

# 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 curiel'd,  
From various gardens cul't with care,  
Ah, surely there are moments when his heart  
Must think of her it has so coolly banish'd—  
Does not my image to thy memory start?

## Past Hours.

Do you not think of me sometimes at night,  
When the dark hours are passing still and lonely,  
The pale stars watching with the dreamy light,  
And thou art with thy own hush'd thoughts left only?  
Do they not bring me back? Do they not tell me,  
Perhaps this very moment she is weeping,  
Those bitter tears that prickle subduer by day,  
To wet the pillow that I keep from sleeping?  
Does she still midnight weep no remorse,  
No pity for the misery of my making?  
False as thou art—could it not wish worse  
Than one good midnight of my weeping?  
I hear thy voice, I look within thine eyes—  
Thou startest to think it is but an illusion—  
False as thy promise, fleeting as the ties  
That bound me to thee with such vain delusion.  
Then I recall thy words and looks, and think,  
How could they wear such tints, each tender seeming?  
I add till I can hear no more, and slink,  
I thank myself for all this idle dreaming.  
How many words of thine I now recall,  
Scarce noticed at the time when they were spoken;  
Alas! how true love fondly treasures all,  
The slightest things, like some most precious token,  
I wish I could forget them—for they keep  
Calam from my waking hours—rest from my pillow;  
Like those uncertain restless winds that sweep,  
Rising with their perpetual strife, the billow.  
If weary of the weight upon my heart,  
I struggle to be glad with vain endeavor;  
How soon I sicken of such seeming pain!  
The spirits I would fain are gone far ever.  
If I am sad and weary, and I long  
To take in which I take my old delight no longer,  
All other sorrows bring one sadness night—  
Life's cares are strong—but those of love are stronger.  
Love has its part in every other thing,  
And grief increasing and all joy impairing;  
Death is the only hope, for death will bring  
Rest to the heart, forever with long despairing.  
Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me;  
These sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow,  
I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be  
Where the last shadow falls on life's last sorrow.  
L. E. L.

## From the Baltimore Transcript.

**The Tear and Sigh.**  
Written by a gentleman of Baltimore—Music composed and sung by W. R. Dampster.  
The tear I shed, the sigh I breathe,  
That tell my love without my leave,  
I shed, I breathe, for thee.  
Then come to me, as weeping day  
In infant evening melts away,  
Then come, oh! come to me.  
And bring thy lute and sing the strain  
Of happy hours returned again  
To steal each woe away;  
And valley green and woodland height  
Will echo back in deep delight,  
The music of thy lay.  
No listening ear, nor watchful eye  
Shall see a tear or hear a sigh,  
In sweet response to mine;  
But when my cheek to thine I press,  
Thy fondly clasp thee to my breast,  
And, dearest, claim thee mine—  
Each tender look and pleasant mind  
Will throw its spell across my mind,  
And set a sorrow free.  
Then come to me, as weeping day,  
In infant evening melts away,  
Then come, oh! come to me.

## LAWYERS.

And out of fore controversy,  
By riding both sides, fill their purses.  
So lawyers, lest they be defendant,  
And plaintiff dog, shall make an end on't,  
Do stave the tail with words of error,  
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,  
To let them breathe awhile, and then  
Cry whoop, and set them on again.  
Butler.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New Yorker.

### The Fatal Wager.

FOUNDED ON FACT—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.  
"A cold dreary night, herr students," said the host of the Double Eagle, as he threw a faggot of wood upon the fire, around which were seated a knot of students, silently smoking their meerschaums, while upon a table near at hand stood a number of empty bottles and drinking-cups, bearing evidence of their recent good cheer. The night was far advanced—it was St. Mark's eve—and they had been discussing the numerous superstitions current among the peasantry respecting this hallowed time. There was a pause in the conversation, and each sat seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, which, to judge from the grave aspect of their countenances, were serious enough. So deeply were they buried in meditation, that none heeded the observation of the landlord. It was toward the close of Autumn, and the wind whistled shrilly as it swept past the crazy old inn, giving token of the approach of stern-visaged Winter.  
"Well, Herman," said one of the students, laying aside his pipe, and moving a little from the fire, which now blazed brightly—"since you have laughed at all the legends and superstitions which have been related to-night, and profess not to believe in the existence of spirits, yet there is one concerning which I would ask your opinion: It is said that on the eve of St. Mark's one may see the shades of those who are to die within a pass into the church, by watching there at the hour of midnight."  
"More stories to amuse children," replied Herman.  
"Yet did not Burgomeister Wagram declare that he saw, on the eve of St. Mark's, as he was returning home late at night from Grosheim, a shadowy figure, the exact counterpart of himself, glide into the porch of the church as he passed it—and did he not die a few months afterward?"  
"Very true, Herr Rosambert; but you must recollect that old Wagram was not esteemed the most temperate in Englebaech. And it is well known that, on the occasion alluded to, he was returning from a merry-making and he justly presumed that his perceptive faculties could not have been in a very perfect state. It is probable he saw but his own shadow, reflected by the moon, which I remember shone brightly that night; and his disordered intellect and superstitious folly led him to imagine it a spirit. As to his death, which occurred so shortly after, it is my firm belief that it had no more connection with St. Mark's eve, than—than—" puzzled for a smile—"than fire has with water."  
"Granting all you have said, still I think it somewhat strange. Though I do not profess to be superstitious, yet there is something beautiful in the belief that there are spirits—those of our friends and kindred—who watch over us in our sleeping hours, and hover around during the busy scenes of day, guarding us from evil—who, when the sand of life has nearly run, assume a visible shape, and beckon us from this weary world to realms of happiness and bliss."  
"All very fine, no doubt," said Herman, smiling. "I dare say, Rosambert, though you do not profess to be superstitious, yet are you not fearful, as you pass the old church to-night on your way home, of seeing your shade hovering about the church?"  
"It is well that your way lies not thither," said Rosambert, rather wistfully. "For with all your smiling, I doubt whether you dare trust yourself in its vicinity at the hour of midnight. Indeed, I will wager a dozen of mine host's choicest Burgundy that you dare not."  
"Done, Rosambert, done! Gentlemen," said Herman, addressing his brother students—"hear you this wager. Egal, we'll make a night of it! Now, Rosambert, I will do more on the faith of thy Burgundy—I will enter the old miser's vault, concerning which there are so many mysterious tales, and should I meet with a spirit, I'll speak to it though it blast me." The bomb is in a dilapidated state, and the entrance is easy. The wager shall be decided this very night."  
"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed Rosambert; "and that we may know you have been there, take this poniard, and stick it into a coffin."  
Placing the dagger into his bosom, he gaily turned to his friend, and said with a smile, "Now I am ready—be sure you have the Burgundy uncorked on my return!"  
He left the inn, and as he wended his way through the village, now buried in repose, the solemn silence which reigned around dissipated his gaiety, and his thoughts took a more serious turn. He felt as if he had acted wrong in having indulged in unbecomingly levity on so serious a subject; and when the many terror-inspiring tales respecting these and should I meet with a spirit, he was now journeying came rushing upon his mind—causing him almost to repent his foolish hardihood; but to return without attaining his object, would occasion the ridicule of his friends, and he decided being stigmatized as a vain boaster and coward. He therefore pushed quickly on, and in a short time reached the old church, which stood at the extremity of the village. He clambered over the low paling which surrounded the venerable building, and stood in the 'back-ground of life,' as Richter denominates the grave-yard. All was silent save the wind, which sighed mournfully

through the linden trees, scattering the spread leaves far and wide. The night was dark, the sky overspread with murky clouds, which sped rapidly along like giant-spirits of the air, revealing here and there a twinkling star. A feeling of awe came over him, as he stealthily glided along the tombstones; and as he neared the miser's burial-place, the hour of midnight rolled loudly from the turret clock, breaking through the solemn stillness like the knell of death. He started at the sound, and almost quaked with fear. But as the last stroke died away, he summoned his faltering resolution, and drawing forth the dagger, rushed down the steps of the vault, and with a convulsive shudder, struck it into a damp and mouldy coffin, which returned a sound as if the skeleton within it had fallen asunder, and the bones rattled against the coffin sides. Terrified and agitated, Herman attempted to rush from the vault, but he was held fast by some invisible agency, and uttering a faint cry, fell senseless to the ground.  
"What can possibly detain Herman?" said Rosambert to his fellow-students. "It is now an hour since he departed, and he should have returned ere this. I hope no evil has befallen him."  
Another hour elapsed—still he came not. At last it was proposed they should seek him. A lantern was procured, and after proceeding at a rapid pace, they arrived at the church-yard, and descending the gloomy vault, they discovered the body of the ill-fated Herman lying upon his face across the threshold, the extremity of his gown fastened to the coffin by the poniard.  
It would seem that in his fear and agitation, his hand became entangled in the folds of his gown, and the dagger pinned it to the coffin, and imagining he had fallen into the power of demons or spirits; he sank lifeless to the ground. He was raised, and the expression of terror upon his countenance was truly horrible. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets—his lips were firmly compressed—and his hair stood bristling upon his head. He was conveyed to the inn with all possible despatch, where efforts were made to resuscitate him, but in vain. The fright had been too much for him—he was dead!

From the Boston Recorder.  
Herman recently bears my privilege to spend a short time with Rev. Dr. B., in one of the States west of the mountains. He furnished a fund of facts relating to the early settlement of this great Valley, which were to me new and truly valuable. None, however, so deeply interested me, as the one concerning himself.  
In 1782, when a lad ten years old, the Doctor crossed the mountains with a step-father, and settled in East Tennessee. In a short time the father re-crossed the mountains on business, and left the son in school. While absent, the father died, and the fatherless son in the west was cheated out of \$20,000 which it was known the father had given him by will. When the doctor ascertained that he was thus left without pecuniary resources and found himself already in debt for tuition and board, he resolved to leave the school. But his teacher, being unwilling he should relinquish the idea of completing his education, promised there should be no charge for tuition and encouraged him to hope for some opening by which he would be able to earn his board.  
Soon after, a gentleman in the vicinity offered him the use of his saw mill from dark to daylight, and 17 cents for every hundred feet he would saw. On his way home, the Doctor usually crossed a hill abounding with pitch-pine knots. From these he always took a back-load and carried to the mill, as he went for his supper. Immediately after supper, he returned to the mill and kindled a fire with the knots, which furnished him sufficient warmth and light. When he had rolled on a log, and put the saw in motion, he took his book and studied till the saw stopped, and then he would drop his book, move the log or roll it on another, start the saw and return to his studies. Thus he studied and worked alternately, till he became too sleepy to use the book, and then instead of studying, he took a half-reclining and half-sitting posture, with the cold wind whistled up by blankets, and slept with a foot on a stick, that sprung when the saw stopped. Being thus awakened, he would put the saw in motion again and sleep till roused by the springing of the stick. In this manner, through the winter and spring, he saved all night six times a week, and earned on an average one dollar a night. The Doctor says he never advanced more rapidly in his studies than during that season, and that he then formed a habit which he still maintains, of satisfying nature with a much smaller amount of sleep than is generally taken.  
With the money he thus raised, he was able to pay up his old debts and struggle forward until he was ready to enter college. To meet his expenses in college he labored four months as surveyor in an entirely unsettled section of the Valley. During the whole period he never slept in a house and frequently ever met with a white man. He rarely went to sleep in a camp, but to avoid the Indians, and with nothing but a blanket to defend himself from the moisture of the earth and atmosphere. Sometimes he would awake in the night, and find the rain descending in torrents, and the water almost ready to run over his body. To prevent this, he laid down several logs some distance from each other so that the

waters could run between them and then rolled himself up in his blanket and laid down on the logs and slept through the night.—For this laborious and dangerous service he received 14 horses, in that section of the country worth about \$40 a piece. On the reception of this drove he formed a plan of taking it to the eastern shore, a distance of 700 miles, where he rightly supposed his horses would bring him more than double what they could be sold for on the spot.  
Before this he received a letter from an uncle, residing in Maryland, inviting him to come and see him. The uncle had been made acquainted with the fraud by which he had been deprived of his father's property, and with the fact that he was anxious to complete his education, and in his letter offered any assistance in his power to secure this object.  
Before commencing this journey the Doctor purchased an Indian's hunting dress, buck-skin breeches, beads, and the whole suit complete. On his arrival in Maryland he found his uncle ready to render prompt assistance in making a profitable sale of his horses. Soon after his arrival he produced his Indian dress, and informed his uncle that he had purchased it to wear into the large towns in order to attract attention and secure a speedy sale of his drove. His plan was highly approved and its efficiency tested the very next day. The Doctor accoutred in his Indian suit with two of his cousins, took four of his horses and rode about four miles to a general muster. He had hardly been on the ground fifteen minutes before the whole multitude was at his heels and his horses soon taken off his hands for \$150 apiece. His cousins were soon sent back for more horses, which were as speedily sold. In about one week, the whole drove was sold for \$1,500 over and above the expenses of the journey. With this sum Dr. B. paid up his debts and went through Carlisle College.  
I have written the above in order to show your readers what obstacles many of our best western preachers have been obliged to encounter while obtaining their education. I know your readers will not feel that the interest in this narrative, that they would have done if they could have heard it from the Doctor's own lips, as I did. But such as it now is, they may see that the essence of the system of manual labor since by experiment ascertained to be practicable for a young man to earn his own support and at the same time to obtain a thorough complete education. For no man through complete exertion, has done more by organizing and nourishing churches, and preparing young men for the ministry, than this same Dr. B.  
[Dr. B. we believe, is Dr. Blackburn of the Presbyterian church.]

## Counsel for Ladies.

Not every married woman be persuaded there are two ways of governing a family. The first is, by the expression of that which threatens force. The second is by the power of love, to which even strength will yield. Over the mind of the husband, a wife should never employ any other power than goodness. When a man is accustomed to hear his wife say, "I will," she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose, we expect to imbibe the sweetness of its odor—so we look for every thing amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs. Wait till your husband confides to you those of a higher importance, and then give your advice till he asks it. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, to read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example. Practice virtue yourself, to make him in love with it. Command his attention, by being always attentive to him. Never expect any thing, and you will obtain much. Appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to do more. Men, as well as women, are vain. Never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instance. A wife may have more senses than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness. When he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what is reasonable and just; when a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him. If he is abusive, never retort, and never prevail on him to humble himself, but enter thy closet, and pour out thy complaints in prayer to God in his behalf. The prayers of the righteous avail much. Choose carefully your female friends. Have but a few, and be backward to follow advice—particularly if inimical to the foregoing instructions. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess. Dress with taste, and particularly with modesty. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plating hair, and of wearing gold, or of putting on dress in regard to colors. It gives a change to ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things appear trifling, but they are of more importance than imagined. Like-wise, you will be in subjection to your own husbands. (Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also hath loved the Church, and gave himself for it.) Submit yourselves one to another in the fear of God.—Ladies' Garland.

## From the Pittsburgh Advocate.

### Gov. Ritner and Abolitionism.

As an attempt is now being made to identify Joseph Ritner with the mad schemes of the Abolitionists, we deem it proper to lay before our readers the evidence upon which the charge of Abolitionism is preferred against him. The evidence quoted by his enemies in his letter to the Western Division Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, which will be found in our columns to-day. We refer our readers to that letter as furnishing in itself a triumphant refutation of the charge. Joseph Ritner occupies in the letter the constitutional rights of the slave-holder, while he deposes the existence of slavery amongst us, as every American of the Northern, Eastern and Western non-slaveholding States does without exception—while Joseph Ritner is in favor of extending the right of trial by jury to such persons, arrested as fugitives from labor in other States, as shall be represented on oath to be freemen.  
He says, "This exception I believe to be due to the sister States, in which domestic slavery constitutionally exists, and in which, however, we may deplore it as a misfortune, we are bound to respect it as a constitutional institution." Is this the language of an Abolitionist? On the contrary, do we not all in common deplore the existence of slavery in our country? But, unlike the Abolitionists, we are disposed to respect and defend the constitutional rights of the South; Governor Ritner does the same. This is the grand point of difference between the Anti-Slavery and the Abolitionists, and since Governor Ritner entertains such sentiments, he can no more justly be charged with Abolitionism than HENRY CLAY can be charged with Jacksonism.  
The sentiments here expressed by Jos. Ritner are not made up for the occasion. We find in his message of December, 1836, that he utters the same language of respect for the Constitutional rights of the South! This is all we, and all the warmest opponents of abolition in Pennsylvania can desire—it is all that the friends of the integrity of the Union have ever claimed. The right of free discussion we would have sacred and free to all men. Joseph Ritner, in his sentiment, "All men are created equal with unity of reason, will, and power," holds the same high regard for the constitutional rights of our southern brethren, we quote the following passage from his message of December (referred to in his letter to the Western Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.) He says—  
"While we admit and scrupulously respect the constitutional rights of other States, on this momentous question, (slavery) let us not, either by fear or interest, be driven from our ground of 'spirit of independence and veneration for freedom which has ever characterized our beloved Commonwealth.'"  
We repeat the question, is this the language of Abolitionism? For our own part we look with dread and abhorrence upon the movements of the Abolitionists of the present day. We see but a solitary cloud in the horizon of our beloved country's prosperity. We see but one danger threatening the union of these states, the glorious heritage from our revolutionary forefathers. Abolitionism is the cloud that forebodes the storm and the blade that threatens to sever the silken tie of our blood-cemented Union. Need we say that entertaining these feelings we should oppose with all our feeble power any candidate for the popular suffrages who held Abolition doctrines?  
If Joseph Ritner were an Abolitionist we should drag his name from our columns on the instant; that one stain being sufficient, in our view, to outweigh all his virtues and his public services! But Joseph Ritner is no Abolitionist. We have given the whole evidence of his guilt that our readers may judge for themselves. We go for him as no Abolitionist.

## From the Christian Witness.

### Joseph Ritner and Abolition.

LETTER TO GOV. RITNER.  
PITTSBURGH, March 14, 1838.  
To His Excellency Joseph Ritner, Esq., Governor of Pennsylvania.  
Dear Sir—I have been directed by the Executive Committee of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania A. S. Society, to propose the following interrogatories, and respectfully request your reply:  
1. Is the existence of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, in conformity to the principles of justice and humanity, and accordant with the genius and theory of our republican institutions?  
2. Does Congress possess the constitutional power to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia?  
3. Is it expedient that Congress should exercise this right, and abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia?  
4. Are you in favor of an extension of the right of jury trial to all cases involving the question of personal liberty?  
5. Are you opposed to the annexation of Texas to the United States?  
These questions emanate from no inconsiderable portion of your fellow-citizens, who wish to obtain your views, that they may be enabled to vote at the coming election, accordingly. Candor compels me to state that, we will be governed in our ex-

## From the Western Emancipator.

### Mr. Ritner's Reply.

HARRISBURG, April 5, 1838.  
Sir—The letter which you, as Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Western Division of the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania, addressed to me on the 27th ult. was received on the 3d inst. By direction of the Committee you ask me the following questions:  
1. Is the existence of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, in conformity to the principles of justice and humanity, and accordant with the genius and theory of our republican institutions?  
2. Does Congress possess the constitutional power to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia?  
3. Is it expedient that Congress should exercise this right, and abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia?  
4. Are you in favor of an extension of the right of jury trial to all cases involving the question of personal liberty?  
5. Are you opposed to the annexation of Texas to the United States?  
To the three first inquiries, I reply by referring you to my Annual Message to the Legislature at the commencement of the session of 1836-'37, and by stating that none of the opinions therein expressed have been changed.  
To the fourth question my reply is, that I am in favor of extending the right of trial by jury to all cases involving the question of personal liberty, with the single exception, that in cases of fugitives from labor in other States, who are admitted to be slaves, it should not be granted. This exception I believe to be due to the sister States in which domestic slavery constitutionally exists, and in which, however, we may deplore it as a misfortune, we are bound to respect it as a constitutional institution. This exception is also inevitable from the nature of the issue involved. The question being simply one of slavery, or no slavery, of course whenever the fact is in investigation, but it would be vexatious to the claimant to interpose the delay of a jury trial.  
On the other hand, all cases in which a reasonable doubt of the fact of slavery is raised by affidavit, I would be decidedly in favor of having the doubt terminated by a jury. Among us, every man accused of crime, however vile he may be, is presumed to be innocent, till convicted by a jury. Shall we be less cautious in the proceedings which are to consign a fellow creature to servitude for life, than in those which will perhaps only send him to idleness for a month in the county jail?  
In the 5th question—I am opposed to the admission, by any means at any time, of Texas, into this Union. The annexed copy of a communication sent to the Legislature on the eleventh day of January last (1838.) will make known my official opinion on this subject.  
I am, sir, your fellow citizen,  
JOSEPH RITNER.  
Mr. HENRY HANNEN, Secretary, &c., Pittsburg, Pa.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.  
GENTLEMEN—In accordance with the request of the Governor and Legislature of the State of Rhode Island, I have the honor to transmit for your consideration, the accompanying resolutions adopted by the Legislature of that State, relative to the admission of Texas into the Union.  
Permit me to say, that while we, as citizens of a non-slaveholding State, should studiously disavow the intention and avoid the appearance of intermeddling with the institution of Slavery in such States of the Union as labor under the misfortune of its existence; yet that a moral obligation rests upon us to oppose, by every constitutional means, the spread of the evil in this Union. The other dangerous consequences to be expected from the annexation of Texas set forth in the Rhode Island resolutions, are certainly great and alarming. This is the most serious of all. The present is a most proper juncture for legislative and other expressions of public opinion on the subject.  
The project, if seriously countenanced at all in this State, has been either generally concealed or disavowed by all parties. The public mind is therefore opened to sound reasoning and prepared for right action on the subject.  
In addition to the claims upon your attention, which the matter possesses, as coming from the Legislature of a sister State, its own great import, and the suitability of the present time for action, seem to demand an expression of the opinion of the citizens of this State, upon it, through your representatives.  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURG, Jan. 14, 1838.

\* A letter of like import was directed to David R. Porter, containing precisely the same questions, to which his answer has been received.

A SLEEPING LOAFER.—A gentle loafer, advertising, in the New York Whig, that while he was asleep on the Battery, some wags stole his boots off his feet and "white washed them."

We are sensible that, in a free Government, like ours, the existence of party spirit is unavoidable; and that, under the restraints of moral and intellectual disciplines it may even be salutary; but when it becomes alike reckless of truth, and honor, and the public interest, it never fails to be exceedingly mischievous. We cannot believe that there is a single voter in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who, in the proper exercise of his mental and moral faculties, would not, in a comparison of the qualifications of Joseph Ritner and David R. Porter, instantly give the preference to the former for Governor of this great State, were it not for the preventing influence of party spirit. This influence is exerting itself over myriads of Pennsylvanians at the present time, to the manifest injury both of themselves and of their country. I leads to the determination, to sustain, at all hazards, the nomination of General Porter, and to sustain it even without enquiring into the consequences of success. Could we meet with these individuals, we would ask them why they are so resolute in supporting the nomination of Mr. Porter? What good has he done for his country? What system of public improvement has he ever given sustained? What proofs has he developed of his ability and disposition to promote the interest of the State, should he be elected Governor? But to these interrogations we already know we should receive no satisfactory answer. For it is a fact, as humiliating as it is obvious, that General Porter is distinguished from the great mass of our fellow-citizens in no one intellectual, moral, or physical attribute that is either commendable or desirable. In every trait of character he is sadly deficient, not only in respect to the duties of the chief magistracy of the State, but even in those of a common citizen. Is he a scholar? certainly he is not. Is he a man of talents? by no means. Is he an honest man? We have the most conclusive evidence that the contrary is the fact. Is he sober and decent in his behavior, setting before the rising generation an example worthy of their imitation? Exactly the reverse of this is true. He is represented by those who know him, as a noisy, tipsy politician; as being fond of gambling, horse-racing, and vulgar amusements, and as being a very dissipated man. Why then support him, especially, as we know that his opponent is all that can be desired in a chief magistrate of the State? He is honest and capable. Of this we are certain from long and satisfactory experience. He has served his country in many important and trying situations, and always given satisfaction. No one can lay his finger upon a single act of Joseph Ritner, in any of his most heartless and unprincipled journals that oppose him, no proof has been, or can be, adduced of his want of qualification for the several offices he has filled. He has sustained himself with honour in every situation of life, and now stands before the public as one of the most able and respectable statesmen in this republic. While we intend heartily to render him the best service in our power, we think we have the most conclusive reasons in the world for doing so. Some of these reasons we find already drawn up at our hands, and we shall adopt them without alteration. We then will support Mr. Ritner.  
Because, no executive officer is able fully to carry out his plans of state policy in three years; and that for this reason the people of Pennsylvania have made it a custom to elect their Governor for not less than two terms, and it would therefore be a piece of injustice not to give Mr. Ritner every opportunity, at least the same that others have had, of perfecting his plans and measures.  
Because, he is a Pennsylvanian by education, and feeling—strongly attached to his people and institutions.  
Because, having been brought up among the people, he is one of their number, and knows all their wants, and wishes, and is possessed of that patriotism, which will prompt him on every occasion to administer the government to their good.  
Because, his enlarged views of state policy, enable him not only to take care of the people's rights and guard their individual liberties—but to bring about such measures as tend to make Pennsylvania great in riches, great in intelligence, great in virtue, and great in all things which characterize a good, a great, and noble people.  
Because, he is opposed to taxation of the people, it having been one of his first measures after his installation into office, to abolish the taxes which had been imposed by the previous executive.  
Because, he is in favor of judicious public improvements, and opposed to wild and extravagant expenditures of the money of the Commonwealth.  
Because, his moral character is good, and his whole private life far above suspicion; being virtuous, honest, patriotic and exemplary, in all his private as well as public walks.  
Because, under his administration the public improvements have been driven with unparalleled speed, to completion, without running the State into debt.  
Because, he has diminished the State debt, which has been increased by his predecessor to \$16,000,000, in the short space of six years.  
Because, under his administration the revenue arising from tolls on the State works have increased to such an extent, that they are now double to what they were when he came into office.  
Because, he is opposed to log-rolling, that abominable perversion of law making,