

long as our people continue to draw their inspiration from such sources. If I had an advice to give you, I should tell you to close your eyes, and the doors of your houses, against those wild party journals, for some months preceding every election. If you did this, you would soon compel such papers to pay court to that proverbial love of truth which everywhere pervades our unassuming yeomanry. There are wild party men as well as wild party papers;—we don't have such men in this county, but we read of them. They are equally unsafe, as a source of information. There is something both amusing and annoying in the cool assurance with which candidates, and canvassers, and penny-orators will, sometimes, undertake to instruct an audience on a certain subject which the audience understands much better than they do themselves. For the purpose of illustration, let us imagine one of the stumping Ciceros of the country, before a strange assemblage of farmers, elucidating, in his own beautiful fashion, the glorious effects of the National Policy upon the very farmers he is addressing. He will tell them how their industry is prospering, and will prosper, under theegis and influence of that beneficent policy; how excellent and accessible are their new-made markets; how easy it is for them to live; how rapidly and unconsciously they are making money; and, by way of a soul-captivating climax, he will exclaim that Fortune alone can estimate the huge accumulations of wealth that are growing and gathering around them every day. At the same time there may not be, among that whole crowd of honest, toil-worn farmers, one single man who has money enough to buy for himself a pair of new suspenders. The endeavor to make people appreciate the good things they have, is, indeed, praiseworthy; but it is bootless absurdity to try and make us believe we are eating beefsteak and bacon when we have nothing but herring—probably red-herring.

But there is another class of campaign tooters, who, like the dentists, are always "looking down in the mouth." They wear long, made-to-order faces, with eyes sunk deep into their heads, and a voice that portends at once a harrowing tale of distress, despair, and death. *They* will tell the same audience that the