The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1849. NUMBER 40.

"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year, cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid; except at the option of the Publisher.

All communications must be POST PAID to receive attention.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
Business Cards, of four lines or less,	3 00
Yearly Advertisers (who occupy not over 4 squares.)	7 00
One column, one year,	30 00

☞ All kinds of JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously done on favorable terms

Poetry.

From the Washington Union

THE RESULT.

BY J. E. DOW.

Night—darker night—on Europe falls;
The panting millions strive no more;
The Cossack revels in her halls,
And quaffs the wine cup stained with gore,
The gathering storms of suffering years
In one fierce thunder-peal depart;
While the red reaper gathers tears,
And binds the independent heart

The struggle's o'er—the voice is gone;
The bones that moved are bones again;
The murderous yell is onward borne,
And famine stalks o'er fields of slain.
While in the dust the hopeless sigh,
And Virtue bleeds in War's embrace,
The dead upon their banners lie,
And smiles of glory light each face.

Old crumbling thrones arise again,
With deeper woes and deadlier hate;
The iron hand makes bare the chain,
And bids the dungeon's hinges grate.
Free thoughts now fester in the mind,
And generous souls forget to give;
While palsied hosts to fate resigned,
Kiss the red robber's hand to live

Oh God! when will the people rise
And walk erect in proud attire,
While calm contentment lights the skies,
And pales disunion's lurid fire?
When princely word shall weigh no more
Than plebeian speech, though homely said,
And mud shall with the eagle soar,
And matter kennel with the dead

Miscellany.

TAKING TOLL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q——, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's with the inquiry,

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine".

"Yes, I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith

The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business.—Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stepped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijohn was a little in his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones,—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back"

"Oh, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the lady's care.

Some hours afterwards Mr Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijohn

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry!

"Something that Mr Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q——?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has there?" said Mr Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips.—"Bring me a glass."

"Oh, no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of grape-juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation, he said to the keeper of the store,

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"Oh certainly," replied the store keeper. "Here Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him,

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine Mr. Smith left there.—Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," responded the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was replaced.

Just then a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let him have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspreading his face.

"Yes sir," said the lad, taking up the demijohn to which Mrs. Jones pointed out with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones.—"Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the Doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel very sick?"

"Oh, yes, as sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the Doctor instantly, or it may be too late"

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with stomach-pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"Oh, Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the Doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn

"There!" said the Doctor, "I guess that will do Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had been just removed.

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system"

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient "I am sure I could not bear my own weight What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor. "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever.

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith, having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his waggon, when a man came up and said to him and the store-keeper, who was standing by.

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What?"

"Poison?"

"Who? Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has taken it all off of his stomach. Will you walk up?

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The Doctor was still by his side.

"Ah, my friend!" said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine."

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No."

"Why, the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from the bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other doubtingly.

"Good day," said the doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach-pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralysed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. "But don't say anything about it. Don't for the world."

"I won't, on one condition, said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a tetotaller."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones.

"Then I can't promise."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well And now good by; the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I can get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the tetotallers, the story of his taking toll was all over town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that it became an old story.

THE DEMOCRAT.

What is in the Wind?

We perceive that the Federalists of Erie county, in this State, have placed in nomination, as a candidate for the *Senate*, John A. Walker. Who this gentleman is, we leave the *Erie Observer* to tell:

What, for instance, could have induced a Convention, governed by other than the vilest political motives, to place such a man as John H. Walker before the people for Senator? With his political reputation still putrid with the rotten carcass of the defunct, United States' Bank of Pennsylvania—with his moral honesty in regard to the re-charter of that accursed institution, still doubted by many, very many, of his own political friends—some of them members of the very Convention that nominated him—it required more effrontery than was ever possessed by any political body but a Whig Convention of Erie county, to ask the people to support *such* a nomination! Yet he will be supported, and elected, by the very man who we have heard, time and again, denounce him with a bitterness we dare not imitate, and with epithets we would be ashamed to repeat Yes, John H. Walker will be voted for and elected by such men! We wish them joy upon his nomination—and when their noses come to the grindstone, and their *masters* lead them up to the polls, we shall take pleasure in bearing witness to the lamb-like docility with which they stultify themselves, and, spaniel-like, lick the hand that has chastised them

There is point and bitterness in these remarks, and we copy them to show how justly they may be applied in other quarters, where the Whigs have also exhumed certain heroes of the Bank of the United States, and given them vitality and honor We see, now, that while Burden is on the ticket for the Assembly in this city, Walker, another of the same class of *convinced* champions of the monster, is asking to go to the Senate at the other end of the State. What sort of legislation is to be effected by these men, we leave to the imagination of the reader. There is no doubt some concert of action between these old confederates who, after their Rip Van Winkle sleep, suddenly appear upon the stage political. Let the voters look out!

The friends of the United States' Bank of Pennsylvania are in high favor with the Federalists of this State at the present day. Stephens goes to Congress from Lancaster—Penrose is in office in Washington—Burden is on the Whig Assembly ticket here—and Walker is advertised for the Senate in Erie county!

And yet, while this is so, Mr. Fuller, who is the Federal candidate for Canal Commissioner, is making florid promises of Reform on the public works, and uttering insane nonsense upon Democratic extravagance. Somebody ought to ask him whether it betokens a reform in the old habits of his party, or economy in their designs, to see such veteran political prostitutes as those above-named, placed upon the Whig ticket, and put into office by Whigs?—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ Gen. Taylor reminds us of a story told of a "green un" when he first saw a locomotive. He admired the concern very much, looked all around it, and examined it in every particular. He finally stepped on to it and pulled out the starting bar, and away the locomotive and the "green un" went, at the *rate of forty miles an hour*, Without the ability or knowledge to govern the thing he had put in motion, so soon as he came to an uneven part of the road, he and the engine were dashed to atoms.

Gen. Taylor has hold of the starting bar of our Government, and is without the knowledge necessary to manage it. He is just coming to the uneven road, and it will be well for the people, if in the general smash, the government locomotive is not injured so as not to be worth repairing.

Canal Commissioner.

In our eagerness to secure the election of our respective county tickets, the Democracy of Northern Pennsylvania must not forget that they are also called upon to elect a Canal Commissioner to serve the ensuing three years. We address the Democracy of Northern Pennsylvania more particularly, because we know that the eyes of our brethren, in other portions of the State, are fixed upon the north as the anchor of their hopes: because we know that it is this section to which the Whigs fondly look for those sweeping changes which are to give them success in the contest and annihilate liberal sentiment. It is for this that we broach the subject at this time—not that we doubt the fealty of the party, or the firmness of a single member of it, but that we would warn all to beware of the machinations of the enemy, contrived to entangle divide and defeat us.

We all know the importance of having our public works faithfully and honestly managed. We know that to make them pay, wisdom derived from experience, and system, the mainspring of all success in business, must form component parts in their management. To these must be added honesty and a desire to make them meet their legitimate end, the accommodation of the public only. Past experience admonishes us that in the hands of firm and unyielding Democrats, alone, have our public works been what they ought and what they were intended to be. We know that our opponents will cavil at this position. We know that they will patch up *ex parte* statements, and with these aided by the many stories in circulation throughout the State, endeavor to overthrow it. An appropriation to meet extraordinary demands upon the board, occasioned by the repair of breaches in our canals not in the power of man to prevent, is paraded in large type under the head of *plunder*. The ordinary demands to meet ordinary expenses, are made much of under the same head. An extraordinary appropriation of $1,200,000 necessary to meet pressing debts, unpaid through the efforts of Whig Commissioner Power, is construed into a Democratic "conspiracy to embarass the Whig State Treasurer." Such are some of the arguments produced to combat the truth; that while in the hands of the Democracy the State and her improvements prosper, in the hands of the Whigs they wither and become a byword and reproach to us.

We again repeat that in the hands of Democrats, alone, are our public works what they should be. And why? In the choice of candidates for office, Democrats are guided by the questions, are they honest? are they capable? The popinjay, who marches listlessly through life, seeing nothing but self and hearing nothing, is made to make way for the practical working man—the man whose daily toil brings daily experience to his aid, and on whose skill and judgment they can confidently rely. Not so our opponents. They are content with searching the broker and law shops, and when successful in finding a suitable candidate, trust to wealth, intrigue and bargaining (see Mr. Fuller's letter in another column,) to elect him, relying upon the benefit he may derive from the experience of those with whom he is associated, to carry him through. Availability is of more worth to Whigs than utility. Office and power and the dispensation of power and place are matters nearer the Whig heart than a correct administration of the one or a proper use of the other. Having no fixed principle, save probably the one favoring monopoly, whatever the successful Whig may do is right, regardless of consequences to the masses and regardless of the State's best interests.

In view of these facts it becomes us as Democrats to reflect upon the importance of the office of Canal Commissioner, and upon the absolute necessity of having the board filled with honest, reliable Democrats. Our public works in their construction cost us millions of dollars. Of this large sum a Whig administration of but three years duration squandered nearly one half, without finishing a single line of improvement, or rendering a single dollar of the tolls arising from the lines they found finished, available for purposes other than to meet the ordinary expenses of repair and management. But these things are matters of history and notoriety, and it is equally notorious that the first approach towards paying interest on their cost, on the part of our canals and rail roads, was after the people had again placed them under wise and frugal democratic management. But there is no need of going far back. What was done by a full Whig Board some twelve years since, was attempted to be done by a single Whig Commissioner during the past three years, and will again be attempted during the three to come, should Mr. Fuller chance to be elected.

We know the Whigs have just now fallen in love with the doctrine "that the true interests of the people require that the Board of Canal Commissioners should be composed of men entertaining different political opinions." A reference to Mr. Fuller's letter will show that he is, at this time particularly partial to it. The principle, however, is not intended for general application by those who have adopted it. It answers them an end in the campaign for Canal Commissioner, but is unworthy of thought in connection with the administrations at Washington and Harrisburg. It was adopted for the same reason that Mr. Fuller was nominated, on account of its supposed availability—as a mere catch penny to please for the present, regardless of future pain. The doctrine is a dangerous one, and should cause no Democrat to swerve from the support John A. Gamble. In union alone can we hope for successful management of our public works. With one member of our Canal Board pulling this way and another that all would soon become chaos and confusion; our public works would become useless, and lay as an incubus upon the treasury. Democratic Canal Boards have made them what they are, and it is to a continuance of men possessing the same principles in the board, that we must look for improvement in their productiveness and for a final release from those burdensome taxes which Whig extravagance has fastened upon us.

Democrats of Northern Pennsylvania, the Whigs of your state have hoped to lure you into their embrace, by presenting for your support Henry M. Fuller of Luzerne:—what claims has he upon your support, other than that he is a Whig and that he "was born on a neighboring hill." What are his qualifications, other than he is a lawyer totally unacquainted with the value of practical labor; well versed in such matters as writs, replevins and legal speculations, but totally ignorant of both the theory and practice necessary to a correct management of our canals and railroads. Can you be lured from your faith by so trifling a bribe. Whig partizans may think so, but we are satisfied that the second Tuesday of October will find you true to yourselves and your principles, and that you will prove your willingness, in John A. Gamble's triumphant election, to redeem the Canal Board, and the State.—*Wayne Co. Herald.*

(From the Harrisburg Keystone.)

The Different Systems of Collecting Duties on Imports.

As there is much said, at this time, about the advantage of specific duties, over those assessed according to the value of the articles which for the sake of brevity, is called the advalorem system, we think it an appropriate time, to call the attention of the public, to the following extract from the last speech made by Mr. Clay, in the senate of the United States, on this subject, a short time before he resigned his seat in that body. This speech was regarded, at the time, as a kind of valedictory to the body from which he was about to retire, and as laying down the general policy upon which he wished his political friends to unite in the administration of the government. It is true, we have not, for many years, had the highest respect for Mr. Clay's views, on this and many other subjects connected with the policy of the country. We have long since regarded, what he termed his American system, which comprehended *protection, a bank of the United States, distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and a general system of internal improvement*, as one which would not only, in the end, prostrate the energies of the people and bankrupt the country for a time, but as one whose tendency could be to demoralize our citizens, to corrupt the elective franchise, and ultimately, to endanger the existence of our free institutions. We, therefore, do not present his views as entitled to the weight of authority in themselves, on account of the source *from which they emanate, but as* the ultimate conclusions of a mind which had been long directed to the subject, and as the opinions of a man who has long been regarded by the manufacturers of this country, as the champion of their interests. We also present them, on account of the force of the reasoning by which they are supported, which to our mind, is conclusive, and we would most respectfully solicit for them a republication *in the federal* papers, as well as those who claim to be democratic, but who are yet deluded by the specious, but unsound, theories of protection and specific duties: of the latter, we are pleased to say there are but few.

It is true, if every yard of cloth was of the same value, and every variety of the same species of goods of, equal value, specific duties would be preferable in many respects; but this is not so, and never can be. There would be equally as much justice, in assessing our taxes on real and personal estate, for state and county purposes, to impose the same amount of tax upon every acre of land and every horse, without respect to value, as to impose the same amount of duty on a yard of broad cloth, a yard of silk, a yard of calico or of muslin, without regard to their original cost, and value in the market. We mention these few articles for sake of illustration; but what is true of these is true of ninety-nine out of every hundred of commodities and articles of merchandize, upon which duties are levied.

The specific duty taxes the consumer of low priced articles as high as the consumer of those of the highest price, and consequently, throws the burthen of taxation on those least able to bear it, while the more wealthy are permitted, comparatively, to escape.—It is true, there may be some articles which will admit of specific duties, without any great injustice; but they be but few, and can only form an exception to the general rule. On such articles, we should make no objections to specific duties; but if those who are *interested in specific duties* on those articles expect to gain their object by a combination with all other interests, and a restoration of a system of minimums and specifics, by which the people have heretofore been plundered of millions of dollars, they will, most indubitably, fail in the attempt:

"What are the other principles of the act? First, there is the principle that a fixed ad valorem duty shall prevail and be in force at all times. For one, I am willing to abide by that principle There are certain vague notions afloat as to the utility and necessity of specific duties and discriminations, which I am persuaded arise from a want of a right understanding on the subject. We have had the *ad valorem* principle practically in force ever since the compromise act was passed; and there has been no difficulty in administering the duties of the treasury on that principle.

"It was necessary first to ascertain the value of the goods, and then to impose the duty upon them; and from the commencement of the act to this day, the *ad valorem* principle has been substantially in operation. Compare the difference specific and the *ad valorem* system of duties, and I maintain that the latter is justly entitled to the preference. The one principle declares the duty paid shall be upon the real value of the article taxed; the specific principle imposes an equal duty on articles greatly unequal in value Coffee, for example, (and it is an article which always suggests itself to my thoughts,) is one of the articles on which a specific duty has been levied. Now it is perfectly well known that the Mocha coffee is worth at least twice as much as the coffee of St. Domingo or Cuba, yet both pay the same duty. The tax has no respect to the value, but is arbitrarily levied on all articles of a specific kind alike, however various and unequal may be their value I say that, in theory, and according to every sound principle of justice, the *ad valorem* mode of taxation is entitled to the preference. There is, I admit, one objection to it: as the value of an article is a matter subject to opinion, and as opinions will ever vary, either honestly or fraudulently, there is some difficulty in preventing frauds. But with the home valuation proposed by my friend from Rhode Island, (Mr. Simmons,) the *ad valorem* system can be adopted with all practicable safety, and will be liable to those chances only of fraud which are inevitable under any and every system

"Again: what has been the fact from the origin of the government until now?—The articles from which the greatest amount of revenue has been drawn, such as woollens, linens, silks, cottons, worsteds, and few others have all been taxed on the *ad valorem* principle, and there has been no difficulty in the operation. I believe, upon the whole, that it is the best mode. I believe that if we adopt a fixed rate *ad valorem*, wherever it can be done, the revenue will be subjected to fewer frauds than the injustice and frauds incident to specific duties One of the most prolific sources of the violation of our revenue laws has been, as every body knows, the effort to get in goods of a finer quality and higher value, admitted under the lower rate of duty required for those of a lower value The honorable gentleman from New Hampshire, (Mr. Woodbury,) and the honorable senator from New York, (Mr. Wright,) both well know this. But if the duty was laid *ad valorem* there could be no motive for such an effort, and the fraud, in its present form would have no place. In England, as all who have read the able report made by Mr. Hume, a Scottish member in the House of Commons, must perceive, they seem to be giving up specific duties, and the tendency in the public mind appears to be, instead of having a variety of specific duties and a variety of *ad valorem* duties, to have one permanent fixed rate of duty for all articles I am willing, I repeat, to adhere to this great principle as laid down in the compromise act If there be those who suppose that, under the specific form of duty a higher degree of protection can be secured than under the other mode, I would observe that the actual measure of protection does not depend upon the *form* but on the *amount* of the duty which is levied on the *foreign rival article.*"

☞ A correspondent of the Herald describes a visit that the Pope made, at Gaeta, to the U. S. frigate Constitution:—

Soon after the party of officers reached the Constitution, the batteries on shore and on board the ships in the bay announced that his Holiness, the Pope, and his Majesty, the King of Naples were afloat, and in a few minutes these distinguished monarchs reached the deck of the Constitution, and were received with salutes of twenty-one guns each; the yards were manned, the marine presented arms, and the band played an appropriate air. The King inspected minutely every part of the ship, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant staff, and expressed himself in terms of high satisfaction.

His Holiness was much pleased with the order and propriety that everywhere met his eye. The Catholics requested to be presented to the Pope, and the Captain ordered them to be formed into two lines—his Holiness then passed along the entire extent, giving them his blessing, and made a prayer to God for their salvation. The ceremony was grand and imposing.

ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES.—Peter Miller, of Morgan county, Ohio, the nephew and only heir of the late Peter Miller a rich old bachelor of Northampton county, Pa., having contested the will, has recovered the whole estate of his late uncle; valued, at $400,000, with the exception of a few trifling legacies. The fortunate man has heretofore been a poor tenant, with twelve children.

☞ The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "Twas terrible to look upon—the ghost in Hamlet was not a circumstance!"

Reminiscences of Federalism.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of our country and political parties, and one which should be constantly borne in mind by the people, that there has not been a single instance in the federal party obtaining the ascendency, that they did not abuse their power. Instead of correcting abuses and making the reformations which they always promise before elections, they have invariably adopted measures which have resulted in injury to the people, and have been indignantly hurled from their places by the force of public opinion through the ballot-box, the first moment they could be reached under the constitution.

We have not time now, to trace the party through all its devious windings and change of names, from the days of the elder Adams to the days of Zachery Taylor and Wm. F. Johnston, and will content ourselves by a brief reference to some of the more recent performances of federalism, under the guise of antimasonry. Their conduct during the war of 1812, in throwing up *bluelights* as signals for the enemy, in getting up Hartford conventions and in opposing the supplies and appropriations to sustain the volunteers and soldiers who were fighting the battles of the country, had rendered them so odious in the eyes of the mass of the people, that they abandoned their real name and hoped to hide their identity under various guises and assumed names. But at the time to which we now allude, they were antimasons and bank whigs, with as many more aliases as would fill a page.

The division of the democratic party, in 1835 between the friends of Wolf and Muhlenberg, enabled them to elect Ritner and a majority in the house of representatives, and by the power of the bank, they secured a majority in the Senate. Then came federal, antimasonic, bank-whig reform with a vengeance! The first thing they did was to repeal the state taxes and to charter the rotten United States bank, which the foresight and determination of Gen. Jackson had exposed and driven from the federal government. They literally sold themselves and the state to this corrupt institution, and commenced a series of new and extravagant extensions of improvements, which laid the foundations of the present enormous state debt, and the bankruptcy of the commonwealth which eventually ensued.—The Gettysburg railroad, or tapeworm—the Allegheny feeder, the Wiconisco feeder, and the Tangascootack line, commenced by this administration, after having cost millions, have long been abandoned as entirely useless, except the Wiconisco feeder, which has been given away to a company.

But in addition to these works, which are entirely worthless and abandoned, they commenced the Erie and North Branch extensions, which were all put under contract during this eventful and disastrous administration. These works, it is true, were not abandoned by the succeeding administration. An effort was made to finish them, but before this could be accomplished, the hopeful pet of federalism and antimasonry, the bank of the U. States, failed, carrying with it many of the state institutions, causing a suspension of specie payments and a general destruction of individual and state credit. The state, under these circumstances, was forced to abandon the work on the Erie and North Branch lines, the first of which was given to a company to secure its completion, and the latter has remained after an expenditure of $2,500,000, unfinished and unproductive ever since.

That these results are directly referable to the conduct of the federal, antimasonic, bank-whig party, no man of intelligence and candor dare deny. And to cap the climax of the doings of the glorious *reform* administration, when the people, indignant at their conduct, decided at the ballot-box against them, they attempted to treat the election as if it had not been held, and called upon the military power of the state to sustain them in their unhallowed and treasonable purposes. But all the troops in the state, that would have mustered under their cowardly banners, could not have sustained them. The spirit of the freemen of *the state was aroused. They* flocked to the seat of government to save their institutions from the grasp of traitors and usurpers—the spirit of the rascals quailed, and notwithstanding some of them had "thrown conscience to the devil," they had enough left to make cowards of them all. They escaped at the back window of the senate chamber, and took refuge in garrets and cellars, to hide themselves from the righteous indignation of an outraged and insulted people. Thus ended this glorious reform administration.

Strange as it may seem, this same party, by accident, is again in power, and have the impudence to charge upon the democracy, the consequences of their reckless and infamous conduct. It is true that they have not reinstated Ritner in the executive chair, but they have selected another renegade from the democracy for that position, who found it, no doubt, more consonant to his genius and feelings, and more to his interest to sustain the United States bank in all its baseness and dishonesty, and to oppose the independent treasury, when a member of the legislature, than to be governed by the wishes of the simple-minded democracy of Armstrong, to whom he was indebted for his seat as a member.

The instant a man of any prominence is willing to surrender all his judgment, principles and conscience to a bank, a corporation, or to some contrivance to cheat the many for the advantage of the few, federalism is ready to embrace him and make a distinguished man of him. It is thus that such men as Ritner and Johnston have been made governors.—*Keystone.*

LORD ELGIN.—We can hardly credit the accounts that come to us from Canada, of Lord Elgin's cowardly conduct. It is stated that having stolen away from Montreal on a visit to Kingston, he took up his quarters on board a war steamer—a strong detachment of troops being drawn out to prevent the citizens going near the wharf. We cannot believe that if Lord Elgin would throw aside his fears, and go boldly, unprotected, into the midst of his political adversaries, that they would touch a hair of his head. Cowardice invites the assaults that it dreads.—*Saturday Post.*

☞ I like to see young women peep through the windows or the cracks of half open doors to catch a glimpse of the young men, and when they come in their presence appear over modest—it is so admirable.