General Cass.

From the Pennsylvanian.

There is in the following sentiments expressed by Gen. Lewis Cass, in his fine speech on the Oregon question last year, not only great eloquence, but great truth and force. Since the federalists in this vicinity have adopted General Taylor as their candidate for the presidency, who is not only a southern man, but a slave-holder to boot; we hear no more about slavery and dissolution. The didatics of the Inquirer—the heroics of the North American—the forebodings of the United States Gazette—on the addition of new slave territory to the Union, are suddenly hushed! Even the New York Tribune half promises to support the old chief, and so to swallow its calumnies upon the south, and its gloomy predictions of dissolution and disaster. From this spectacle we may glean a new proof of the brazen inconsistency, and of the utter want of principle, so often exhibited by the federalists. They have presented just such a spectacle on numerous other occasions. Once a great bank was the watch-word.—Now this favorite dogma is not only forgotten, but actually opposed. A bankrupt law was then proposed, passed by a federal Congress, and repealed at the same Congress which created it. A military hero used to be their special horror, and is now their especial favorite. On the tariff they have been equally unfortunate, and will be, we predict, equally inconsistent. Who does not recollect the horrible forebodings indulged in on this subject by the whole federal press and by all the leaders? Mr. Walker's estimates and the new tariff were assailed as equally infamous and imperfect—as sure to stop every manufactory in the land. We hear nothing of all this now. The clamor has ceased, and, if silence gives consent, these partisans admit that they have been deceived and deluded themselves quite as much as they hoped to deceive and delude others. Well was it, therefore, in view of this wholesome abandonment of principle, that Mr. Morris, in a speech some evenings ago, admitted their overthrow by the opposition, unless Providence stepped forward to redeem and to save their cause!

Gen. Cass ably exposes the dissolution-of-the-Union humbug. Nowhere has it been so handsomely and effectively shown up. His satirical allusions to the croakings of federalism are exceedingly well-timed:

"It pains me, sir, to hear allusions to the destruction of this government, and to the dissolution of its confederacy. It pains me, not because they inspire me with any fear, but because we ought to have one unpronounceable word, as the Jews had of old, and that word is *dissolution*. We should reject the feeling from our hearts, and its name from our tongues. This cry of *wo, wo* to Jerusalem, grates harshly upon my ears. Our Jerusalem is neither beleaguered nor in danger. It is yet the city upon a hill, glorious in what it is, still more glorious, by the blessing of God, in what it is to be—a landmark, inviting the nations of the world, struggling upon the stormy ocean of political oppression, to follow as to a haven of safety and of rational liberty. No English Titus will enter our temple of freedom through a breach in the battlements, to bear thence the ark of our constitution and the book of our law, to take their stations in a triumphant procession in the streets of a modern Rome, as trophies of conquest and proofs of submission.

"Many a raven has croaked in my day, but the augury has failed, and the republic has marched on. Many a crisis has presented itself to the imagination of our political Cassandras, but we have still increased in political prosperity, as we have increased in years, and that, too, with an accelerated progress unknown to the history of the world.—We have a class of men, whose eyes are always upon the future, overlooking the blessings around us, to evil. Some apprehensive of course somewhere or other on this side, our millennium. To them we are the image of gold, and silver, and brass, and clay, contrariety in unity, which the first rude blow of misfortune is to strike from its pedestal.

"For my own part, I consider this the strongest government on the face of the earth for good, and the weakest for evil. Strong because supported by the public opinion of a people inferior to none of the communities of the earth in all that constitutes moral worth and useful knowledge, and who have breathed into their political system the breath of life; and who would destroy it, as they created it, if it were unworthy of them, or failed to fulfil their just expectations. And weak for evil, from this very consideration, which would make its follies and its faults the signal of its overthrow. It is the only government in existence which no revolution can subvert. It may be changed, but it provides for its own change, when the public will requires. Plots and insurrections, and the various struggles by which an oppressed population manifests its sufferings and seeks the recovery of its rights, have no place here.—We have nothing to fear but ourselves."

Yankee Boarding.—"What do you charge for board?" asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to a second rate hotel, in New York.—"What do you ask a week for board and lodgings?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! that's too much; but I s'pose you'll allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?" "Certainly—thirty-seven and a half cents each." Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time, he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not eat neither dinner nor supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of two weeks, he again walked up to the bar, and said, "s'pose we settle that account,—I am going in a few minutes." The landlord handed him his bill—"Two weeks' board, at $5—$10." "Here, stranger," said the Yankee, "this bill is wrong—you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the time I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, 2 meals per day—28 meals at 37½ cents each—$10 50. If you've not got the fifty cents change that's due me, *I'll take a drink and the balance in cigars!*"

A Philadelphia Father.—An awful occurrence took place at a small tavern in Philadelphia on Wednesday. A father had bet five dollars that his son, a mere lad, could drink three bottles of porter. The bet was taken by some unfeeling wretch, and the poison was poured out for the little boy. In obedience too the stern command of his father, he drank two bottles, but found it impossible to finish the third. He was now in an almost helpless state of intoxication, when his father, becoming enraged with his non-compliance with his wishes, seized the remaining one, and *thrusting the neck of the bottle into the child's mouth, actually poured it down his throat!* Is it not too horrible for contemplation? The father had won his five dollars, and now, both being wildly and frantically drunk, they started for home, reeling and and falling at every step. The poor lad cut himself frightfully. When they reached home, it was necessary to send for a physician, who, for a while despaired of the recovery of the child. These are the facts as related to us. It is a long time since we have read of anything so revolting.—*True Sun.*

An Incident of the Battle.—On the morning of the 24th, near sunrise, a most amusing little incident occurred. Generals Taylor and Wool were in conversation, when Maj. Mansfield rode up to them, and announced the retreat of the Mexican army. "What did I tell you?" exclaimed old Zack. Gen. Wool advanced to him, and threw his arms round his neck to embrace him. Taylor threw his arms around Wool's waist, and tossed him in the air like a child. General Wool looked relieved when he reached the ground, and turning around said to me, "Colonel, collect the men here and give three cheers," which we did, multiplied by three, with as right good will as ever we did any thing in our lives.—*Cor. St. Louis Repub.*

FROM MEXICO.

Battle of Cerro Gordo.

Santa Anna again Defeated in a pitched Battle, by Gen. Scott—Six Thousand Mexicans taken prisoners—Five Hundred Americans Killed and Wounded—Gen. La Vega again a Prisoner.

Daily Picayune, Extra,
Friday Evening, April 30—5 o'clock.

By the steamship M'Kim, Capt. Pillsbury, which left Vera Cruz on the 20th inst., we have glorious news from the scene of action.

On the afternoon of the 17th the advance under Gen Twiggs encountered the enemy, when a severe but indecisive conflict ensued. As the general orders below show that it was Gen. Scott's intention to give battle only on the 18th, it may be that this engagement was brought on by the Mexicans. The main battle occurred on the 18th, and resulted in the complete triumph of the American arms.

Santa Anna made his escape after his army was routed. Gen. La Vega is again among the prisoners. Besides him there were five generals taken, and a long list of colonels and subordinate officers. We give below a list of such officers as are coming to this place. They were to leave Vera Cruz about the 25th.

Plan del Rio, April 17— 1 A. M.

The Division of Gen. Twiggs started two hours since, and a heavy cannonade has already commenced upon his line from the farthest of the Mexican works. At intervals, the rattling of small arms can be heard distinctly from the dragoon camp where I am writing this.

I am going out with Col's. Duncan and Bolman, and Capt. Pemberton, to the seat of action, and will return here at night to report the progress of the fight. It was not intended, I believe, that Gen. Twiggs should open the field to-day, at least to bring on a general action, and it is therefore presumable that the Mexicans have opened upon him.

I write in great haste. G. W. K.

Five, P. M.—I have just returned from the scene of conflict, and a bloody one it has been, considering the number engaged. A hill this side of the farthest Mexican work, on which there was no one seen last evening, was found occupied by the enemy's light troops this morning, and to force it was deemed indispensable. For this purpose the rifles under Major Sumner, besides detachments of artillery and infantry, were ordered to charge up the rugged ascent. This they did in gallant style, driving the Mexicans, after a resistance which may be put down as most obstinate. Great numbers of the chemy were killed, while on our side the loss was also severe. Major Sumner was shot in the head by a musket ball—severely but not mortally wounded. Lieuts. Maury and Gibbs, of the rifles, were also wounded, but not severely, as was also Lieut. Jarvis of the 2d infantry.

I could not learn that any of our officers were killed. The entire loss on our side, in killed and wounded, is estimated at about one hundred; but from the nature of the ground—broken, covered with brush and thick chaparral, and extremely uneven—it is impossible to tell with accuracy. Nor can I, at this time, give even the names of the officers who were immediately engaged.

About 3 o'clock the enemy made a demonstration from the fort on the neighboring height to the one our men had captured, as if with the intention of retaking it; but it all ended in marching down the hill, blowing a most terrific charge on their approach, and a few shots and then retiring. Their appearance as they came down the slope was certainly imposing. The cannon on the height meanwhile kept up a continuous fire on Gen. Twiggs's line, yet doing little execution other than cutting down the trees and brush. As we returned to camp the fire still continued—the enemy had evidently ascertained the position of the road, which had just been cut, with accuracy, but their balls principally went over.

Gen. Shields at 3 o'clock, was ordered to support Gen. Twiggs, with three regiments of volunteers—two from Illinois under Cols. Baker and Barnett. They will have warm work to-morrow if the Mexicans stand up as they did to-day.

There has been not a little skirmishing to-day between the forage and beef parties, sent out in the rear, and the rancheros. One Illinois man was killed and one of the same regiment and a Tennessean wounded. I could not learn their names. G. W. K.

Camp near Plan del Rio,
April 18, 1 o'clock, P. M.

The American arms have achieved another most brilliant victory. Outnumbering General Scott's force materially, and occupying positions which seemed impregnable as Gibraltar, one after another of their works has been taken to-day, five generals, colonels enough to command ten such armies as ours, and other officers innumerable, have been taken prisoners, together with six thousand men, and the rest of their army driven and routed with the loss of everything—amunition, cannon, baggage train—all. Nothing but the impossibility of finding a road for the dragoons to the rear of the enemy's works saved any part of Santa Anna's grand army, including his own illustrious person.

Among the prisoners is our old friend La Vega, who fought with his accustomed gallantry. The other Generals are Jose Maria Jarona, Luis Pinson, Manuel Uorigs, and Jose Obando. The names of the colonels I have not been able to gather. Nothing saved Santa Anna but the want of dragoons on the other side of their line.

As it is, his traveling coach, with all his papers, valuables, and even his *wooden leg*, had fallen into our hands, together with all the money of his army. No one anticipated, when they arose from their hard bivouac this morning, such a complete victory.

I write in great haste, and have no time for particulars. The names of the killed and wounded I will ascertain as soon as possible. I think that five hundred will cover our entire loss. Had it not been for the positive cowardice of Santa Anna and Canalizo, who ran before the battle—at least in brave men's hands—was half lost, it would have been far greater. No one at present can estimate the loss of the Mexicans—they are scattered on the hills, in the roads, every where.

The loss on both sides has been heavy—how could it have been otherwise? The rough and rocky road cut through rugged defiles and dense chapparal is now lined with our wounded. The rifles, Col. Haskell's Tennessee volunteers, the 1st artilery, the 7th infantry, and Capt. Williams's company of Kentucky volunteers, have perhaps suffered most. Gen. Shields was severely, and I am fearful, mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his brigade to storm one of the enemy's farthest works. Gen. Pillow was also wounded, although slightly, while storming a fortification on this side, commanded by La Vega.—All the field officers of Col. Haskell's regiment were wounded at the same time, save himself.

Of the rifles, Capt Mason has lost a leg, Lieut. Ewell has ben badly wounded, Lieut. McLane, slightly. I have already mentioned the gallant Major Sumner, and other officers wounded yesterday. I have specified some regiments above which signalized themselves. It happened to be their good fortune, in the disposition of the battle, to fall upon what all good soldiers may term pleasant places—the most difficult works to storm—and bravely and without faltering did they execute the perilous duties assigned to them.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon Gen. Twiggs, whose division has been in the hardest of it, was pursuing the flying enemy towards Jalapa. Pierson, who commanded the forts nearest Plan del Rio, asked of Gen. Worth time to consider before he capitulated. Desirous to come to terms, Gen. Worth gave him fifteen minutes, and he surrendered unconditionally. Had he not done so, the slaughter would have been terrible. What disposition Gen. Scott is to make of the prisoners is not yet known. He may set them all at liberty on their paroles, from the difficulty of feeding them, and to accelerate his own advance movements. We shall hear by to-morrow. I wish he could send the officers at least to the United States, for there is a fine string of them.

It is now impossible to name the officers who have distinguished themselves. I cannot, however, omit to mention Cols. Harney, Riley and Childs, of the regulars; Cols. Baker, Foreman and Haskell, of the volunteers, as every one is talking of them.

I write in great haste, and with noise, confusion, and every thing else around me. You cannot appreciate the victory. To describe the ground and fortifications of the enemy, the difficulty of turning their outer works, and the toil and peril undergone by the troops, were impossible.

No time to say another word. I send this off by an express. It is Gen. Scott's intention, I know, to push on to the city of Mexico, with all haste. Yours, G. W. K.

Camp at Plan del Rio, April 19.

The route of the Mexicans last evening was total—complete. They were pursued within four miles of Jalapa by Gen. Twiggs, at which point there were none to follow.—Santa Anna himself, instead of entombing himself as he threatened, escaped by cutting the saddle mule of his team from the harness of his magnificent coach, mounting him and then taking to the chapparal. His service of massive silver, nearly all his papers, his money—everything in his carriage, even his dinner was captured. I have a capital story to tell about this dinner when I have a moment to spare.

The Mexican loss upon the heights was awful—the ground in places is covered with the dead! Among the bodies found was that of Gen. Vasquez, and near him was Col. Palacio, mortally wounded. Their loss in the retreat was terribly severe. Every by-path was strewn with the dead. Had our dragoons been enabled to reach them in season all would have been killed—Santa Anna among them. Canalizo, with his noted lancers, had the prudence to *vamos* early.

Even up to this time it is impossible to give anything like a full and correct list of our wounded officers; it is surprising that many of them were not killed. Lieut. Derby, a gallant young officer of the topograghical engineers, was badly but not mortally wounded while storming one of the heights.

Lieut. Ewell, of the rifles, is supposed to be mortally wounded. This regiment has suffered terribly. Lieut. Dana, of the 7th infantry, was badly wounded; Capt. Patton, of the 2d, slightly; Lieut. Davis, of the rifles, was very badly wounded in the hip. Major Sumner, of the dragoons, but commanding rifles, is improving. The list of killed and wounded officers in Col. Haskell's command yesterday, I have been able to obtain. It should here be stated that Capt. Williams' company of Kentucky and Capt. Charles Naylor's company, of Pennsylvania volunteers were attached temporarily to this regiment.—Here is the list:

Killed—1st Lieut. Fred. B. Nelson, commanding company; 2d Lieut. C. C. Gill, commanding E. Both these officers were from Memphis.

Wounded—Lieut. Col. D. H. Cummings, slightly; Major Robert Farquharson, of the 1st Texas volunteers, (assigned to this regiment for the day,) severely; 1st Lieut. Wiley P. Yearwood —[illegible], slightly; Capt. A. H. Murray, severely; 2d Lieut. George T. Sutherland, Kentucky volunteers, severely.

The regiment when in action, numbered less than 400 men, and its loss was 79 killed and wounded.

La Vega was in command of the Cerro Gordo on the first day of the fight, but a deserter from our dragoons, a German, going into their camp at night, and informing them that the main attack was to be on the right of their line—the work so fiercely attacked by Gen. Pillow, he changed places with Gen. Vasquez. The latter, as I have already said, was killed—La Vega defending his post until the lines of the enemy were completely turned.—Several Mexican colonels have been killed, but their names I have been unable to learn. A brother of Gen. La Vega, a colonel of artillery, was severely, and, as is supposed, mortally, wounded.

Hundreds of cases of individual gallantry, in storming the different heights, are mentioned. Col. Childs led on his command on the first day until he had only some forty or fifty men with him. It is also said that Capt. Magruder followed up a charge until he had but nine soldiers left. I cannot now recollect one-tenth part of the instances of almost reckless daring displayed, but shall endeavor to pick them up.—I shall also send you on a full return of the killed and wounded if I can obtain it, but at present it is almost impossible to get hold of anything. The wounded are still along the roads for miles, although they are bringing them in as fast as possible.

The army is to advance towards Mexico immediately. Gen. Worth's division marched this morning—General Scott is to march at noon. Santa Anna's coach is to be harnessed up for the purpose of carrying on Major Sumner—better use than it was ever put to before.

The officers and men of the Mexican army—I mean such as are prisoners—are to be turned loose on their parole not again to take up arms during the war. Perhaps it is the best disposition that could be made of them, as any other course would delay Gen. Scott's forward movement. Fifteen of their officers have refused to sign, but have given their parole of honor to report themselves, without delay, to Col. Wilson at Vera Cruz, as prisoners of war.

Among these are Gens. La Vega and Jaico the latter Governor of Perote during the time the Texan prisoners were there, and I believe distinguished for his good treatment of them. These officers will either be kept in the Castle of San Juan de Ullon, or else proceed to the United States.

Gen. Shieles is still alive, but it is considered impossible for him to survive. The ball went through his lungs as he was leading his men to storm the farthest works of the enemy.

I write this amid confusion of all kinds, and with no other table than my knees. A hundred Mexican officers are around me making out their paroles, while our own dead are being carried by and consigned to their long resting place by the road-side.

I shall start on for Jalapa this afternoon and will write by every opportunity. I send you some Mexican papers, as also Santa Anna's last proclamation. It is rich. G. W. K.

P. S.—I have just learned that there is some hopes yet for General Shields. God grant he may live.

Col. Baker, who charged on the last fort, lost forty-five men in killed and wounded out of only a portion of his regiment. Lieut. Cowardin, killed; Lieut. Murphy supposed to be mortally wounded; Lieut. Johnson wounded in three places, and thigh amputated; Lieuts. Scott, Froman, and Maltby, wounded. G. W. K.

Hospitality.—This is a distinguished virtue—but men's notions do not agree.—Mr. Corwin's notion was full of slaughter and the sepulchre—a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves. Santa Anna is not quite so ferocious—he sends Gen. Taylor word that he don't want to cut him to cut him to pieces, and invites him to surrender. How comes it that the Mexican here is so much more bloody minded than the Mexican there?

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE BATTLE.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Philadelphia, May 9—9 o'clock, P. M.

The Union of Saturday night, has Gen. Scott's official dispatches, giving an account of the battle of Cerro Gordo. The accounts previously received and which we publish in detail in our paper to-day, are confirmed generally, though not in all particulars.

The American army took 3,000 prisoners, besides the officers.

Santa Anna, and 7,000 troops, succeeded in making their escape.

Our loss in killed and wounded, is estimated at 200.

The Mexican loss was 350, which was increased by the pursuit, as many fell while retreating.

All the prisoners have been discharged upon their parole.

No opposition is expected from the Mexicans at any point this side of Perote.

LATER!

Philadelphia, 10 o'clock, P. M.

Senor Amaga has been elected President of Mexico, over Almonte.

The office of Vice President has been abolished, to upset the schemes of Gomez Farias.

They are fortifying the city of Mexico.

Amaga breathes war to the knife. He is popular.

Some urge a resort to the guerilla mode of warfare.

It is rumored here that Santa Anna has been captured. This is doubtful.

Letters have been received from the Brazos, but they contain no news.

THE PENNSYLVNIA VOLUNTEERS.

Generals Patterson and Smith were both confined to their beds by sickness, and were unable to go into the fights with their commands.

The following is a list of the Pennsylvanians who suffered. Both the 1st and 2d regments, it will be inferred, were in the engagements.

Wounded—John Lambert, —— Lindsay of the 1st reg.

Jacob Simons, mortally, Edward Cross, Tho. Harm, John Chambers, all of the Philadelphia Rangers.

James Shaw, Abraham Rowland, William Wilhelm, and Frederick Somers, of the 2d regiment.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

F. R. Shunk, the present Governor of Pennsylvania, is one of the innumerable instances, in which men of obscure origin have raised themselves by talent and good conduct, to the highest station in society.—The father of Governor Shunk kept a toll-gate in Montgomery County, Pa., where Francis, a mere boy, fell under the notice of *N. B. Boileau*, a well-known politician of that day, who resided there. The mingled modesty and vivacity of the youth won so much on Boileau, that he urged the father, who only consented upon repeated importunity, to let the youth accompany him to Harrisburg, where he was about to remove, having received the appointment from Governor Snyder of Secretary of the Commonwealth. He had ascertained that Francis wrote a good hand, and promised that he would get him a clerkship in some of the public offices. This was in 1808. In the course of a few years, Shunk was transferred into the Hall of the Legislature, at first as transcribing clerk, then as assistant clerk to the House of Representatives, and at a latter date, placed at the head of the Land Office, and finally appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In all these responsible posts, he sustained so high a reputation, as to suggest his name in 1844, to the Democratic convention as a candidate for the party, to the office of Governor of the State.

Gov. Shunk married in 1823, a daughter of Gov. Findlay, the one having just vacated the chair of State, and the other not yet having reached it. The match was opposed by Mrs. F., who did not approve of grafting the Dutch stock upon the Scotch Irish. The Governor on the contrary, who had discovered the worth of the young man, said the girl had done very well, and was likely as to become a Governor's lady as herself; as proved afterwards to be the fact. The wedding went off in great state, with more invited guests than had hitherto attended one in Harrisburg. The bridegroom was dark complexioned black hair and keen black eyes, and standing in his shoes six feet two inches high. The bride was proportionally tall for a woman, but contrasting strikingly and oddly with her partner, as she stood up with her fairness of skin, clear blue eyes, and auburn hair.—My informant was one of those present, and remarked the general notice of the contrast. Shunk is a fine specimen of the Pennsylvania German race. With a good figure and intellectual features, of great simplicity and integrity of character, and of blended courtesy and dignity of manners.—*Cist's Cin. Adv.*

[One or two slight inaccuracies will be found in the foregoing, but not more than any person not a resident of Pennsylvania would be likely to make.]

Singular Accident.—A singular and serious accident occurred last week at Cincinnati. In company with a gentleman in a buggy a young lady was returning to the city from a country jaunt. Her long dress, flying over the side of the vehicle, caught in the splinters of a broken felloe of the hind wheel, and dragged her violently out upon the pavement. In the fall her skull was fractured and her recovery is doubtful.

It is a wonder that such accidents do not more frequently happen, seeing the heedless manner in which ladies, (not realizing the danger of the practice) suffer their garments to hang loosely from gigs, carioles, or any sort of carriage which is partly open. We have often, by observing carriages pass our own streets, shuddered at the reflection that a light breath of wind wafting the folds of a shawl or mantle, or the train of a gown over the wheel of a vehicle a lady is riding in, might lead to the most frightful accident—just such as that above described.—*National Intelligencer.*

Value of Land on the Rio Grande.—We are informed that there are a number of persons turning their attention to the acquisition of lands on the Rio Grande, above and below this place, and their value has not escaped the attention of the Texan authorities. We learn, on the authority of a letter from Corpus Christi to a gentleman here, that the State of Texas has commenced a suit in the District Court of Nueces county, for the purpose of declaring null the pretended title to the original grantees of Point Isabel and the surrounding country. What the merits of the controversy are, we are not informed, but there is no doubt as to the fact. We understand some wealthy and influential parties in this place have an interest in the question.—This case will probably be followed by others and the validity of Mexican grants on the Texas side of the river fully tested.—*Flag.*

Return of Volunteers.—We learn from the Genius of Liberty of the 29th ult., that Capt. S. S. Austin returned home on Saturday last, from Vera Cruz. Yesterday evening, Lieut. Stewart Speers, and Mr, B. F. Frey, of Company H., Fayette County Volunteers, also reached their home, as did Col. Thomas R. Davidson. The latter gentleman left Vera Cruz on the 6th inst. Lieutenant Speers' severe wound in the hand, from his revolver, rendered him unfit for duty, and he was discharged. He would have preferred a short furlough, but the Surgeon, knowing that his wound would not heal in that climate so as to enable him to proceed with his company, it was refused and he was discharged. Mr. Frey is in a like condition. The musket ball he received in his shoulder made his discharge unavoidable.

THE OBSERVER.

"The World is Governed too Much."

ERIE, PA.

Saturday Morning, May 15, 1847.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

FR'S. R. SHUNK.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

MORRIS LONGSTRETH.

☞ The news of the great battle of Cerro Gordo will be found in detail in the out and inside of to-day's paper.

☞ We call attention to the article in another column, from the Pennsylvanian, headed "Gen. Cass."

☞ We understand that Murray Whallon, Esq. Commercial Exchange, has been appointed by the Governors of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, Commissioner to take acknowledgement of deeds &c. &c. for their respective States.

☞ The body of Frederick Reidel, who was convicted of the murder of his wife in Pittsburgh, and afterwards committed suicide in Prison, was brought to this place a few days since by his brother, and buried about six miles from town, near the residence of his brother-in-law, and not, as has been reported, in the Lutherian burying ground.

All the Decency.

We learn that W. J. Graves has graciously consented to allow the people of Kentucky to elect him Governor. This is the Graves who immortalized his name by murdering the lamented Cilley, because he would not admit that J. W Webb was a gentleman.

Mum is the Word.

The Gazette has n't a word to say about Gen. Scott's proclamation, in which he asserts that the war has been "brought about" by Mexico herself, and not by our Government, as they have heretofore asserted. Not a word—they are as whist as a mouse in a rat trap! Not a word, either, about that vote of Gen. Irvin to tax tea and coffee, although it has not been long since they were very fast to have us retract the charge, and offered to furnish the documents to prove it incorrect. Mum appears to be the word with them now!

A Lucky Chap.

The editor of the "Jeffersonian," Clarksville, Tenn, is a lucky chap. In his last he acknowledges the receipt of a beautiful bouquet, from a lady, and his sheet also bears evidence of his talents and energy being equally as well appreciated by the democracy of his district—it is considerably enlarged and otherwise improved.

☞ The Louisville Courier, a Native paper, with the name of Gen. Taylor flying at its mast head, for President, "subject to the decision of the people in 1848," says it is evident the General will be opposed by "Northern Abolition Fanatics" and the Democrats. We should be pleased to learn how he is to be elected if the parties indicated oppose him. Perhaps the Courier's coadjutor, the Commercial, can answer?

Late News.

The last Chronicle contained an editorial giving the *late* and important news, that the President had called upon Gov. Shunk for two companies of volunteers to serve during the war. The same information was given in the other three papers [illegible] said volunteers had been accepted, and were probably on their road to Mexico, when our sleepy neighbor woke up.

"Our Flag is Still There."

Not as Daniel Webster said in Baltimore one Sabbath day in 1840, in a political speech, "Every breeze whispers change," but every flash of the Telegraph from the South shouts and re-echoes the glorious cry of "Victory!" "Victory!" Scarcely do we record one brilliant achievement of our Army, ere another more brilliant, if it can be, more glorious and decisive still, comes on the swift winged lightning to eclipse it. The shouts of the people over the unparalleled victory of Taylor and his little army at Buena Vista, and the well matured and gallantly executed bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz by Scott and his compatriots in arms, had hardly died away, ere the cheering shout from the mountain pass of Cerro Gordo proclaimed another triumph of the stripes and stars, another victory over the enemies and insulters of our flag, and another point gained toward the ultimate investment and capture of the capital of Mexico. This latter alternative, we trust, however, will not be necessary—although the supercilious obstinacy and self glorifying pride of the leaders of the Mexican nation would seem to render peace under any other circumstance problematical. But still we have hopes that these leaders will now see, as the world already does, that peace with the United States upon fair and honorable terms is far preferable to war—that they cannot, even upon their own soil, cope with the hardy soldiers of the North—soldiers that do not fight because they are compelled to, but as it has been not inaptly said, "just for the fun of the thing!" But one year has now passed since the first gun was fired and the first blood spilled on the plains of Palo Alto, and Resaca, and yet the war has been pushed with such energy that at least one half of the whole territory of Mexico is in our undisputed possession. From an army of a little over seven thousand men, scattered in detached bodies along our frontiers, we have increased it to at least thirty thousand, and could have as easily ten hundred—have concentrated it upon Mexican soil, even on the western side of the continent. These results are admirably summed up, in the following from the New York Herald:

"1. The conquest and occupation of the Departments of Tamaulipas, New Leon, and Coahuila, by Gen. Taylor, with four most signal and brilliant victories.

2. The occupation of New Mexico by General Kearney, with several little battles, equally decisive and against equal odds of the enemy.

3. The occupation of California, with various military enterprises, more like the fictions of romance than the sober facts of history.

4. The march of Gen. Wool, of seven hundred miles, through the enemy's country, and his admirable junction with Taylor at Buena Vista.

5. The splendid and perfect investment of Vera Cruz and the Castle, and their unconditional capitulation, acquired with a loss of men unparalleled in its smallness in the history of sieges of walled towns and impregnable castles."

To this we can now add the achievement of Cerro Gordo, the possession of the country as far as Jalapa by Scott, and the capture of Chihuahua, by the brave Missourians under the gallant Col. Doniphan. And yet these great achievements have been accomplished by an Administration which is daily accused of being inefficient and incompetent, by the whig party. The Administration has controlled and directed our army and navy in accomplishing all this, and yet we are daily told by the whigs that the President and his cabinet are incompetent for the crisis. Surely they must count upon the gross ignorance and credulity of their readers, or they never would have the effrontery to put forth such an absurd and false accusation.

☞ Miss Ann Williams, of Crawford county, Ohio, lately obtained a verdict of $400 against Josiah S. Plants, for a breach of marriage contract. A pretty good yield that, for the cultivation of one *Maid.*

A TEXT WITH A CONTEXT.

Or the way the Federalists "lend a helping hand in carrying on" the War.

Some few weeks since (April 22) the Gazette, in speaking of the present war with Mexico, made use of the following language:

"It is true that the Whigs ever have, and now do, disapprove of the *incipient* causes of the present war; but, it is not true, that they have declined to aid in its prosecution, and the triumph of American arms. They believed, and now believe, the war could have been avoided without any sacrifice of national honor and dignity; but, once engaged in it, they have conceived it an imperative duty to lend a helping hand in carrying it on and bringing it to a speedy close."

This is our text, and we wish the reader to mark it, and note with what cool effrontery, with what easy impudence, the writer puts forth as facts, what the veriest dolt in christendom ought to know is not true. By "incipient causes" we presume the Gazette means to be understood, the annexation of Texas, and the consequent assertion and maintenance of our boundary to the Rio Grande. If so, the entire evidence of all its friends, is directly against it. Of this, the language used in the proclamation of Gen. Scott, given in our last, is probably sufficient for the present.—The General says: "Mexicans!—Americans are not your enemies; but the enemies for a time of the men who, a year ago, misgoverned you and BROUGHT ABOUT this unnatural war between two great republics." Added to this, we have the assertion of Henry Clay himself—the immaculate "embodyment of whigery," as our neighbors delighted to call him a few months ago—that it is a just war, waged to "redress the wrongs of our country," and that he too would, if it were not for his age, ask for some post where he might "slay a Mexican." Gen. Taylor, too, advised and urged upon the Secretary of War, the propriety, not to say absolute necessity, of the army under his command marching and taking possession of the Rio Grande—of planting our battering batteries opposite the Mexican city of Matamoros, against which so much federal indignation has been expended, and so much abuse heaped upon the Administration of President Polk. What then becomes of this pharisaical cant about the "incipient causes of the present war"? General Scott, upon whose back the original military glorifying portion of the party thought to ride into power, is against it, emphatically without the least reservation! Henry Clay, the idol of the man and money worshipping portion, contradicts it. And lastly, Gen. Taylor, upon the back of whose hard earned fame, the *rancheros* of the party now hope to rise from depredating upon the coffers and garbage of *private* corporations, to the picking of fat offices in the gift of the General Government, stands officially in a contradictory attitude!

"But," says the Gazette, "it is not true that they (the whigs) have declined to aid in its (the war's) prosecution." Let us examine this confident assertion one moment, and see whether our neighbor is not disposed to impose upon the credulity of his readers. We commence with the State of Massachusetts, the most orthodox whig, or federal State, in the Union. When called upon to raise a regiment of volunteers to "aid in its (the war's) prosecution, and the triumph of American arms," we find her lagging behind until one of her most worthy sons, and choice spirits of the age, Gen. Cushing, becoming disgusted with the "moral treason" of the chief magistrate of his native state, abandoned the ease and pleasures of professional and literary pursuits, resigned his seat in the legislature, and throwing his personal popularity, influence and name into the scale, raised the required quota of men. He was elected Colonel of the Regiment by acclamation. In the mean time, however, he called upon the legislature to appropriate money for the equipment and maintenance of the volunteers until mustered into the service. But that body "*refused*" to aid in its (the war's) prosecution" by appropriating money for any such purpose, and private contributions had to be resorted to, to enable the regiment to hold together until inspected. Do our neighbors call this aiding in the prosecution of the war? Remember this is no individual act, but the deliberate voice of the party of the State of Massachusetts, speaking through representatives duly chosen and elected by the people. But the opposition of the federal party in Massachusetts to the war did not stop here. No, not content with having refused to grant a temporary supply in aid of the volunteers, a regiment raised in her own name, and by authority of the Governor—the Commander in Chief—and forcing them to leave the State without one dollar of its "aid and comfort," they passed a series of resolutions just before the adjournment of the legislature, a copy of which we gave in our last, in which they denounce the Mexican war as unconstitutionally declared by our government—as having its primary source in the unconstitutional annexation of Texas—as being provoked and produced on our part by the occupation of Mexican territory—as now waged by a powerful nation against a weak neighbor, unnecessarily and without just cause, &c., for the dismemberment of Mexico, and the conquest of a portion of her territory, for the triple object of extending slavery, of strengthening the "slave power," and of obtaining the control of the free states—in short, that all good citizens should unite in arresting the war, and compelling our country "to retire from the *position of aggression* which it now occupies towards a weak, distracted neighbor, and sister republic."

Now, has not this proceeding on the part of the federalists of Massachusetts been responded to by their political associates all over the Union? Look at the factious opposition to all bills for raising men and means to carry on the war, in Congress. Mr. Senator Corwin, for, and as the representative of the federal whig party in the great State of Ohio, exclaimed in his place on the floor of the Senate: "You must call your army back! You must, unless you are willing to be thought a robber—an invader of your neighbor—you must recall that army! Retrace your steps!—and if your President asks of me men and money to prosecute the war, with God's assistance and my own poor faculties, he shall have neither men nor money to prosecute any such purpose." Again: "He (the President) shall have no funds from me in the prosecution of such a war. I have no way left but to withhold the means to carry on the war."—These emphatic declarations, together with many others of kindred sentiment with which that speech abounded, was welcomed with a hozza by the whig press throughout the entire Union—and among them, by none more so than both our neighbors up street. The Gazette even took upon itself the championship of the Honorable Senator and his speech, and called us to account for daring to question the patriotism and correctness of the sentiments therein expressed, by classing their author among the Arnolds and Judases of the world.—Perhaps they will tell us that this is lending "a helping hand in carrying it (the war) on, and bringing it to a speedy close!" We say, perhaps they will—but really it appears to us the very opposite. We have examined it in all its bearings—the spontaneous outbursts of approval of the course of the State of Massachusetts, the loud hazzas which greeted the treasonable and libelious speech of the Ohio Senator, the factious proceedings of the minority in Congress, the constant abuse and condemnation of the war and the Administration which has been weekly and hourly poured forth from their party presses, and we can see nothing in it all to justify our neighbor, at this late day, in claiming for his party the position he does in our quoted text. That there are many individual whigs who have nobly and gloriously sustained the war, both at home and before the walls of Monterey and Vera Cruz, and on the bloody fields of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, we do not—we have ever awarded to them the praise to patriotism and courage, and we ever shall—as the acts and private opinions of isolated individuals cannot commit a party or community to a set of principles or acts, we protest against justice and equity of the whig party falling upon the fame and patriotism of a Clay, a Harney, a Baker, or even a Taylor, when every act, movement and vote of the party in Congress, in State Legislatures, where they have had decided majorities, and in the public press, (until within the last month) proves incontestibly that the general whig party "have declined to aid in its (the war's) prosecution, and the triumph of American Arms."

Gov. Francis R Shunk.

In another column will be found a brief sketch of the present incorruptible and patriotic Chief Magistrate of the Keystone State. Coming as it does from a paper in a neighboring State, unrameled by party influences and prejudices, it possesses peculiar force. It exhibits the life of Francis R. Shunk in a light peculiarly worthy of the consideration of the rising generation, and among her eloquent and beautiful commentary on the advantages and excellence of our free institutions. From a poor boy he has rose step by step until now he is confessedly one of the best, not to say most popular, Executives in our family of States. Who would have thought when he first made his appearance in Harrisburg in 1808, a stripling boy, that in him Pennsylvania would, at a future day, find one of her best and purest Governors—one who would play so conspicuous a part in redeeming her credit, and re-establishing her financial prosperity. But so it is—with industry, perseverance, integrity and talent, in our free country, the poor and obscure youth of to day may become a Governor or President at some future time. Upon the career of such men we love to dwell—they are the light of the age—in them we are sure to find, when combined with sterling integrity of purpose, the most ardent and zealous supporters of popular rights and the people's interests. In this respect Francis R. Shunk stands pre eminent, without a superior. Coming from the people he knows their wants—mingling all his days with the hardy tillers of the soil, sympathising in all their cares, hopes and feelings, he is deeply imbued with their worth, and can appreciate their political honesty and far reaching patriotism. He is emphatically the man of the people, and his administration may justly be looked upon as one of the most thorough democratic as well as prosperous since the days of Simon Snyder.