NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Proprietor. MONTROSE PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1848. VOL. V, NO. 37.

TERMS OF THE "DEMOCRAT."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year, in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year, or Subscription. No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
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" " 6 months,	4 00
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POETRY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

BY IDA FAYE.

It is a dreary winter's night—the snow is falling fast;
And louder, louder blows the wind as it hoarsely whistles past;
The cheerful light from the workman's home shines out among the gloom.
The trav'lers passing through the storm behold the pleasant room.

And there around the clean swept hearth, whose fire doth brightly burn,
An eager group waits anxiously the absent one's return:
They think they hear their father's step—their young hearts bound with glee—
And the mother looks on smiling with the babe upon her knee.

And now the loved one enters; his broad and sturdy frame
Bends low for that child's kiss who bears her mother's name;
And on the rosy matron his loving glance now falls;
The infant with its prattling glee on its father loudly calls

He gazes round the pleasant room; his bosom proudly swells;
The tear that trickles o'er his cheek his inward rapture tells:
"Oh, May," he says, "I thought to-day upon our happy home,
That not a king's resplendent crown would make me wish to roam.

Though those who dwell in marble halls have more of pomp and state,
I would not change our humble cot for mansions of the great;
Their cares press sore, their crimes are deep, but we have none of this—
All day I work right willingly for such a home of bliss.

"Before I knew you, dearest May, I thought of wealth and fame [shame
Until my brain grew dizzy, and then I thought with
Of my own lowly calling; but your presence and your love [thoughts above.
Have raised me, by their gentle power, these worldly

"And 'tis my earnest prayer to God that I should labor still.
For idleness but leads to crime: 'tis my determined will,
To make my children so to live they may not fear to die
Since working hands and hearts sincere best fit them for the sky."

He took the Bible from the shelf; the circle gathered there.
And, having read the Holy Word, they joined in fervent prayer;
He humbly thanked the God who gave such blessings through his love. [above
And prayed they all might meet at last in his blest courts

MISCELLANY.

THE INEBRIATE.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hand, and the cool breeze lifted his matted locks which covered his once noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eyes there was an unwonted look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the low, melancholy voice of his patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance he was gazing upon the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not: young as she was, her spirit was already crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken, and the doors hingeless: scarce a vestage of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In fancy he saw again the old arm chair where sat his father, with the Bible upon his knee; and he seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his mother as she laid her hand upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green-sward, the recollections of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips—"O, God, receive a returning wanderer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—"He will forgive you, father." Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter, a child of six years.

"Why are you here, Annie?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lillies that grow upon the banks," she replied, "see, I have got my basket full and now I am going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where among the broad green leaves, the sweet lillies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had said too much: perhaps her father would demand the money and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me, Annie,"—said her father, kindly. "Well, I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of his tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"Yes, father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicine for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed; "from this moment the liquid fire passes my lips no more."

Annie stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarcely comprehend her father's words: but she saw that some change had taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look, to his face—"Will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"*Never!* Annie," her father replied, solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy," she cried, "and mother won't weep any more: oh, father what a happy home ours will be!" Years passed away. The words of little Annie, the drunkard's daughter, had proved true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board; and health and joy beamed from the face of his wife and children, where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

A Singular Story.

A correspondent of the National Era says that he translated the following article from the Magazine Universal, published in Paris. As the scene of the story is placed in Washington, it would not be very difficult to ascertain whether it be fact or fiction.

I am about to recount a story, which, like many others of the same kind, Mr. Thompson, a missionary, has lately told in a public meeting held on the subject of slavery.

A young physician of much merit and knowledge, made a journey from his native town in one of the northern states, to a town in Mississippi. This young man, whose name was Willis, took lodging in a furnished house. The mistress of it, a young woman about twenty years old, inspired in him the most ardent love. Although the color of the woman was not the purest white, the doctor having no prejudice against the colored race, offered her his hand, which was accepted. The marriage took place almost secretly, and the happy couple went soon afterwards to establish themselves in Washington, in the District of Columbia.

They had not been there long, where they lived peaceably and retired, when one morning an individual, who had all the appearance of a gentleman, presented himself at Dr. Willis's, under the pretence of business. The conversation proceeded, when the stranger addressed the following indiscreet questions to the doctor:

"Did you bring a woman with you from the south sir?"

"No sir; I dont understand you."

"How!" rejoined the stranger, "did not your wife come with you from Mississippi?"

"I believe she was born in that country," said the doctor.

"Well, your wife, as you call her, is my slave; and unless you pay me immediately nine hundred dollars for her purchase, I will advertise her to-morrow as a runaway slave. In fact, she is worth a thousand dollars, at least; but as you have married her, I will abate something."

"Your slave!" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "that is impossible."

"Whether you believe me or not," cried the other, "you must give her up or pay the money. If, in twenty-four hours, the money is not sent to my hotel, I promise you, my dear sir, that you will see the name of Mrs. Willis in the newspapers, as that of a fugitive slave."

As soon as the man was gone, the doctor went to his wife, whose good qualities, virtues and graces rendered her dear to him.

"My dear angel," said he, "when we were married, were you a slave?"

"Yes, I was," she confessed at the same time shedding abundant tears.

"Why did you not tell me before the ceremony was performed?"

"I did not dare to do it. Could I have expected you would have allied yourself to a slave?"

"Well, now, I know it. I will give the nine hundred dollars required; for I love you too much to consent to a separation."

During this short dialogue, Mrs Willis, was laboring under the most lively agitation. She asked her husband to describe the appearance of the claimant, which he did as exactly as possible; then he asked her whether the description answered to that of her ancient master.

"Yes," said she, casting down her eyes; "he is more than my master—he is my father."

Military Dandyism Rebuked.

A cotemporary tells us the following good anecdote of a "setting down," which an officer of the "Younited States Awmy," received in his presence. Our writer says:

"We were travelling a while since on one of the Sound boats, where we met on deck, just after breakfast, our old acquaintance, John Barstow—Col. John Barstow, who has bought and sold more horses than any other live man, it is said, in the United States. While we were exchanging the usual salutations of the morning the sharp tones of the handbell were heard ringing along the deck, and the almost as sharp voice of the steward was heard crying out—

"'All dem passengis as has not settle deir passage um please step up to de capain's offis and *settle*.'

There were many passengers, and, of course, a crowd of persons was gathered around the 'Captain's offis,' each quietly waiting his turn to pay. Suddenly a tall robust young man elbowed his way through the mass of people to the window, and stretching out his money to the clerk, said, in a very loud tone—

"Take *my* fare, sir."

"What name, sir?" said the clerk, as he received the bills.

"Captain Victor Henry Digamma, sir—Captain Digamma and lady, of the Younited States Awmy, sir," was the reply in a very pompous and conceited voice.

This was rather too much for our acquaintance, the horse dealer. He pressed rudely through the crowd, and loudly addressed the clerk, while the captain of the *awmy* yet stood by and the people seemed to be thinking whether to lynch him or not.

"Take *my* fare!"

"What name, sir?" inquired the clerk, meekly.

"Korp'ril *John* Barstow, sir,—Korp'ril Barstow, and horse, sir, of the Connecticut milishy, sir!" was his answer, delivered in a most comically pompous tone.

How blank that army captain looked, and what good natured crowd that was immediately after this answer, only those can understand whose imagination can picture reality. They laughed consumedly.

DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS.—A sheriff's officer was sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at the house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, replied in the affirmative, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, but the fair quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he should see her husband. "Nay friend, I promised that he would see *thee*. He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thy path and has left the house by another path.

THE FARMER'S COLUMN.

Butter for the Navy.

I received, a day or two since, the following letter written by Mr. J. S. Hawley, of Binghamton, which I endeavored to obtain previous to the publication of the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society for 1847. The facts are important, and if anything were wanting to make the proof complete, as to the capability of a great portion of our state for supplying butter, that will stand the test of tropical climates, the observations communicated by Mr. Hawley are abundant.

B. P. J.

Agricultural Rooms,
Albany, Aug. 2d, 1848.

"The idea that no butter made out of Orange county, will 'resist the action of tropical climates and preserve its qualities for years,' is an utter absurdity. I think that not one third of the butter sold in market, as 'Orange county,' is made in that locality. That county has, during ten years past, sent out hundreds of emigrants to the counties of Sullivan, Delaware, Chenango, Broome, Tioga, Tompkins and Chemung, and perhaps others, in the state of New York, who have continued the manufacture of butter for market, and who, at the end of each season, have been in the habit of transporting their butter in wagons across the country to the different points of shipment, in Orange county, and there shipping it as 'Orange county.' Many of these persons had, for years before emigrating, regular purchasers in N. York for their butter, who, it was understood, were to take their product each year when made, and pay the highest market price for it. These relations were, in many instances, continued for many years previous to their emigrating from Orange county, and many now continue them without the least objection being made to the quality of the butter.

"The term, 'Orange county,' seems to be misunderstood. It does not mean (as I understand it), the locality where made, but a peculiar method of manufacture. The neatness and cleanliness of everything about the daries, the churning of the *milk*, instead of the cream, and the attention to the quality and quantity of salt used, are their principal peculiarities. The churning of the milk, I deem essential to butter intended for long voyages. It gives it a peculiar firmness and fineness of texture and wax-like appearance when fractured, which, butter made by churning the cream, seldom or never has. These peculiarities can generally be detected by the eye. There is also a cream-like flavor to milk-churned butter, which I have never found in butter manufactured in a different manner.

"I believe the highest price paid for dairies in New York, for several years past, has been paid for several dairies from Chemung county. Being at the table of a well-known gourmand, in New York, in the spring of 1847, I remarked the very fine quality of the butter; he replied that such butter could not be made out of Orange county. The conversation continued till, finally, the original firkin was brought up, when I found it was branded *John Holbert* (premium,) (Mr. Holbert resides in Chemung county, and took the first premium at the State Fair at Saratoga, for the best butter made in June.) This gentleman told me, he had his supply of butter of this dairy for several years, at an extra price of 33 cents per pound, of a particular grocer, who alone sold it.

"The opinion of the gentleman, who has the charge of the butter department of the United States Navy, 'that no butter, made out of Orange county, will resist the action of tropical climates,' I know to be erroneous. A dairy, made in this county (Broome,) has been sent abroad much of the time for ten years past. In 1839, it was sold in St. Croix, to the government, for 75 cents per pound. In 1840, it was sold in New Bedford, and went a whaling voyage. I saw some of it after the expiration of nearly four years from its manufacture, *as sweet and in as good condition*, as when made. The same dairy has since been sold in New Orleans, in Natchez, and Mobile, and there has never been any complaint as to its quality. I shipped some butter that was the product of this county, to Canton, in 1846, which under very disadvantageous circumstances, opened as fresh as when made, and proved so good, that the shippers have each year since applied to me for butter, for cabin stores for their ships. I took up the original firkins, and procured a quantity of small white oak kegs, which would contain from 15 to 25 pounds, each, and repacked the butter, selecting the best from a large quantity. These kegs, when filled, were put in very large hogsheads, and the space filled with rock salt, and placed in the hold of the vessel. This butter was sold about eighteen months after its manufacture in as good condition as when made. The small kegs were not used in reference to the preservation of the butter, but merely for convenience of retailing at Canton.

"The exportation of butter for the supply of the different cities, that are along the southern coast of Asia, is probably destined to be a very considerable business. The entire supply for the immense cities in the possession of the British East-India Company, being derived from Europe (mostly from Ireland, but some little from Holland,) is usually purchased at home at a price which would fully pay an American shipper at its destination.

"The relative proportion of our county, that is adapted to the production of the finer qualities of butter, is probably as small as any other article of general necessity; but much of the southern tier of counties and also of the central and northern portions of the state of New York, will, when well cultivated, produce the variety of grasses necessary to give butter the peculiar flavor and aroma of Orange county, when properly manufactured.

"The emigrants from Orange county, before alluded to, all agree in opinion, that as good butter can be made in their new localities, as in Orange county. Minisink is cited, in the circular, as being the locality producing the best butter in Orange county. A Minisink dairy woman, in this vicinity, who had the reputation for many years of being the best in that town, made her first dairy here, of about 60 firkins, last season, and says it was the best she ever made. All the Orange county emigrants agree in opinion (and many of them are persons of much experience and close observation in their business,) that in favorable situations, they can produce as much butter, and of as good quality, as in Orange county."—*American Agriculturist.*

POLITICAL.

ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS

of the 5th of August Convention.

JOHN M. READ, from the committee on Address and Resolutions, reported the following:

Four years ago, the death of the regularly nominated candidate of the Democracy—the lamented Muhlenberg, the unanimous voice of its representatives, and the will of the people, placed Francis R. Shunk in the Executive Chair. Re-elected for a second term by an overwhelming majority, disease in its most insidious form, gradually broke down a constitution and a frame which seemed to promise their possessor a long life. Stretched on the bed of sickness, and with a full knowledge of his approaching dissolution, this eminent patriot and devout christian, resigned to the people the high office with which they had entrusted him, and closed his mortal career as a private citizen of his native State.

Francis R. Shunk was honest, firm, and sagacious, and his policy in arresting the progress of corporate monopolies, and the indefinite multiplication of paper mints, has received the cordial approbation of the people of Pennsylvania. To follow in his footsteps, and by a wise and liberal economy diminishing the burthen of taxation, whilst providing ample means for the payment of the public creditors, extinguishing the relief issues, and gradually prohibiting bank notes of the lower denominations, so as to give to the farmer, the mechanic, and the operative the constitutional currency—gold and silver coin, will be the seettled policy of the firm and intrepid Democrat, whom we this day present to the suffrages of our fellow-citizens, as the Democratic candidate for Governor.

MORRIS LONGSTRETH is a genuine representative of the early settlers of Pennsylvania. Simple in his habits, strictly republican in all his feelings and principles, firm but mild, he possesses in an eminent degree those sterling qualities which are so peculiarly required at the present crisis. From choice devoting himself for several years to the cultivation of the soil in the fertile county of Montgomery, he has improved an excellent intellect by careful study, and by an extensive intercourse with his fellow-citizens, has made himself familiar not only with their character and their wants, but also with the resources and capabilities of our glorious Commonwealth.

As an Associate Judge of his own county, he displayed a sound and correct judgment, and his short career as a Canal Commissioner to which post he was elected by an unprecedented majority, have afforded ample proof of his peculiar fitness to discharge the duties of Executive of the State.

He belongs to no clique, is surrounded by no faction, and he will, if elected, go into office, entirely untrammelled or uncommitted to any men, or set of men, and bound only by the pure principles of real Democracy, as inculcated and practised by the great fathers of the Democratic party.

We anticipate his triumphant election as the sure evidence that the people of Pennsylvania are opposed not only to a United States Bank, but to the creation of a moneyed aristocracy by means of monopolies and special privileges, abstracted from the whole community for the peculiar benefit and aggrandizement of the few.

The Democratic Convention at Baltimore have nominated General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, and Gen. William O. Butler, of Kentucky, as the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, and we cordially pledge, not only our arduous support, but that of the Democratic forces of the State, to these eminent men and pure patriots.

Gen. Cass' history, from the time of his first settlement in the West to the present period, is familiar to all his countrymen, and his tried abilities as a statesman, with his known intrepidity, firmness and sagacity as a diplomatist, point him out as the proper individual to guide the helm of State for the next four years.

His bold interposition upon the question of the right of search in time of peace, has demolished the attempted English usurpation of a control over the mercantile navy of America, and deserves the highest reward in the gift of his fellow-citizens—his elevation to the office of President of our happy Union.

Gen. William O. Butler is of the old Revolutionary stock, and belonging to the fighting Butlers, a race well known in Pennsylvania history, and by whose citizens his deeds and those of his ancestors will never be forgotten.

The Independent Treasury, a Revenue Tariff, the Annexation of Texas, a war commenced by Mexico, and closed after a succession of glorious victories by our gallant Generals, officers and soldiers, by the acquisition of an extended coast on the Pacific and a large and valuable territory, which are necessarily united to the fortunes of our confederacy, are the real monument of the Democratic administration of James K. Polk.

Resolved, That this Convention deeply deplores the loss of that honest, upright and conscientious statesman, FRANCIS R. SHUNK, and that the President be directed to convey to the family of our deceased fellow-citizen, our sincere condolence for this afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That in our candidate we recognize those sterling Democratic principles which actuated the administrations of Shunk and Snyder, and which point to their veto messages containing the soundest doctrines of political economy, and of rational and enlightened liberty.

Resolved, That we have entire confidence in our candidate for Canal Commissioner, ISRAEL PAINTER, of Westmoreland, and that he will receive the undivided vote of the Democratic party.

Resolved, That the unity and power of the Democratic party can alone be preserved by always sustaining regular nominations, and in that manner only can the people speak and carry out their sovereign will.

Resolved, That we will give our individual, cordial and active support to MORRIS LONGSTRETH, the nominee of this Convention for the office of Gov'r, and that at the ensuing Presidential election every sound Democrat will cast his vote in favor of those distinguished statesmen and patriots Gen. Lewis Cass of Michigan, and Gen. William O. Butler, of Kentucky, the regular nominees of the Democratic party of the Union, for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.

Resolved, That under the Democratic administration of James K. Polk, the great Democratic measures of reform, in the separation of bank and State, and in the passage of a revenue tariff have been successfully effected; whilst in the righteous war with Mexico our gallant officers and troops, both regulars and volunteers, have covered themselves with immortal glory; and a large portion of Mexican territory has been acquired, in addition to the peaceful acquisition of Texas, by her own voluntary act.

Resolved, That the settled policy of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, as marked out in our address in relation to a United States Bank and corporate monopolies, is the only one which can secure this great Commonwealth from ruinous bank expansions and convulsions, a depreciated paper currency, and give to its hardy sons in all the ordinary intercourse of life, the constitutional currency—gold and silver coin.

Resolved, That this Convention sympathize with unfortunate Ireland, reduced by the presence of a large regular army, and an armed police, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and the entire destruction of personal liberty to a state of actual slavery, and we trust that in a short period she will be released from the burden of the most selfish, proudest and haughtiest aristocracy which the world ever saw.

Col. Reah Frazer moved to add the following additional resolution:

Resolved, That we will sustain the Constitution of the Union from violation, and preserve the veto power unchanged and inviolate.

Col. Frazer addressed the Convention in support of his resolution, with great eloquence and power.

Mr. Holland, of Philadelphia, moved to strike the word "Texas" from the address.

After a few remarks in support of the amendment by Mr. Holland, and in opposition to it by Messrs. Bradford and Read, the amendment was disagreed to.

Mr. Frazer's amendment was then agreed to, and the address and resolutions unanimously adopted.

Mr. Francis Dimond, submitted the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Diamond, of Philadelphia, said—Whilst we are endeavoring to secure an unbroken succession of wise and able democratic Governors, to watch over the interests of this commonwealth, it will afford to these an honorable incitement towards faithful performance of their duties, to know that we are not unmindful of those who, having well and truly performed the duties of that office, have passed away from this stage of existence. In this spirit we feel that, in honoring the memory of Fra. R. Shunk, we do but honor ourselves. The people of his native place, the Trappe, in Montgomery county, to whom he was specially endeared by many ties, have resolved to erect a monument, which shall be, like his character, simple and enduring, over his remains, where they repose in the humble churchyard of the Trappe, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Perkiomen. We wish to share with them in the honor of a work so creditable to their piety and their patriotism. We desire that our constituents also may have an opportunity of sharing in it. Therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this convention be authorized to act as, or appoint, collectors in their respective localities, to raise contributions towards the erection of the said monument, and forward them to the Hon. Jacob Fry, Jr., treasurer of the monument fund, Trappe, Montgomery county; and that Daniel Fry, Esq., chairman of the executive committee, (and a delegate to this convention,) be requested to forward subscription books to the several members of the convention.

Michael Kane, submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the interests of labor are entitled to the highest consideration on the part of the Government, and demand its protection against the encroachments of capital and cupidity; that the law passed at the last session of the Legislature of this state, limiting a day's labor to ten hours, and forbiding the employment of children under 12 years of age in factories, is wise, salutary and proper; and that we sincerely trust that the law referred to will be perfected at the next session of the Legislature, by the repeal of the unnecessary and impolitic proviso. Which was amended on motion of Messrs. Hughes and M'Farlane, by adding the words, "attached to the bill on its passage through the Senate, *on motion of the present acting Governor*, and which was supported by him and the present Federal candidate for Canal Commissioner."

Mr. Beatty, temporarily occupying the chair, Mr. English, submitted a resolution that the thanks of this convention be and are hereby tendred to James C. Marshall Esq., for the impartial, dignified and courteous manner in which he has discharged the duties of President, which was adopted.

Mr. Marshall, then returned thanks in a neat and appropriate address, when

The convention adjourned *sine die*.

The Way he was Killed.

The *Hartford Times*, illustrates the manner in which "the gallant Harry of the West was dealt with by his professed friends, in the annexed admirable sketch:

THE LAST OF THE MILL BOYS.—*Extract*

Enter the Mill boy, (soliloquising.)

"To run or not to run—that is the question. But then to run and be defeated—ah! there's the rub——

Enter John J. Crittenden—(Runs up to the Mill boy, takes him by both hands and embraces him with fervor)—"Thank God that I have lived to feast my sight once more on the man whom we love better than our own soul! So help me God we would all die for you!"—[Crittenden then hugs the mill boy close, and stealthily pulling a rusty knife out of his breeches, gives him a thrust in the ribs. The Mill boy staggers against the wall crying, "Help! Ah-h-h-!"]

Enter Governor Jones—"Oh, horrid sight! who has done this foul deed?"

Mill boy (faintly,)—"He has done for me! I am a dead man. I'm spoken for. Hand me a Dying Sinner's Comfort.

Gov. Jones—"Oh! the murderous wretch! To strike you, the darling of the nation—you who live in all our hearts' cores; you whom we have feasted, and who has kissed all our wives and daughters? Oh! fatal day!" (He then steals around behind the Mill boy, and gives him a stab in the back.)

Mill boy, (falls)—"Ahoo! ah. au! ah. ou!" [expires.]

Crittenden. (Kicks the Mill boy to see if he is quite dead)—There thank Heaven! that mill stone is out of the way at last. He never could run, that's a fact."

Gov. Jones, (coolly wiping his dagger).—"Now we have made him safe. We've put him out of pain. He won't be likely to run again very soon, I think. We've taken care of that—Ha! ha! ha!"

Why is It?

Why is it that Henry Clay will not endorse Gen. Taylor's nomination as the Whig candidate for the Presidency? Can any of the Whig fraternity tell, if they can't we can;—its because he has no political principles to endorse, and Henry Clay is aware of the fact and therefore, is not willing to become the tool of a set of hungry office hunters, who declared in the Philadelphia Convention, that he (Mr. Clay) was not an available candidate.

The Washington Union relates the following as the success of the Taylor committee. "Three weeks ago last Saturday, a committee of three gentlemen waited upon Mr. Clay, at Ashland, for the purpose of getting a letter endorsing the nomination and, *principles* (!) of General Taylor. The old man heard them through, and then remarked that it was "very strange that the friends of an available candidate should ask an unavailable candidate for an endorsement." The committee again urged him, and gave as a reason for anxiety, that the old whigs are not coming up to the mark.

Mr. Clay replied. "I think his *availability* will carry him along without any assistance from unavailable men."

When one of the dissatisfied delegates from Massachusetts, proclaimed upon the floor of their Convention, at the Chinese Museum, the dissolution of the Federal party, his assertion was met with vehement denial, both in and out of that body. Recent events have shown his correctness. In Lancaster county, the name of "Whig" has been abandoned, and a coalition with the Nativists effected under the name of the Taylor party; and now in Philadelphia, the same thing is proposed. There are no "Whig" Ward meetings called as of old, but there are calls for meetings of "the friends of Taylor and Fillmore." "Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey," are here to "mingle," and the new Taylor party is marshalled upon an invitation as liberal as that upon the gate of an inn in the "old country"—

"Walcome here, Turk, Jew or Infidel."
—*Pennsylvanian.*

Seven Hundred Bolters.—The Keene Spectator, a federal paper, contains a call signed by SEVEN HUNDRED federal voters for a meeting to oppose Taylor. So they go.

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, while industrious poor girls make poor men rich. Remember this, ye affected lazy ones, whose antipathy to putting your hands into cold water is always getting your husbands into hot water.