Attempt of DAVID R. PORTER, to Bribe a Poor, Honest Working Man, to get a character for Honesty.

From the Huntingdon Journal.

Samuel Sturgeon—The Gazette—D. R. Porter and the Poor Man.

Our readers will recollect our remarks upon the "evidence, and those particularly, relative to the case of Samuel Sturgeon, Mr. Sturgeon was a poor laboring collier, who employed men to assist him in coaling. Engaged by Patton and Porter, he toiled daily, and was finally paid with the BUCKET OF THE INSOLVENT—borne to the earth, Mr. Sturgeon sought relief in the same law which had proved his destroyer, subsequently by hard handed toil—with a heart that felt for and could understand the sufferings of his laboring assistants, he paid all the debts, he owed them. How different has been his case? That man who drove him to the wall, has by his pay in office, obtained princely wealth—he rolls in luxury—he like Pharaoh of old "waxed fat and kicked"—and like Pharaoh his heart has been hardened. For Samuel Sturgeon, *to this day* has not received *ONE PENNY OF HIS DEBT FROM PORTER.*

In answer to our statement of this case the "*Advocate*" said "*The arbitrators did award and find that there was nothing due from the defendants to the plaintiffs*" again it says. "*The arbitrators awarded that there was nothing owing from the defendants to the plaintiff.*" The Reporter at Harrisburg reiterated the same song and sagely asked why we did not produce the certificates of the surviving arbitrators. The reasons why we did not obtain the certificates of the arbitrators, were first that the Records of court were our proof of what we asserted—the second was—because we desired these worthy editors to go on and lie about the matter until they were fairly entrapped, and could be easily exposed—and to that place have they arrived at last.

Not satisfied with "treading in the foot-steps" of the two editors above named, the editor of the "*Gazette*" we suppose, with a desire to show his loyalty to his *old bosom* friend—has thrown them far into the back ground in the disgraceful picture, perfectly heedless of the facts; he last week takes the field, and gives the following history of the case.

"The suit was referred—an award was made in favor of Patton and Porter, in 1819—and now for the first time is this *determined suit* raked from the ashes, and merely because the award, ALTHOUGH SEALED, and given to one of the arbitrators happens not to be in the office—It was, we believe the neglect of the arbitrator to forward it to the proper office." *Hunt Gazette of June 27, 1838.*

This is, what the Gazette calls a '*simple history*, of the '*REAL* facts," and this is what we call going the entire figure—in the very teeth of the truth—to sustain Porter. In order then to show these worthy friends the exact position in which they stand before the public—and to show them the guilty eminence which they have assumed, we ask the honest farmer—Mechanic—Laborer, and citizen, to read the following.

Astounding Certificates.

JUNE, 27, 1838.

I do hereby certify, that I was one of the Arbitrators, wherein Samuel Sturgeon was plaintiff, and Patton and Porter defendants. The great length of time that has elapsed since that time, the particulars of which has escaped my recollection. So far I can recollect; that we met at different times and places, but NEVER MADE OUT AN AWARD. This is to the best of my belief, at this time.

MAXWELL KINKEAD.

JUNE, 26, 1838.

This is to certify, that I was on an arbitration between David R. Porter and Patton, defendants, and Samuel Sturgeon Plaintiff. We met and adjourned four different times. The last was in Huntingdon at the house of Wm. Simpson: we adjourned to meet again; and *THE BUSINESS WAS NEVER SETTLED.* Porter taking or applying for the benefit of the Insolvent Law, before any award was fixed either way. This is to best of my knowledge.

JOHN STONEBRAKER.

Personally appeared before me one of the Justices in and for the county of Hundingdon, Samuel Sturgeon, who being duly sworn, depoeth and says, that the above are, correct and true copies of the certificates of Maxwell Kinkead, and John Stonebraker, the surviving arbitrators in the suit, Sturgeon *vs.* Patton and Porter; and he further says that he was present at each meeting of the arbitrators, and that to the best of his knowledge and belief, no award was ever made.

Before me this, 28, June, 1838. } *SAMUEL STURGEON.*
THOMAS READ.

These are the certificates which they desired—and they have them. Now let Mr. Gazette explain away his "*simple history*," let him establish his character, for giving "*real facts?*" A more *simple* history was never related; he says the award was *sealed*, and before arriving at the office was lost: Can that editor inform us, by what means they knew the contents of the *sealed* letter. How *simple!* reader.

These are the facts in the case. We have proved every thing that we asserted—but least there should be still some unbelievers, we will continue the subject to its, final *denouement.*

On one day last week, Mr. David Ritenhouse Porter, General of Pennsylvania Militia, etcetera, and so on, suddenly met in his perambulation about town, this same Samuel Sturgeon, and was kindly invited to divide some of his wealth with his old friend and creditor. And even this worthy candidate for Governor, could not resist the temptation, and he too told Sturgeon—"*that the arbitrators had decided that he did not owe Mr. Sturgeon any money.* (You see reader that even *great* men are some times *mistaken*) This he told him, although this same Mr. Porter had not more than a week before, gone in person to one of those arbitrators—and knew what was *true* and what was *false.* But his reputation is placed upon a cast—and he must "stand the hazard of the die."

Desperate with the loss of their hopes of success—they are rushing headlong to their own destruction. "The *Evidence*" has overwhelmed them—no defence can be made—and there is no retreat with safety. Before the people is laid in glaring capitals "*the evidence*" that Porter *swore by his hopes of salvation* that he did owe M'Murtrie and Crain, and now with the vain hope of deluding the people he denies that he owes them one cent. With 40,000 dollars in his purse which he made in office—he now refuses to pay *his* HONEST ACKNOWLEDGED DEBTS.—With 700 dollars of Samuel Sturgeon's in his hands, he boasts of his wealth. Can the honest and moral citizens of Pennsylvania, support such a man, or will they spurn him from their favour, as unfit, and unsafe to guide the ship of state.

Will the honest poor man cast his vote for such a tyrant at heart, and such a practical oppressor of the poor man? But that our readers may understand what we mean, let them.

Read the Evidence.

Overwhelming Evidence.

Huntingdon County, ss:

Personally appeared before me, one of the Justices of the peace in and for the said county, Samuel Sturgeon, who being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that on Monday the 25th June A. D. 1838, he called upon David R Porter and requested him to settle a claim that the said Sturgeon held against the late firm of Patton and Porter. That said David R. Porter said he did not owe said deponent anything because the arbitrators, in the case had made an award against said deponent, whereupon, said deponent asked to see the award. That said Porter, said, he would show it at a suitable time. That the said deponent then went and called upon Maxwell Kindhead, and John Stonebreaker, the surviving arbitrators, on Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 26th and 7th June A. D. 1838, and obtained of the said arbitrators, a certificate that no award had even been made. That said deponent then returned and again called upon the said David R. Porter, and asked him if he, the said David, had made up his mind to do any thing for this deponent: and he told him in conversation that he the said deponent, had settled the claims of the poor laboring hands who had assisted him to perform the labor, the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, or thereabouts, and that he the said Porter should do something for him. That the said David R. Porter admitted it was a hard case, and said that we had better compromise. That the said Porter desired the said deponent to name the conditions of a compromise. That the said deponent, said, he would leave it to the said David. Whereupon, the said David, offered the deponent the sum of one hundred dollars, if the said deponent would part with him good friends, and said that he would leave the said deponent to think of the matter. That the said deponent did think of the matter, and in about half an hour, met the said David R Porter again at his house, according to Mr. Porter's invitation, and then told Mr. Porter that he could not take the one hundred dollars; Mr. Porter then offered, to give the deponent one hundred and eighty dollars, being the one half of the amount without interest, for which the said deponent had settled with the laborers, and the said David R. Porter then sat down and wrote a receipt in full of all demands, and a release of all claims against Patton and Porter, which he presented to deponent to sign, and the said David R. Porter then wrote a certificate, which he read to said deponent, and handed him to sign; the substance of which, nearly as deponent recollects was that "I do certify that I have known David R. Porter for upwards of twenty years, and that I know him to be an honest man, and just and upright in all his dealings &c. &c.". Then he read it to deponent, said deponent told him, he could not sign it, nor would not sign it if he the said Porter, would give him all Huntingdon for doing so; thereupon he the said David R Porter, refused to pay deponent any money, unless he would sign the certificate—to which the deponent replied that although a *poor man* he was not to be bought by him nor any body else and further saith not.

SAMUEL STURGEON.

Sworn and subscribed the 29th June, 1838, before } DAVID SNARE.

This Samuel Sturgeon is an honest and respectable citizen of this state. What think you of his "*simple history of real facts.*" He swears "by the searcher of ALL HEARTS as he shall *answer* to him at the *great day*" that the above is true.—What an astounding picture of the conduct of a man who seeks to govern a Free People. What an off set to the certificates of *blind partisans.*—This poor man sought to obtain of this lordly candidate, the honest earnings of his own hands.—He comes in his own person, and seeks of this wealthy man, the promised price of his sweat and toil. HE IS REFUSED. His debt denied; until the "demonstrations strong as proof from holy writ" are thrust before his starting eye balls.—Then he can talk of COMPROMISE Then he can hope to prey upon the necessities of the POOR, and with the paltry sum of $180 he tries to buy a claim of SEVEN HUNDRED with interest for *twenty years.* Believing that to keep out of the meshes of the law with a man of wealth and power, the needy claimant will sell his claim, and give his OPPRESSOR a certificate of character. Do we mis-state the facts? read the affidavit. A candidate, who would grind the POOR MAN'S FACE to succeed, would crush him if he had the power.

Mr. Porter in this act has given the most positive proof that his hundreds of certifiers are to use no harsher term, mistaken. He offer to *compromise* tells the world that he DOES OWE THIS MAN, else why offer to buy a receipt in full where there was no claim. He admits his case is hard, and acting with that thought he offers 180 dollars—if the poor man will part with him *as his friend*—& what does he demand as evidence of his friendship—a certificate that he is HONEST, JUST, and UPRIGHT. Indignant at the insult, he spurns the insulting oppressor; and boldly tells him he is too free for a slave—too honest to be bought.

Let the certifiers of Mr. Porter hang their heads in shame and confusion—for one of the two things is true, either Porter did owe this POOR MAN, else he was willing to give him one hundred and eighty dollars to do what they could not—give him a character.

Read and reflect upon such conduct and the character of the man, who would be guilty of it, and ask yourself— can you support him.

From the New York Express.

HAULING OUT THE TWO POLLIES "ON THE FOURTH.

On board the Two Pollies, nigh the Dry Dock, NEW YORK. 5th July, 1838.

To the Editors of the New York Express.

The same paper that my old friend Mr. Dwight had a spell ago.

I have heard tell of rale sport in *boating*, but I never did see the beat of that we had yesterday—I never did believe afore that any thing could up to a *husking frolic*—but I never seq a *husking frolic*—nor a *raising* nor a *ploughing match* nor, *but one quilting*, that came any way nigh the *boating frolic* we had yesterday in hauling the Two Pollies off into the stream; and I dont know that I can come within gun shot of telling *all* about it—but I'll try—one thing is sarting, that what I do tell is all as true as that there is a Two Pollies—and what I dont tell would be enuf to make this letter too long to be good for nothing.

True to the day and to the hour, about ten o'clock in the morning, an eternal squad of boats of all sizes, from Wall street *skiffs, yawls, and clinkers*, all came pulling along our way and landed nigh the "Two Pollies" I was on board, and had a few friends I had invited with me; and so all the folks of the boats came on board of the "Two Pollies" to look round and see what my notion was and how I wanted the trial made. Each boat had its own steersman, who did pretty much all the talking for his own oarsmen—one said, if I only wanted the Two Pollies hawled out of the slip into the river he could do it alone, provided I'd fix on the top of the flood and jist before the tide turned—and with that pretty much all the other steers-men spoke up, and said that *their* boats could do that, and did not see the right of giving preference—and here came a jangle right off. Now, says I, gentlemen, we aint in congress now, and cant have no long speeches at eight dollars a day and its nothing besides—so I should like to see you all back in your boats and take a little exercise—and in the mean time, says I, arter, you have given a little show of your skill, I'll decide. I thought I'd give 'em a little "non committal"—jist to make 'em work sharp—and with that they all went at it—and this was one of the most complete sights I ever did see. When *Amos Kindle* was on here a spell ago, and made some sich a move among these very same folks, it wasn't no touch at all to the present.

Every boat with a flag, past the head of the ship, turned about—pulled back, and then off, and then back agin—one arter another—and the folks cheered and huza'd like all posest—and any one to look at 'em would say, they could alone, ary one on 'em, pull the Two Pollies through an sugar hole. After this they all came into the slip along side the Two Pollies, and I telle'd 'em:—"Now my boys," says I, "Your skill in pullin your own boats is complete as ever was, but you have got a job now to do that will put the hull scrape on you to a pritty tight pull"—"The Two *Pollies*," says I, "is going out of this slip at the top of the tide, to be sure; but when she gits in the river, and when the tide turns, what is to be done then?

"Oh, drop anchor," was the answer." No, no," says I, "that aint my plan—you must keep her *jist so*—at any rate, and if I say go ahead agin the tide you must do it. I cannot come to anchor no how.

"You know," says I, that three on 'you a spell ago—(and I am glad to see you here again)—once undertook a matter like this and you made *fine work* on't—till the tide turn'd and then," says I, "the Two Pollies went astern and you all follow'd her—however," says I, "we wont talk about that now." So arter a little talk, they all thought the best way would be to hitch altogether—but coming to try this plan nary one on 'em had rope enuf to let 'em pull clear on each other. "Well," says I, "why not go in a string one ahead of tother?" but this brought on another tangle and snarl—every one wantin to take the lead, so I let 'em work it out their own way, and what with knotting handkerchers, and borrowing and buying small kiles of rope, they hitch'd on to Two Pollies' and as the flood tide was just on the pint of turning, they all set up a real huzza, and sure enuf out went the Two Pollies, as slick as ile, and sich a shout as went with her made me go almost through any shirt collar, for I never was so glad in my born days, and the best on't was they did'nt brake a rope yarn or tare a handkercher, in fact some of the boats did'nt seem to pull ony to keep up in their places.

By the time the Two Pollies got well in the River the ebb tide began to make, and bail'd em and tell'd em "to pull upstream"—and here cum on the beginning of a *fog*—and every minit it was a *fogger*—but they pull'd like good fellows for a spell, and I don't know but they would a'gain'd on the tide if it hadn't got stronger—and just then the boats began to get foul of one another—and then cum sich a crossing of oars and scraping of noses—and sich a jangle of orders—every body right and every body wrong—to hear em talk any one would suppose, that any one on em was enuf—if others was only out of the way.—One got so frightened that he began to pull for the shore, and forgot to unhitch, and this made bad work—another said he would'nt pull at all and this was worse. "Pull all togedare every in de world," says one—"a pretty kittle of *Fish*," says a long wind dri'd yankey, "you are making on't—what in nature is in you—you don't git a head *no how and no way in the world.*"

Seeing now that things was getting all in a snarl, my dander begun to rise—the *Two Pollies* was going astern, and every thing going to smash—I yell'd out to em—"pull"—says I, "you tarnal toads—pull for your lives, and your fortunes, and your eternal honor—and if that dont stir you up—pull" says I—"*for the deposites*" This quieted the noise for a spell, and some on em did make the water fly considerable—but the tide was too strong for em, and all hands, Two Pollies and all, was going down stream—for my part I got so wamblecrop'd that I felt as tho' I was going right down into my boots "All's over" thinks I—and I began to look astarn to see a soft spot to strike on—when what should I see just coming round the pint of the Battery but a great long barge—oars out on each side—like a *great daddy long legs*—and then cum up along the decks and shipping a real roust of a shout,—"*Squire Biddle—huzza—old B. U. S. huzza—huzza*"—and before I had time to cool down my dander—sure enuf up cum along side the Two Pollies my old friend the Squire—sittin in stern sheets of 24 oar'd long boat—one leg cock'd up over the gunnel—and the tiller sticking out under his left arm—he jist wav'd his hand to the men and they all back'd water rig'it along side.

"Well," says I, "Squire 'tain no time to chat now, but I am glad to see you, and if folks dont say you have cum in the *nick* of time, then," says I,—"you see what is wanting, and all you have got to do is to spring to and let us see if there is any *grit* in you." And with that he just got up and taking the eend of a mortal big kile of rope he had stow'd away under him—he threw it on board, and, says he, "make that well fast Major on board the Two Pollies"—and then turning to his oarsmen, he bow'd and smil'd and said "al together"—and with that they sprung to—the Squire all the while steering and paying out rope—and taking a sweep away off in a half circle till he got away head of the foremast boat and then steer'd and cut in on a line ahead—"hellow"—says I—"Squire" were are you going—have you got rope enut aboard?"—"Yes," says he—"Major, rope enuf to snake the Two Pollies out of the tother eend of the Mississippi if she was there." "Now you talk"—says I—"Have you made well fast?" says he, "According to my kalkulation I have"—says I. "Well," says he, "you take care that eend and I will tother" and with that I see him catch a turn round a strong hook and his oarsmen did bend to it for a spell till their backs crack'd like a new saddle—as soon as the rope come strait, it twitch'd up a considerable number of the oars of the small boat and knock'd off some hats—but that was only a trifle to the work that follow'd.—some of the folks in the small boats didn't do the clean thing—one chap said for his part he'd rather see the *Two Pollies* go on the rocks than have the Squire take a hand in it, and order'd his men to back their oars, but one on em dash'd a hat full of salt water in his face, whilst his mouth was open, and he gag'd as tho' he'd swallow'd a glass of *Manhattan Water.*—

Another advis'd cutting the Squire's big rope, but an old gentleman in another boat said "every man cut *his own* rope if he will, but cut *de medium rope, nevare*," and with that he hooked on the Squire's and tell'd his men to pull in aid out, and the most of the boats follow'd, the same lead, them that did'nt it made very little odds, for the Two Pollies was going up stream jist for all the world as tho' she had the "Great Western" hook'd on to her, and there sat the Squire, with his *long medium* out astarn takin the hull scrape along with him, *yawl, skiff, clinker, and the Two Pollies*, his men pulling together jist like one, the tide running like a mill race against us, and then turn'd, shifting his position, all let go his rope, and the small boats and the Two Pollies swung round, went down stream full chizzle for a spell, till the Squire fetch'd her all up on tother tack, his men jist pulling strong easy like a drag chain, to keep things as tho' in still water, and then he pull'd round and round sometimes agin the tide and sometimes across tides, it made no odds which way, the Two Pollies and the hull raft of small boats went just the way he steer'd his *great Daddy Long Legs*, threw the shipping at anchor, and the ferry-boats under way, and no harm came to any one. In one of his movements he cross'd the bows of the Two Pollies and says he, "Major aint "Hell Gate" pretty nigh here—suppose says he, we try a pull through that?" "Well" says I, "*Squire*, I am content with what we have done if you are," and, says I, "if you will ony take the Two Pollies back to the slip nigh the Dry Dock agin where she come from, my notion all parties will be content and satisfied." "I think says I, we have had *glory 'enuf for one day*' and with that the Squire cock'd his leg over the gunnel agin and in a little while the Two Pollies was where she started from.

"Now" says I, "Gentlemen I haint got but one favor to ask on the whole scrape on you, and that is that you all come aboard the Two Pollies and take dinner with me, and on this day the *4th of July* a rale Independence and no party day, let us all jine side by side like a band of good patriots and chat and drink and be merry and social."

This invitation was carried as unanimous as an adjournment in Congress on a hot Saturday night and we had a complete time on't I tell you, as you will say when you git my next letter giving you a description on't. So no more at present,

From your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia 2d Brigade.

POTTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING JULY 14, 1838.

☞ *Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading, and handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.*

Committees of Correspondence for the Borough of Pottsville.

Samuel D. Leib,	George Heisler, Esq.
John Heffner,	Benjamin Bannan,
James Sillyman, Jr.	Henry Stager, Esq.
John T. Werner,	Andrew B. White,
	Samuel Hartz.

Let the People Remember that DAVID R. PORTER voted in the Senate last Winter to instruct our Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote in favour of the odious and infamous Sub-Treasury Bill.

Now is your time for News.

The Miners' Journal will be furnished from the 15th of July until the election, at the low rate of

Twenty-five Cents

For each subscriber—or 25 copies weekly for $5.

Notice to all indebted to this Establishment.—We would respectfully inform all indebted to this Establishment, that we are busily engaged in making out their bills, which we hope they will be prepared to meet promptly. We would also inform them, that we made but few collections at the commencement of the present year, of last year's arrearages, owing to the pressure of the times—in consequence of which we are sorry to state, that we ourselves are now *pressed*, so that we are under the necessity of requesting all indebted to us, to call and pay their bills with as little delay as possible. Our distant friends will please also to make their remittances without delay.

A Collector will wait on those residing in this Borough.

☞ In our next we will be able to give our readers the result of the election in Louisiana. The election, it is stated, was very warmly contested.

One Hundred and twenty eight Delegates from Schuylkill County, attended the Ritner State Convention on the 4th of June, at Reading—and only *twenty seven* delegates were mustered to attend the Porter State Convention at Harrisburg, on the 4th of July.

Weather.—On Thursday afternoon and night we had slight but refreshing showers of rain, though not in sufficient quantities to produce all the good effects expected. We have never known the weather in this region like that which we have experienced for some weeks past. The heat has been intense and uninterrupted—the thermometer ranging as high as from 93 to 97, and without a single shower to cool the atmosphere. The late change has produced an agreeable coolness in the atmosphere!

The folly of the Porter men in offering to bet on a man who they know cannot be elected Governor of this State by *honest* Pennsylvanians, frequently places them in a very ludicrous situation. For instance:—A Porter man the other evening offered a Ritner man the sum of $100, in a public room, if he would get him a bet of $1000 on Joseph Ritner. A Ritner man present immediately offered to take the bet—placed $20 in the hands of a person present as a forfeit, and guaranteed to put the balance up by 12 o'clock the next day.—The Porter man backed out, acknowledged he was fairly caught at his game of bully and brag—and agreed to treat all present if they would leave him off.

Another Porter man offered to bet $100—the money was planked down by a Ritner man—the Porter man backed out.

Another Porter man also offered to bet $100—a Ritner man also planked the money down—the Porter man smiled, said he did not want to bet, and gave it as his candid opinion, that Ritner would be re-elected by a handsome majority.

The above are some of the *foolish* occurrences of the week, and we merely give them as signs to show which way the current runs.

'Let WELL ENOUGH alone.'

This is one of those sound, practical maxims of wisdom which always regulates the conduct of prudent and discerning men. It is now the language held by the farmers generally, when designing politicians seek to entrap them, and to procure their votes for David R. Porter, the loco foco candidate! They reply we are tired of experiments on the prosperity of the people—we have tried our present Governor, Joseph Ritner, a farmer like ourselves, and we have found him true and faithful to the interests of the people, and the welfare and prosperity of the state. We are therefore disposed "to let well enough alone." This is always "a poser" to the Porterites.

Awful Catastrophe.—On Thursday morning about 6 o'clock, a keg of powder exploded in a dwelling house in Norwegian street, the effects of which were frightful beyond description. Five persons were dreadfully burnt, three of whom have since died, and the recovery of the remaining persons is considered doubtful. Two or three others were also burnt, but not dangerously. The explosion occurred in the following manner: One of the men went into the middle of the room to fill his flask with powder from the keg. While in the act of doing this, another was lighting his pipe with an ignited stick, and approached to converse—a spark flew off into the powder, and the whole exploded. The front of the house was thrown out several inches, so that it became necessary to prop it. A man standing in the door way was thrown out against the paling. The deceased are a hired girl, an old man and a boy, who died after suffering the most excruciating agonies.

The sight of the sufferers was heart rending—their blackened faces, lacerated bodies, and piercing cries of distress, were harrowing to the feelings of the beholder.

The names of the principal sufferers are as follows:—John Descal and his son, Michael Quinn, Michael Ryan, Margaret Shaeffer and Eleanor Drescal.

Since the above was in type, we learn that one of the others is dead.

Freiheit's Presse.—We have observed with pleasure the recent enlargement of the Freiheit's Presse, a paper published in the German language in our Borough, and conducted with unusual cleverness by Mr. J. T. Werner. This paper is steadfastly devoted to the best interests of our country, which it advocates with fearless independence and striking ability, whilst the information which it affords on every subject connected with the affairs of state, and the events of the day, must render it truly valuable to its readers throughout the county. It is highly deserving of extensive patronage—and we cordially recommend it to all who wish to subscribe to a good German paper.

Philadelphia & Reading Rail Road.—The Pottstown and Norristown section of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad is now completed, and will be opened on Monday next, for purposes of travelling and transportation. A line of railroad communication between Reading and Philadelphia, will now be in operation, and very soon we hope be extended to Pottsville. We have no doubt that when this shall be done, that no railroad in the State will do a better business, because none will possess greater advantages. The route through which the railroad must pass, will be one of the most agreeable in our Country, so that the travelling alone must afford a handsome item of remuneration. But the products of our mines, forests, and fields, will always secure to the road an abundant transporting business.

On Tuesday last, at 12 o'clock, M. the Thermometer stood at 97 degrees in Philadelphia.

Major Downing's account of the hauling out of the "Two Pollies" on the 4th inst, will be found in this paper.

The Rev. Mr. Hunt, agent of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society, delivered a couple of Lectures in the Methodist Church, and an Address to the children of our Borough in the Presbyterian Church, during the present week. The Lectures were attended with crowded audiences.—The last Lecture was followed by 81 signatures to a total abstinence Temperance pledge.

Carrying Coal direct to New York.—We learn that one of Stockton & Stevens' Boats, with a cargo of coal, made a trip to New York and back again in *seventeen days.* A few years ago, it required nearly the same length of time to make a trip to Philadelphia and back again.

Signs.—Paxton township, Columbia County, which gave Ritner but 2 votes in 1835, we learn, will give Ritner a majority on the second Tuesday of October next.

Now is your time to make Money, Locos.—A gentleman in Harrisburg has offered a premium of *One Thousand Dollars* to any Loco Foco, who will prove by documents that Joseph Ritner has increased the State Debt one cent since he has been in office, or that the State Debt has been increased one cent since Joseph Ritner was elected.

Who are the supporters of the Sub-Treasury?—Every member of Congress from Pennsylvania, favorable to the re-election of Joseph Ritner, voted *against* the Sub-Treasury Bill—and every friend of Porter voted FOR THE BILL.

The Sub-treasury Bill.—From all parts of the country we hear of the general rejoicing of the People at the defeat of this "Infernal Bill"—at Buffalo, N. Y. 100 guns were fired—at Raleigh, N. C. the Star Spangled Banner was displayed from the Capitol. In several of the Atlantic cities, the flags of all the shipping in port were displayed. And a number of the towns in the West and South West were illuminated on the receipt of the news of its defeat.

The supporters of that Bill will soon be consigned to an "eternity of infamy."

☞ Two persons bathing near Castle Garden, New York, were rendered insane by the firing of a salute from several large pieces of cannon over them, on the 4th of July. They were immediately taken out of the water. One recovered his senses at the expiration of two days. The other remains insane, without the least prospect of recovery. The insanity was not of a violent kind, but rather what might be termed idiotic, or total prostration of every intellectual attribute.

The children belonging to the different Sunday Schools in Lowell, Mass. to the number of 3000, celebrated the Fourth of July in a manner similar to the celebration of several of the Schools in this Borough.

B. Rathbun, charged with Forgery, has been acquitted at Buffalo, N. Y. When the verdict was rendered, the Court house rang with applause.

The Tioga Phenix, heretofore a Van Buren and Porter paper, has changed hands and come out boldly for Joseph Ritner.

The New York Gazette states, that the Great Bank, with a capital of $50,000,000 will soon go into operation in that city under the general banking law. Joseph D. Beers, has been appointed President, and Myndert Van Schaick, will officiate as Vice President. The first subscription of $2,000,000 is already filled.

We copy the following article from the Phila. Enquirer, in relation to the resumption of specie payments by the Philadelphia Banks. It appears that there was nothing more than a recommendation to resume on the part of the majority of the said banks, on the 1st of August ensuing. It is now ascertained that the country banks generally will not be able to resume at so short a notice.

No Resumption Yet.—We see no reason to change the opinion expressed in our paper yesterday, in relation to a resumption of Specie payments. On the contrary, it seems to be admitted on all hands, that the indefinite *recommendation of a portion* of the Philadelphia Banks, will amount to little or nothing—that something else must be done, and some more general understanding take place. The New York papers attach no importance to that recommendation; the American contains an extract of a letter from this city, which says,—"A Bank Convention is to be called here, to be got together as soon as possible—say in about two weeks. It is believed they will fix upon a day of resumption. Whether it will be 1st August or 1st September, it is difficult to say—perhaps not till October."

It seems, therefore, that all is doubt and uncertainty again; that the Banks are not actuated by a proper spirit of harmony; while it cannot be supposed for a moment, that all the country Banks in the State can be influenced by such an indefinite and undecided movement as that to which allusion has been made. However we may regret further postponement, and we confess ourselves in favour of an early and general resumption; it appears quite certain that some more decided step will be found necessary, to effect the desirable result.

The last Harrisburg Reporter contains the names of the Delegates to the Porter State Convention, held on the 4th inst. as handed in by the different delegations.—The number from each County represented is as follows, and corresponds with the statement of those who counted the number in procession:

Adams County	37	Juniata	11
Allegheny	4	Lebanon	87
Armstrong	5	Lycoming	22
Beaver	3	Luzerne	11
Bedford	7	Lancaster	116
Berks	42	Lehigh	5
Bradford	9	Mercer	1
Bucks	14	Mifflin	40
Butler	7	Montgomery	18
Cambria	1	Franklin	11
Chester	38	Northampton	12
Centre	8	Northumberland	17
Clearfield	2	Phila. city & c'y.	53
Columbia	11	Perry	100
Cumberland	111	Susquehanna	2
Dauphin	299	Schuylkill	27
Delaware	3	Union	22
Erie	2	Venango	1
Fayette	3	Warren	1
Huntingdon	112	Washington	5
Jefferson	1	Wayne	2
York			29
			1310

A Large Business and Well Done.—The Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Rail Road Company, passed on and over their road on Wednesday, July 4th, *seventeen hundred and twenty six passengers*, between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and between the hours of 3 A. M. and 8 P. M.; and not one circumstance or accident, as we learn from the State Journal, occurred to interrupt the movements on the road or annoy the passengers in the trains.—*Phila. Gaz.*