

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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Office of the Star & Banner
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THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance, or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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 call'd with care."

LINES.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

And as the young man went upon his way, he heard again the answer, time, faith, and energy.—*(From "Night and Morning.")*
High words and hopeful!—fold them to thy breast,
Time, Faith, and Energy, are gifts sublime;
If thy lone barque the threatening waves surround,
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part,
When thou would'st cast thy pilgrim staff away,
Breathes to thy soul their high mysterious sound,
And faint hot in the noontide of thy day,
Wait thou for time!

Wait thou for Time—the slow unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay:
The harvest ripening in the autumn sun—
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
Within the soul—like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou should'st find a shrine,
Breathes forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gaily shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
With golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal,
To a high purpose in the world of strife,
Wait thou for Time!

Yes, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon light upon a stormy sea:
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright
Pointing to sheltering heavens yet to be.

Yes, Faith and Time, and thou that through the
hour
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be
With the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny
Till on the fabled borders of that land!

Where all is known we find certain way,
And lose ye midst its pure effulgent light.
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,
Sorships who lightened grief with guiding ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawn-
ing,
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
Will not our hearts where breaks the cloudless
morning,
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN BOSTON.

Ralph Carter, (for such we will call his name) was a merchant in a small village on the banks of the Ohio, and was in the habit of visiting semi-annually, for the purchase of his regular supply of spring and fall goods, the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia. His coat was never of the finest cloth nor his hat of the latest fashion; and being an inordinate lover of fun and frolic, he amused himself, by playing off on all most all occasions, the *Bark woods Jonathan*. He soon became a noted character with the merchants in Chestnut street, and as he always paid ready money for all his purchases his visits were particularly acceptable. It was soon pretty evident, however, that this backwoodsman was no fool; but that he was actually one of the shrewdest merchants who visited those markets. At length beginning to suspect that his real character was pretty well comprehended in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and wishing for a new theatre for the display of his alleged eccentricities, where they would again have the recommendation of novelty, Ralph resolved upon paying a visit of a few days to Boston, the metropolis of Yankee land, and the mart of notions.

As he was going among entire strangers, he provided himself with a Philadelphia with a

fine suit of blue, to be worn on great occasions, or when his whim should incline him to doff his backwoods garb. This provided, and with his pockets well lined with bank notes, he proceeded by the usual route to Boston where he arrived towards evening in one of the hottest days of August. Alighting from the Providence train of cars, he ordered the hackman to deposit him and his baggage on the steps of the Tremont House—the Galt House of Boston. He had purposely arrayed himself in his coarsest suit of homespun, and pulled down over his eyes a shocking bad and most ungainly hat. Thus attired, he presented himself at the bar of the Tremont House, and asked 'if he might stay there that night.' The bar keeper replied in the affirmative, though not without some evident signs of hesitation; and then placed the register before him for his name.

'I never give my note said Ralph—I'll pay you in advance,' pulling out of his pocket a large roll of bank notes.

'I do not require your money in advance,' said the barkeeper; but it is a rule to ask all travellers to register their names on taking their lodgings with us.

'None of your tricks, Mr. Bar keeper,' said Ralph. 'I know you Yankees are up to lots of tricks; but, Mr. Bar keeper, placing his thumb and giving his fingers a gyratory motion, you ca-a-n't come it over this child. I'll pay you in advance; but you don't get this one's name to any of your d—d paper. I've got the swiftest horse, the surest rifle, and the prettiest sister of any man either side of the Alleghenies; and I'm able to pay down for all I buy Mr. Barkeeper.'

The barkeeper beginning to think the fellow something of a curiosity no longer insisted upon his registering his name but ordered a servant to take his trunk to a certain number, (naming it,) which was located at the very top of the house.—Ralph set out (the servant carrying his trunk) for the room assigned him. Puffing and blowing, apparently much exhausted with heat and fatigue, he gained the middle of the second flight of stairs, and then stopped the servant to inquire how much further they would have to travel before they should come to the room. 'But a little further,' said the servant, come along.

'Put down that trunk,' said Ralph authoritatively; 'I cannot go another step till I have rested myself. Here (giving him two twenty five cent pieces) go way down there, and bring me up two juleps; keep the other quarter yourself. Be quick, old boy.'

The servant soon returned with two sparkling juleps, which he quaffed off with eager haste and great gusto.

'Now take up this plunder,' said Ralph 'and we'll go ahead.' 'But confound your skin, don't you take me many miles further.'

After ascending the third flight of stairs, the servant opened a door and showed him into the room which he was to occupy.—Throwing himself upon the bed, Ralph began to fan himself violently with his hat, apparently half dead with heat; and giving the servant a half dollar, despatched him for four juleps. When these came, he drank off three of them, and made the servant drink the fourth, telling him that after totting the trunk such a journey, and making two extra trips for juleps, he must certainly be in need of something.—Then, giving him half a dollar, he dismissed him for the present, and yielded himself up to repose and to the sweet influences of the juleps.

Ralph was not disturbed by returning consciousness, till the light of the next morning broke in upon his slumbers. He rose early, dressed himself in his new suit of blue, and was again ready to act the character he had assumed though with some slight variations. Keeping his room till after the gong had sounded for breakfast, he descended to the region of the bar and presented himself before the bar keeper; but so changed was his whole appearance that the other did not recognize in him the half civilized Kentuckian of the evening before. Puffing and blowing, like a man after a long walk he began:

Ralph.—Well Mr. Barkeeper I've arrived.

Barkeeper.—Well you're just in time for breakfast.

Ralph.—I did d—d well to get here at all. Give me a julep.

Barkeeper.—How far have you travelled this morning.

Ralph.—I don't know—a long ways. I started away up there at the top of your Tower of Babel, and have been ever since day break getting here.

In the meantime the servant that had waited on Ralph the evening before had given the other servants of the establishment to understand what a fine generous fellow the Kentuckian was; and, he coming in at this moment seized a brush and several other servants around taking the hint, they all flew at the stranger with their brushes, and commenced operations upon him in the most approved and scientific style, each beating a tune as he brushed. Ralph jumped about, trying to escape from their clutches, as though every brush was armed with thorns and prickles, and was tending the flesh at every touch.—'Here Mr. Barkeeper,' shouted Ralph pulling out a five dollar bill, 'keep these d—d fellows off—I'll give you five dollars to keep them off.—Here's this new suit, which I just gave fifty dollars for in Philadelphia and it won't be five minutes before they'll brush every bit of it off me.'

The bar keeper, who had by this time recognized the Kentuckian and had also prepared his julep, insisted on his going

immediately into breakfast, and as Ralph had no refreshment, except the juleps, since his arrival the evening before he yielded without much reluctance to the persuasion. Breakfast over Ralph amused himself with staring and wondering at every thing he saw about the establishment; and by his affected greenness and his odd drollery, soon drew around him a crowd of listeners, who gathered to study this curious specimen of humanity.

By an early hour he had made a dead set at the juleps, repeating often and inviting all he could see, to join him. All voted 'him a good fellow,' though a very odd and a very green one. He was pronounced 'an original' and 'a curiosity,' and during the whole day found no want of company. He talked with every body, and every body with him, and made himself just as much at home as though he had been the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—At length wishing to cut an extra figure, he swaggered up to the bar and asked 'if they had any shows in Boston?' He was asked 'what kind of shows he would have.' 'O, I ain't particular,' said Ralph, 'I want to see a show of some kind.' Two or three merry fellows standing near, who had heard Ralph's inquiries, giving each other the hint, stepped up and told him if he would wait till night, he could go to a show just across the street, (meaning the Tremont Theatre,) the finest there was in all Boston.—Ralph said he would be much obliged to them, and would pay for them all if they would go with him, and take him there; which they promised to do, with the expectation of having a bit of fun out of the Kentuckian, as by this time he was generally known by that appellation.

When night came, Ralph under the escort of his new friends, repaired to the Tremont Theatre. The play had not yet commenced. The party took seats in a favorable and conspicuous part of the house, and awaited the rising of the curtain.—Ralph gazed about with an awfully gawky stare, upon every thing and every body around him. The orchestra struck up and played several fine pieces. Ralph gave little heed to the music, and seemed to be impatient for something more diverting.—'What kind of a show do you call this?' said he, loud enough to be heard by half the theatre. 'Why this is no show at all. Where are the beasties!—Them fellows fiddle there are no account at all. Bob Walker, in old Kentucky can beat 'em all hollow.'—'Hush! Hush!' said his Boston friends, 'that painted thing you see there, the curtain, will roll up soon; and then you'll see a first rate show.'—'Any how,' said Ralph, 'tis a pretty poor affair so far. We have much better shows in Old Kentucky. I want to see beasties.'

The curtain at length rose. Ralph was all attention; and as the play proceeded commented upon every thing that was said and done. His comments and exclamations, were made so loud, as to attract the attention of a large portion of the theatre: at length, in the progress of the piece, a quarrel arose, and a sharp sword encounter ensued, in which one of the parties, apparently the weaker, seemed to be getting worsted.—'Stop!' shouted Ralph, springing to his feet and attempting to strip off his coat; 'stop I can't see that.' 'Hush! Hush!' cried his companions 'seizing him by the skirts of his coat, and pulling him down, they're only in play! They're only in play! Play!—play!' exclaimed Ralph, 'that's what we call fighting in Old Kentucky, and I never see it going on without taking a hand.—'Stop there you scoundrels. I can't stand that any longer,' with this off came his coat. His companions now using their utmost exertions, succeeded in taking him almost by main strength, from the theatre.

Ralph Carter having now played his part to perfection and to his entire satisfaction, made his appearance the next morning in the character of a polished well bred gentleman, having so completely laid aside his assumed backwoods greenness, as to be scarcely recognized even by his companions of the night before. All saw they had been handsomely quizzed, but bore it in silence. Carter has since frequently visited the Tremont House, in Boston where he is a great favorite and where he is always known as 'THE KENTUCKIAN.'

A MODERN FAUST.

Among those individuals who should have been seen some where else yesterday morning, might have been seen at Mr. Recorder Baldwin's office of business, a professional follower of the great Faust, vulgarly known as a 'four printer.' He was a case—all sorts of a case—a walking edition of the striped pig, or in other words an uncorrected copy of the works of intertemporal *sewed up and bound* by no te-total rule of entire abstinence. He looked *blurred*, or like a bad impression of worn out wood cuts of our American eagle, of a runaway negro.

'You were found sleeping out last night,' said the recorder. 'Who and what are you?' addressing the badly set up bill of humanity in the dock.

'Me, I'm a poor d—d—a poor specimen of the art preservative of all arts, vulgarly called a 'four printer,' or 'typo,' said the prisoner.

'And need correction?' said the affable Recorder.

'I thought you were a foul case. Why were you not at your lodgings last night?'

'Because I lost my place—got out of sorts—had no quins (coins) to get locked up any where else: in fact I got out of cash, which is the copy of our existence. Ah!

sir, I've felt the pressure of the times as well as other folks—have had bad impressions, and a heavy one of the difficulty of justifying my actions by the right, measure.'

'But a correct man of your profession,' said the Recorder 'would have been at his case setting up, at the time the watchman found you sitting down.'

'Yes but I'm a gone case; and even if I were sitting down instead of setting up, I don't see what alteration you should make in the copy of the verdict.'

'You were lying down, sir.'

'Yes I had come to a period, that is a fact, and the watchman made a parenthesis of his arms to raise me up, and a note of admiration of my body, head downwards, while bringing me to this new fangled press to have a proof taken' replied the jour.

'The watchman charges you with being tipsy, sir.'

'I wet my matter too much last night that's a fact.'

'When the watchman placed you on your feet you did not stand straight—leaned in every direction, and staggered about as though you were working off the first sheet of a new grand lottery on the sidewalk.'

'I thought I was on rule and figure work; but Charley soon gave me a rap with something more than a sheep's foot, which in a manner straightened me. He well distributed the matter of my upper case, sir—threw my brain into pi.'

'I shall have to send you to the calaboose, sir, lock you up for thirty days.'

'Thirty days! What! lock up my form for thirty days! Oh! you don't mean that, sir. You have no rule for doing it. Why, sir, you might as well send me to lie in the galleys in the swamp at once—Thirty days in the calaboose! That would indeed be laying on the imposing stone. Let me go this time, Mr. Recorder: I will see and correct all errors, avoid all outs, such as the watchman discovered, in future, and present a clear and revised proof sheet of my conduct hereafter. I'll tell your honor; that watchman who handles the book so often don't always follow copy. Why he swore against me as if his oath was stereotyped—as if he knew me like a book.'

'The Recorder told this modern Faust that he was impressed with the sincerity of his determination to reform, but that unless he got some person other than himself to vouch for it, he must give him a short situation, say thirty days in the calaboose.—Pie.

PERU'S BIRD'S NEST.—We were shown a few days since, a humming bird's nest, which we cannot but pronounce one of the most ingenious and perfect specimens of architecture we ever saw. It is built of the down of the meadow flag, (well known among children in the country as 'pussy tails,') and is fastened upon a limb apart from the branches. It is quite deep and nearly circular, with a small aperture at the top. The means which the cunning bird employs to conceal it from observation, are quite worthy of a reasoning being.—The outside of the nest is perfectly covered with small pieces of moss gathered from the same limb on which the nest is built; giving the nest the appearance of a small knot or wart upon the limb. The pieces of moss are woven on by fibres of the down, which, on close examination can be seen encircling the nest in every direction, and render the exterior covering quite firm.—The nests of this cunning little bird are so artfully concealed and disguised in this manner, that they are seldom found.—*Lowell Courier.*

DR. WALCOT.—This eccentric physician called upon a bookseller in Paternoster row, to inquire after his own works. The publisher asked him to take a glass of wine, when he was presented with a cocoanut gobbet with the face of a man carved on it.

'Eh! eh!' said the Doctor, 'what have we here?'

'A man's skull,' replied the bookseller, 'a poet's for what I know.'

'Nothing more likely,' rejoined Walcot, 'for it is universally known that all booksellers drink their wine from our skulls.'

The celebrated Mrs. Billington, the vocalist, was one of Dr. W.'s intimate friends. She invited the Dr. one day to take tea with her. Peter was punctual; the tea was served; but to the Doctor's astonishment, the sugar was brought on the table in a brown paper bag.

'What the devil is all this, Mother Billington?'

'Every thing is at the pawnbroker's,' was the reply, 'and the silver sugar dish is sent to get the tea.'—*Physic and Physicians.*

FEMALE SERVANTS IN LONDON.—It appears by a statement put forth by the Female Servant's Home Society, that upwards of 107,000 women servants in London and the immediate neighborhood; of which number from 12,000 to 18,000 are always out of place or changing place.

AFFECTING, VERY!—The most soul-stirring scene we have heard of lately, took place at Detroit. The passengers had all got aboard the steamboat and it was about leaving the wharf, when an old gentleman came on board, crying out 'My son! my son! I must see him one moment.' 'Well, said the captain, 'hunt him up, quick.'

Anon he came to a great overgrown boy, of 18 or 19 years of age, and giving him a single copper snuffing like a little child, he cried out, 'Here, my son, take this, and don't forget your dadda!'

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—We heard Mr. Clay in a debate, a day or two since, upon the Loan Bill, remark that for twenty or thirty years, neither he nor his wife had owed any man a dollar. Both of them, many years gone by, had come to the conclusion, that the best principle of economy was this, 'never to get in debt. To indulge your wants when you were able to do so, and to repress them when you are not able to indulge them.' The example is not only an excellent one for itself, but comes from a high source. To repress a want is one of the wisest, safest and most necessary principles of political economy. It prevents not only the dangerous practice of living beyond the means, but encourages the safe precedent of living within them. If all who could, would live within their means, the world would be much happier and much better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble housewife gives us an example worthy of all imitation.—*N. Y. Express.*

ELEGANT.—Mr. Benton remarked in the United States Senate on Tuesday, in the course of one of his tirades against the proposed fiscal agent, that he did not value such a bank 'three skips of a louse.' The Senator from Missouri, had good authority for the phrase, viz: The learned Mrs. Montague, who, if old stories be true, once expressed the same contemptuous expression in a conversation with Fox. Upon which the wit without hesitation replied:

'Says Montague to me, and in her own house, I do not care for you three skips of a louse.'

I forgive it—for women, however well bred, Will still talk of that which runs in their head.

Fox probably did not imagine that his impromptu would apply to a grave Senator in the United States of America.

POSITIVITY.—A facetious old gentleman traveling in the interior of the state, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: 'Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of the morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amicable hospitality.' The boy not understanding a word, ran into the house saying 'Mausser, here's a Dutchman wants you.'—*New Era.*

THE FOREST AND THE INDIAN.—'The white man wars upon all that is native here,' said an old Indian. 'Upon the forest and the red men. The one he destroys with the steel; the other with the burning fire of his accursed whiskey. He has made great havoc with us both, and we shall pass away together.'

TO CURB A BURN.—A lady, in the Knoxville Register, gives the following recipe for a burn: 'Scarce a month passes away but we read or hear of some accident caused by fire. I send you the following prescription for a burn, believing that it will be generally known, much suffering might be alleviated. Take a table spoonful of lard, half a table spoonful of spirits of turpentine, and a piece of resin as big as a hickory nut, and simmer them together till melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth and laid over the burn. If immediately wanted spread it on the cloth as soon as melted—it will very soon cool. I have seen it applied after the corroding effects of chemical poisons, after a foot has been burned by boiling sugar, after severe scalds, and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry.'

Tux N. O. ORZANETZ gives the following as a specimen of the Byronic talent of a Boston boy: 'The clouds that hang in silvery folds, Along the azure sky, Show that the gods have washed their sheets, And hung them out to dry.'

The Reading Journal gives the following as a 4th July toast: 'David R. and impotent voters.—He may be an im-porter before the election, but he must be an ex-Porter after it.'

ARMS FOR FEMALES.—It is stated that in the small town of Redditch, in the county of Worcester, England, there are upwards of 70,000,000 of needles, manufactured every week!

No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of connubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, bake a loaf of bread, roast a joint of meat, broil a steak, and make a pudding.

ADVERTISING.—Here is a good idea on the subject of advertising. If a dealer has an article of which he wishes to make quick return, and consequently he is willing to sell at a small profit, he is sure to advertise it; but if he means to make a large profit off his customers, he is generally shy about it. Men and women who have their eye teeth cut will never deal at a store where they do not advertise. Remember that.

STRANGE INFATUATION.—A lady residing in Moyamensing, went raving crazy in consequence of a slight which she received at the hands of a young man scarcely of age, with whom she had fallen in love. She was between forty and fifty years of age.—*Phil. Ledger.*

TO THE FREEMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA!

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The undersigned, composing the State Central Committee of the Democratic Harrison party of Pennsylvania, feeling it to be a duty incumbent upon them, in conformity with a custom long established, that they should address you upon the subject of the next gubernatorial election, present a summary of the public affairs of the Commonwealth, so that seeing and feeling, the practical effects of the present incompetent and profligate administration, you may be induced to come up with the same determination, which secured your triumph in favor of the lamented Harrison, at the late presidential election; and which, when properly directed, is sufficient to the reformation of public abuses and the regeneration of the political affairs of the State. They invoke you to assist them, in affecting another revolution equally important and without which, the moral influence of the former, will be neutralized. They ask your patient attention, while they present to your consideration a few facts, reflections and recommendations in that calm and reasonable spirit which candor requires and truth always dictates.

In doing so, we divest ourselves of every thing like unjust prejudices. We look at those in power not as private citizens, but as public men. Referring to their acts and judging of their future course, by their past career, we turn to you as an enlightened and virtuous people. We shall neither enlarge nor disclose facts, nor in aught magnify the folly or the evil deeds of our rulers. The former is sufficiently known, and the latter sufficiently apparent; and in sorrow, rather than in anger, do we say, they have tended more effectually than any thing else to break down the credit of the Commonwealth, and rob Pennsylvania of her highest reputation—the inviolability of her faith.

Unhappily for Pennsylvania, the Executive power, is now, and for the last three years, has been vested in an individual, whose adherence to his own opinions, unmindful of the public exigencies, or the wants of the people, has never been equalled by the conduct of any former ruler. Influenced at one time by his passions, and at another, submitting himself wholly to the guidance of an unprincipled clique, he has so far compromised the dignity of his station, as to use his official influence to gratify his own cupidity, and reward a select few with the hard earnings of the farmer and mechanic, drawn from them in the shape of increased taxation. His own aggrandizement—the enrichment of his friends and the parasites that have gathered and grown up around him—the ill concealed influence which blood relationship has had in securing the most profitable contracts on the public works, at exorbitant and unreasonable prices—the open and notorious system of favoritism practiced in the allotment of contracts to others, as a proper reward for party services to the exclusion of honest men and lower bidders, simply because they could not, and would not consent to be used for his purposes—the vacillating and uncertain course which he has pursued—at one time the avowed enemy of all Banks, and at another, their most devoted friend—again, the determined advocate of an exclusively metallic currency, issuing his edicts to the Attorney General, and through him to all his subordinates, to pursue and prosecute to the utmost rigor of the law, all infractions in this particular, and again directly countenancing the emission of the smallest kind of small notes, under his own eye, by his immediate friends, in the very borough, where he resides, and in direct violation of those laws, which but a short time before he avowed his determination to see so religiously executed—Independent of all other objections conspire to render him unworthy of your support.

Influenced by an inordinate desire to secure his re-election, he has resorted to the most improper practices for effecting it. All the energies of his administration have been strained to ensure its success, and all his official power and patronage have been made subservient to this darling object of his heart. Patriotism and public opinion, of the good of the State and the welfare of the people have been alike unheeded in its pursuit. Public officers have been multiplied on the public works; for the purpose of increasing his strength. They have come upon you like the Locusts upon the Egyptians, and are now feeding and fattening upon the public treasure, without rendering any services whatever, as an equivalent. The public debt has been increased, and lavish expenditures made, without regard to the means of liquidation, or the wishes of those upon whom the burden of raising supplies must ultimately fall. Let us look at the evidence of the reality.

On the 18th day of December, 1858, the whole amount of money actually borrowed, and for the payment of which the faith of the State was pledged, was—exclusive of the sum of \$2,567,514 78 due the United States on account of surplus revenue—within a fraction of \$25,000,000.

In addition to this, there was due, and owing to contractors and others, a further sum of about \$1,000,000, and in January 1859, when David R. Porter came into office as Governor of the Commonwealth, the permanent State debt was \$21,230,000, \$100,000 less than it was in December 1855. In the meantime the public improvements