men, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by fault finding husbands. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice based probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her fathers fireside, cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all, to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices, of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife; left her own home for your; but asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affection; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased! Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful day? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings; mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothed her. You do this for your help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. She is *your wife*, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man *is the aggressor.—Newburyport Watchtower.*

POTTSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, June 13.

☞ REMITTANCES BY MAIL. "A postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."—*Amos Kendall.*

Some of our subscribers may not be aware that they may save the postage on subscription money, by requesting the postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing such money, he being able to satisfy himself before a letter is sealed, that it contains nothing but what refers to the subscription. [*Am. Farmer*

☞ A $5 current bill, free of postage, in advance, will pay for three year's subscription to the Miners' Journal

Pennsylvania Hall.—This most commodious public house has been leased by Mr. *D'Estremauville* for a term of years, and will be opened on Monday 22d inst. Our new host will bring with him the experience gained by a long residence with our Philadelphia caterer *J. M. Sanderson*, Esq., and he will be assisted by Mr. *Charles Herbert*, well known to all the frequenters of the Merchant's Hotel. The whole house will be furnished anew, and has been repainted and thoroughly cleaned, and we therefore can promise M. D'E. his full proportion of public custom.

Come and see us.—The sailor, who when at sea in a violent storm, thought only of how much they must suffer who dwelt on land, could not have half the pity for the land-lubbers, that we have for the denizens of the hot and crowded city during this season of the year, so lovely in the country. While the cit sees only the eternal outline of brick and mortar, and can hardly walk a street without being knocked down by an omnibus, or losing a leg or two by a rail-road car, we live in the midst of nature's grandeur and loveliness. The hills around us are covered with a verdant carpeting, while the numberless blossoms of the laurel add variety and softness to the *tout ensemble*. Ascend any of the eminences which are suburban to our borough, and you look down on man's power and triumph, while at the same time, Flora disports herself in her most gaudy and captivating apparel, and capricious coquette as she is, just enough is concealed, to add piquancy to her charms. You see, too, the curling steams from our various steam engines, struggling upward and onward towards the azure sky, and may moralize on the hopes and fears of the Christian in his journey, which still points heavenward! You see the nucleus, around which is to concentrate, in a few brief years a flourishing city, whose citizens will be braced to *iron* exercise, and *rail* away in spite of all impediments. You see our hills, stretching towards the rising and setting sun, and bearing like a well freighted bark, their riches under cover; you see our canal covered with barges; rail-roads running here and there like the arteries of the grand system, and giving life, action, and impetus to the whole. You see the glory of nature and the majesty of labor—the proud triumph of mind over matter, and, at the same time, the proof of man's insignificance, when compared with the works of his Creator.

Come, then, and see us; and he who goes away dissatisfied, must be hard to please. He must indeed be phlegmatic, beyond a Diogenes, and more carping than the hero of the fairy tale, who sought to blend all the colors of the rain-bow into his one favorite hue. Let the invalid come for his health—the traveller for pleasure—the tourist for the picturesque—the capitalist for profitable investment,—and the whole to take snuff at our pure mountain air, a taste of our delightful water, and a peep at the very many lovelinesses, animate and inanimate, of which it is our pride to boast. Here he can repose in quiet; there is no board of brokers among us—we have no such thing as a stock exchange,—and we are very little troubled with the hopes and fears of discount days. We have no dustmen or charcoal dealers to soil our ladies' dresses,—no yelping penny paper boys, screaming "here's the Little Genus, Times, and Ledger,"—no orange venders to annoy, no pickpockets—they would starve,—no fires every few hours,—no running over with engines, and no fighting among firemen. We have all we would have, and are free from all annoyances we deprecate; we have coal, iron, and other *vegetable* products, green peas, and strawberries,—plenty of beautiful rides, and enticing strolls,—trout fishing at the Broad Mountain, and up Tumbling Run—*we* have the finest wives, the sweetest children, and the prettiest girls in all America, and if this catalogue cannot entice a visit from our friends, why then our hills of iron have no more attraction, than our words of persuasion. Come and see us!

Flowers, sweet flowers!—We have to acknowledge the receipt, during the past week, of several lovely *boquets*, sent by our female friends as indications of the beauty of their gardens. Flowers, and the mute language of their delightful rhetoric, are a fit subject of study with all. In eastern climes, they can impart a language over which words exert no sway—the language of the heart; the Persian when he presents the rose, to be placed on the fair bosom of his dark eyed mistress, tells a tale of love, which would beggar words. Flowers are the modern rites of chivalry; the knight no longer contends in the arena armed *cap a pie*, for the laurel crown, but in the blooming garden, amid the fields, and surrounded by nature's loveliness, he offers with trembling hand the symbol of his hopes. It has been remarked "how much easier is it to present a flower than to make a speech!" what language can convey a compliment so delicate and exquisite! and if among the young, a communication of a still more interesting nature be intended, how much more refined, poetic and affecting is the mute eloquence of the eastern lover, than those awkward declarations which are in use in other countries!

We shall at an early period collect the signification of some of the more common flowers and plants from various sources, and lay them before our female readers, that in the language of Percival, they may

"Gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of the heart in flowers."

Presence of Mind.—An interesting letter has been published in the Boston Courier, by *J. H. Buckingham*, jr. son of its editor, who was a passenger on board the ship Poland, recently struck by lightning, and burned. We regret that its length prevents its insertion, as the narrative shows most conclusively the advantage of subordination, coolness and presence of mind, in times of imminent danger. In this case, upwards of sixty human beings were for several days, in almost momentary expection of death, amid the mingled horrors of fire and water; and yet, *Capt. Anthony*, trod his deck, while the pitch of the caulkings was boiling up, and the sides of the vessel so hot, that with each roll of the ship the wet planks smoked, and immediately dried—during such a situation, he preserved all that judgment and command, which is always in the hands of Providence, the surest means of preservation. We note this to impress upon all "who travel by land or by water, "to do nothing rashly in moments of danger; one moment's calm reflection, is worth an hour of composed and hurried expedients; and when death, even in its most appalling forms, seems ready to overtake us, the steady mind and calm command of self, may work out a path to safety, when the panic of fear would be sure to involve all in one common ruin.

☞ The *linch pins* were taken from a number of Whig wagons at the Log Cabin raising at Providence, Luzerne Co by the loco foco loafers.—*Wilkesbarre Advocate.*

Some of these "loafers" are doubtless descended from those British tories, who would willingly have taken the linch pins from the American artillery to spike the cannon, for fear their relations should be shot!

☞ The locos accuse Gen. Harrison of signing a law which abridged the right of suffrage, when he was Governor of the Northwestern Territory.

In answer to this we state; that Congress, settles the Constitution of our Territories, and neither can their Governors nor Assemblies, make laws in contrariety to its provisions, and the Constitution of the N. W. Territory expressly made a freehold of 50 acres, and two years residence necessary for qualification as an elector. If the calumniators of Gen. Harrison were to read a little more, and study the history of the times in which he shone so conspicuous as the father of the western country, they would save us the trouble of correcting their errors, and laughing at their ignorance!

Mr. John Getz, an old and well known inhabitant of Reading, was drowned in the locks of the Schuylkill Canal, on Tuesday night of last week.

Wearing Grandpa's clothes.—A correspondent of the Reading Journal, calls attention to the fact, that of *six* resolutions passed at recent meeting of the Loco central committee at Harrisburg, Mr. Van Buren's name was not mentioned, and three were laudatory of Gen Jackson!

What could they say of him creditable?

Keep Cool!—You can easily do this, by calling on our friend *Martin*, and drinking his mineral water or eating his ice creams; both are excellent.

☞ We have had a slight frost two nights this week, and the thermometre at 67. What *extreme* weather!

☞ A stalk of rye, 8 feet 2 inches long, has been left at our office, taken from a field belonging to Mr. Yuengling, up Mahantango Street. It is a whapper, and is said to be nothing more than a fair average of the whole field.

The Miltonian.—In noticing the retirement of Gen. Frick, from this paper we should have stated, that it will in future be under the editorial charge of Mr. *J. H. Brown*, who will continue to battle in the cause of Harrison, Tyler, and Reform.

The Log Cabin Rifle has been loaded and primed by Montgomery, at Harrisburg, and discharged its first volley last week. The report startled the locos exceedingly, and each successive crack will, scatter its shot among the forlorn and disconsolate trainbands of Van Burenism. The Rifle will be found exceedingly useful as a sharp-shooter.

Discovery of Lead Ore.—The Sunbury Gazette states that a vein of Galena has been discovered about ten miles from that place, in the limestone quarry of Messrs. *Shesholtz & Bergstresser*. The vein is about two feet in thickness, and the yield it is supposed to be about 70 per cent.; its extent is not yet known. We trust, however, it may prove valuable, and that it may tend to add an additional impetus to the prosperitty of Sunbury.

The Improvement Bill, has passed both Houses and will become a law, as soon as signed by the Governor. It has been so hached and hewed, that we can hardly "define its position," until we see a correct paper.

Anthacite Castings, the work of Messrs. *Moore & Stewart* of Danville, in shape of some beautiful pie plates, have been sent to our office for inspection. They are extremely well finished, and convince us that no iron in the world can make better castings.

The Roaring Creek Furnace.—It affords us pleasure to learn is still doing well. Messrs. *Moore & Steward*, of Danville, bear testimony to the excellent quality of the metal, and Messrs. *Haywood & Snyder*, of our borough, pronounce it equal to any Scotch Pig they have ever seen. This looks cheering in the extreme.

Bar Iron has been made at the Cattawissa Forge from the Anthracite Iron of the Roaring Creek Furnace, and these manufactured into horse shoes and nails with the most complete success. We have seen a piece of the "bar" which has been subjected to the severest tests, and proved of superior toughness and malleability.

Where shall we locate the Iron Business?

Our friend *Best*, of the Danville Intelligencer, has worked himself into quite a fever of excitement, as to the prosperity of the Iron trade, and the probable centre of its business. We cannot see the necessity for making invidious comparisons, when the world is large enough for all, and the advantages to be derived from our mineral wealth, must be felt by our whole State at large. We sincerely hope the most sanguine of our Danville friends, may be favored to their utmost wish, and that its prosperity may be commensurate with that skill and enterprise, which have already laid a foundation for the most splendid. But there is a querulousness in the remarks of the Intelligencer, and a disingenuousness in the estimates of a recent circular published from that vicinity, which are not compatible with liberal professions, and demand our notice. We should never quarrel with, or be envious of its prosperity, but when the attempt is made, to built it up, on representations unfair in their application to our region, we feel that silence would be injustice to the large interest at stake, and to the splendid prospects which the Coal region can boast.

The Intelligencer, wishes to know, if the location of both the Coal and Iron is the spot for erecting furnaces, why the Messrs. *Pattersons* have commenced operations in Columbia Co; and why several furnaces have been erected there, when no movement has been made towards the erection of a second Furnace here. The answers are obvious—those gentlemen purchased iron lands there before the existence of iron ore in our region, was definitely ascertained, and they have a natural desire to make the best of their purchases, and will do it if enterprise can ensure success. It is well known that *Burd Patterson*, is a far seeing man, and finding lands there in the market with iron ore, he knew it would prove a handsome investment, and the result has shown, that he purchased an excellent property to advantage. But if Mr. *Best* will take the trouble to find out Mr. P's opinion, as to the advantages of the two locations of Roaring Creek and Pottsville, for the manufacture of pig iron, he will learn that his discrimination and foresight have induced a most decided preference, for the *Coal* and *Iron* region. To answer, why no second Furnace has been commenced here, can be simply done, by pleading in full to the charge of poverty. At least four were contemplated last winter, but our capital and banking facilities are so restricted from the extended depression of the Coal trade, and the Iron business itself having felt the general paralysis, it was deemed prudent to defer their building, until a change of measures and more enlightened legislation, shall guarantee to enterprize a proper protection and encouragement. *Then*, Pottsville will speak, what she can do!

Again the Intelligencer asks, why have *Messrs. Haywood & Snyder* erected new works in its vicinity, if the advantages of Pottsville are so obvious. The reason is equally plain: the steam engines heretofore manufactured in our Borough, have borne the palm from all Pennsylvania, for their excellence and cheapness; and, as they have orders amounting to probably $60,000 for that section, it was deemed more profitable to erect new works there, for their heavy castings, than be subjected to the expense of transporting them upwards of 40 miles. This is but an extension of their business facilities, for their own convenience, as the Iron could be obtained there, and they are preparing for the future increase of the Iron business.

But the Intelligencer is disinclined to concur with Mr. *Farquhar*, in the opinion that Iron will be made most profitably in the Coal region. Well, every one to his opinion; but if transportation of material be an item of expense, and who can doubt it?—it must be evident, that a location, where ore and fuel come from the same drift, and can be placed without any transportation in the stack, cannot but possess advantages over others, not so favorably situated. Now, although our opinion on this subject was long since made up, still we have thought proper to have a conversation with Mr. Farquhar on the subject. He having been brought up to the Iron business, and having examined every deposit of ore in our State, with a view of locating himself near the most favorable, must undoubtedly possess advantages superior to others. He is of opinion that Anthracite Iron cannot be made at Roaring Creek, for less than $17 per ton: the ore must, when the business is fully entered upon, cost nearly as much for mere transportation, as it can be mined for here, in many places; although Danville will have advantages, which will reduce the expences there, one or two dollars. He has examined all their different openings of ore, and as yet but one vein has been found, which is fit to work, and that ranges from 14 inches to 2 feet in thickness. He has also visited all the Iron openings in our region and guarantees that the ore can be mined as cheap or even cheaper than at Danville. And as to the quantity of ore, we may state these facts: in one transverse section of 100 feet, there has been opended 10 feet 11 inches of ore, one vein of which is over 3 solid feet; and in a tunnel and drift which extend across the coal measures a little over a quarter mile, there are twenty-five feet of Iron ore in veins of from 3 inches to upwards of 3 feet. Ore has been discovered in almost every opening from the Sharpe to the Broad Mountains, averaging about four miles, and we may thus calculate the extent of the vast deposits.

Mr. Farquhar confidently asserts, as his opinion, that Iron can be made several dollars cheaper, where the Coal and Iron are found on the same tract, and the Furnace located at the mouth of the mine, than at Danville, and then we have here the advantage of being 66 miles nearer to a general market, which will be effected both by canal and rail road, and make a difference of from 4 to $5 per ton in cost of transportation.

But our design in this article is not so much to quiet the fears of Mr. Best, as to notice the misstatements of a "Private Circular," emanating from the Danville Region, which has been quietly and industriously circulated in our principal cities, and among our capitalists, the tone of which is ungenerous in the extreme, and must, from its glaring inconsistencies, recoil upon, and do injury to those who have sent it forth. This purports to be a "Comparative estimate of Pig Metal at Danville, Pottsville, and Pinegrove on same article," which are thus put down:

Danville.	
2 tons of coal, at 2 20,	$4 00
2 tons of ore, at 1 25,	2 50
½ ton of limestone, at 25,	25
	$6 75
Pottsville.	
2 tons of coal, at 2 18¾,	$4 37½
3 tons of ore, at 2 50,	7 50
1 ton of limestone, at 1 50,	1 50
	$13 37½
Pinegrove.	
2 tons of coal, at 1 50,	$3 00
3 tons of ore, at 2 50,	7 50
1 ton of Limestone,	1 15
	$11 65

Now, every one acquainted with the coal business, is aware, that when every thing is taken into consideration, the cost of mining coal in *every location, cannot materially differ;* and as the Danville furnaces must be supplied from Shamokin, the Wilkesbarre not answering as well, the extra cost of transportation must be added to the first cost of mining. Now we offer the following estimates, challenging a contradiction of their perfect fairness; remarking at the time, that we exclude the Pinegrove region, because we are not sufficiently conversant with the location of the coal and ore there, to speak from positive knowledge. But of our own and the Danville region, we can safely pledge ourselves for their accuracy.

Danville.	
2 tons of coal, at 2 50,	$5 00
2¼ tons of ore, at 1 75,	2 94
Limestone,	50
	$9 44
Pottsville.	
2 tons of coal, at 1 50,	$3 00
3 tons of ore, at 1 75,	5 75
Limestone,	75
	$9 00

This calculation for our region is based on the supposition that a person purchases his coal and ore. But if he were to own a tract and erect works on the land, they could be furnished at these rates.

2 tons of coal, at 1 00,	$2 00
3 tons of ore, at 1 25,	3 75
Limestone,	75
	$6 50

That these estimates are correct, we are confident, and will guarantee to any person desirous of erecting works here, that they can obtain coal for $1 50 per ton, and ore at $1 75, at the mouths of the drifts, where furnaces must be placed to secure every advantage. There are two locations in our region with the veins already opened, where 8 furnaces may be built, and material furnished at these rates, for all the uses and wants of the present generation.

We regret that any circumstances should have compelled a notice of our Danville neighbors, which savors the least of a rival feeling—indeed, we disclaim it entirely, but we are bound to deny all statements, exaggerated and calculated to mislead the public on the comparative advantages of our region. This we have always fearlessly done, and regardless of denunciation, shall continue to do.

STANZAS TO MISS E. M.,
On the receipt of a beautiful boquet.

"Oh what tender thoughts, beneath
These silent flowers are lying,
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kissed in tying."—Moore.

Thy wreath, dear girl, hath melody,
That on the ear in silence steals;
Hath beauty, for the raptured eye,
And odour to the sense reveals:
Its every bud and flower reposes,
'Mid hopes the tongue could ne'er impart,
And every perfumed leaf discloses,
The floral language of the heart!

First comes the gorgeous fleur-de-lis,
Bright *Iris* in her rain-bow hue,
Which whispers low and lovingly,
"I bear a message, love for you;"
And then the purple violet sends
Its charm to gild life's changing lot,
Its charm so treasured up by friends,
Which trusting says "forget me not!"

The yellow woodbine spreads its bloom,
Around the nestlings of the dove;
And says, as it exhales perfume,
"Speak lowly when you speak of love!"
And with it comes in blended hue,
The woodbine of the coral dye,
Which warning gives both good and true,
"Oh never answer hastily."

The foxglove next, with modest flower,
Of purple tinge like twilight a shade,
Speaks fait ring at the moonlight hour,
"One kiss, in secret, dearest maid!"
Beneath that moon and with that kiss,
If mutual love your hearts entwine—
If transport fail to speak your bliss
The dahlia breathes "forever shine!"

The pink carnation, Jove's own flower,
Which fades the last, though blooming first,
Is emblem of dear woman's power—
Of fond, confiding, ceaseless trust.
But see the yellow rose appears,
Was that intended! heaven forbid!
It speaks a language, but of tears—
"I love you less than once I did!"

This opening rose-bud must command,
More praise than other gaudier flowers,
For thus I've seen thy worth expand,
From early childhood's laughing hours.
Emblem of purity and grace,
Affection's richest, sweetest gem!
All other plants to thee give place,
The diamond of earth's diadem!

Sweet girl, 'twere useless to compare,
Thy loveliness with rose or lily;
Nor—being five-and-thirty—dare
I do a thing so monstrous silly.
But if amid life's gay parterre,
A friend might point where duty lies—
I'd bid thee cull and guard with care
A "Crown Imperial" for the skies!

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

HOPE.

BY ALFRED HASWELL.

Oh for that sunny hour again,
When fortune's smile was mine;
And wealth brought in her dazzling train,
Each gift and form divine.

A wreath then hung for every guest,
My mirthful halls around,
And each young brow, that smiles had drest'd,
Was with a garland crown'd.

Fair beauty's smile and frolic's song,
And whim and wit there flew,—
Light pleasure lit there steps along,
And love, sweet love! came too.

But one remains of all the forms,
That round my sunshine flew;
With whom I leave the world's wild storms,
And chills and changes, too.

My blissful moments, 'neath her smile,
A brighter ray would wear;
And now she seeks with some new wile,
To gild my deep despair.

Ne'er from my heart will she depart,
Though friendship, love! elope;
She's mine while life dwells in my heart,
And mortals call her Hope!

Pottsville June 1st.

FOR THE MINER'S JOURNAL.

MR. EDITOR:—I was pleased to see as I did by your last Journal, that you had set apart a portion of your valuable paper for the holy cause of Temperance. For your endeavours to assist in this glorious reformation, you will doubtless receive the thanks and gratitude of every Philanthropist. It is with pleasure I have witnessed the efforts of our Roman Catholic neighbours in this good work, and trust that they will pursue their course, making use of mild and reasonable measures, being "temperate in *all* things," until in connexion with all denominations, as well as those who do not belong to any (for nothing like sectarian feeling or prejudice should interfere to arrest its progress,) we may exterminate the curse of drunkeness which has held many persons in this region in a worse than Egyptian bondage. My principle object in this communication is to suggest the propriety of having a Temperance celebration on the coming Anniversary of our National Independence. This celebration if held, should be general, in order that all the friends of the Temperance cause could unite. I have understood there is a society of this kind in Pottsville, though have seen no evidence of it, inasmuch as there has been no meeting held for at least 18 months. But if such be the fact, where are its officers? Surely it should not remain inactive when the enemy is prowling in our midst, and like the besom of destruction, carrying blight and ruin in its train. Can we not then have a revival of this society, or if there be no such society in the place, have one formed, convene anew on the the 4th of July and in connexion therewith have regular monthly meetings at the different Churches in Pottsville, and at each time have a suitable lecture delivered. The last two suggestions seem necessary to the prosperity of the Temperance cause in Pottsville.

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE.

Buchanan and Low Wages!—No more convincing proof of the error committed by Mr. Buchanan in his speech in favour of reducing the standard of wages in our country, can be found than the anxiety of his party to suppress it. But the whig papers, on the other hand, have copied the speech from the Globe, and circulated it, to show their readers how Van Buren intends to provide for them. In Massachusetts, Buchanan's speech and Davis' reply were published together, and the Lancaster Examiner has re-copied it, although Buchanan's own mouth piece refused to do it.

We are not surprised at the flurry which the false step of the Pennsylvania Senator has occasioned. He promulgated the views of the party and threw off the mask of hypocrisy before the time; it was done before the signal was given, and at a time when the people were to have been kept blinded to the true issue. But the error once committed, their only plan was to deny it, and thus, in the face of truth, and an assembled Senate, the loco dares say he never uttered such words! Let the Reform papers continue to publish the speech as reported by the Globe, and let the people judge for themselves between low wages, and a fair compensation for the toil of their labor.

Laborers on the Schuylkill.—Among the many resolutions passed at the recent meeting in Philadelphia, under the guidance of Dallas, Page, Rush, &c. was one which pretended to sympathise with 500 laborers turned out of employment on the Schuylkill, on account of their democratic principles! These great "friends of the people" were out of their calculation when they attempted this piece of deception. On account of the great depression of business, there were not more than 150 persons engaged on the Coal wharves at the time that meeting was held, and we question if the number named in the resolution has been employed this season. But to show how contemptible are the means to which the sinking dynasty of Van Burenism is compelled to resort, we can state that there have been no dismissals for political reasons on the Schuylkill. Forty-one laborers employed by the Delaware Coal Company have refuted the assertions of the resolution, and 160 others employed in other Coal yards have signed similar Cards, saying that they have known no such dismissals to have taken place.

Here then is another falsehood exposed—another attempt to arouse the sympathies of the working men by pretending to be their friends, and publishing false statements for political effect. The locos attempt to conceal the enormities of their own conduct, by charging their crimes on the opposition party—and while the Superintendant of the Columbia Rail Road discharges hands because they dare board with a whig, and we daily hear of proscription in the Post Offices and Custom Houses, still they try to divert attention on a false track, by raising a hue and cry against the Whigs! But the working-men are no longer to be gulled—they have taken their stand against the advocates of low wages, and their opposition must overwhelm them!

Van Buren and the Navy.—The infamous libel on our navy, which appeared some time since in the Globe, which sneeringly compared the officers of the navy, to "cobblers and tinkers," is characteristic of Van Buren's feelings towards our navy. On the 17th March 1813, pending the war, when Van Buren was a Senator in the N. Y. Legislature, he made a report that he "could not consistently with *justice and sound principles*," concur with a resolution of the Assembly, which referred to the *creation and support of a navy*, to the propriety of rewarding the valor and heroism of American seamen, as displayed in our splendid naval engagements, resulting in the capture of the Guerriere, Java Frolic, &c!!

And this *Van Buren* is a Candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to *Gen. Harrison*, who was at that very time defending his country in the battle field. And in the same month the *federal anti-war party*, with Van Buren as a recognized leader, got up a false report of the capture of Fort Meigs in order to influence the election in New Hampshire in favor of the *Rufus King* party. Who is the friend of the people? who most deserves their esteem?

When will Specie payments be resumed?—Four millions of dollars are to be paid into the State Treasury by the U. S Bank, and most of it must be in specie to pay foreign debts. Will this hasten the time for the resumption?

WHITE-SLAVERY—LOCO FOCO TREATMENT OF FOREIGNERS.

The Locofocos are unwilling that either natives or foreigners should enjoy the right and freedom of thought and action. The former they often assault and abuse when they can do it with impunity, if they speak favorably of Gen. Harrison and his services for his country. But the latter (citizens of foreign origin,) they claim as if they were their own slaves, and obliged to be governed by their faith; and whenever one exercises the moral courage and independance to break from them, and avow himself a freemen who goes for the good of his adopted country, he is assailed from all quarters by the Locofocos, with the view of breaking down his influence and of keeping others in vassalage to them. At a recent raising of a Log Cabin in Luzerne county, a Locofoco shot at and injured the flag—the stars and stripes of the country under which Gen. Harrison and his brave army fought The offender was arrested, and taken before a magistrate, where a foreigner, who had belonged to the Van Buren party, but is now for Harrison, remonstrated against the disgraceful act, for which the Wilkesbarre Farmer and Journal, the Van Buren Organ in that county, pours out its abuse against foreigners who have been the principal allies of that party in time of need. The attention of foreigners is called to the following beautiful effusion of Locofoco malignity upon such of them as attempt to speak of matters relating to the welfare of their adopted country.

From the Wilkesbarre Farmer and Journal.

"We can respect the political predilections of an American citizen—a true-born son of the soil, and a descendant of those who battled against foreign despotism in the olden time—even though his views and course of action, be in direct opposition to our own; we freely recognize his perfect right to entertain, and proclaim such sentiments upon all subjects, as he may deem just; but to see a band of *British Tory refugees*, subjects of a crowned head, the first to lead in a political excitement, and the loudest brawlers in party disputations, makes us suspect that all is not right, and rouses a little of the spirit of '76 in our bosoms. We want *no interference* in our Government from British Tories. Their hearts are, and always have been at enmity with liberty, and with our institutions."

Another Slander nailed to the counter!—The following letter from Judge Burnett to the Hon. Wm. Southgate, is conclusive proof that Gen. Harrison has been at all times a consistent Democrat. We call the attention of every democratic voter in the Union to the fact, that every slander propagated by the pensioned press, recoils on its authors; whilst the venerable patriot whom they assail, is like pure gold—unscathed by the fire of detraction.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 27th, 1840.

My dear Sir,—I remark, in reply to your letter of this morning, that during the contest between Mr. Jefferson and the elder Adams, Gen. Harrison and myself were residing in the North Western Territory, and of course had not the privilege of voting. At that time, I was in the habits of great intimacy with Gen. Harrison, although I was a federalist (honestly so) and he a republican of the Jefferson school. I supported Adams strongly, and he with equal warmth supported Mr. Jefferson. During that controversy, from 1795 to 1800 inclusive, I conversed and argued with him times without number—he sustaining Mr. Jefferson, and I Mr. Adams. You may assure your friend, that there was not a more consistent, decided supporter of Mr. Jefferson, in the North Western Territory than Gen. Harrison. For the truth of this declaration, I most willingly pledge my reputation.

I state to you what I saw, and heard and know. When the Alien and Sedition law passed, the general was not a member of Congress. He was a territorial delegate. He neither voted nor had an opportunity of voting on that law.

Your friend,
J. BURNETT.

Hon. WM. SOUTHGATE.

☞ The conductors of the *New Era*, the leading Van Buren organ in New York, have placed in front of their office a miniature log cabin, with the British flag hoisted over it.—*N. Y. Times.*

This shows the true locofoco character—the same spirit possesses the party now, which indured Van Buren to oppose the last war. They want to see the British flag floating over the log cabins of our hardy yeomanry! We know not who is now assigned to the contemptible work of editing the New Era, but it was a short time since controlled by foreigners, who of course prefer the British Lion, to the American Eagle!

☞ In Indiana, the original Jackson men, say they can beat the Van Buren destructives by themselves, and ask the whigs only to stand by and see fair play!

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Unicorn Steamer, the first of Cunard's Boston and Liverpool Line, we have news to the 16th May. The intelligence is not of general importance:

We find nothing of interest in the English papers respecting the Northeastern Boundary. The Times of the 15th contains the report of the committee on Foreign Relations on the subject, without comment:

U. S. Bank shares were quoted on the 9th at £16, to £16 10. The intelligence from the United States had operated favorably.

Mr. Alderman Harman, it is expected, will be the next Lord Mayor of London.

Dr. Morrison, the Hygean Pill inventer, died in Paris on the 10th May.

Some corn riots had occurred in France, in consequence of the advance in the price of grain, but they were quelled by active police measures, aided by a severe snow storm.

The Countess Guiccioli, so well known as the *chere amie* of Lord Byron, has lost her husband.—He died at Venice, April 23.

A Liverpool paper states that 4800 people departed from Drogheda alone, via Liverpool for this country during six weeks preceeding the 16th May, and that they took with them, on an average, twenty pounds each; or not less than £100,000 in specie.

The New Zealand land Company, in London, has learned from its agent that he has effected the purchase of the harbor of Port Nicholson, in Cooke's Straits, with a territory of fifty miles long and thirty miles broad, including a million of acres. It is about thirty miles from Queen Charlotte's Sound, well wooded and full of foliage. The harbor is directly in the way from New Holland to England.

A letter in the Paris papers states that the late horrible persecutions of the Jews, at Damascus, was principally directed by the French Consul, aided by some other French residents. The agents were said to be infamous characters, and the Austrian and British governments would, it was supposed, take up the case and interfere.

MURDER OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

On Tuesday Morning, May 5th, the murder of a nobleman of distinguished family, in the very heart of London, scattered the Parliament and interrupted the political arrangements of the week. Lord William Russell, the near relative of the Leader of the House of Commons, was put to death in his bed, by unknown hands, in the middle of Tuesday night.—His valet has been arrested on suspicion.

REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

We have Paris dates to the 13th. They are wholly devoted to enthusiastic congratulations upon the idea that the ashes of Napoleon are to be transported to France. The papers say that Generals Bertrand and Gourgand, and Count Las Cases, are to accompany the Prince de Joinville to St. Helena.—General Petit, of whom Napoleon took so affecting a leave at Fontainbleau, in 1814, will likewise proceed on the mission.

We give the following extract of the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies on the 12th, on the subject of the removal of the remains of Napoleon:

The Minister of the Interior, having ascended the tribune, thus addressed the Chamber:

Gentlemen:—The King has commanded his royal Highness the Prince de Joinville—(demonstrations of attention and curiosity)—to proceed with his frigate to the Island of St. Helena to obtain the last mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon.—(Loud applause in the Chamber and public tribunes.) We now ask you to grant us the means of receiving them on the soil of France with dignity worthy of his name, and to erect a tomb to his memory.—(Great acclamations.) The Government, anxious to accomplish a national duty—(Cries, yes, yes.)—addressed itself to England, and requested the surrender of that precious deposit which fortune has placed in their hands. The wish had hardly been expressed when it was complied with. These are the words of our magnanimous allies:—"Her Majesty's Government hopes that the promptitude with which the answer is given will be considered in France as a proof of its wish to erase the last trace of those national animosities which during the life of the Emperor, armed France against England. Her Britannic Majesty's Government wishes to believe that if any remains of such a sentiment still exist, they will be buried in the tomb where the last remains of Napoleon shall be deposited" (Loud and long acclamations.) England is right, Gentlemen, this noble restitution will strengthen the bonds which unite us; and will contribute to efface our national recollections of the past. The period is arrived when the two nations should only have the remembrance of their glory. (Loud Acclamations.) The credit which we now ask of the Chamber has for its object the removal of the Emperor to the Invalides, the funeral ceremony, and the erection of a tomb. We do not doubt, Gentlemen, that the Chamber will respond to those royal wishes which we have just announced. Henceforth France, and *France* alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon.—His tomb, like his glory, will belong only to his country. The monarchy of 1830 is, in effect, the only legitimate heir of all those remembrances of which France is proud to boast. It undoubtedly belonged to that monarchy, which was the first that rallied all her strength, and conciliated all the wishes of the French Revolution, to raise and honor the statue and tomb of a popular hero; for there is one thing, and only one, which bears no comparison with glory, this is liberty.

The reading of this speech was followed by loud tokens of approbation. Several Deputies were sensibly affected—M. Emmanuelde Sas Cases burst into tears. One million f ancs were appropriated.