

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.



With sweetest flowers emblem'd,  
From various gardens call'd, with care.

## LINES.

"Till Hymen brought his love-dimitted light,  
There glow'd in joy in Eden's rosy bower!"  
Let winds breathe melody no more,  
When effluent from the wolly wild;  
Nor moon beam light at midnight hour,  
Nor stars shed out their radiant mail.  
Nor let a rainbow ever glow,  
His promise o'er the tempest's gloom;  
Nor golden cloud at sunset glow,  
Nor beauty on the rose-lip'd bloom.  
But let fond flighted love remain,  
Everlasting around the shrine of truth;  
A sacred thing in virtue's face,  
The blessing and the hope of youth.  
Shippensburg, July 19th, 1838. J. F. D.

## HOMEWARD THOUGHTS.

A moving scene of home reviews  
Sweet thoughts of years ago,  
When childhood, of its joys profuse,  
Ne'er had those joys withdrawn.  
When sirens sang of halcyon days  
Beyond the narrow's close,  
And willing won, on hope's winged rays  
Warm aspirations rose.  
When every thought was building joy,  
Fed with the spring-side dew,  
And dreams were sweet without alloy,  
Or aught that seemed untrue.  
When smiles bewitching—looks divine,  
Flumed my father's hall—  
Aht! then the parent joys were mine,  
That could the heart enthral!  
Even now, my ardent eyes drink in  
The brightness of that hour;  
The sweetest times that then could win,  
Still wake a seeming power.  
But, ah! affection breathes no tone  
Of sweet sympathy;  
Its sighs and sighings that have flown,  
Breathe but in memory!  
Oh Time! deal gently, and restore  
Those scenes, unknown to pain;  
Then home, I'd call then home once more,  
And drink thy joys again. J. F. D.  
Shippensburg, July 5, 1838.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**GO TO CHURCH.**  
There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's standing in society, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of week. Every head of a family should go to church, as an example to its members; and every branch of a family should go to church, in imitation of the example of parents who have loved them and watched over their best interests. Lounging in streets and bar-rooms on the Sabbath, is abominable, and deserves execration; because, it lays the foundation of habits which ruin body and soul. Many a young man can date the commencement of a course of dissipation which made him a burthen to himself and friends, and an object of pity in the sight of his enemies, to his Sunday debauchery. Idleness is the mother of drunkenness—the Sabbath is to young people generally an idle day; therefore, if it be not properly kept, it were better struck out of existence.  
**GO TO CHURCH.**—If you are a young man just entered on business, it will establish your credit—what capitalist would not sooner trust a new beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money in dissolute company, attended to his business on business days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God, to church with a contrite heart, and bending a knee at the throne of your Maker, pour out a sincere thank offering for the mercies of the past week?  
**GO TO CHURCH, ladies, and remember** that religion most adorns the female character.

## FEMALE TIGHT LACING.

A treatise "on the Deformities of the Chest and Spine," illustrated by plates, by William Coulson, (Hurst, London). The chief object of this author seems to be to point out the injuries arising from the practice of tight lacing among females; and this he does in a masterly manner. He shows how the practice is undermining the health of the bulk of young women at the present moment; how it is distorting the spines, giving them a high and low shoulder, causing an unnatural projection of the sternum or breast-bone; rendering them unfit to fulfil properly the functions of mothers; and, lastly, leading to the production of a weak, consumptive, and puny race of people. Mr. Coulson deserves the thanks of the British public—the male public—for the admirable manner in which he has treated this most distressing subject. But it is obvious that any thing which he has said will not be of the smallest use in abolishing the practice of tight-lacing. We consider this book as utterly thrown away. The press has for years been reprobating tight-lacing, and yet not the smallest change has been effected. Women squeeze their bodies; distort their spines, and ruin their health, as much as ever. All things improve but this. "Tight-lacing remains a fixed practice, a practice fraught with the most terrible, the most indelebly consequences; yet one which is fixed with more than fetters of iron, by the fashion of the times. We might give an extract from Mr. Coulson's book, to show how dreadfully injurious tight lacing is; but where would be the use of it? The young would be perused no doubt by our young female readers, but it would have no impression on their understandings; or, to speak more correctly, its truth would be theoretically acknowledged, but practically denied.

We have written about tight-lacing until we are tired. The conviction now forces itself upon our mind, that if any thing like a substantial reform in the practice is to be brought about, it must be by some more potent means, than the press. It is now proved beyond the possibility of doubt, that the practice is hurrying thousands of accomplished young females to their graves. Within our own limited sphere, we know several who are dying from no other cause. The mania has descended from high to low life. In Edinburgh at this instant, there are hundreds of women in the class of domestic servants, who are as much the victims of this execrable fashion as the daughters of the aristocracy. In short, the crime is universal. No warning will suffice to assuage it. Must then a whole nation sit down in despair, and see tight-lacing go on forever? We suspect it must, unless some reform may be hoped for from these mighty ladies who sit at the helm of fashion and capriciously order the women of Great Britain to wear whatever out of cloth they think fit. They are the mighty personages who alone, out of a nation of some twenty or thirty millions of souls, have the power to reverse this monstrous abuse. To them the nation must pray to be relieved from the thralldom of tight-lacing. If the petition be refused then our cause is hopeless. But if granted—how instantaneous the delivery. Quick!—Presto!—Basta! And tight-lacing is forever banished from the earth. Ladies, one and all—all women are ladies—instantaneously relax the strings of their corsets. The wasp figure is abandoned. Health, good shape, and good looks, resume their legitimate sway. And our women are themselves again. —*Pennsylvania Sentinel.*

## AWFUL DISCLOSURE.

The Pittsburg Manufacturer, a *Porter* paper, announces to the people of Pennsylvania, that their present Governor, Jos. Ritner, independently of his being a farmer, once followed the occupation of a *WEAVER!*

The editor ridicules the idea of having a man for governor, who has built up his own fortune by the sweat of his own brow! What a characteristic of the Porter press is *consistency!* They have been sedulously employed during the whole campaign in attempting to cajole the honest

## LABORING MEN.

into the belief, that the supporters of Gov. Ritner are BANK ANTI-SOCIALISTS—opposed to the interests of the poor, and the elevation of those who are found in the humble walks of life. And now, they are out upon these *antislavery* for taking up a man for their candidate who once pursued the business of a *weaver?*

We can give the Pittsburg Manufacturer further information on this subject. Joseph Ritner's *Grandfather*, his father, his brother, and himself were

## ALL WEAVERS!

and all good weavers too! and the very circumstance of his raising himself by his own exertions from the humble occupation to the highest station in the commonwealth, is the very best recommendation he can have.

The governor has not left his trade yet. He is *weaving* together the interests of the people—uniting those of the poor and the rich more firmly, instead of tearing them asunder. He is *weaving* for himself a reputation that will stand without damage, all the hard usage it may receive at the hands of his enemies. We go for such *weavers*—heart and soul. —*People's Advocate.*

## From the Western Messenger for June, 1838. INTERESTING INCIDENT IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper: About the year 1783 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan embarked in a large at the falls of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands), with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle from one of the company, stopped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from having always been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended, and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was at Vincennes, (now in Indiana) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that "happened" to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he laid down as he thought to die, roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betwixt him, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded, resolved as a last hope, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle on his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in times of peace, would have so befriended an Indian.

Of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville.

"(Governor Ritner had no right to issue his Proclamation, requiring the banks to resume specie payments." —*Eastern Sentinel, Porter paper.*

"Then why do you blackguard him for not issuing it sooner?"

"Governor Ritner's Proclamation is an abominable humbug." —*Porter papers.*

Yes—a species of humbug that stings you abominably.

Governor Ritner has discovered that the people are determined to right themselves." —*Eastern Sentinel.*

And while they are getting right, he has determined to right the currency—so that the People, Ritner and a sound Currency will be all right together. —*People's Advocate.*

**EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.**—An honest Miner, in this neighborhood, went to pay a debt he owed on Saturday last, and carried with him between 60 and 870 in gold. But why do you pay me in gold said the creditor. Because Joe Ritner's Proclamation will soon make specie plenty and I have no preference for gold over good Bank notes. "Aye, aye," said a farmer, who was present, and whose eyes glimmered at the sight of the shiners—"Ritner's the man to bring out the yellow boys—Benton, of the mint drop memory, is a fool to him!" —*Miner's Journal.*

## POLITICAL.

### From the Lancaster Examiner. SENATORIAL REMINISCENCES—GEN. PORTER'S "DODGING."

The following paragraph is copied from an editorial article contained in a late number of the Harrisburg Keystone—the leading Van Buren Locofoco journal of the State:—

"Gen Porter was one of the most punctual members of the Senate—always in his seat, and getting on every question which came before it. He was a member of the Senate for many years, and his name appears among the yeas and nays of every member of that body, and we defy the Governor and all his cabinet of editors to point out a SINGLE instance in which Gen. Porter absented a vote."

We scarcely know in what spirit to treat the above extract. We are at a loss to determine whether the editors of the Keystone design to pass it off as a quizz upon Gen. Porter, or as solemn truth. Of one thing we are certain. The editors of the Keystone do not believe it themselves, neither can they succeed in imposing so glaring an untruth upon any man who had an opportunity of watching the course of Mr. Porter during the present session of the Legislature.

Though somewhat at a loss to understand what was meant by Gen. Ritner's "cabinet of editors," we shall endeavor to favor the Keystone with an "instance" of Gen. Porter's "dodging" propensities, which occurred during the recent session of the Legislature. The debate upon the second section of the Improvement bill—the section which made appropriation to the different State and company works—was brought to a close in the Senate on the morning of Tuesday, the 3d of April, a few minutes previous to the usual hour of adjournment. When the Speaker was about to take the vote, a division of the question was called for, so as to take the vote separately upon each appropriation embraced in the section. As it was known that the yeas and nays would be called upon a great number, if not all of the division, and a great deal of time thus consumed, an adjournment was moved and carried, with an understanding that the vote would be taken without further debate immediately after the re-assembling of the Senate in the afternoon.

The Senate met at the usual hour in the afternoon, and proceeded to take the vote upon the different items embraced in the second section. "Punctual" as the Keystone has pronounced General Porter, he kept out of the Senate chamber on this occasion, until the vote was about to be taken on the 6th division of the section, in which case he voted. The Senate had been in session a considerable length of time, and the vote had been taken on the 1st division (relative to the Erie Extension) on the 2nd division (relative to the North Branch Canal), on the 3d division (relative to the Gettysburg Railroad), on the 4th division (relative to the Tanagassock Extension of the West Branch Canal), and on the 5th division (relative to the Allegheny Feeder). At this stage of the proceedings, as the printed journals of the senate will show, Mr. Porter asked and obtained leave to read his vote upon the first and second divisions of the section relative to the Erie Extension and North Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, upon which there existed no diversity of opinion and consequently no occasion for "dodging." The clerk called his name, and he voted in the affirmative in both cases. The Speaker then asked him if he desired to vote on the other divisions, to which he answered in the negative. He thus refused to vote on the 3d, 4th, and 5th divisions; although an opportunity was offered him to do so. Here was a direct and palpable "instance" of "dodging." Among the divisions which he refused to vote upon was the Gettysburg Rail Road, to defeat the appropriation to which himself and his party had been striving during the whole session.

After persuading his political friends to sacrifice the local interests of their constituents, in order to gratify their own malignant feelings not against the road itself, but against some of those connected with it, he basely deserted them. He feared that a vote against it might injure his own prospects in Adams county, and therefore he "dodged" the question. He played the same game in regard to the West Branch Extension and the Allegheny Feeder. Political hostility to some of the men who were instrumental in getting the appropriations to those works, prevented him from voting for them, and he did not possess moral courage enough to vote against them. He "dodged" the question altogether, because he knew that a vote against them would injure him in the districts in which those improvements are located. He voted for the 6th division (relative to the Marietta and Columbia Railroad).

He voted for the 7th and 8th divisions, (relative to the Wisconsin Feeder and the Danville and Pottsville Rail Roads). The yeas and nays were not called on the 9th and 10th divisions of the section, and were called on the 11th division (relative to the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad) although Mr. Porter was in the lobby, he did not answer when his name was called by the clerk. He preferred "dodging" the question.

We have thus endeavored to furnish our friends of the Keystone with further more than a "single instance" of the "dodging" propensities of their candidate. We may, in our own good leisure, furnish them with some additional scraps from the legislative history of this "punctual member" of the Senate. In the meantime we would advise them to say as little as possible about the Senatorial career of Mr. Porter. Those who regard eloquent speeches and masterly reports as the surest indications of legislative fitness and ability, will look in vain for the record of any display of either of those qualifications by Mr. Porter in the course of the two sessions during which he has been honored with a seat in the Senate. His conduct as a committee man was signalized by nothing but opposition to the cause of liberal education and science, whilst his speeches were confined to luminous explanations of the practices which obtained in county courts upon the sub-judice of tavern licenses and other important subjects, and to the heavy task of giving attention to the monosyllables "Yes," and "No." He was generally regarded as among the weakest and most inefficient members of the Senate. —*Lancaster Examiner.*

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### ATTENTION THE WHOLE.

The following circular admits a ray of light upon the dark and secret plotting of our opponents. It warns us of the deep schemes laid for the purpose of advancing the cause of Van Buren and Porter, and the plan for the circulation of the "papers and documents" with which the State is to be flooded prior to the election. We call upon our friends to be vigilant—LET EVERY MAN act to counteract the "secret combination" against which our Washington warned, in his last address to the American People. We expect the enemies of our country, defeated as they have been at every point, would now resort to "deeds of darkness," and secrecy—but we rejoice to find that there are some honest men amongst them who will lay bare their foul conspiracies against the interests of the people! —*Crawford Statesman.*

Mr. Hays:—I send you a copy of a circular which I received through the Post Office, directed to me as one of the Committee of Correspondence for the promotion of the election of David R. Porter, as Governor of this Commonwealth. It has always been a maxim with me to "let well enough alone," and believing as I do, that JOSEPH RITNER has done well (and much better than his predecessor George Wolf) I am determined to VOTE FOR HIM and use all honorable means to promote his election. If the publication of this Circular in your opinion, will serve to rouse and stimulate the friends of our Old Farmer Governor to renewed exertions to defeat the wily schemes of their adversaries, you are at liberty to give it an insertion in your paper.

With respect, I am yours, &c.  
P. S. Circumstances best understood by myself prevents me from giving my name at present.

### [CIRCULAR.]

"The State Committee appointed by the Democratic (!) Convention of the present year, in carrying out the trust confided to them, address you without reserve on the subject of the approaching contest. Its importance we are all aware of, whilst we urge upon the campaign with full confidence of success, (!) for the democratic (!) party of our State have a majority always when united. The effects of proscription and misrule upon our best interests impel every democrat (!) to be up and doing, that nothing be left to doubt that we may be certain of restoring the political power into the rightful hands. We must bear in mind, too, that our opponents are in power—they have official strength and influence which will be brought to bear with the desperation of the last stage of the rained gamster. [!] We must meet them at every point with a determination to succeed—we have only to be vigilant and active and this end is attained. With this view the State Committee suggest the following plan of organization: [!] That your committee hold a meeting and organize as soon as convenient, by appointing a chairman and secretary, and that you enlarge your committee if considered necessary, or associate with the standing committee of the county, so as to have a committee of vigilance, of at least four or five members in each township or ward. That each township or ward committee be requested to enlarge their number, if they think proper. To organize by the appointment of a chairman, whose name and Post Office should be forwarded to the chairman of the county committee and by him to the secretary or chairman of the State Committee at Harrisburg, in order that papers and documents may be forwarded direct to each section of the State!

"To have a full understanding with each other, and to ascertain some time before the election, with a good degree of accuracy the probable vote in each county, the central committee also particularly request the chairman of the respective county committees to reply to this circular as soon as the desired information can be obtained, and send therewith answers to the following queries with as much accuracy as they can be ascertained through our friends, viz: [!] "Are the Officers in your county or on the public works competent or otherwise? [!] "Do they attend to their duties personally or by deputy? [!] "Are there any MASON'S among the prominent friends of Governor Ritner? [!] "Were there any MASON'S in either of the conventions that nominated him? [!] "Has he appointed ANY MASON'S to office within your knowledge, if so in ALL CASES please send us the names?"

"Do you know of any changes of Gov. Ritner's friends against him, or of any strength he has gained in your county since his election?"

"What will be the probable result in your county at the coming election?"

"The State Committee will keep you advised of the progress of events, and again beg leave to impress upon every individual member of your county the importance of activity and vigilance. Very respectfully,  
D. STURGEON, Chairman.  
W. D. BOAS, Secretary.  
Harrisburg, Pa."

P. S. It may be proper to inform our readers that DANIEL STURGEON is State Treasurer, and no doubt has at his command the means to carry out his objects. —*Editor Statesman.*

"WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP."—David R. Porter, the Loco Foco candidate for Governor, having been charged with *pleading the statute of Limitations* to avoid the payment of noverse fees, he goes and procures the certificates of *six or seven lawyers* that he has never done so, as there is no such plea on record in the suits brought against him in *Court* to their knowledge.

This may all be very true; for it was never alleged that he had *pleaded* the Statute of Limitations to any suit in *Court*. We never understood that he had done so, but that it was before some *Justice of the Peace*, for a small debt, that he had put in the plea of the statute.

Our Loco Foco opponents, however, seem to think that to *swindle a poor man* out of a debt of less than one hundred dollars, by pleading the statute of limitations, is no *crime*, although if the same plea had been pleaded in *Court* to a large sum, it might have been wrong! But this is like the rest of the Loco Foco logic!

The shallow devices of the friends of David R. Porter will not deceive the people. They cannot be gulled by such certificates as the one given by the *lawyers* above referred to. These gentlemen confessed the truth as *far as they knew* it, but their certificate was of no value, as it was intended to prove David R. Porter innocent of that which he had never been accused—viz. *pleading the statute of limitation to an action in Court*. Get us the certificate of the Justice that he did not urge that plea before him, and then say that David R. Porter never *pleaded* the statute of limitations, TO DEPRIVE A POOR MAN OUT OF A FEW DOLLARS.

This certificate of the *lawyers* reminds us of the story of the Justice and the Thief. A fellow was arraigned before a certain Justice charged with stealing a turkey. Three witnesses were called by the prosecutor, who swore positively that they saw the defendant steal the turkey and carry it off. The defendant then called up six witnesses, who all swore that they did not see him steal it. Whereupon the Justice declared that the weight of the testimony was on the side of the defendant, whom he directed to be discharged!

So with the certificates to Porter's character. They did not *know* that he had *pleaded* the statute of limitations, and certified so; and so would we and any other that did not know the fact; and of course, David would not call upon such as did know it. That would not suit him!  
You'll have to try again friends! —*Gettysburg Star.*

### PORTER'S RESIGNATION—A PEEP AT THE OLDEN TIMES.

Porter will not resign—not he. He might never get into office again, as he cannot be elected governor, and so he holds on to the Senatorship. This is the best evidence that could be had, that notwithstanding the blustering of his friends, he has no confidence in his own prospects; the vaunting "of his partisans" is "MERE GASCONADE, intended to 'THROW SAND IN THE EYES OF PEOPLE.'" The Reporter of this place formerly reasoned very well on the subject of resignations, &c. we extract an article published in 1835, and would remark that it applies much better to David R. Porter than to H. A. Muhlenberg.

"The circumstances of Mr. Muhlenberg holding on to his seat in Congress with such pertinacity, after his formal acceptance of the Lewisstown nomination, proves conclusively, and without the shadow of any doubt, one of two things—either that the vaunting of the disorganizers about the success of the Lewisstown candidate, is acknowledged by Mr. Muhlenberg to be in the eyes of the people, or that Mr. M. himself possesses a selfish and grasping disposition which would do discredit to a candidate for the meanest office in the State."

Harrisburg Reporter.

In relation to this matter the Mercer Luminary speaks as follows:  
"Thus reasoned the Reporter in June, 1835, when the contest for Governor was between Ritner, Muhlenberg, and Wolf; that paper being at the time in the service of that portion of the Van Buren party which supported George Wolf. We would like to have a lecture from this same Reporter on the position which its favorite David R. Porter occupies at the present moment—holding on to his seat in the senate, while he asks the people of Pennsylvania to elect him to the chair of State. The Reporter is continually 'vaunting about the success' of the loco foco candidate, as well

as other kindred prints; while he is holding on to his seat in the senate 'with such pertinacity.' Does this prove that Mr. Porter acknowledges the 'vaunting' of the prints to be a mere gasconade, intended to throw sand in the eyes of the people, or that Mr. P. himself possesses a selfish and grasping disposition which would do discredit to a candidate for the meanest office." Which horn of dilemma will you take, Mr. Reporter? "What was wrong in Mr. Muhlenberg in 1835, cannot be right in Mr. Porter in 1838."

In nothing has the superiority of Governor Ritner's administration shone more transcendently superior to that of his predecessor, than in the arrangements made to obviate the evils which the late destruction of 30 miles of canal near Hollidaysburg, by the great freshet, might have occasioned. So prompt, so efficient have been the exertions of the Canal Commissioners, that no interruption has taken place in the transportation of goods to the west, and there has been no diminution in the tolls and none is anticipated. As if by magic commodities and wares were immediately supplied, efficient for the comfortable and safe conveyance of passengers and goods on the whole route, and the work of repairing the destruction has commenced with spirit, and is progressing rapidly. We well remember how it was in the days of Wolf & Co. The slightest breach in the canal would stop all trade on the state improvements for weeks, and such sweeping destruction as that which this flood has occasioned would have completely stopped transportation for the whole season. Are our fellow citizens willing to resign all the advantages of Ritner's administration and again encounter the dangers and disasters of a Loco Foco administration? Ritner has shown himself industrious and efficient, and so distinguished for forethought that it seems as though no disaster could occur for which he had not a remedy immediately at hand. —*Darby Republican.*

### From the Miners Journal.

Mr. BARNARD: Thinking that the history of the justly and highly favored tutelary saint of Lima, and indeed of the whole Pacific Coast, may not be uninteresting to many of the readers of the Journal, I send you the following sketch of her, passed many years since while in South America. At Lima, once lived a noble lady, rich, charitable, and abounding in all good gifts. Her unexampled piety, and the noble uses which she made of the bounties of Heaven, soon rendered her deservedly celebrated and beloved, with a feeling approaching almost to adoration.

This good lady died, and after her death, the dignitaries and priesthood in general, made a representation of the life and conduct of this holy personage to the Pope, and besought her canonization.

The successor of St. Peter very properly refused to canonize her ladyship for this reason, that a saint could not be born in the Indies.

Finding, however, that the good people of Lima could not easily be got rid of, the Pope ordered a solemn inquiry to be instituted. The Commissioners met and made their report. The Pope still hesitatingly said, it was as impossible for a saint to be born in the Indies, as it was for a shower of roses to fall from heaven. He had scarcely spoken, when the marble pavement on which he stood, was spread with a plentiful covering of these flowers. Santa Rosa exclaimed the Pope with wonder and surprise, and Santa Rosa—or Santa of the Rosa, now reigns throughout the continent with undiminished sway. She is much attached to Lima, and in that city—a city renowned in story, of Incas—has she done many marvellous works.

The dark-haired Peruvian maid, whose eyes the diamond far outshine; who looks through nature up to nature's God, and who is early learned that deep devotion for the saints, which is so prominent a feature in her remarkable religion, offers up on bended knee, and with a contrite spirit, her heart's devotion to Santa Rosa.

Filled also with admiration of her, the fishermen and hardy mariner, as they launch their barks on the ever-sleeping, gentle waters of the Pacific, mingle with their "ora pro nobis," their prayers for their patron saint, that she would be pleased to "fill the sails and speed their way." I have heard her worshipped with the mingled choral strains of many organs, and a thousand human voices, beneath the fretted vault, and in the crowded marble naves of San Rosario; and on the summit of Peru's loftiest ranges of mountains, with a temple around me, whose builder and maker is God, have songs of devotion gone up to her for approval from my India guides, while the moon and the stars looked down with favour upon their humble worship. In an orange grove, and removed from the tumult of a crammed city, have I come suddenly on him, whose locks the snows of three scores and ten winters had bleached to silver, and whose white hair, and as "valde me ddbas" hung on his trembling lip, and meekly his prayer went up for approval to "Heaven's chancery." His heart was warmed with devotion for his favorite Saint.

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**A Taper's Idea of Temperance.**—"Temperance is a great virtue, therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits." Six glasses of sling before breakfast, and a glass of a thousand."