and profess to be against creating slave states in New Mexico and California. Why, then, do they continue to quarrel? Does a man at the north, or the south either, cease to be a democrat, if he says slavery shall not be legalized in California, if he can help it? or if he even goes further, and says "he would like to see an end of slavery everywhere?" Certainly not. However obnoxious these views may be to us of the south, we must confess that they do not make a man any the less a democrat, although we are for sustaining the institutions of the south, as guaranteed to us by the constitution, at any hazard. Yet we must not do injustice to our friends in other places, who hold other and different doctrines. This is a question upon which the democrats of the two sections must agree to differ, and as our northern and western friends have heretofore sacrificed so many of their noblest champions in their advocacy and support of southern institutions and southern rights, it behooves us now to leave them to take care of themselves in their own way, and to act for themselves as circumstances may dictate.

The democratic party was formerly largely in the majority in the northern states, and they also held almost undisputed control of the great state of Ohio. How did they fall into a minority, or become divided into two parties? It was by sustaining southern sentiments on the floor of congress, and preaching them at home, for which kind services a large party in the south rewarded them with the bite of the adder and sting of the serpent. This same party professes now to be terribly shocked at the anti-slavery resolutions passed by the democratic convention of Vermont, and have had the imprudence to say that our friends there "have all turned abolitionists!"—With what grace does this charge come from a party who nominated and voted for that thorough abolitionist, Millard Fillmore, even at the south? We see no valid reason why a man can't be an abolitionist and a whig at the same time. Nor do we know of anything in the creed of the democratic party which forbids a man having his individual views on this subject, even to abolitionism, provided he seeks to do no violence or injustice to the southern section of the Union. The whigs know that most of the moderate and reasonable abolitionists were original members of the democratic party, and that they only obtained their votes at the north and west by railing against the south and southern men. They now begin to fear that the abolitionists are about to rejoin their old political friends; and hence their mingled lamentations and curses. Well, all we have to say is, to encourage our friends at the north and west to bring together, in one common political brotherhood, every democrat, no matter what the whigs may call him. They must unite. The minority must yield to the majority! Our party, to be victorious, must not be sectional, but be a national one. If we agree upon all the cardinal doctrines of our political faith it matters not what may be the peculiar views of each section upon the subject of slavery. The party can, and we ought to harmonise?—*Balt. Argus.*

☞ At the close of Mr. Polk's administration, there were 574 democrats in office at Washington, and 200 Whigs.—*Boston Post.*

How stands the account now? Before the first year of this no-party-anti-proscription-for-opinion's-sake-Administration, has passed, it is doubtful if there will be half as many Democrats in office, in the whole Union as there were whig office holders in Washington, under the Administration of Mr. Polk.—*Ohio Statesman.*

CHOLERA IN ST. LOUIS.—The city of St. Louis, Mo., with a population of 65,000 had 700 deaths from cholera in one week. In nine weeks this would decimate the population one one-hundredth.

A Post Office Mystery.

We have frequently heard of missing Post *Masters*, but it has been reserved for present experience, to record the mysterious disappearance of a *Post Office*. Such a catastrophe has actually happened under the auspices of Messrs. Collamer and Warren, in Drumore Township, Lancaster county. The circumstances are as follows:—At the incoming of the present administration, the "*Greene*" post office was held by Fleming McSparren, Esq., a most amiable and attentive officer, but under the condemnation of Domobracy. He was removed of course, and a respectable Whig, appointed his successor. From commendable considerations, Mr. R. declined to lift his commission. The fact was communicated to the General Post-Master, and soon a commission came to hand for a Mr. Boyd. After a diligent search of several weeks, in all the regions round-about, no *white male citizen, answering to the name, could be discovered!* The "oldest inhabitant" had no recollection of such a person, and the chase was abandoned. Again Mr. Collamer was informed of the dilemma. A third battery was levelled at the head of poor McSparren, for *out* he must go, let a successor come from whence he may. This time, the commission was directed to John Findley, a resident of *Fulton* township, to hold a post office in *Drumore* township.—This difficulty was compromised, by the appointment of a tenant of Mr. Findley, as Assistant P. M., residing in *Drumore*, about half a mile from the residence of the *actual* Post Master. But to crown this chapter of misfortunes, the latest advices state, that the tenant (not wishing to play second fiddle in so small a matter,) has likewise refused his appointment—and the result is, that the *Greene* post office, with its half dozen post-masters, is without a local habitation. These are facts, derived from respectable authority. They are only equalled by the appointments of Mr. Fitz Warren for Upper Leacock township, where, in violation of all usage, *three* post offices have been crowded together, within a distance of about *four* miles, leaving another portion of the road for the space of *five* miles *without any post office whatever!* If Mr. Fitz Warren be a "*competent*" man for the place he holds, it would be difficult to say who is not. We are sure, no such mistakes ever occurred under Col. Medill and William J. Brown.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

A SHAMEFUL EXHIBITION.—It is not to be denied for the fact can be substantiated by many witnesses, that LEVIN, the Nativist member from the first District—who is now either a citizen of the District of Washington or City of Baltimore—having no longer a permanent residence among the people he *represents*—used the following language at a meeting in Southwark called at his bidding:

"Look what I have done for you. I had Roberts, a full blooded native, appointed Marshal. I had Ashmead appointed District Attorney, and Slonaker, the Naval Agent. This I have done for you. Nay, more; *before I would allow William B. Lewis to be appointed Collector, I made him pledge himself to me that he would select one half Natives to fill the offices. And so too with Postmaster White. He made the same promise.*"

Apart from the dictatorial spirit of this speech, is the openly avowed bargain and sale boasted of by this Native American leader. Never in the history of politics have we witnessed such reckless prostitution and such advertised corruption. We repeat, this is a subject for the most drastic examination of the Senate.—*Pennsylvanian.*

A WITTY PARSON.—A Scotch clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretended, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without any preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text, "And the Ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon the text.

On another occasion, Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would in return, grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman assented; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Certainly," said major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself to be father of this puppy?"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the major threw the candidate for baptism away, asserting that a parson was too much for a soldier.

White Printing Paper.

Those who are not acquainted with the manufacture of paper will scarcely believe that the paper of which most our newspapers are composed is made from the rags of old calico, but such is the case. The rags are first reduced to a coarse paste, technically termed half-paste, then in a suitable vat, from four to eight pounds of chloride of lime, dissolved in sufficient water to cover the paste, is poured on the colored mass; it is now sulfied with half a pound of sulphuric acid for every pound of the chloride of lime employed. The mixture is then agitated for a short time by machinery suited to the purpose; when the rags appear quite white, water is made to flow through the mass, still containing the agitation until all the lime has been washed out of the pulp. A little free hydrocholoric acid added to the last portions of water would tend more perfectly to remove the lime from the pulp, and thereby prevent its turning brown by age. In most of the paper manufactories of France, instead of using chloride of lime chlorine gas is passed through the pulp; this is a better process if carefully carried out, for as no lime is used in the process, none can remain on the paper.