

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, & C. & C.

Printed and Published, Weekly, by George H. Phillips, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XL.—No. 30.

TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1893.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2.—No. 22.

TERMS.

The "CARLISLE HERALD & EXPOSITOR" will be issued every Tuesday afternoon, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

AGENTS.

The following named persons have been appointed Agents for the "Carlisle Herald & Expositor," to whom payment for subscription and advertisements can be made.

POETRY.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens sull'd with care."

THE COMPASS.

The following elegant and beautiful lines are from the London Eclectic Magazine:

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their fanning creates the billow-reared,
And yet no friendly surge appeared.

Yet heedless still the steersman stood,
And gazed, without a sigh,
Where, poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,

And what is off the Christian's life
But storm and dark and dread,
Through which, without one breathsome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,

Yet let him never to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shown, divinely true,
And self-illumined, guides his view,

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar;
And soon, his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast.

From a late English Paper.
HUMAN FLOWERS!
By MICHAM BOWEN.

Sweet Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,
And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale;
An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,
Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,
In the lark's bell has found, and its delicate hue;
For e'er the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,
As dew, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.

And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, e'er gay,
Will choose the first blossom that comes in her way;
The chime will please her a moment, and then
Away will she flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her hair in her eyes,
The child of the summer, too warm to be wise;
Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close
And smile whilst she suffers, 'tis hers for the rose.

All are lovely, all blossoms of heart and of mind;
All true to their natures, as Nature designed;
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, to ease,
And with love that can die not to buoy and to bless.

With gentleness might, and with weakness what
I seek;
Revelations from heaven to form and in face;
Like the low in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,
They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.

ROMANS.

Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life!
Oh, 'tis a name of more than magic spell,
Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell,
Who, when his home is distant from his native land,

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cumberland Presbyterian.
On the Married State.

To Miss—Knowing that you are shortly to enter a garden, enclosed, and that you are, at present, a stranger to this garden, permit an old friend to give you some account of it. I have travelled every part and every path: know every production of every kind it can possibly yield—and, as my information can do you no harm, it may do you some good.

You know there is but one way of entrance. I need hardly tell you that it is extremely gay and glittering; strewn with flowers of every hue and every fragrance, with all that art or imagination can invent. You may fondly hope this scene of rapture will never alter, as you will not see the end of the path when you enter it. To some it proves a short one—and to you it may appear very different in the retrospect.

Here, my dear girl, let me caution you: not to dream of perfect or perpetual bliss; if you do, experience will shew you that it never existed on earth, save in visions or visionary heads.

You will meet with many productions in this garden, which are charming to the eye and pleasant to the taste; but they are not all so. Let me just remark, that you are carrying into this garden one of the most delicious and delicate plants in nature—I mean, good humor. Don't drop it, or lose it, as many have done soon after they entered; who seldom, if ever, found it again. It is a treasure which nothing can make up to you.

When you get to the end of the first walk, which lasts about thirty steps, commonly called honey-moon-path, you will see the garden open in a vast variety of views—and here I must caution you against some productions which are noxious and even fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant.

There is a low, small plant, which may be seen in almost every path called indifference, though not perceived at the entrance. You will always know when near this plant, though you do not see it, by a certain coolness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to all others, it thrives in cold, and dies in warmth. Whenever you perceive this, change your situation as soon as you can.

In the same path is often found that ugly yellow flower, called Jealousy, which I wish you never to look at. Turn from it as fast as possible; for it has the strange quality of tinging the eye that holds it with a stain which it seldom gets rid of.

As you go in, you will meet with many little crooked paths; but do not go into them. I advise you, as a friend, never to attempt it; for though, at the entrance of each, it is written, in large letters, "In the right way," when you get in, in nine cases out of ten, you will find the true name to be Perverstness, and that you are in the wrong, and will not acknowledge it. This often occasions endless disputes here; is a source of perpetual difference, and sometimes of a final separation in the garden.

Near this spot, you will meet with a sturdy, knotty plant, called Obstinacy, bearing a hard, bitter fruit, which becomes fatal when taken in large quantities. Turn from it; avoid it as you would the plague.

Allow me here to drop a hint on the subjects of cultivation, as that most probably will be your employment. Should you be entrusted with the rearing of a flower, remember two things: first, that it is but a flower, however fair—frail in its nature, and fading at every blast; and, secondly, that it is a flower in trust, for the cultivation of which you are accountable to the owner of the garden.

Should you be a witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, oh, how your fluttering heart will bleed with tenderness. Let affection sympathize. Your feelings may be conceived, but they cannot be described. The young shoot will naturally and insensibly twine around the fibres of your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach the young production how to rise. Weed it, water it, prune it—it will need them all. Without this, many weeds will grow up and poison the very soil on which it grows.

Remember this is a trust for which you are accountable to Him who gave it. That you may be blessed with the sweetest productions of this garden—that they may be the delight of your eyes, and that you and they, when the summer of this life is over, may be transplanted to some happier soil, and flourish in immortal vigor, in perfect and permanent felicity, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The following singular circumstance is communicated to one of the managers of the Andersonian University, in a letter accompanying a curiosity to be added to the antiques exhibited in the interesting museum of the British brig Diadem having, on a passage in the transport service of Peru, several years ago, sat down with his officers to dinner, the party all of a sudden felt a shock as if the vessel had struck on a rock. The captain immediately went on deck and ordered the pumps to be sounded, when he found that there were several inches water in the hold; and that it was every moment increasing. The vessel was still, however, making way, although her speed was diminished, with the same breeze, from seven to five knots per hour; this continued two days, when the water began to decrease, the speed to increase. Being then close to the Island of Gorgona, the commander ran the vessel ashore, and, on examining the bottom, found that a fish's bone (the article accompanying the fish's horn in the Andersonian Museum) had gone through one of the oaken timbers, and protruded more than one inch within the ceiling in the hold, leaving the root projecting a foot from the outside of the plank. It was found so difficult from the roughness of the horn to drive it out, that it was determined by the carpenter to saw off the root and allow the horn to remain; but this being done, the root of the plank was so great that they dreaded the leak continuing, and therefore by further exertions managed to get out the horn in its present shape. Some of the Spanish sailors, who have been long on the coast, gave it the name of the Bull-fish, others that of the Sea Unicorn, but it was generally admitted to be a rarely met with. The only way in which its striking the vessel could be accounted for, was, by supposing that it had mistaken her for a whale, which it attacks, as it struck under the bow, causing, by the united force of the two bodies coming into contact, the deep incision made, and the leak for the two days must have been occasioned by the fish hanging on, and keeping the rent which was in the plank continually open, by its exertions to extricate itself previous to the body-breaking off.

FORMATION OF HAIL.—Professor Stevelley, at the fourth meeting of the British Association, read a paper on the meteorological phenomena, in which he attempted to account for the formation of hail, by supposing that it must be formed when, after the fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of air abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed. This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail on a magnificent scale. In that mine the drainage-water is raised by an engine, in which compressed air is violently compressed in a large vessel, and the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water frozen, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice-balls by the cold generated by the air as it expands; and these shoot through the air, to the no small annoyance of the one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

Never Ask Questions in a Hurry.—"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, for I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse 'other day'?" "A pint of urine." "John, hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, drops off deficient in half an hour." His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. "He means him the next day." "Well, Tom." "Well, John, what is it?" "I gave my horse a pint of urine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar." "So it did, quack."

A BRAVE GIRL.—In the State of Illinois, no minor gain from the county commissioner's courts a license, without first obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian; and without such license, cannot marry in the State. Young couples frequently fly to the opposite side of the Mississippi; where no license is required. These 'runaway matches,' as they are called, are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few weeks ago, which has made much sport in that region.

A young lady about 17 years of age, who is the heiress to an estate worth \$10,000, lately ran away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover, who was nearly thirty. Her guardian believing the man totally unworthy of her, had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of the Mississippi, the son was running furiously in the river; but the young lady, expecting every moment her guardian would arrive there in pursuit, urged her lover to lose not an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he, with the owner of a large skiff, and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about a third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover, excessively frightened, and forgetful of every body but his own dear self, bawling out in the most piteous accents, "Oh, I shall be drowned!—I shall be drowned!" and, bitterly reproaching his lady, she as the cause of his probable death. She uttered not a word, but her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsize the boat, but it was so large that all got on it, the lover rendering her no assistance. It bore them to the head of the island, and, as good fortune would have it, the chute between it and the Missouri shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty. They reached a tavern near the river, and, after changing their wet garments, and becoming warm at a good fire, the lover hinted to the young lady that it was time now for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived for that purpose, and was in the next room. She gave him a most withering look of contempt, and declared that she never would unite her destiny with one who was so self-love and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted, by entreaty and argument, to change her resolution; she was immovable, and replied to him with scorn. A few days afterwards, she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she had escaped marrying a man whose only object was her fortune. Her lover returned to this side of the river also; but such showers of ridicule and contempt were bestowed upon him that he found it best to decamp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.

THE MOTHERLESS.—How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child, miserably and affectionately universal consolation and affection from every bosom. We look forward with our eyes attend to every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his on the grave of her who maternal heart has ceased to beat, for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot supply the loss. In vain the whole circle of his friends blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth; a mother must be missed every moment by a child who has ever known and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as hers—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall he find again in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced in his mother's arms. The world is moved with compassion for the motherless child, but the world cannot supply her place to him.

The battle of Eleven Hundred Horses.—"Two of the [Spanish] regiments which had been quartered in Funcher were cavalry, mounted on fine black long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number, and Ramana was not a man who could order things to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. His bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaging, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore in the course of a quarter of an hour was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. So sublime was the scene, it was too horrible to be long contemplated; and Ramana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; but it was after the last boats quitted the beach, and few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."—Southey.

American vs. English Machinery.—We have just come to the knowledge of a circumstance which shows that American talent and industry have at length succeeded in constructing machinery of a very complicated nature, in a style much superior to the French and English artisans. The brig, Carroll, which cleared at this port on Friday last for Alexandria, (Egypt), is freighted with machinery of American manufacture, and carries out a company of Americans, who have entered into an arrangement with an agent of the Pacha of Egypt for the establishment of mills for husking rice, and for the extracting of oil from cotton seed. Various attempts have already been made, both by French and English mechanics, to bring into operation mills of this description; but through defects in the machinery, their projects have invariably proved abortive. At length, Mahomed Ali resolved to try the mechanical genius of America; and hence the present expedition has been fitted out, and we are happy to add, with every prospect of success—that is, if the practical skill of the engineers, and the science of the superintendents, are considered guarantees of such result. We understand that the machinery is from the West Point foundry, which bare assertion will be a convincing proof to our readers of the strength and accuracy of its construction; and that the French and English view this approaching triumph of American enterprise with feelings somewhat akin to jealousy; that they should be rivalled by so young a nation in a walk in which they considered themselves peculiarly pre-eminant. —Sunday Morning News.

An Industrious Wife.—Some women are never happy unless when they are scrubbing, sweeping, or otherwise toiling in household affairs, although they have servants to do all that they require. "The Hon. Henry Erskine's first wife was one of this class, and her extreme irritability and eccentric ways, it may be supposed, did not contribute greatly to Harry's domestic happiness. One of her peculiarities consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual time. She would frequently employ half the night, in examining the wardrobe of the family; to see that every article was properly placed, and that every thing was in its proper place. The following is told as a proof of her oddities: "One morning, about two or three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in her search, she awoke Mr. Erskine from a sound sleep, by putting to him this important interrogatory: "Harry, love, where's your white waistcoat?"

An affair of Honor.—The West Troy Advocate states that a duel took place in that village on the 20th March, between two gallants. They went twice on the field before they fired. The first time one of them could not screw his courage up to the scratch, but on being called a coward he declared he would fight. They fired with muskets seventy paces. On the second firing one of them fell, though not mortally wounded. The muskets the first time were charged with Indian meal balls; the second time with small shot.

BE SOMETHING.—One principle of the Musselman creed is, that every person be, the world over. See that young man, no matter what are his circumstances or prospects, if he has no plan, he will never accomplish much. If he relies upon his present possessions, or upon the anticipated favors of fortune, ten to one if his fine hopes are not blighted, and he find, too late, that the only path to true greatness is by application. The following maxim would apply to persons of every condition in society who are about entering upon the stage of active life: Choose, after mature deliberation & consultation with judicious friends, that vocation which is most suitable for you. Be not diverted from your purpose—let nothing prevent you from qualifying yourself thoroughly for it; then pursue it with unremitting diligence, and you will honor yourself and be a blessing to community.

Influence of the Moon on Timber.—A very intelligent gentleman named Edmundstone, who was for nearly thirty years engaged in cutting timber in Demarara, and who made a number of observations on trees during that period, says that the moon's influence on trees is very great. So observable is this, that if a tree be cut down at full moon, it will immediately split as if torn asunder by the influence of great external force. They are likewise attacked much earlier by the rot than if allowed to remain to another period of the moon's age. Trees, therefore, which are intended to be applied to durable purposes, are cut only during first and last quarters of the moon; for the sap rises to the top of the tree at full moon, and falls in proportion to the moon's decrease.

MORE MODERN DEFINITIONS.
FROM FOWLER'S EAST-IRON DICTIONARY.
Affectionate.—Kissing a young lady with your mouth full of tobacco.
Coward.—One who refuses to fire a pistol at you at your special desire.
Dew.—The tears of Heaven over the departure of Day.
Discontent.—That morbid state of dissatisfaction, which renders one incapable of enjoying the good things in his possession.
Disinterestedness.—Accepting a lucrative office at the particular and urgent request of the people.
Drunkard.—One who is possessed of an evil spirit, which has destroyed his free agency.
Fashion.—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of coxcombs.
Felicity.—The horizon of the heart, which is always receding as we advance towards it.
Fishing.—The agriculture of the sea.
Fool.—What a fop sees in the looking-glass.
Gentleman.—The filling of a coat.
Gold.—Dead earth, for which many men sacrifice life, and lose heaven.
Integrity.—Wearing a cloak to cover all deformity.
Kindness.—Lending 1000 dollars at two per cent a month, and paying the amount in uncurrent money at six per cent discount.
Lady.—An appendage to a bonnet.
Man of Decision.—One who insists that his wife shall kindle the fire on a cold morning.
Rascality.—Being fool enough to get found out in deeds of wickedness.
Shrewdness.—Wheeling a living out of others, and living in idleness yourself.

A SUE-TREASURER.—A few weeks ago, a special Commissioner was directed by the Government to examine the affairs of the Ionis Land Office in Michigan. Finding only \$9,000 in the office, he inquired of the Receiver where the balance was. The Receiver replied that he had \$9,000 more deposited at Detroit. The Commissioner, not satisfied with this assurance, expressed his determination to go and count the funds at Detroit, and asked the Receiver to accompany him. They accordingly started together, but after proceeding a short distance, the Receiver, pretending to have forgotten something, requested the Commissioner to "wait for him," galloped back to Ionia, despatched his \$9,000 in specie with all possible haste to Detroit, and then re-joined the Commissioner. In due time the two functionaries arrived in Detroit, where the duped Commissioner again counted over unconsciously the identical coin that he had previously counted at Ionia. Of course he pronounced every thing right, and made his report accordingly to the Government. In eight days from that time, the Receiver ran away with all the funds in his possession, and has not been heard of since. —Louisville Journal.

Fire.—On the night of the 3d inst., a fire broke out in the block of frame buildings, in New Lisbon, Ohio, situated on the main street of that town owned by Mr. DAVID P. GRAHAM, and occupied as shops and stores. The fire had made great progress before it was discovered, and could not be stayed until the whole range of buildings, with a large part of their contents, were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$12,000, and falls chiefly on Mr. John Armstrong, Casper & Harris, Miller, druggists; S. S. Clarke, hatter; David Miller, grocer; and J. & H. Janney, shoe store. There was a small insurance on a portion of the property. This is said to have been the most destructive fire that has ever occurred in New Lisbon.

FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—Although the bare idea of drowning a fish may appear to the mass an utter absurdity, the thing is not only possible but easy. It is true fishes are perfectly helpless when out of their element, and will not drown when afloat if left to the guidance of their own instinct; but if a grise, salmon, or trout, when short any other species of fish, when newly taken from the net, is held with its tail up and its snout down the stream, it drowns, we understand, almost immediately. The experiment has often been tried, and, but that a thump on the head is easier, would be resorted to by piscators, for the purpose of putting fishy captives to death. —Dumfries Courier.

If all the newspapers, which are read were piled in a heap, they would make a mountain; then if all the newspapers which are paid for were placed in another heap beside the former, and a man were to stand on the top of each heap, the one would be so far above the other, that they could not converse together without the aid of a speaking trumpet.

POLITICAL.

From the York-Republican.
HUNTINGDON, April 24, 1893.

GENTLEMEN:—As numerous false assertions have been made in the public prints and consequentially many erroneous opinions gone abroad, I have deemed it incumbent upon me to add a few lines to you, in order to correct those errors and inform you of the true state of political affairs; and this I am better able to do, by reason of having for some years lived a near neighbour of the loco foco candidate for the office of Governor, in Huntingdon, and have thus become acquainted with the man and his acts in relation to various matters and things. I am now in the very head-quarters of the enemy's camp, and am able to tell every movement and maneuver that they make. But I have not time, nor room at present to correct all the misrepresentations that are afloat, but have to content myself with rectifying a few of the most important.

1st. It is said by his friends that David R. Porter is a farmer. This is false. Porter has never worked on a farm or elsewhere, a single day. He is so far from being a farmer that he hardly knows from a plough from a nail or a potato-vine from a mullenstalk. He was educated for a lawyer, but had not the capacity or legal acquirements necessary to secure to himself any practice, so that he was compelled to abandon the bar at a very young age, and then tried his fortune in politics, where he has succeeded in stepping from one office into another until he has grown gray.

2nd. It is asserted that David R. Porter is a man of superior talents. But his friends cannot produce one word of argument to substantiate this assertion. Where are the evidences of Porter's talents? Can his friends point to one speech that he has delivered during four or five years that he has been in the legislature? Can they give any evidence of a display of talents at any public meeting at home or abroad—in any station that he has ever occupied, or in any employment in which he has ever been engaged? None of these interrogatories can be answered in the affirmative!

3rd. It is denied that David R. Porter is a Free-mason. He is Deputy Grand Master of the Mount Moriah Lodge! It was Masonic influence that brought him before the voters of Pennsylvania, to the prejudice of men of moral worth and sound democratic principles—men of whom Pennsylvania might be proud, and who would have been an honor to our state.

4th. It is asserted that David R. Porter is a man of good moral and political character. His morality consists in running his English race horses, cock-fighting and similar vices. It is sincerely hoped that by the next general election it will be decided that this is not the true standard of morality in Pennsylvania. To say that Porter's political character is good, is equally ridiculous. All that he holds to a party for is office; and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his political object. When he was a candidate for the Senate, and before a Harrison man he was the friend of the old soldier, and before Van Buren man he was the unflinching friend of the "successor of the predecessor." He brought into the field six candidates for the office of Sheriff of this county, and promised to each of them to play the game of "scratch me on the back and I'll tickle your elbow," and after the election his half dozen faithful ones saw that they had all been hoaxed; and that this man of "good moral and political character" had rode into office on their united popularity. It is painful in the extreme to a lover of decency, to see Mr. Porter's conduct at the polls on election day. The meanest demagogue in the county does not disgrace our election ground as much as David R. Porter does. If in the good people of this Commonwealth had been in our Court House yard on the day of the last general election, and heard the horrid calumnies that Porter uttered, they would at the next election overwhelm him in "ineffable disgrace!"

When the history, deceit and treachery, horse-racing and cock-fighting, is obliterated or buried in oblivion, then the name of David R. Porter may stand forth as a man of ordinary moral character, but not till then!

5th. It is asserted that David R. Porter is a German and can read and speak the German language fluently. This is also false! Inasmuch as David R. Porter is of Irish or Scotch Irish descent! Porter talk German indeed! why he could not even say "pas guai" or "faucht haben" in German!!! But since his nomination he has put something extra to his name. Until then no one knew what the "R" stood for—but since he is a candidate for the gubernatorial chair we are better informed on that subject—it stands for his grandmother's name, "Rittenhouse" and is now written out in words at length, David Rittenhouse Porter. This addition was made to please the Dutch, and if they could forget both David and Porter, and only hear Rittenhouse, it would sound pretty well to a German ear. But it is really laughable that David R. Porter is now trying to ride into office on the popularity of his grandmother, Basel Rittenhouse! Porter can never come it—he won't take with the German population of Pennsylvania. Rittenhouse can beat him in this county, and I think that such will be the case with your county and throughout the state.

6th. It is asserted that David R. Porter is a man of good moral and political character. His morality consists in running his English race horses, cock-fighting and similar vices. It is sincerely hoped that by the next general election it will be decided that this is not the true standard of morality in Pennsylvania. To say that Porter's political character is good, is equally ridiculous. All that he holds to a party for is office; and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his political object. When he was a candidate for the Senate, and before a Harrison man he was the friend of the old soldier, and before Van Buren man he was the unflinching friend of the "successor of the predecessor." He brought into the field six candidates for the office of Sheriff of this county, and promised to each of them to play the game of "scratch me on the back and I'll tickle your elbow," and after the election his half dozen faithful ones saw that they had all been hoaxed; and that this man of "good moral and political character" had rode into office on their united popularity. It is painful in the extreme to a lover of decency, to see Mr. Porter's conduct at the polls on election day. The meanest demagogue in the county does not disgrace our election ground as much as David R. Porter does. If in the good people of this Commonwealth had been in our Court House yard on the day of the last general election, and heard the horrid calumnies that Porter uttered, they would at the next election overwhelm him in "ineffable disgrace!"

7th. It is asserted that David R. Porter is a man of good moral and political character. His morality consists in running his English race horses, cock-fighting and similar vices. It is sincerely hoped that by the next general election it will be decided that this is not the true standard of morality in Pennsylvania. To say that Porter's political character is good, is equally ridiculous. All that he holds to a party for is office; and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his political object. When he was a candidate for the Senate, and before a Harrison man he was the friend of the old soldier, and before Van Buren man he was the unflinching friend of the "successor of the predecessor." He brought into the field six candidates for the office of Sheriff of this county, and promised to each of them to play the game of "scratch me on the back and I'll tickle your elbow," and after the election his half dozen faithful ones saw that they had all been hoaxed; and that this man of "good moral and political character" had rode into office on their united popularity. It is painful in the extreme to a lover of decency, to see Mr. Porter's conduct at the polls on election day. The meanest demagogue in the county does not disgrace our election ground as much as David R. Porter does. If in the good people of this Commonwealth had been in our Court House yard on the day of the last general election, and heard the horrid calumnies that Porter uttered, they would at the next election overwhelm him in "ineffable disgrace!"

LAND OFFICE BURNED.—A land office at St. Stephens, Ala. was consumed by fire on the 12th inst. Books and papers saved.