

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION.—SHAKS"

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

HARRISBURG, Pa. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1838.

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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND.



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

## THE BLISS OF HOME.

By THOMAS SHEPHERD.  
Mine be the joy which gleams around  
The hearth where pure affections dwell—  
Where love, enrob'd in smiles, is found,  
And wraps his spirit with its spell.  
I would not seek excitement's whirl,  
Where pleasure wears her tiaral crown,  
And passion's billows upward curl,  
'Neath hatred's darkly gathering frown.  
The dearest boon from Heaven above,  
Is his which brightly hallows home;  
'Tis sunlight to the world of love,  
And life's pure wine without its foam.  
There is a sympathy of heart,  
Which consecrates the social shrine,  
Robs grief of gloom and doth impart  
A joy of gladness all divine.  
It glances from the kindling eye,  
Which o'er affection sleeps a tender—  
It gives deep pathos to the sigh,  
Which anguish from the bosom rends.  
It plays around the smiling lip,  
When love bestows the greeting kiss,  
And sparkles in each cup we sip  
Round the domestic board of bliss.  
Let others seek in wealth or fame,  
A splendid path whereon to tread—  
I'd rather wear a white name,  
With love's sweetest contentment and its bread.  
Fame's but a light to glit the grave,  
And Wealth's but never calm the breast,  
But Love, a halcyon on Life's wave,  
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

## ROBERT WHITE.

[BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICK, MD.]

The memory of joys that are past, like the music  
of carols pleasant, but mournful to the soul.

VIRGINIA ranks among her distinguished sons ROBERT WHITE, late judge of the general court, who was gathered to his fathers in March, 1831. He was born in the neighborhood of Winchester, March 29, 1759, and received but an imperfect education at a grammar school near Marsh Creek, Pennsylvania, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Craghead, a Presbyterian minister. In his seventeenth year, he volunteered as a private in a company commanded by Captain Hugh Stevenson, and marched on the 20th of June, 1775, from Morgan's Spring, in Berkeley county, to Boston, where the British army was now closely besieged by Washington. Engaging with youthful ardor and zeal in the various and eventful scenes of that well conducted enterprise, he soon attracted the attention of the commander in chief, by his chivalric bearing. His discerning eye saw in the boy the germ of that remarkable decision of character, which in after years, sustained him in numberless appalling trials. He once told me that but for the pious impressions made on his heart, by the study of the Scriptures, when at school, he would then have been borne down and carried away in the vortex of dissipation and vice in which he was now involved. The light of the Star of Bethlehem beamed on his path and he reached the heaven in safety.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the city was evacuated; the enemy spread their canvas for a more fortunate station; and White saw his beloved chief triumphantly occupying the position of a cruel and imperious foe. Following the standard of his country, he shared the dangers and sufferings of the disastrous campaign of the following summer, when he was made an ensign. We next find him at Germantown, on the fourth of October, 1777, where he fought as a lieutenant, under major William Darke, of Berkeley county, Virginia, his intimate friend through life, who, on this occasion, displayed an intrepidity unsurpassed by "the bravest of the brave." As the column of the enemy advanced near our line, the lieutenant noticed an elegant and daring young British officer, animating his troops by his own example, to press forward into the conflict. Darke aimed at him a fatal shot, with his fusil, and seeing him fall, laconically remarked, "White, I have given that fellow his tobacco."

After this engagement, which resulted unfavorably to our arms, the lieutenant was constantly employed in harassing detached parties of the enemy, in the spring of 1778; and by a vigilance which knew no bounds, and a courage yielding to no danger, he found

ten protected the main body of our army from surprise and loss. During one of these perilous partizan enterprises, in the month of June, of this year, at Short Hill, New Jersey, in the act of crossing a fence, his thigh bone was broken by a musket ball, and nearly at the same moment, he received another severe wound in the head from a British grenadier. He fell senseless to the earth—bleeding profusely. He found himself, when somewhat recovered, a prisoner of war, in the tent of an amiable and accomplished officer, who had rescued him from death, and who now treated him with distinguished humanity and politeness. In the autumn, after being exchanged, he at last reached Winchester, by slow and painful efforts, exceedingly lame, weak and emaciated, by acute and protracted suffering. His body was a mere shadow, but his noblespirit, yet unsubdued, still panted to avenge the wrongs of his country. By this time Frederick and Berkeley counties had in the field some of the best officers in our army. Morgan, with his riflemen, had already scoured the walls of Quebec, amid the storms and snows of winter. Darke was then in the prison-hospital, near New York, enduring all the complicated severities of rigorous confinement; but the laurels he had won were yet fresh. Swearington was courting danger in every form; and the patriotism of White, elevating him above the severe torments he endured, urged him again "once more to the breach," before his wounds were sufficiently healed. In 1779 he was commissioned a captain of cavalry. For some time he was in employed recruiting and training his troop in Philadelphia, but was compelled, from bodily inability, to retire from service. His military career now closed in the twentieth year of his age, but never for a moment did he withdraw his eagle eye from the thrilling events which afterwards illustrated our struggle for liberty, and of which he regretted that he was prevented from mingling again in the glorious contest. His maxim was, "What a pity 'tis that a man can die but once to save his country."

In this year he commenced the study of law in the office of his uncle, Alexander White, one of the most profound lawyers in the valley of Virginia. While here he was compelled to read Blackstone, Coke, and other books, for nearly four years, either lying on his back, or propped, up on a couch. In this forlorn condition, he pursued his weary way along the path of science, until he appeared at the Winchester bar, December, 1783. His health was now restored, and he was quickly cheered with an extensive and profitable practice. He was an able lawyer; clear and cogent in argument, but not eloquent; his voice rather harsh and shrill; and in the impetuosity of debate, his enunciation, was sometimes affected even to stammering. For ten years he maintained a lofty eminence at the Frederick bar, during which period he was frequently elected to represent his county in the house of delegates. Here he mingled with some of the most prominent characters of the commonwealth, and sustained a high reputation as an honest statesman. He heard the celebrated Patrick Henry deliver his wonderful argument against the British debts. He declared that no language could describe the splendor and grandeur of the scene. Immense clouds of anxious spectators thronged the court; the members of both houses left their seats, notwithstanding the commands of their speaker; the windows were raised that the multitude might at least catch the inspiring sound of the orator's voice; dead silence reigned, except when broken by the silver tones of his eloquence; for some days the delighted assembly was transported with the mighty efforts of that pupil of nature, whom Lord Byron styled "Demosthenes forest born." As he related the event, at my bedside in 1821, Judge White seemed to be inspired with the same feeling which filled the bosom of Henry on that occasion; his eye kindled, his breast heaved with strong emotion. "True," said he, "success did not crown his efforts; but it might well have been said in the language of Chief Justice Marshall, when speaking of Pinkney in the case of the *Nereid*, so exquisite was the skill of the artist, so dazzling the garb in which the figure was presented, that it required the exercise of that cold, investigating faculty, which ought always to belong to those who sit on the bench, to discern its only imperfection, its want of resemblance."

On the sixteenth of November, 1793, Mr. White was appointed judge of the general court of Virginia, which office he held until his death.

Until 1825, this amiable and excellent judge was not only ever indefatigable in discharging the high trusts of his station at Richmond, in June and November of each year; but in each successive spring and fall, (whatever might be the state of the roads and weather) you would see him wending his way, in his gig, through five counties, of which the tenth judicial district was composed, at the appointed time, for the very small salary of \$1600 per annum. Like the great Alfred he carried justice to every man's door. As a *magister* judge, he had no superior in the United States. Prompt, energetic, firm and resolute, he always commanded the profound respect of all who entered the court. So jealous was he of the encroachment of military power, that during the war of 1812, when Winchester was filled with recruits, he would not permit the officers to appear before him with their swords by the sides. His reported opinions in the case of Myers, who was tried for murder, and Preston's case, on a question of estoppel, are universally acknowledged to be powerful specimens of sound learning and extensive research.

When Judge White, was in the social circle, the sternness of his official character was thrown aside, and the soft, insinuating man-

ners of the polished cavalier, made him the delight and admiration of all. Abounding in interesting anecdote, he would bear away your whole feelings, when relating the stirring events of the battlefield, or the more mild incidents of his long professional career.—Scipio Africanus himself did not possess a more entire admiration of the female sex, and insensibly this high and holy principle would appear to insinuate itself into his judgement, where inflexible justice did not forbid it. Brave and intrepid as he surely was, the prayer of virtuous woman never reached his ear in vain. I remember a case—a miserable and depraved man was convicted by a jury of Loudoun, for some offence, and the court pronounced sentence of imprisonment; but during the term, the punishment might of course be commuted. Various persons besought him, in vain in behalf of the law's victim. At length, the wife of the offender, poor, humble, broken-hearted, appeared a suppliant before him. He was unable to resist, and amidst the tears which flowed down his cheek, bade her to be comforted and depart in peace.

He kept on steadily in his high career of usefulness to the community, until the spring of 1825, when in coming to court in Loudoun, he halted for the night at a tavern on the bank of the Shenandoah. He retired to his room at an early hour, and was found by the landlord, at bedtime, sitting by the fire-side, stricken with paralysis. He remained in this situation for several weeks, and was then borne, in a litter, to Winchester. Here I saw him in the latter part of '27, and never shall I forget the interview. Nature had put on her winter garment; the leaves of the forest were swept off by every gale, reminding us of the several generations successively passing away; the wind sighed mournfully amidst the venerable oaks surrounding his mansion; night had cast her gloomy mantle over the earth—I approached the patriarch, for the first time since his affliction. Alas, how changed! His dark and brilliant eyes no more flashed with the lightning of genius; those lips, which once were vocal in the discharge of his official duties, and in establishing the rights of his fellow citizens, were now almost powerless; the intellect prostrated; his noble form in ruins; all was desolate and sorrowful. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," said Burke, on a melancholy occasion, and the sentiment rushed into my mind, as I beheld the emaciated frame of him who sat before me. Often, but in vain, did I strive to suppress the rising sigh, and check the flowing tear—I wrung the hand of the patriot, and bade him adieu forever. He died a Christian; and rests near the tomb of Morgan, in Winchester. Gallant soldier, fare thee well!

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—A writer in the Knickerbocker speaks of the Mississippi Valley as one that has no parallel on earth. Its length may be estimated at not less than two thousand five hundred miles, and its mean breadth at from twelve to fifteen hundred. He adduces many facts to prove, that it was once covered by an immense ocean, and that the great change was brought about by repeated and long continued volcanic convulsions. He describes this Valley as not only the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, but capable of sustaining a population of a hundred millions.

WESTERN MILK SICKNESS.—The Governor of Kentucky has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of the origin, that it may be prevented, of the disease called *milk sickness*, which has been exceedingly fatal in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio for some time past. It seems to be owing in malignancy to the cholera, and has cut off hundreds of the inhabitants.

PREMIUM FOR A MEDICAL ESSAY.—The sum of one hundred dollars is offered by the Medical Society of the State of New York, for the best dissertation on "Diseases of the Spinal Column—their diagnosis, history and mode of treatment," which must be forwarded to their Secretary, on or before the first of January, 1839.

SILK.—The West Chester Silk Co. of Pennsylvania had a sale of handkerchiefs, manufactured from their own silk, on Tuesday last. There were 35 in number—and the aggregate proceeds were \$91,000. They were knocked off in quick time at from \$1.75 to \$3 a piece, to the supporters of domestic industry.

PENNSYLVANIA IRON.—A friend who has recently visited the interior of our State, and spent a little while at Karlsruhe, the seat of Mr. Peter Ritter's experiments upon the manufacture of iron, speaks in high terms of the success which has attended that gentleman's great exertions in making iron from the coke of bituminous coal. He now manufactures 63 tons per week, of excellent metal. The quality is very rather too high, that is, white, but is gradually becoming softer and grayer, so that the experiment may be considered as eminently successful, affording a subject of high felicitation to every Pennsylvanian who feels that our commonwealth can and ought to be the great producer of iron for the U. S. *Gaz.*

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.—The Richmond (Ind.) Palladium of July 7, says—"A slight quaking & shaking of Mother Earth," was felt at that place on Wednesday last between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock.

The New York Star states that Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented \$10,000 to the German Society of that city, of which he is President. The fund is to be employed to establish an agency to protect German emigrants against imposition.

## The Constitution.

From the American Sentinel, a Van Buren paper.

### Let Well Alone.

No. 1.  
Every one has heard, or ought to have heard, of that Italian, who having a very good constitution, and being quite as well in health as his neighbors, fancied that he had a variety of disorders, and got together a number of physicians to consult about his case, and took a variety of medicines, until he really made himself ill and died; and just before his death, he directed that the following epitaph, in Italian, should be engraved on his tomb stone:

"I WAS WELL, BUT I WANTED TO BE BETTER; AND LO! HERE I AM."

It seems to me that we, the people of Pennsylvania, are at the present time very much in the situation that the Italian was when he got a convention of doctors to meet about his case, and that if we persist in taking the medicines that these doctors have prescribed for us, we shall shorten our days, and have a similar epitaph written over our remains. I know that many good men and sound republicans are of a different opinion; and think that these amendments are a sort of panacea for all evils and grievances; and I agree with them, but if they can first prove that the people of Pennsylvania are sick, and want medicine, then it will be right to take something; provided we are sure that it will not do more harm than the disorder itself. Now, after all, there is more similarity than people in general suppose between the constitution of a man and that of a state. By a man's constitution, is usually meant his general bodily system, as respects health; and we say that a man has a good or bad constitution accordingly as he is more or less well or ill, or is in general in good or bad health. So it is with the constitution of a State. If it works well, and the people are prosperous and happy, and under no unreasonable restrictions, but free to do whatever honest men may reasonably desire to do, then it must be a good constitution; but if, on the other hand, the people have been oppressed or injured, or deprived of their natural rights, and the laws do not afford them any redress, then it must be a bad constitution, and ought to be amended.

Now let us see how it has been with Pennsylvania since the year 1790, when the present constitution went into operation, that we may judge whether it has been a good constitution or not.

The best way of trying whether a nation or state has been prosperous or not, is to look at the increase of population. Where there is a bad constitution, as is the case in some of the old countries, the people don't increase at all, or very slowly. But if things are prosperous, and the people free and happy, they increase very fast. Now in the year 1790, there were in Pennsylvania, according to the United States census, 434,373 persons; in 1830, when the last census was taken, there were 1,312,233; and in 1835 at the same rate of increase, there are probably about 1,650,000 inhabitants, or nearly four times as many as there were in 1790; though since that time nearly two generations have passed away. So it is with other things, only we have not the same means of ascertaining the facts. Since 1790, the riches of the people have increased in much greater proportion than the population. Consider the number of acres cleared and planted, the houses built, the crops gathered, the money made, and nobody can doubt that things have gone on very well in this state. It is true that during this time men and women and children have died, and crops have sometimes failed, and there have been low prices as well as high; and some people have been unfortunate and some wicked; but these things happen in every country, and can't be prevented under any constitution. The true question is, what has been the condition of things, and the welfare of the people generally. Now it seems to me, that no one can doubt that the people of Pennsylvania generally have been very prosperous and happy under their present constitution, and I do think that it is a very dangerous thing to be trying experiments on our constitution, as the Italian found out to his cost. It is best, however, always to look a little into matters before deciding. I propose, therefore, to make some inquiries about these amendments separately, and to see what is the particular difficulty about our old constitution, and how they propose to improve it.

NO. II.  
Being desirous of knowing exactly what the provisions of our present constitution are, and also what amendments are proposed, so that I might be certain of the defects and the remedies, I have borrowed from a neighbor a volume of laws, called "Pardon's Digest," which contains the old constitution; and I have compared it with the new one, which is published in all the newspapers, as far as I can learn, about once in every week.—This is a very good thing for the printers at least; so that if the Convention has done no other good, it has at least put some of the public money in the pockets of the members and of the printers. Having, I say, compared the old and new constitution together, I have made some remarks in my plain way, upon the amendments, (as they are called,) which I have taken this method of submitting to my fellow citizens, in the hope that every one will examine for himself; and remembering how important a thing a change of constitution is, will satisfy himself without out prejudice or partiality, upon that serious question whether he ought to vote for the new medicine, or let well enough alone.

The first article of the new constitution relates to the legislature; and here, on comparing it with the old constitution, under which we have been all so prosperous, I find

only some small verbal alterations of no importance at all, and certainly not worth the trouble and expense of a convention, until we discuss the term of the Senators from four to three years. Now, I am not in favor of long terms of office for public men, but if there is any use at all in a Senate, I do not see why they should not be elected for four years as well as three. The United States Senate is elected for six years; and I never heard any body complain that the rights or liberties of the people were invaded by them.— Besides, every one knows that some experience is necessary to make a good legislator. No man can make a pair of shoes without some teaching. How then can he be expected to understand the business of making laws, who comes in one year and goes out the next? For my part, I see nothing in this amendment to approve of. I know this, that if I had a good apprentice, or workman, or laborer in my employment, who had to serve me for four years, I should consider myself a great fool, if I were to do as the Convention wants the people of Pennsylvania to do, viz: to turn away their workmen at the end of the third year, and get fresh hands.

The Xth section alters the time of meeting from the first Tuesday of December to the first Tuesday in January, which I do not think is for the better. Farmers and other men of business do not like to be kept at Harrisburg until summer comes; and this will certainly be the case if the legislature is not to meet until January.

The XIVth section is quite new, and like the XXVth, of which I shall speak presently, seems to have been stuck in here without regard to its proper place; since it is a restriction of the power of the legislature, and not a provision for its organization and discipline, like the other sections. Its proper place would be the VIIth article. This is not very important, however; but it shows how slovenly this Convention managed their business that sat so long and cost so much money. The provision itself is of no great value any how; since if the legislature choose to take into their own hands all the power relating to divorces, they have nothing to do but to repeal all laws upon the subject, and pass such as they choose from time to time, in particular cases.

## Political Matters.

### The Van Buren Resolution.

The following is the resolution passed at the late Porter Convention in Harrisburg. In the face of all the evils which Van Buren's administration has brought upon the country, the Porter party laid him to the skies!

Resolved, THAT WE HAVE FULL CONFIDENCE IN THE TALENTS, INTEGRITY, AND REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES OF MARTIN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

### Porter abandoned by the Conservatives.

From the Erie Gazette.  
The Conservative Democrats of Pine Ward, Philadelphia, have recently held a meeting, at which David R. Porter, was handled "without gloves." Let it be borne in mind that those men belonged to the party that placed Martin Van Buren in the Presidential Chair. Had they but thought of him, as they do of David R. Porter, we would not be lamenting the ruin and distress which pervades the country. The address speaks of Porter as "one strongly imbued with the pernicious and prevailing spirit of Radicalism," and "whose political career has been distinguished by stupidity and ignorance, and a blind subservience to the decrees of the Kitchin Cabinet."

The address further says:  
"This man, who is an old Federalist, and who, by low cunning and pretty tricks, aided by accident, intrigued himself into the State Senate, and who from his total unfitness for an honorable and competent discharge of the duties of chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, was for these reasons selected by this gang of gamblers for spoils and power as the candidate for the first officer in the State, and is profanely nominated and called the Democratic candidate for Governor. The sickly and mawkish fraud of his servile pledge and solemn vow to play the servile pander, and the obedient echo is ratified by the disgusting pangenity of his nomination, and these miserable and degraded miscreants impudently call upon the pure and dignified Democracy of good old Pennsylvania to support by their suffrages this sworn spy and traitor upon her liberties and honor."

In the desire that, probably, some remote and distant hope might be encouraged, that he was not this voluntary slave and fettered wretch of fraud and corruption, a letter containing distinct, plain, and direct inquiries upon his views and purposes, was addressed to him by a very large number of highly honorable and distinguished Democrats of the city and county of Philadelphia, which he has treated in terms that no longer leaves in doubt his allegiance to the most abandoned and reckless conspirators that ever scourged degraded a nation. "The democracy of the State will entertain no respect for, or confidence in, such a candidate, and he will be defeated."

### TO THE PUBLIC.

From the Hollidaysburg Register.  
MR. EDITOR.—We observe our names on a list of delegates appointed to attend a Convention to be held in Harrisburg on the 4th July, inst. by the friends of Martin Van Buren and David R. Porter. You will please state that our names were placed there without our knowledge or consent, and that we desire them to be withdrawn from that list, as we are opposed to that party and all its Shipplasters. We intend to vote for the plain honest Farmer Governor, Joseph Ritter, and do all that we can to secure his reelection, because we consider him far supe-

rior to his opponent for that office. We cannot support Mr. Porter, because he is a Freemason, and a warm adherent to his wicked designs—a friend to the Sub-Treasury and opposed to the Banks or their Stockholders, being liable for their issues—in a word we cannot vote for David R. Porter because we know him, and because the charges made against his private character ARE TRUE!

Yours, &c.  
DAVID BRUBACKER,  
PHILIP WEAVER,  
HENRY WEAVER,  
Witness present,  
JOHN STONER,  
Newry, Hunt. co. }  
July 2, 1838. }

"YOU CAN'T COME IT."  
MR. BENBICHT.—I was not a little surprised when I observed my name in the Advocate and Sentinel, placed amongst the Van Buren Porter delegation to attend the Harrisburg Convention on the 4th of July next, I would therefore wish to inform them through your paper that I do not belong to the Van Buren ship plaster party, but I intend to vote for the honest intelligent and patriotic Governor Joseph Ritter.  
ROBERT BIGHAM.

From the Washington Reporter.

CARROLL TOWNSHIP, 29 June, 1838.  
MR. WISE—SIR.—Certain very industrious Loco-focos have been circulating a report that I am a Porter man, and that I have left the Ritter ranks and gone over to the Ship-plaster and sub-Treasury party. I wish, through the medium of your paper, to correct these misrepresentations, as they are all entirely groundless. At the last gubernatorial election I was the friend and supporter of H. A. Muhlenberg—and now if I am spared until the second Tuesday of October, I shall vote for Joseph Ritter, the man who has saved our State from bankruptcy and misrule.

Respectfully yours,  
WM. SCOTT.

The *Miner's Journal*, in reference to the Evidence of David R. Porter's insolvency; very pointedly observes—"It will be seen that David M. Morris and Evan Crain are acknowledged creditors, that gave in their names as creditors to the court of common Pleas of Huntingdon county. Now, if these debts have been discharged by him, is it likely that suits would be pending for their recovery—one of the suits commenced before his discharge, and the other recently, on a promissory note? Is it not a fair inference from the fact, that they were acknowledged to be due, and that suits are now pending for their recovery, that they still are due? The reason why these suits were not pressed to trial before was, that it is only lately that David R. Porter has attempted to hold property in his own name. His friends have now proclaimed that he is worth \$40,000. If he is worth this money, he can evade the payment of these acknowledged debts, in but one legal way, viz. by pleading the limitation law! This it is believed he will do: How then can any set of men say that he has discharged all his honest debts! Where is the evidence, beyond their naked assertions?"

It was noted, in our paper yesterday, as a singular fact that, of the inhabitants of a considerable town in Missouri, only three are Loco Focos. A friend at our elbow, reading the account, furnished us with a similar instance within the borders of old Maryland: Upon Smith's Island, Somerset County, there are one hundred voters, whose politics are as follows:

Whigs,	97
Loco Focos,	2
Doubtful,	1

The two Loco Focos are the keeper of the light house and his assistant. The land upon Smith's Island, notwithstanding the inhabitants are compelled to drink rain water, sells for one hundred dollars an acre. It is believed that if the two Loco were removed and the doubtful man turn whig, not an acre of land could be had for love or money.

The Secretary of the Treasury has removed MARTIN EICHENBERG, Esq. from the office of Weighmaster of the port of Baltimore. Mr. EICHENBERG was a soldier of the Revolution, and received his commission from the hands of General Washington. Could those who hungered for the humble post he has so long filled, have contented themselves to wait but a few short months, nature, in all probability, would have spared them the necessity of the revolting task. But the cupidity of office seeking acknowledges no restraints. Mr. EICHENBERG is succeeded by HENRY MCKINNEL, Esq., of whom we only think it proper to say that, in the better days of the Republic, he would scarcely have been deemed a fit person to supersede a veteran of the Revolution.

Go on, gentlemen, with your work of proscription—Enjoy the spoils, whilst you may. You are but imparting a keener edge to that sword of retribution, which is even now flashing over your devoted heads.—*Balt. Chron.*

The citizens of Hannibal, Missouri, got up a brilliant illumination of their town on the occasion of the repeal of the specie circular. Formerly a very large majority of the people of that town were supporters of the administration, but now there are only three Van Burenites in the city, and neither of them is entitled to a vote.

It is stated in the Carlisle Herald as a fact worthy of note, that at the Ritter celebration on Wednesday the 4th, at the grove, near that town, upwards of thirty persons were present, who were either supporters of Wolf or Muhlenberg at the last election.