

**The Family Circle.**  
From the New York Mirror.

**SPRING.**  
On, joyous spring! thou hast brought once more  
Beauty and virtue into sea and shore;  
The free blue waves and the streams rejoice  
To hear the sound of thy glad, sweet voice:  
The loveliest skies are o'er thee spread,  
The moss-tar't brightness beneath thy tread;  
And the young flowers their incense bring  
To greet thy return, oh, joyous spring!

**HERALD OF SUMMER!** thou comest forth  
A blessing from heaven onto the earth!  
The glorious light of thy sunny sky  
Hath brightened the mourner's languid eye.  
With the soft breath of thy first-born flowers,  
Awake sweet dreams of life's morning hours.  
Joy is around thee! Each living thing  
Is glad in thy presence, oh, lovely spring!

**ALAS!** there are hearts which never more  
Thy beauty and fragrance may restore;  
There are eyes, which even thy sunbeams bright  
No more shall kindle with joy and light.  
But not for the dead, 'till morn's dawn  
Shall flash gladness the silent tomb;  
'O'er it thy fairest flowers we'll fling,  
Emblems of hope and a brighter spring!

**CAUSES OF MISERY.**  
A glance at the various conditions of human life is sufficient to show that misery and unhappiness prevail. Although many are the causes which have conspired to mingle sorrow in the cup of human existence, yet two, ignorance and immortality, more than all others, have engendered the evils that beset mankind. To establish the position that ignorance is one of the most prolific sources of misery, only a reference to those nations where the genial rays of science and civilization have never shed their renovating and vivifying influence, is necessary. Go, mark the infatuated Hindoo, who prostrates himself beneath Juggernaut's idolatrous car, confident in the belief that this, and this only, can please the wrath of his tutelary deity, and avert impending curses from his sacrilegious head. Witness the heathen mother, who, in violation of every parent's duty, devotes her child to glut the crocodile's voracity. Behold the pyre whose destructive flames are fed with human victims—the altar that reeks with the blood of beauty and innocence. Observe the thousand nameless rites that ignorance imposes upon the suffering and the dying, and amidst a confusion of mystic incantations and unending wailings, the nations that observe them. Superstition (the offspring of ignorance) throws its spell around these barbarous rites, and dignifies the most unparalleled enormities with the appellation of duty. Every man's observation, however superficial, must furnish ample testimony to the position that immortality is the cause of wretchedness. The case of the intemperate man, upon whose haggard features is portrayed the index of his career, bears evidence indubitable to its truth. Not only does his guilty soul vibrate with anguish at the touch of conscience—but, the disgrace of friends—the alien from morality—the squalid raking shaft of sorrow deep in the bosom of conscious innocence. Yes, his immortality extends its influence to the plighted partner of his bosom—to his ragged, suffering children—to the whole circle of relatives and friends. It is so with every species of immorality. Mark well the votaries of vice wherever they are found, and you will discern, as clearly as in the most secluded recesses of his life, his misery, with its indigenous train, embitters the joys of humanity and casts its sombre veil over these unending, quenchless enjoyments, which virtue only can originate.

**EDUCATION OF YOUTH.**  
There is a most admirable lesson contained in the following extract from Miss Haas's "More's Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education":—"Since, then, there is a season when the youthful mind ceases to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn to grow old gracefully, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable acts that can be taught to woman. And it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down their beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However dissipated they may have been, they will be wanted soon. Wisdom has fallen away and flatters become mute, the mind will be driven to retire within itself; and it finds no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world, with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life we ought to advert? Do we not educate for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home, for a crowd, and not for themselves? for show, and not for use? for time, and not for eternity?"

**LOVE OF COUNTRY.**  
Notwithstanding all the differences of climate almost every individual, from habit and sentiment, is disposed to give a preference to his native land. The Greenlander will not abandon his icy coast, and the management of his fat kajak, for any other country or employment.—To the leeward end of the globe has such charms as Iceland. The Kamtschadee, in his furt, surrounded by deserts and tempests, believes his native land to be the most eligible part of the earth, and considers himself the most fortunate in the midst of mountains and storms, enjoys good health, often reaches old age, and would not exchange Lapland for the palace of a king. The native of Congo believes that every other part of the world was formed by angels; but that the kingdom of Congo was the workmanship of the Supreme Architect, and most therefore have prerogative and advantage above the rest of the earth. Although every other tie were broken, the dust of their fathers would bind most men to their native land. Let not the cold spirit deride the thought. The native of Asia frequenting the tomb of his ancestors, or the afflicted wanderer of the American wilderness, plausibly pulling the grass from the grave of a departed relative, will awaken sympathetic emotions in every ingenious and affectionate mind.

**THE ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.**  
The evening air blew chilling cold, Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the woodhouse for fag gots. Ellen was left alone; her eyes fell upon the stump of the withered rose tree; "That was Edward's girl," said she mournfully.—"Peace is now restored, he will return—he will think I have neglected it, for, alas, it has withered. But no, Edward must come no more to our cottage."  
Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear, for she well knew that her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling; "Mercy! my child, come and listen;—surely I heard the Abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale; she listened with breathless agitation: again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation.—"Oh!" cried Ellen,

clasping her hand together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed."  
"Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth."  
Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants; and she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports of the lawn before the abbey, Edward had often gladly journeyed, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips; and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love. But parental authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted; yet, to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender was death. He implored a respite; Sir Owen granted his petition, and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed.

"For Heaven's sake! my child," said Gwinneth, "be composed; I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the Abbey. Dear, now be comforted." Gwinneth now stepped to the gate.

"Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill!" The word revived Ellen: she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill; he seemed to walk feebly and leaned on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought Ellen, "that is Edward's form," but as he approached nearer conjecture changed; his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate—for Edward it was; and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment each of his hands were seized by Gwinneth and her child, who forgetting, in first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in anguish exclaimed, "Alas! he can not see it now." Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's command, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt.—Our troops were successful in all their undertakings; I alone seemed doomed to feel the pang of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was engaged, required dispatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend and earliest companion of my happy days, fell, covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror: for this I was broke, and discharged in ignominy."—Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance; the poor old woman sobbed aloud.

"I returned," said Edward, "in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness, for would you believe it Ellen? he has disinherited me."

"How!" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature to be so wicked? A child he once loved so dearly?"

"True," returned Edward, "but you now see me in sickness and sorrow, and but a friend to comfort, or a home to shelter me."

"Never, never, my dear young master," cried Gwinneth, "while the sticks of this poor cot hang together."

Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind: she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply.

"What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward; "will she not confirm the words of her mother?"

"Ah, me!" said Ellen, "I am thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be, to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate."

"But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of Lady Hester."

"And will you stay with us?" answered the enraptured Ellen: "Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case, and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged; for, to you, Edward, we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance, and if virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source."

You are unjust to yourself, Ellen; instructions bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are but scant though you be virtuous.

"We will work the harder," said Gwinneth: "we will knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny and when you get strong and healthy, you can work."

"Mr. Fitzmorris work!" exclaimed the indignant Ellen.

"And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwinneth. "Is there any disgrace in honest industry! Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud, and when, with some jewels of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of Heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all past misfortune, and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen."

"Excellent creature!" cried Edward;

my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away—on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey."  
Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes; but Edward continued absent about two hours; her terror was insupportable. The night closed in and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, "He is coming."  
He was supported by an elderly man, and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue, and the stranger accounted for the delay, saying that he had wandered over the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him.

"Ah! you are cold and wet," said Ellen.

"No, my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night."  
"And that lodge, which was once your father's, should be yours," said Ellen.

"But not; he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given you to us."

"Come, come, this is fine talking," cried Gwinneth, "while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks."

"Do your eyes pain you, Edward?" enquired Ellen: "let me wash them with spring water."

"They do, indeed, said he."

In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage, and his full, expressive, hazle eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She recoiled with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor.

"Ellen forgive this deception—it was my father's stratagem—and here is a witness of your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored but promoted by my noble commander, to military rank. 'Tis true, indeed," said the old gentleman. "I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdains a poor soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance."

Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen; she fell at the feet of Owen, bathed his hand with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed sometime unregarded till composure was restored, & the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet.

"Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen.

"Indeed, I could not preserve it."  
"Heed it not," returned Edward: "It was a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received."

Ellen, blushing with joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the Abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make them their heartfelt congratulations and, in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her faithful child; and the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris, is now adorned with proud triumph, the blooming WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

From the Somerset (N. J.) Whig.

**Questions for the People.**  
Did you expect that, when Adam's administration was condemned for expending \$10,000,000 per year, Mr. Van Buren would increase the annual expenses of the Nation to \$35,000,000?  
Did you expect that the late and present administration, would increase the number of office holders, after clamoring so long about reform?  
Did you expect a worthless paper currency when the Van Buren men so loudly promised a metallic one?  
Did you expect when Congress gave you the surplus revenue, that Van Buren would keep one quarter of it?  
Did you expect when Mr. Van Buren came into office without any national debt, that in one year we should be in debt ten millions, with a certainty of adding another ten millions at least, in another year?  
Did you expect that the administration would pay congressmen in gold and silver, and soldiers, pensioners, and day laborers in paper money?  
Did you expect, after abolishing a National Bank, that the President would advise the very worst description of a Government Bank, controlled by himself and his officers, as the Sub-treasury Bill directs?  
Did you expect the administration, after saying so much about economy, would expend every year, more than our national income?  
Did you expect, after having been so often told by the Van Buren men that the deposit Banks would furnish a good currency, and keep the deposits safely, that the same men would so soon tell you that the banks are worthless and the money gone?  
Did you expect, after the administration had so decidedly condemned paper money, that the Government itself would issue it in millions upon millions?  
Did you expect, when the late administration promised to reform a currency

that it would leave it worse than was ever known?  
Did you expect, after having been promised plenty of gold and silver, a sound currency and good times, by the Van Buren men, and also experiencing such times as we actually do, that Mr. Van Buren would himself tell you that "all communities are apt to look to government for too much?"  
Did you expect any administration would dare to exact specie from the people in payment of dues, and yet refuse to pay the same people in gold and silver?  
Let every man for himself compare the expectations raised in his mind by the administration itself to the results as they now show themselves, and ask, "have I not been deceived?" "Can an administration that promises so much and does so little, and that little bad, be the one to get my support?"  
Is it, moreover, any wonder, that the whole country is taking a firm stand against Mr. Van Buren? The recent elections show the gathering of a storm of popular indignation, too strong and too just to be resisted by the present, or any other administration so willfully blind and so resolutely destructive. Mark this prediction!

**What would be Gained?**  
What would the people gain by the defeat of Joseph Ritner, and the election of David R. Porter? This is by no means a question of trivial importance—it is a grave one, and demands of the people mature and dispassionate consideration. If on calm reflection and deliberate inquiry, it is found that there is nothing to be gained, it is proper that we inquire what would be LOST in the change of administration.—What would be lost to the principles we uphold, and to the great cause of conservatism and good government? In this matter we do not act in ignorance or upon uncertainties. The principles of our opponents are known to us and understood as well as our own. They are diametrically opposite to the principles which we cherish & advocate. The people are not called upon in this instance, to cast their vote for men with whose doctrines, in morals or politics, they are but slightly or superficially acquainted. The men are both known; their principles have passed in review before the people, and doubtless have undergone the ordeal of required scrutiny. JOSEPH RITNER as the Governor of this great and flourishing Commonwealth, has done immortal honor to his party and to his State. He has elicited the eulogium of political enemies, and won the enthusiastic commendations of his friends. He has made the best Governor this state has ever had, since the halcyon days of Simon Snyder. He has husbanded the resources of the Commonwealth, whilst his policy has been munificent—he has paid a large item of the public debt, and repealed the State Tax. he has managed the public improvements so admirably, that they now begin to yield a revenue to the State, and will speedily diminish the debt which was incurred in their construction; he has elevated the moral and intellectual character of the State, by protecting learning and putting the means of education into the hands of every poor man's child in the Commonwealth. He has maintained the laws, and fearlessly rebuked their infringement when occasion required. He has manfully resisted the reckless and prodigal powers at Washington, and nobly resented their intermeddling in the affairs of our State. He refused to convene the Legislature for the purpose of legalizing the suspension of specie payments, thus holding the banks up to the letter and spirit of their charters. He vetoed a mammoth improvement bill, which would have mortgaged the farms of every property holder in the State. In short, we challenge a scrutiny of his acts; they present GOVERNOR RITNER in a proud and commanding position—they speak volumes for his wisdom, his prudence and his sagacity.

We recur then to the inquiry with which we set out: "What would be gained by defeating Ritner and electing Porter?"—What has Porter done, that renders this change desirable? Are his political principles better suited to advance the prosperity of the State? In what consists their superiority? It is because he is the firm friend of Van Buren? If so, is it the wish of the people of this State that the policy of Van Buren should take the place of the salutary measures which have distinguished GOVERNOR RITNER'S administration? What would be gained by the change? Why the war against the credit system would be kept up, the infamous Sub-Treasury scheme would be foisted upon the people, the SHIN PLASTER SYSTEM would be perpetuated, and the crusade against the BANKS would go on. The public improvements would languish and decay, the old system of speculation and prodigality would be revived, the whole batch of Loco Foco fanatical chimeras would take the place of the sound common sense and practical views of the present honest Executive. The people would be vastly the losers; the hungry, famishing office hunters only would be benefited by the exchange. We ask the sober minded citizens of this State to ponder these things, and find, if they can, WHAT WOULD BE GAINED!

Penn. Telegraph.

**POTTSVILLE.**  
SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 23, 1838.

For Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading, and all kinds of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.

**A PROPOSITION!**  
In order to place our paper within the reach of every person, during the present Gubernatorial contest, we have come to the conclusion to receive subscribers to the weekly Journal, to be forwarded regularly until the second Tuesday of October next, at the low rate of FIFTY CENTS; or TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS for five dollars; monthly subscribers will also be received until that period, at 12½ cents each per month, payable in advance.  
Our friends, in various parts of the country, will please act as agents in transmitting the names and cash of those who feel disposed to subscribe for that period.

**APPRENTICE.**  
AN active intelligent boy, aged about 15 or 16 years, of good moral habits, is wanted at this office, as an apprentice to the printing business.  
Committee of Correspondence for the Borough of Pottsville:  
Samuel D. Leib, George Heiser, Esq.  
John Heifer, Benjamin Sanna,  
James Silliman, Jr. Henry Stager, Esq.  
John T. Werner, Andrew B. White,  
Samuel Hart.

WILLIAM B. HULL, Esq. of Port Carbon, has been appointed by the Schuylkill County Com. missioners and the Directors of the Common Schools, Collector of the County and School Tax for the year 1838.

**To the Working Men.**  
The Van Buren Party have hitherto attached to themselves numbers of the working classes, throughout the country, simply by representing themselves as Democrats, and their opponents as Federalists. This game of imposition they have played off so long, that the working men generally care now no longer to be deceived, especially since they have discovered that true Democrats are invariably the friends of the people; and that the conduct of the Van Buren party is proof enough that they are not the friends, but the enemies of the people! Now we hold that the industrious classes ought to oppose the Van Buren faction—not because of any word or sound whatsoever, but because the Van Buren faction is opposed to their best interests, as the whole history of their administration proves. We assume that this is a sufficient reason for the working men to withhold their support from any faction or party whatsoever, provided it be founded in fact; because whoever or whatsoever is opposed to the best interests of the laboring classes, must necessarily be opposed to the best interests of the whole community at large; for it is well known that the laboring classes constitute the substantial strength of society, the bone and sinew of the country, and hence the Van Burenites are continually endeavoring to chain these classes to their car of triumph, by the word "Democrat." Now if there be more magic in one word than another, it is surely in this, because it has wrought miracles in many instances; that is, it has so far silenced the voice of patriotism and the dictates of reason, as to induce many of them to support their bitterest opponents, and to suffer themselves to be blindly led by a set of corrupt, heartless demagogues, intent only on promoting their own selfish views and nefarious purposes. But the eyes of thousands are already opened; the scales have fallen; they have at length discovered that these pretended Democrats are in reality wolves in sheep's clothing! whose piteous bleatings are but the howls of hunger after office and whose virtuous indignation against Federalists is only a raga for spoils!

The proof of the opposition of the Van Buren faction to the working men lies in this, that nearly all their measures have had a direct tendency either to depress the rate of wages, or to abolish wages altogether. For the truth of this assertion, we appeal to every man's own observation and experience—public and private improvements have been arrested, manufactures have been stopped, commerce has been paralyzed, and a hard money currency converted into shin plasters—and who can doubt that these effects have been produced by the measures of the Van Buren administration? And who does not know that these causes have thrown hundreds of thousands of working men out of employment? Let us look at home! The coal trade was flourishing beyond example; its prospects were in the highest degree flattering; miners, mechanics and laborers, to a man, throughout this region, were receiving constant employment and the highest wages, the collier was enabled to give this employment and these wages, because his coal was in demand, and demanded fair prices; the blessings of successful industry were every where felt, and not a cloud could be seen to dim the prospect of the future! But no sooner had the effects of the measures of the government begun to operate than the whole picture was changed, and for the last year, in this region, the working men have been struggling against the difficulties and embarrassments produced by these measures; and how much longer they will have to struggle must depend in a great measure upon their successful resistance in this war of the government on the people.

**Extensive Robbery.**—On Wednesday night last, the Watch-maker Shop of Mr. L. FISHER, in Centre street, was entered by one or more thieves, and a large amount of property stolen therefrom, consisting of thirty-seven watches, among which were several of great value—the whole estimated at about \$800. Several of the watches were the property of individuals, who had left them at the shop to be repaired.—The thieves cleaned out the shop pretty thoroughly, taking care to select the most valuable watches, and leaving behind several of inferior quality. There was one valuable watch that escaped the observation of the thieves by singular good luck. It was the watch of a lady, worth about a hundred dollars, and had been hung upon a nail, but fortunately, a common silver watch had been hung upon the same nail in front of it, so as to conceal it, by which means it was overlooked. The thieves effected an entrance by cutting a hole in the back door and pushing back the bolt which secured it. There was no person in the shop to interrupt the work of the miscreants, and hence they had a clear field for operations. There should always be some one well armed to sleep in jewelers' shops. It is a precaution which no shop appears ought ever to neglect. Several individuals have been arrested on suspicion. A little black ragged varlet, who goes by the name of "Black Bill," has been in custody for a day or two in consequence of his real or pretended disclosures. He has charged several "colored" persons with the offence. Three have been arrested and committed to our borough jail. We hope that every exertion will be made to ferret out the thieves.—The reward offered is a hundred dollars.

**Powder.**—Large quantities of powder are used for mining purposes in our region, and we are pleased to see that the article can be manufactured among us in sufficient amount to supply the demand. There are a number of powder mills in the country, all of which, we believe, are doing a good business. We have latterly been using, in our mines, powder manufactured by F. F. LUDWIG, Esq. near Orwigburg, and we can say with safety, that it is surpassed by none that we have met with or heard of in our region. We are gratified to be thus able to bear testimony to the excellent quality of the powder in question, and hope that the manufacturer will go on prosperously and be enabled largely to supply the demand.

Joseph Ritner has made arrangements to pay off the State Debt. If re-elected, it will disappear like the dew before the effulgent rays of the morning sun. If a change takes place, all these arrangements will be changed, and the State Debt will not be paid off; or, at least, the period will be greatly prolonged. This alone should be a sufficient reason to re-elect Joseph Ritner; when the commonwealth would reap no advantage, but suffer absolute and positive injury, from a change.

David R. Porter, is in favor of two kinds of currency—gold and silver for the office holders, and raga for the people. He is in favor of compelling every person in this region to pay specie for his letters at the post-office, which is paid over to the mail contractors, while the people have to be content with raga. What has the post-master and mail contractors ever done for this place, and region, that a tax of five per cent. should be levied upon the people for their benefit? Have they not proved themselves the direct enemies of the region, by advocating measures that have almost ruined our trade; checked our prosperity; reduced the price of labor, and thrown hundreds out of employment for a period of eight months in the past year. Can you therefore vote for David R. Porter, who is in favor of making this odious distinction between the office holders and the people?

Joseph Ritner rebuked the office holders at Washington for thus tyrannizing over the people—and they are now sending their "hirselings" and "mercenaryries" into this state to electioneers against him, and defeat his re-election.

The man of business is seldom an office hunter, and advocates those measures only that advance the prosperity of the country and gives employment to all classes of people. The office holders, on the other hand, are compelled to advocate the measures of the party right or wrong. Look round you, and see how many business men advocate the election of David R. Porter? How many Colliers are there in this region in his favor? Do these men want office? Would they advocate measures opposed to their interests? Then why do you advocate measures that prostrate them, and the miner and laborer with them? Is it prudent if it is right to just? Is it not warring directly against your own interests? It is in vain to say that the interests of the employed and the employer are opposite—they are identified—they are the same—and that man who would tell you that they are not identified, is your enemy—abuse him as you would a fend!

What is the object of Party? To further the interests of a few designing, lazy, political demagogues, and help them into office. Who are the Dupes? The honest unsuspecting citizen, whom these vamps prey upon by betraying him, and making him believe that they are his friends—and his real friends, his enemies.