

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 M. Phillips, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XL—No. 39.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 3, 1893.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2—No. 31.

POETRY.

For the Herald and Expositor.

THE WOODS.

The woods, the woods! how beautiful
In morning's ray of light,
When they are washed by spring's soft breath,
And deck'd with leafy flowers!
Then on their leaflets seem to play
Bright colours of rainbow hues;
Then too gleams like ocean's spray,
The changeful diamond dew.

"The woods, the woods! how beautiful
At noon's bright glowing time,
When nature's songsters in their homes,
Their melodious peans chime!
When with their golden glorious sheen,
The sun pours down its light,
They seem thus dressed in living green,
As if there were no blight.

The woods, the woods! how beautiful
At evening's dilly dally,
Whenephyrs, gently floating round,
Bring to the soul heart a balm;
And still they're even better
When leaves and flowers decay—
When every gem that gleam'd in spring
With autumn fades away.

Thus, thus the heart seems beautiful
In youth's bright rosy days,
When hope's sweetest day is o'er it,
And life's rainbow seems to play!
But get 'tis far more beautiful
When heart by sorrow's blast—
Nobly it seems calm troubled wave,
And braves care to the last.

Thus, thus the grandeur of the soul
Is doubly brought to view;
We see its beauty when in joy,
And when in sadness too.
Thus, like the beauty of the groves,
The heart's calm never changes,
Till time's hand shall be no more,
And leave its earthly range.

Carlisle College, June 22d, 1893.

For the Herald and Expositor.

THE CAROL HALL.

Oh! that I were a dashing belle,
How happy would I be!
No tongue my joys could tell
Were beaux forever free!
My happiness would be complete
To see them bending at my feet.
Around Carlisle
I'd look and smile;
To dress, my chief employ;
To make a show,
And catch a beau,
My greatest source of joy.

I'd shine in colors fair,
In azure's robe de dress'd;
I'd braid with gems my hair,
And tie the rainbow round my breast;
My splendid hair of glowing curls
Should be the envy of the girls.

And in the street,
Each beau I'd meet
Should greet me with a smile;
And every day
Each one should say,
That I was first in Carlisle.

I'd widen then my sway,
And move to other towns,
Regardless what they'd say,
Or careless of their frowns.
The village belle I'd show
The way to captivate a beau.

A beauty fair,
My only aim,
To home I'd then retire,
My object won.
A blushing son,
I'd have the world my charms adore.

LOCUST HALL.

From the New Hampshire Courier.
THE LOCO-FOCO LULLABY.
Good night to "TOM RANT!" good night!
To "Tom, Dick, and Harry" adieu!
To Tom Benton, Dick Johnson, I write,
And Harry, surmount Hubbard, too.
Your game is all up—no dispute—
To the Hermitage Andrew has fled—
And Maria will soon follow suit,
As pledged in his footsteps to tread.
Good night to the north!
Good night!

Mississippi has 'trotted by the board—
Her Walker and Trotter take flight,
As sure as she's spoken the word.
Her "Prudence" has 'trotted by the board—
And turn'd off her work most complete;
She has sent back her good men and true,
Who were "Pek'd" from congressional seat.
The song was begun in the Maine—
O'er her Parks the "Kent" bugle was blown;
The whigs of New Hampshire re-echoed the strain,
And will soon claim the song as their own.
O'er Hills and dale the glad music will peal,
Till the notes reach in triumph the air—
And the "dead march" in Saul's it will roll
In the Van of dismay and despair.

"Old Virginia's never tires in the race,
Under guide of her "Wise men and true;
She sumpers tyrannies, her motto, has place,
And its light she will ever pursue.
The key-note has Baltimore struck,
Of victory full and entire—
In the "savage of despond" "Loco Foco" is stuck,
As deep in the mud as the mire.
Rhode Island her "Duties" discharge,
Has join'd the loud chorus of joy;
Connecticut too, from her bondage enlarg'd,
Unites in the honor'd employ.
New York swells the triumphant sound,
And waits the death-dance of the clan;
No Mercy for them will hereafter be found—
Toto recedat will be turn'd all their fan.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Herald and Expositor.

Mr. Editor.—In looking over your paper of last week, I was much pleased to perceive therein a very pretty description of "Our Bonavent" and the adjoining country. Your description of "town and country" is very correct, as far as it goes; but you have neglected to notice one of the greatest ornaments of our valley—I mean the Conodoguinet creek, (long-winding stream.) I was chagrined to find that you had omitted the name of this beautiful stream, and I determined to mention that there was such a sheet of water in our country. The Conodoguinet is about one mile north of Carlisle, and is one of the prettiest little streams in the Union. For beauty, depth, breadth and length it surpasses many of the celebrated rivers of Europe. It is nearly as wide as the Schuylkill, and it is tributary to the Susquehanna. Its waters are bright and beautiful, and abound with a great variety of fish, of exquisite flavor. The scenery upon its margins is wild, romantic, and picturesque in the extreme, and the man [or woman] who is sentimentally inclined, may wander among its bowers, its "shady groves," and "contemplate Nature in her wildest mood." Oft have I sported in boyish glees upon its sunny margins, chasing the butterfly from flower to flower, gathering the wild berries, fishing for pike and catfish, or bathing in its pure cool waters. The "CAVE," situated about one mile north of the borough, and on the south bank of the creek, is well worthy of a visit, and it might, with a little trouble and expense, be handsomely fitted up; it was at one time the lurking place of the celebrated robber, David Lewis. About two miles higher up the creek, "the Meeting House Springs," a most delightful place. "The Springs" are a favorite resort, not only for the fishermen, but also for numerous parties of "lads and lasses," who congregate together for the purpose of spending a pleasant afternoon. But the "FISH FRY," as it is termed, (although precious few fish are caught, unless indeed, it be a man-fish, caught by the black eyes of some pretty maiden,)—it is to this ancient and time-honored festival that I would more particularly allude. On that occasion, you may see some thirty or forty as fair and modest maidens as ever graced the gay *saloon* or figured in the fashionable assemblies in our cities. The young men, too, spruce, gay, and neat, with their holiday clothes on, do the "thing polite," in the most handsome manner. At a little distance from *The Springs* is situated an ancient burying ground, and from the tombstones the antiquarian may learn that there have been deposited the remains of Christian people more than a century ago.

O. H. P. B.

SUMMARY JUSTICE OF OLDEN TIMES.

In the settlement of the Colony of Connecticut, about the year 1642, under the administration of Edward Hopkins, who for several years was Governor of the Colony, a law was passed by the General Court, as it was then called, prohibiting the killing of deer during those months in the year in which they were poor and of little or no value; and subjecting the offender to the penalty of a fine of forty shillings, "one moiety whereof to be paid the treasurer of the town wherein the offence shall be committed, and the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect. And in case the delinquent shall neglect or refuse to pay such fine he shall be publicly whipped on the naked body, not exceeding twenty stripes." Sometime in the month of April, a month in which the law forbade the killing of deer, one of the Governor's neighbors called on him and stated that a buck, for a length of time had been in the habit of feeding on a field of wheat near his house belonging to him, and had become fat—praying his Excellency, under the circumstances, to give him permission to kill the deer. The Governor replied, "I possess no authority by which I can dispense with the law—it would be of evil tendency and by no means admissible." The applicant urged his suit by informing the Governor that he was poor, had a family of small children—that although it was out of the season for killing deer, yet the buck had fattened on his property, and he would be a great favor to have permission to kill it. "I cannot," replied the Governor firmly, "permit any one, under any circumstances, whatever, to violate the law—if you should proceed to kill the deer, have you any reason to suppose any one would feel disposed to prosecute?" "I have one neighbor," replied the applicant, naming him, "who like myself is poor, and who frequently kills deer himself contrary to the law, though nobody complains of him—this neighbor, I have reason to fear,

would prosecute for that part of the poem to which he would be entitled by the statute." "But," said the Governor, "in case you should kill the deer—though I member I give you no permission to do it, would it not be advisable to make a present to that neighbor of a quarter of the venison to secure his friendship and silence?" Upon this, the applicant, without pressing his Excellency farther, made his bow and retired.

About three weeks after this, the neighbor, who had been named, called upon the Governor, made complaint, and demanded a warrant against one of his neighbors for killing a deer contrary to the law. "What evidence," asked the Governor, "have you to support your complaint?" "Why," replied the complainant, "he told me he killed the deer, and more than that, he gave me a quarter of the venison." "Indeed!" said the Governor, "and how did you find it was it eatable at this time of the year?" "O yes, Sir," replied the complainant, "it was really fat—we have had an open winter, you know, Sir; and the deer has fed on a field of wheat belonging to the man that killed it, and was as fat as deer usually are in the fall of the year." Upon this disclosure of facts, the Governor suggested to the complainant whether it would not be better to let the thing pass off without any prosecution. "You ought to consider," said he, "we are here in a new country—provisions are scarce—many of our experienced great difficulties in sustaining our families—you are not insensible that the reason and object of the law were to prevent the destruction of the deer during the season in which they are poor, and not fit to be eaten—you say this venison was fat, and had become so by feeding on the wheat of the neighbor who killed it. In addition to this, you acknowledge he gave you a quarter of the venison. Now, under all these circumstances, would it not be considered unreasonable, and even ungrateful, to insist on prosecuting this neighbor, who, by your own account, has been so kind to you?"

But notwithstanding these suggestions, this second Slylock continued to press his suit, observing to the Governor, "I know my rights. Sir—I am entitled to my quarter of the legal penalty—I also know, Sir, you are sworn to maintain and execute the law—you cannot, you dare not, disallow my complaint and deny me the benefit of the law!" The complaint was filed, a warrant issued upon it, and the delinquent was arrested and brought before the court, and being put to plead to the matters charged in the complaint, pleaded "Guilty."

As soon as the Governor had pronounced the sentence of the law upon him, the delinquent, with a mild but firm tone of voice, replied, "situated as I am, I cannot undertake to pay the fine of forty shillings—I feel unwilling to starve my wife and children by shutting my back to the law of the land, and I shall offer it as satisfaction in lieu of the fine." The Governor accordingly made out and delivered to the constable the warrant of execution—a knowledge of the proceeding had roused a spirit of indignation among the neighbors against the prosecutor, and had brought them together to attend and hear the trial. The delinquent presented his naked back to the officer, observing to him that it would be unnecessary to tie his hands, as he should neither make resistance or attempt to escape. "The constable tied a light tow string to the end of a short stick, and began to perform his duty by strokes more suitable to brush away flies than to inflict pain upon the back of a criminal. The Governor, who stood by with his law book under his arm, counted for the constable, and as soon as ten were numbered, cried out: "stop; sir, let me see how the law reads?" Then, opening the book, read, "the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect." "This prosecutor is entitled to one half of the penalty," take him, and bestow upon him the remaining ten stripes." "O, but stop a little," said he, starting back, "touch me if you dare! Why, I have not been tried—you can't whip me!" and made some attempt to escape. But the bystanders, regarding the command of the Governor more than the remonstrances of the complainant, instantly laid hands upon him, not in the most tender and delicate manner, and having bared his back, and by the assistance of cords placed him in the posture of hugging a tree, made room for the approach of the officer. The tow string was now exchanged for a good and efficient whip. "Mr. Constable," said the Governor, "you are acquainted with the circumstances attending this case—I hope you will perform your duty faithfully." "Yes, please your Excellency," replied the constable, "I think I know my duty, and I guess I shall discharge it to the satisfaction of all present, with the exception of one only. I have already executed one sentence according to law—this I intend to execute according to law and equity both."

By the time the ten stripes were all told, the sufferer's back exhibited ample testimony of the indignation of the spectators, and presented a durable *scarcographic* record of the prompt administration of summary justice.

"Patrick! I want some body to kill my hogs: Do you understand butchering?" "Faith and it's me that can land you a hand at the same; but it's a box you'll be wanting a long wild me, as *bossin' the fur off* is the only part of the business I understand."

Brandreth's pills are used about Cincinnati for "loving for salt," and at New Orleans for "blasting rocks."

(From Waller's Journal of Belles Lettres.)

Mr. Editor.—Though you are aware that the Hon. Judge Hopkinson is the author of *Hail Columbia*, you may not know the circumstances under which it was written. I have heard the history of the song more than once, and hope that it may find a place of record in some corner of your Journal, so as to be rescued from oblivion.

In the year '98, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than his histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been yet taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house." Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it; but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done, yet I think you may succeed." Mr. H. consented to make a trial, and requested Fox to call in the evening to judge of the result.

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and pruned the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills and placards announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c.

The theatre was crowded: the song was sung and received with rapture: it was repeated eight times, and again *encore'd*, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, *Hail Columbia* cheered the visitors of the theatre; and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten, as the street in which he resided was on one occasion crowded, and *Hail Columbia* broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

Manners in Missouri.—A member elect of the lower chamber of the legislature of this state, was last year persuaded by some wag of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of meeting, he could not be sworn, and therefore lost his seat. He immediately mounted, with hunting-knife, rifle, and bowie-knife; and spurred till he got to the door of the Senate House, where he hitched his nag. A great crowd were in the chamber in the lower house on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on, and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out: "Strangers, whar's the man that swors me in?" At the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the same time igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry. When the teller came to count noses, however, he found that there was one Senator too many present: the mistake was soon discovered, and the hustler was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool what with your corn bread!" he roared: "You can't flunk this job no how you can fix it. I'm elected to this here legislature, and I'll go against all banks and eternal improvements; and if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two-legged animal, hop on just as soon as you hiker; for though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any quadruped you can turn out of this here drove." After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie-knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle, saying: "Come here old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time presented it to the Speaker, who, however, had seen such spectacles before. After some expostulation, the hustler was convinced that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his rifle on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked: "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon: but if I didn't think that a feller room was the *groggery*, may I be shot."

A Dandy and a Sailor.—A jack tar was lately amusing himself with remarks on the passers-by in Ardent square, when a dandy came tripping along with his short-legged unmentionables lashed rather tight at the bottom. "I say friend," said Jack, "aint you got on your breeches wrong and up?" "No, fellow: why do you ask," said the dandy with great dignity. "Why, you've got the *galloons* on the wrong end of your trousers," said Jack.

A dinner given to Mr. Fremont on his arrival at Natchez, the following toasts were drunk: By Tros. Reed—*Mississippi freemen* in the beginning we learnt the words, we then became *Primitives*; we have now the right to be called master workmen. John P. Kennedy—the author of *Horace* Shoe Robinson—may he ride round the Loco-foco course until they have not a nag or rider to bring to the track. The present administration—may it live but one term, and find a burial ground in the *Clay* of Kentucky.

POLITICAL.

JOSEPH RITNER.

So far as we have been able to learn, and our opportunities are not limited, the renomination of JOSEPH RITNER for Governor, receives the universal approbation of all his former supporters, and is hailed with joy by many of those who opposed him at the late election. In our own county there are hundreds of the latter who join heart and hand with us in elevating the Old Farmer of Washington to the gubernatorial chair. The People generally admit the prudence and economy of his administration, and are willing and ready again to place in his hands the reins of government.

The people have great reason for their strong attachment to Joseph Ritner—they too, well remember the situation of the Commonwealth when he came into office. Her resources were crippled, her credit gone, and borne down with heavy debt, without means to pay even the interest—she was surrounded by a horde of greedy office-holders, (David R. Porter was one of them,) who, not content with plundering the last cent from the Treasury, laid a grievous SYSTEM OF TAXATION upon the Farmers, Mechanics, and Tradesmen, in order to keep themselves and their dependents in idleness. Who can ever forget with what desperation these public plunderers fought for their fat places? Who can ever forget the abuse that was poured upon the friends both of Muhlenberg and Ritner by the hired vagrants under Wolf's administration? But thanks to Heaven and the integrity of the people they stood firm and unwavering in the hour of extremity—they defended their interests at the ballot boxes, by the request of 90,000 FREE-MEN, (the largest vote for one man ever given in Pennsylvania,) Joseph Ritner was placed in the Chair of State.

Do any ask what has been the result? Go ask your farmer who with contented looks is turning up his soil—he will tell you he no longer dreads the stealthy approach of the tax gatherer—under Joseph Ritner the odious system of taxation has been repealed. He now cultivates his farm cheerfully, assured that he will himself reap the fruit of his labor.

Ask yonder Mechanic and Tradesman, busy in their several occupations. They will tell you that besides being relieved from the burthenome support which they were forced to give to a reckless set of office-holders, they are now through the judicious measures of Joseph Ritner, comparatively saved from the calamitous monetary derangements which have been produced by the ruthless "experiments" of the Cabal at Washington.

Go ask that orphan smiling through his tears the cause of his joy, it will tell you that the celebrated TAXES ON WILLS, &c., which were laid by Geo. Wolf, has been repealed by Joseph Ritner, and the pitance left by its deceased parents is no longer subject to the grasping gripe of rapacious recording officers.

Look around upon the face of the whole Commonwealth, and the eye meets at every corner a capacious school house, filled with merry cherubs and more advanced students, preparing to become useful members of the Republic. Need you be told that these were reared under the administration of Joseph Ritner, and by his fostering hand sustained? Need we tell you that the United States Bank contributes, yearly \$100,000 for the support of these schools, which put upon an equal footing, in point of education, the children of the poor and rich, and place within the reach of all a high proficiency in learning and science. This money was the effect of the charter obtained under the administration of Joseph Ritner.

See our lines of public improvements in the full tide of operation—yielding an income, under the economical management of our farmer governors which affords an enormous amount expended. In their construction will be liquidated. They were barren and unfruitful under Geo. Wolf—even the interests of their expense was taxed upon the people.

We now have the most of the branches to the improvement in a course of construction. Our own favorite measure, the extension of Erie, has received an appropriation through the recommendation and urgency of Joseph Ritner which will ensure its speedy completion, if he, with his devoted feelings of friendship for the main line is retained in the Executive chair.

But time would fail to enumerate the acts and measures which in two short years have raised Pennsylvania from a state of degradation and dependency, to a situation which commands the admiration and applause of not only her sister States, but the commendation of foreign powers.

We shall refer again to this theme, and also contrast the claims of Wolf's Prothonotary, David R. Porter, who has for twenty years led up to office, and is now the Van Buren Sub-treasury candidate for Governor, with those of our independent, democratic Governor, JOSEPH RITNER.—*Crawford Statesman.*

JOSEPH RITNER.

We are pleased to see and equally proud to declare that notwithstanding the malignity of his enemies, not one word, not a single shade of moral reproach has been or can be cast against the name of our excellent and worthy Governor, Joseph Ritner's moral character stands on a lofty pedestal, "without stain and without reproach." We take pleasure in this consideration; for we conceive that the moral fame of a presiding officer of the state of Pennsylvania, composed as it is of one of the most upright and moral populations in the world, should be luminous and clear, so that it may be a bright beacon and example to the youthful and aspiring portion of her community. The qualities required for good government are not merely strong abilities. They to be sure are important—indeed almost necessary; but if coupled with a dishonest private course, or with dissolute principles, they must fail of their full effect. Especially must they fall short of the effect of that happy combination of strong mental abilities, unvarnished honesty, approved moral character, and undeviating correctness of private life, as we, fortunately for the people, behold exemplified in the present governor of Pennsylvania, FARMER JOSEPH RITNER. Example to the young is every thing. Men in high stations frequently lead a tone of life and morals to those within the range of their influence and example—whilst Presidents and Governors not unfrequently tinge a whole nation of state with their own peculiarities.

Of this the violent, I take the responsibility, and reckless habits of the head Andrew Jackson, furnish abundant evidence in the equally reckless and lawless tone of public mind and private feelings which were the fruit of his wretched example. The people should seriously reflect on this view of the case at the present conjuncture. They are now shortly to decide whether the firm and well approved Joseph Ritner, whose purity of principles his loco-foco enemies dare not impugn, even in a whisper, shall remain at the head of the state, an honor and a pride to the honest German population of Pennsylvania, or whether the sullied name of David R. Porter, the man notorious for the "Insolvent Records" of Huntingdon county, the man of doubtful moral principles, and asserted bad conduct and character, shall take his place and stain the character and youth of Pennsylvania to a tinge with his own. Fellow citizens, you are to decide: will you choose the pure white or the sullied mantle?—*Northampton Whig.*

JOSEPH RITNER is a farmer—the friend of the poor man; he was not rocked in the cradle of luxury and wealth—he was nursed like a sturdy mountaineer; his youth was spent in the toils of the field—in cultivating the soil; his manhood, in the duties of a neighbor, a citizen, and when elected to the legislature, of a statesman; and he is now filling the highest honors of the state. He has passed from want to wealth, from private life to public, from obscurity to the most conspicuous post of honor yet in all the main trying scenes of his life, he has remained true to himself, and never failed to retain a respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. Such is our candidate—we are proud of him.—*Village Record.*

DAVID R. PORTER, to the shame of Pennsylvania, was nominated for Governor because he was a pliant tool of the Federal Government. We assert with confidence, the qualifications of the head or heart—he is a political adventurer, and his moral character is yet to be established before an honest world. That Porter never does an act to distinguish him, cannot be doubted; and although he has been in the legislature a number of years, his greatest speech was a—(blank!)

Such is the *Statesman* (!) that the Van Buren Sub-Treasury man desire to put in office to rule the great state of Pennsylvania!—*Id.*

EDITORS REWARDED.—We perceive that the President of the United States has appointed Mr. WILLIAMS, of the Delaware county "Upland Union," a Judge for the new Territory of Iowa. Mr. Wm. B. Conway, editor of the "Mountaineer," in another post in that Territory. While Mr. Van Buren has been showering his favors upon the editorial corps, we are not less gratified to perceive that Hymen who rules in the empire of love, has been rewarding them by conferring upon others the highest honors he holds at his command. Our friend RICHARDS, of the "Lancaster Examiner," and Mr. ELLIOTT, of the "Harrisburg Intelligencer," have both been elevated to the highest honors in the gift of the gentle sex. Most heartily do we congratulate them, and hope their new alliances will be productive of new and unlooked for enjoyments.—*Village Record.*

The Loco-focos take pleasure in calling their candidate for office of Governor, Gen. David R. Porter. "Where! what a lot of our cat's got." Will they be so good as to let the public know what services General David Ritner, as Porter ever performed? It is well known that he has held office for some years, but no person knows anything of his generalship, unless it be these creditors ride this hobby—do you want many of their own friends?—*Id.*

The People's Candidate—the Revenue.

It must be a matter of pride to every true hearted Pennsylvanian, when he reflects upon the flourishing condition of the finances of this Commonwealth. During the administration of George Wolf, which ended in the year 1835, the State debt had *vastly accumulated*. The revenue fell far short of paying the interest upon the money expended—the credit of the State nearly exhausted—and the recourse of a state tax was resorted to, which was virtually mortgaging every foot of land in the Commonwealth, to extricate the State from the dilemma which the prodigality of that administration had brought upon her. This was our condition at that time—but HAPPILY FOR THE PEOPLE, FARMER RITNER WAS ELECTED—the whole scene was changed—a different policy was pursued—such as has brought us to an elevation which our sister states may envy—but CANNOT RIVAL. He has given us the best currency in the Union—our State works are rapidly progressing—education is fostered—the onerous State tax is repealed—the tolls on our canals and rail roads for the last three months HAVE EXCEEDED HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS—and the revenue of the State is such, as to give us abundant promise, in a few years, the large amount of debt will be liquidated. All this has been brought about by the wise and judicious policy of FARMER RITNER: struggling too, as he was, obliged to, against the embarrassing measures which the General Government threw in his way. There is not, therefore, CANON to be a plausible argument urged AGAINST HIS RE-ELECTION. The candid portion of his enemies admit that he has been a good Governor; whatever opposition he has, HAS ITS ORIGIN AMONG THE HUNGRY EXPECTANTS FOR OFFICE.

RITNER AND PENNSYLVANIA.

We see in the papers intimations that changes have taken place in politics, favorable to each candidate for the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania, and the names of some half a dozen persons are given on both sides. We pretend not to know what has been the number of changes—but if our information is correct they are (large and small) favorable to the whole to Mr. Ritner. And we say, should they not be so? What object, we ask, would feelings alive to the importance of the subject of which we treat, what object can any Pennsylvanian have, to give a vote, that must be construed, *à priori*, will prove, favorable to the present dynasty at Washington? Pennsylvania, by the force of circumstances, been placed in a wrong position in regard to national politics, and it behooves her to redress herself. The policy of the present administration, mischievous as it is, in reference to the whole nation, is particularly injurious to Pennsylvania; and any vote in this State, which goes to sustain the measures of, or elect a man claimed by, the administration, is a means of public injury, and of perpetuating the sufferings under which the nation now groans.

Faras Pennsylvanians, as politicians of course national feelings, are there not in the official conduct of Mr. Ritner, acts so promotive of the public good, so directly bearing upon the prosperity of the State, the promotion of the agricultural and mechanic interests, the encouragement of trade and manufactures, as to render it desirable to secure his reelection, in order to carry these plans of good, and perpetuate these means of prosperity? The establishment and multiplication of public schools, eminently distinguish the administration of JOSEPH RITNER. More, incomparably more, has been done for these means of public good, throughout the Commonwealth, in the three years of his administration, than was achieved in all the previous efforts. We do not mean to deprive any previous Governor; and especially Governor Wolf, of praise, which may have been earned by an expression of good feelings towards public schools, or efforts for their establishment; but under Joseph Ritner the experiment has been tried, and the means secured for its support have made it popular.

Under Joseph Ritner the works of internal improvement have been carried on; and at the present moment, the State is reaping immense advantages from the works, directly in tolls, and evidently immeasurably greater, in the impetus to business which these works give.

The tendency of Mr. Ritner's administration has been to promote business, and consequently prosperity in various ways; and the policy which he has pursued, has been that which has ever been regarded by the citizens as the true Pennsylvanian policy; and measures have been projected, which, if carried out under some one such as must give to our state a moral, a fiscal and a political importance, positive as well as political, which has never before enjoyed. Is it not, then, the true policy, the obvious duty of Pennsylvanians, to re-elect Joseph Ritner, with reference to the local interest of Pennsylvania, and to her prosperity as dependent upon the trade of the West?

We shall refer to this subject again, at a later date, and must every day be more and more interesting to our citizens, for several months to come.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The real meaning of the word *loco*, is a fellow who lectures about taverns, porter-houses, and printing offices, to read the papers, and don't subscribe for them!—*Lebanon Courier.*