American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

KEEP COOL.

BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

Is a lion in the way?
Keep cool;
Tell him you respect his pride,
But, that you may go ahead,
He must please to stand aside.
Keep cool.

Does he rouse and show his teeth?
Keep cool;
Tell him you enjoy the laugh;
Give a single lightning glance,
And he'll dwindle to a calf.
Keep cool.

Are you hampered by the blues?
Keep cool;
When you find your conscience clean,
With your hands and brains at work,
Not a devil will be seen.
Keep cool.

Has a Shylock left you thin?
Keep cool;
He's the loser—don't despair;
Now that your eye teeth are through,
Keep your temper; grin and bear.
Keep cool.

Does a villain slander you?
Keep cool;
He can never hit his mark,
Since his nature is so mean,
Let the snarling puppy bark.
Keep cool.

Should the Prince of Serpents hiss,
Keep cool;
Show him truth's old honest whip;
When he sees you bold and firm,
You will find that off he'll slip.
Keep cool.

Can't you stand upon your sense?
Keep cool;
Queer that you should think you can!
Prudent people fathom sense
With a golden plummet, man!
Keep cool.

Cannot you reform the world?
Keep cool;
Only one thing you can do—
Give a brave heart to the work;
Heaven wants no more of you.
Keep cool.

Let things jostle as they will,
Keep cool;
Seize the truth with heart and hand—
He that rules well himself,
Can the universe withstand.
Keep cool.

Miscellaneous.

THE SURPRISE.

An Incident of the Mexican War.

BY MATTAWANNAH.

It was on the 3d of June, 1847, that Col. McIntosh left Vera Cruz for the main army then at Puebla, with a train carrying a large amount of funds in gold and silver for the use of the pay, subsistence, and Quartermaster's Departments. He had not penetrated into the interior more than fifteen miles, when he met with a most determined resistance. He immediately apprised Gen. Cadwallader, then at Vera Cruz, of his position, and the necessity of reinforcements. On the 10th of June, that General, with a force of five hundred men, came to the assistance of McIntosh at "Puente de los Vegas," where he assumed the command, and at noon on the 11th took up the line of march for "Puenta Nacional" or the National bridge, five and a half miles distant, where he designed encamping for the night. It was becoming dark when the vanguard arrived at the east end of the bridge, and it was about 11 o'clock, P. M., when the rear guard passed over. During these three or four hours, our brave troops were receiving the fire of their murderous assailants without permission to return it. This was a severe test for our new troops. The details of this dreadful and bloody night have never yet been placed before the public. I shall not attempt to record its horrors. I merely give an account of the following singular incident:

A little after midnight, when all was quiet as death, save the moaning of the wounded and the heavy breathing of the toil worn soldier, a single shot was heard. The report came from the direction of the picket on the bridge and appeared to proceed from a distance beyond it, and to the right of the fork overlooking the bridge, and the circuitous road approaching it. All who have been in actual service in a campaign will at once imagine the excitement of the alarm. A shot fired near a camp, especially where the enemy is known to be in the vicinity, is always a signal for the troops to jump to their feet, and the companies or regiments to form in line, and "stand at ease," waiting the report of the officer of the guard, whose duty it is to ascertain the cause of alarm. This was ordinarily the case during the campaign in Mexico, but the present was extraordinary in the highest degree. We were, in a measure encompassed on all sides by a ruthless foe. They had bitter revenge to seek, and their thirst for gold was strongly tempted. Here were two strong and marked characteristics of the Mexican made keenly active, impelling our enemy to put forth more than his usual pertinacity of purpose.

They had already spread havoc in our ranks. Some of our brave comrades lay dead near us, and others were suffering severely from mortal and severe wounds. Our troops, too, thirsted for vengeance, but there was little prospect of that strong feeling being gratified. The inaccessible "chapparal," its thorny thickets and rocky fortresses, were at this time sufficient barriers to protect them from the American rifle. Scarcely had the sound reverberated among the lofty mountain knobs and died away in the distance, ere our gallant fellows were in the ranks, awaiting the summons to meet the foe, or to return to their stone paved couches. An electric shock would not have brought them to their feet sooner than the supposed discharge of a Mexican "escopet." Being on duty I proceeded to ascertain the cause of the alarm. I first went to the picket on the bridge and interrogated the corporal on duty there, but failed in obtaining any explicit information from him. After making all the inquiry possible, with no better success, I returned and reported the fruitless result, when the companies were again ordered to rest on their arms.

Again we were wrapped in slumber, save those whose duty it was to watch. Nothing was heard but the firm and measured tread of the officer whose duty it was to go the rounds and see that all was well. Matters were not long in this condition when the stillness was broken by the quick tread of persons approaching, and making inquiry for the officer of the guard, who soon stepped forward, saluted the officer, and reported that he had under his charge two American soldiers who had voluntarily surrendered themselves to the pickets near the river and in the direction of the fort. The officer then made inquiry and received the following explanation from the soldiers:

One was a cavalry and the other an infantry soldier. They had both left their respective quarters, which were wide apart, alone, for the purpose of going to the Rio Antigua, to slake their thirst, which was extreme. The infantry man was cautiously armed with his musket; the dragoon imprudently ventured so near the enemy unarmed.—They met near the river bank, each supposing the other to be a Mexican guerrilla. Both challenged at the same moment. Neither answered. The infantry man raised his musket and fired! His now ferocious antagonist bounded forward—for they were, when they first met, but a few paces apart—and clasped his victim with what he intended should be the grip of death. The struggle was long and desperate. No eye was upon them save the "All seeing Eye." The darkness was great—made extremely so by the proximity of the surrounding mountains and thickets. The night was calm, and the water as it dashed against the rocks, rolling and foaming along on its rough course, was the only element that appeared to disturb the perfect stillness which surrounded the horrid struggle. The stars twinkled in the blue vault above, but their glimmering although beautiful, was faint, and instead of dispelling the darkness served to increase it and add to the sombreness and desolation of the novel scene.

When the strength of both was well nigh spent, an exclamation which I cannot recall to my mind, came from one who was about to be overcome, which arrested the attention of his antagonist, and caused him to desist. Explanations were hurriedly made, and the return to camp, and surrender to the guard the consequence.

The officer of the guard directed them to the surgeon. The infantry man's shot, which had been the cause of the "alarm," had taken effect in the fleshy part of his supposed enemy's arm, and it was bleeding profusely. They went away rejoicing at their happy escape. I never saw them again.—Whether they lived to meet the foe, and pass through the fiery and brilliant conflicts which shortly ensued, and to return to their sweet native hills to gladden the hearts of their friends and enjoy the delights of home, or were permitted by an inscrutable Providence to pass through the danger to find a grave upon a bloody field, and in an inhospitable clime, is of course unknown to the writer, who has thus briefly penned the facts of which he is cognizant.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A Soldiers Privileges.

It is well known that "Old Hickory" was equally popular in the army and among the people at large. No man ever lived in this country about whom so many characteristic anecdotes have been related, by those who were among his personal friends. Below we give two of these, which we do not remember to have seen in print before:

Several years ago, an officer who was one of the most distinguished of his grade in the service of the United States, on his way home from a dinner party, on a certain occasion, was attacked so violently with vertigo, that he became impressed with the idea that the ground was rising up against him, and that the fire plugs were after him in hot haste. Under these circumstances, he determined to conceal himself in a friendly gutter, and wait until his enemies had disappeared. In this condition he was found, and, of course, one of the numerous troop of office hunters was found ready to communicate to Gen. Jackson, then President of the United States, the fact that the gallant defender of Fort ——— had been found drunk in the street. The old man stood for a moment reflecting, then turning to his informant, said—"Very bad conduct, sir, in the Colonel. *But, by the Eternal! he has done fighting enough never to draw another sober breath in his life.*" Ever afterwards, it was the recognised right of the veteran Colonel to get drunk as often as he pleased, *provided* he kept himself out of sight.

About the same period, the late Major Gibbon was Collector of the Port of a southern city, to which office he had been appointed by the elder Adams. Of course the Major was a Federalist, and one of General Jackson's political opponents. During the struggle of the American Colonies for independence, Major G. had distinguished himself on several occasions. He had commanded a forlorn hope under Mad Anthony, at Stony Point. After the inauguration of Jackson as President, the Major, who was as bitter a politician as he had been gallant as a soldier, in an excited discussion about politics, declared that "Old Hickory" was "a d——d scoundrel!" The speech was promptly reported to the President, by one of his friends, who supposed a vacancy would be certain. "Well, what of it?" was Jackson's reply. "*The man who commanded a forlorn hope of Anthony Wayne, has a full right to curse anybody he pleases!*"

The Flight of Time.

In reference to the flight of time, Dr. Spring once closed a discourse in the following graphic language:

"I shall never address this audience again. I shall never again meet them but at the bar of God. That interview seems indeed far distant. But it will be soon as time, with his eagle wings, shall have finished the little remnant of his short career. 'After death, the judgment.' We die; but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no dial plate there on which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told days, months, or years; for the planets which mark those periods are hidden from their sight. Its flight is no longer noted by events perceived by the senses; for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The business of life, which wakes at each morning and ceases every night goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greetings of joy, and the voice of grief, the revolution of empires and the lapse of ages, send no sound within that narrow cell. Generation after generation are brought and laid by their side; the inscription upon their monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away; but to the sleeping dead the long intervals is unobserved.—Like a dream of the night, with the quickness of thought, the mind ranges time and space almost without a limit; there is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave, when it wakes in judgment.

A SCENE AMONG THE BROKERS.—The Boston Post relates the following history—which, of course, can have no application to any of the brokers in this region:

Two brokers, A and B, were travelling together, and, during the journey, traded in stocks, in which operation A shaved B enormously. One morning, after B had become conscious of his singing, he told A he had had a remarkable vision during the night. "Indeed," says A, "what was it?" "Why," replied B, "I dreamed that I was dead, and was cast into the dominions of the Evil One—the Black Spirit considered my case, and assigned me a position in a very warm corner of his dominions. Others of our acquaintance and profession I saw present, and heard doomed to various degrees of suffering; the docket was nearly cleared, when an unusual bustle was manifested by the attending fiends, and upon looking up I saw one of them lead you in, and heard him announce your name to the cloven-footed chief, and relate a brief sketch of your character. The Judge seemed puzzled what to do with you—he ordered the fiend in whose charge you were, to repeat a portion of your history, when, after looking with an unsatisfied gaze into some of the deepest pits around him, Satan suddenly rose, and with an air of great deference said, 'Mr. A, YOU MAY TAKE MY CHAIR!"

"It's my nature, and I can't help it," is only the excuse of the ignorant, or the indolent. Every one should know that all that is natural is not excellent; and, on the other hand, should be encouraged, because help is never withheld from sincere seekers. Some of the most passionate men have become examples of patience and equanimity.

BE PATIENT AND PERSEVERING.—All that have obtained for themselves great and permanent reputations, have won and secured it by patient and persevering labor; by treating time not as waste land only fit for stubble, but as a true estate, of which no corner is to be left uncultivated.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days more experience.

ELOQUENT VERY.—A silver cup having been voted to an officer once for some action, a dinner was given to celebrate it, and after the cloth had been removed, the whole assembled company waited with interest to hear the eloquence that should attend the presentation.

The President rose, and thrusting the cup towards the officer, said;

"Ther's the jug."

To which the other replied, taking it up with pleasure, and examining it;

"Is this the mug?"

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

LOVE UNCHANGING.

BY FANNY FALES.

A lady, in reply to a message from her lover who had been cruelly maimed and disfigured in battle, said, "Tell him that while he has body enough to contain his soul, I am his!"

Forsake him?—while his manly heart
Is beating in its frame;
Disfigured though the mortal part,
I'll love him still the same.

The same? oh no! but better, now
That sorrow is his own;
Since suff'ring pales his lips and brow,
The light from mine hath flown.

Forsake him? Doth the lily die
When lash'd the waters crest?
She turns it to her loving eye,
And slips it into her breast.

Turn from him? Doth the vine forsake
The tempest-riven oak?
From its broad arms it doth not break,
But groweth o'er the stroke.

Come to me, love—I'll wipe away
The tear-mist from thine eyes;
Of thee I dream, for thee I pray,
My spirit to thee flies.

Come to me, love—thou shalt forget
The strife, the battle's roll,
Thine, if remains a fragment yet,
To hold thy noble soul.

A "Verdant" in a Cotton Mill.

A raw, straw hatted, sandy whiskered six footer—one of the purely uninitiated, came in recently from Greene with a load of wood for a factory company. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards, to get a nearer view. This move brought his "nather habiliments" into dangerous proximity to the gearing of of the next card, and "thereby hangs a tale."

"You, I say! She goes pooty, don't she, Bos?" said Jonathan, inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper. "But you must be very careful how you move around amongst this hardware. 'Twas only last week, sir, that a promising young man from Oxford, a student at the academy here, was drawn into that very card, sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through and manufactured into No. 16, super extra, cotton warp yarn."

"I s——s—wow! I believe yuer jokin'!" stuttered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper; "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn, as melancholy relics!"

"By the poker, that can't be true!"

"Fact, sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to be set in lockets, and wore in remembrance of departed worth!"

"Is that a fact now? Was he really carded, spun, and set in lockets?"

A sense of personal danger here shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately without waiting for an answer. But there was not much room to spare betwixt himself and the gearing of the card behind. Another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperables being of large "calibre," the process of snarling them into a hard knot was no ways slow. Our hero "gave tongue" instanter.

"Oh! Murder! Let go—you hurt! Blast your picter! Let go! Aint you ashamed! Get out! Let alone on me—can't ye?—do!?"

The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero, supposing it in full operation, burst out anew.

"Oh, stop her! stop her, do; I aint well, and I orter be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake! Stop the tarnal masheen, can't ye?—do! Aint ye got no feelin' for a feller in distress? Oh, dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made in lockets! Jo—ru—sa—lem! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing, that it was no slight task to extricate him, and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory," that he was finally released.—*Yankee Blade.*

A New Way to Pop the Question.

"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and grey pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more—"Sally, before we go into this 'ere Museum to see the Enchanted Horse, I want to ax you somethin."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"

"Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter a-piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuthin. Now, of you'll say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself. I will!"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—We find the following afloat in the papers:

"What is a slur?"

"Almost any remark one singer makes about another."

"What is a rest?"

"Going out of the choir to eat some refreshments during sermon time."

"What is called singing 'with an understanding?'"

"Marking time on the floor with your foot."

"What is a staccato movement?"

"Leaving the choir in a *huff*, because one is dissatisfied with the leader."

"What is a swell?"

"A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—To tell a man to his face to mind his own business, would be considered equal to knocking him down, or as the Frenchman said, "horizontalizing his perpendicularity." And yet it is one of the simplest rules of right conduct, and one of the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other. There is a great deal of the Paul Pry spirit in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal affairs of friends and neighbors. This fault makes more mischief in the community than almost any other cause, and creates more malice, envy and jealousy than can be overcome in a century. Let every man mind his own business, and there will not be half the trouble in the world that there is at present.

SPANIARDS LEAVING NEW ORLEANS.—Two hundred Spanish residents of New Orleans have left, or are on the point of leaving that place, in consequence of the recent riot there creating apprehensions for their personal safety. They are represented to be among the most industrious and inoffensive of the citizens of New Orleans, and the Press there advises them to stay, as they now need fear no further manifestations of violence.

A SPECULATION IN ITCH OINTMENT—THIS BEATS ALL YANKEEDOM.—Two brothers went into a speculation. One went through Georgia to buy a farm, and *shook hands* with all the farmers and children on the route. In about two weeks, the other followed with an itch ointment and found a great demand for his remedy.

A brutal teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hand of a little girl who sat next him at school; after which he asked the child, "Why he squeezed the girl's hand? "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty, I could not help it." What punishment did the teacher deserve.

THEY declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those whom they have most injured.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Snivelization.

Whithersoever we go, we meet with the sniveller. He stops us at the corner of the street to entrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us, just before church, that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given the death blow to religion, and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pathoism are to deluge and darken the land. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. His fears that his friend, who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, whimpers over the trials which he then will have to endure. He is ridden with everlasting nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope; but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of emotion without possessing life. His insipid languor is worse than tumid strength. Better that a man should rant than whine. The man who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose cheek never flushes at anticipated good, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no inspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or band box. Enterprise, confidence and a disposition to believe that good can be done, an indisposition to believe that all good has been done—these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a sturdy determination to abate misery.—*Sunday Globe.*

Large Boots.

An amazing pair of feet appeared in the bar room of an ambitious inn, late one evening, the owner of which inquired anxiously for the boot jack. The bell rang nervously, and in a moment a keen Yankee, illustrator of Day & Martin's best, popped into the room.

"Bring me a jack!" exclaimed the man of great "understanding."

The waiter involuntarily started forward, but chancing to get a glimpse of the boots, he stopped short, and after another close examination, and with equal twang and emphasis, exclaimed:

"I say you, you aint goin' to leave this world in a hurry; you've got too good a hold on the ground. Wan't bootjack, eh? Why, bless your soul, there aint a bootjack on airth big enough for them boots! I don't believe that a horse can get 'em off!"

"My stars, man!" cried our friend of the big feet, "what'll I do? I can't get my boots off without a jack."

"I tell you what I should do," replied the Yankee, "if they were mine, I should walk back to the fork of the road, and pull 'em off there. That'll fetch 'em, I guess."

Excitement in Baltimore.

The most intense excitement exists in Baltimore, in reference to the Christiana murder. A meeting was held, at which the Mayor presided, and decisive resolutions were adopted, declaring that unless the rights of the South under the fugitive slave law were respected, the South would be driven to the adoption of measures for her own protection. We have long said that the safety of the Union depended upon the faithful execution of this law, and we are now more forcibly convinced of it than ever.

DUTCH HOUSEWIVES.—Irving, in his admirable "Knickerbocker," gives the following graphic description of the industrious habits of the Dutch housewives, in the olden times, of New York city—"The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum where the passion for cleaning was indulged in without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who entered it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutedly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids with the broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies and the room carefully locked up, until the revolutions of time again brought round the weekly cleaning day."

NEW VARIETY OF SWEET POTATOES.—A gentleman residing in in South Alabama writes to a friend in Louisville concerning a variety of sweet potato supposed to be from Peru. He says—"It is altogether different from and much superior to any variety of this root hitherto known. It is very productive, and attains a prodigious size, even upon the poorest sandy land, and the roots remain without change from the time of taking them out of the ground until the following May. The plant is singularly easy of cultivation, growing equally well from the slip or vine, the top or vine of the full grown plant being remarkably small; the inside as white as snow. It is dry and mealy, and the saccharine principle contained resembling in delicacy the flower of the fine virgin honey."

Pa, what makes the people go to hear Col. Bigler, if they have all got to be put in irons?

To be put in irons, Sammy, what do you mean?

Why, the papers say that at his great speech the other day, the entire audience was chained to the spot.

Susan, that boy I believe will be the death of me. Take him away.

A COLD FIRE.—One cold night a jolly old fellow who had partaken rather freely of flip at the tavern, started for home in a sleigh, and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing the same way a a short time after, discovered the old fellow in a sitting posture, holding his feet up to the moon, ejaculating to some invisible person "John, pile on the wood, its a thundering cold night!"

A country clergyman, being opposed to the use of the bass-viol in church service, was overruled by the congregation. The first Sunday it was brought into use, he announced the psalm as follows:—"To praise God, we will now fiddle the 46th psalm, second part, short metre!"

"How dare you" said a young snob to a mechanic, as they were crowding in at the Tremont Temple to hear Jenny Lind, "how dare you come to hear the Nightingale without a shirt collar?"

"How the deuce could I have a shirt collar, when your mother has not sent home my washing?" was the reply.

The editor of the Indiana *Jeffersonian* gives the following notice:

"Our purse is lost! The finder is respectfully requested to return it, being careful not to disturb the contents, which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted, and a very good leather string."

SENATORIAL AND EDITORIAL RECONTRE.—Ex Senator Turney, of Tennessee, had a recontre with Mr. White, editor of the *Independent*, at Winchester, of that State. Turney slapped him in the face, and White drew a knife, when Turney hollored.

IF from our youth up we have borne a good character, no one whose good opinion is worth having believes the evil reports which may be spread concerning us.

Cold bathing, pure water, plain diet, a clear conscience, and a clean shirt, are indispensable to health and happiness.

Political.

Who wastes the Public Money?

The Governor's organ makes a great parade of figures, in a late number, to prove that the present administration has been the most economical one in the world. The Governor's brother should have recollected that the Auditor General's report will explain all this; and just for their edification, we have collected a few items which go to show "*who stole the sels.*"

Take for example the two last years of Gov. Johnston's administration, 1849 and 1850, and compare with the two last of Gov. Shunk's, 1846 and 1847—omitting the year 1848, about one-half of which fell under the administration of both these Executives, Gov. Johnston entering upon the duties of the office in July of that year, when Governor Shunk's official career terminated.

We will begin with the expenses in the Executive Department. We quote from the Auditor General's official report:

1849.—EXPENSES IN THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT UNDER GOV. JOHNSTON.

Governor of the Commonwealth,		$3,000 00
Secretary of the Commonwealth,		1,700 00
Deputy Sectr'y of the Commonwealth,		1,000 00
Clerks,		3,000 00
Contingencies, messengers, postage, stationery, fuel, light, &c.,		2,300 79
		$11,000 79
1846.—UNDER GOV. SHUNK.		
Gov. of the Comm.,	$3,000 00	
Sec. of the Comm.,	1,700 00	
Dep. Sec. of the Comm.,	1,000 00	
Clerks,	3,000 00	
Contingencies, messengers, stationery, light, fuel, postage, &c.,	1,758 02	
		10,458 02
Less under Shunk's administration in a single year,		622 77

1851.—EXPENSES OF EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT UNDER JOHNSTON.

Governor of the Commonwealth,		$3,000 00
Secretary of the Commonwealth,		*736 66
Late " " "		*255 00
Deputy Sec. of the Commonwealth,		820 00
Late " " "		318 50
Clerks,		3,750 00
Contingencies, &c.,		2,572 86
		$11,453 02

*It is proper to add to these figures a sum sufficient to make $1,700 00, which is the amount of the Secretary's salary, and a part of which was not drawn during the fiscal year for which this report was made.

Balance of salary,		708 34
Total,		$12,161 36
1847.—UNDER GOV. SHUNK.		
Gov. of the Comm.,	$3,000 00	
Sec. of the Comm.,	1,700 00	
Dep. Sec. of the Comm.,	1,000 00	
Clerks,	3,000 00	
Contingencies,	1,908 50	
		10,608 50
Less in a single year, under Governor Shunk's administration,		$1,552 86

And saving to the people, in two years in the Executive Department of the Government, the sum of $2,185 53 cents.—*Investigator.*

The Two Sinking Funds.

Among other absurd things Gov. Johnston attempted in his late speech at Harrisburg, was his endeavor to enforce upon the audience the idea that *he* had compelled the legislature to pass the Sinking Fund act. The manner in which he proclaimed it was really ridiculous to any one possessing the least knowledge of the bill; and the way he used the personal pronoun, *I*, was a caution, and truly worthy of that great and eloquent expounder and financier.—In speaking of it, as near as we recollect, he said; "I saw it was necessary that the state debt should be paid off; I told the legislature the great necessity of relieving the state of its enormous indebtedness; I saw there was but one way to do this, and that was by the creation of a Sinking Fund; I told them in what manner this fund should be created, and I daily urged it upon them in messages and all possible ways; and that is why the act was passed."

The Governor has done some *great* things during his administration, and some very bold things; but the greatest and boldest of all was his *compelling* a democratic legislature to pass a law; but he would have done a much greater thing than all this, if he had compelled them to pass that other *sinking fund* act—we mean the Free Banking Law. If *his* messages, expressing *his* views had such weight in a democratic legislature, why did not they avail him in the last session of that body when he urged upon them so constantly and so earnestly the necessity of a Free Banking system? We say, why did they not pass such a banking law, after HE told them the great benefits that would be derived from it, the value it would prove to the laboring man and the capitalist, the increasing facilities it would afford in the operations of the moneyed interests of the commonwealth? We know but one reason, and it is, that this latter sinking fund would have possessed such powers of sinking the state and individuals into debt, that all the sinking funds passed by a democratic legislature, would never have been able to extinguish it. Gov. Johnston has about as much credit for the passage of the one, as he has for the non-passage of the other.—*Keystone.*

Beware of Whig Frauds!

The Harrisburg *Investigator* of the 5th inst. says:—"We have been put in possession of the fact that the Whigs of this borough are concocting the most outrageous schemes of deception ever practiced upon any people. A part of the plan is to procure the publication of pamphlets, purporting to have been printed in Philadelphia, and to have been written and signed by Democrats, filled with *false statements* and figures, representing that the State debt was increased several millions of dollars under Shunk's administration, and that Johnston has introduced such a wise policy as has paid off nearly a million of this debt, created by Shunk.

These pamphlets are to be placed in every house in the Commonwealth.

The Whig party are becoming desperate. They resort to forgery to procure Democratic names to their spurious statements, to give them credence, and, we have no doubt, that a part of the game is to FORGE the names of the Democratic Auditor General and State Treasurer to some of the missiles they are sending about. Democrats look out for them.

Since the above was written, we have been furnished with one of their pamphlets, the first of the series. As we stated, it is signed "A Democratic tax-payer of the Jefferson school," and contains a collection of the most glaring falsehoods which could be gleaned from the Governor's family organ. It is no doubt, the work of Gov. Johnston's officers and clerks in the State department.

We again caution our friends against any and all such frauds. Democrats never resort to such means. Whenever you see statements against the Democratic policy, pretending to emanate from Democratic authority, you may depend upon it, it is a Whig Roorback."

HOW MUCH INTEREST WOULD IT PAY.

Illegal travelling fees charged by Gov. Johnston,	$30 00
Illegal fees charged for sixteen days services before he was installed,	131 50
Total	$161 50

Which would pay the interest on $3,230 of the State debt for one year. A very nice sum to have been added to the sinking fund.

Keeping up the Delusion.

Gov. Johnston's organ labors hard to keep up the deceptive game commenced by its master at Lancaster, when he said a less amount of Taxes had been paid by the farmers under his administration than under his predecessor. The last number of his paper contains a table, purporting to give the amount of taxes *collected* from each county, evidently designed to carry the impression that the taxes for 1849 and 1850, were less than the two previous years. Unfortunately for their purpose, we have the PROOF, under the signature and seal of the Auditor General, showing that the taxes in the two last years *have been greatly increased.* The table given by the American does not show the amount of taxes ASSESSED. It only gives the *amount collected*, at the time the annual report of the Auditor General was made, which was in November last.—*Investigator.*

Sophistry of Gov. Johnston's Administration.

In order to make it appear that Gov. Johnston has paid a large amount of the State debt, his editors and his orators add to the recorded debt all appropriations which have been made by law and paid out of the Treasury since July 1848, for demands existing prior to that time. As well might we claim credit for Gov. Shunk's administration for the liquidation of similar claims in the years 1845, '46 and 47—which, if added to the amount paid during those years on the recorded debt, would make more than double the amount paid under the present administration.

The truth is that no *particular* credit can or should attach to any Executive for the payment of demands against the Commonwealth. He has little or nothing to do with it. The State Treasurer has exclusive control of the public funds, and to him belongs the honor of taking good care of them and paying debts promptly. Gov. Johnston has done nothing in this respect more than his predecessors. In fact he has done less, for with all his boasted skill and with more means at command, there has actually been *a less* amount of the public debt paid off within the last three years than was paid under Gov. Shunk's administration, as is fully proved by the Auditor General's certificate in the present number of our paper.—*Ib.*

Johnston a Defaulter.

Johnston very solemnly proclaims that he has paid off some six hundred thousand dollars of the public debt. Before he came into power, the resources of the State were ample under Democratic rule to pay the expenses of government, the interest on the public debt, and over $500,000 of the principal. During two years of Johnston's administration the taxes have been increased to the amount of $242,398 47. There has been an increase of revenue from the public works of $397,509 31; besides this, according to the Auditor General's official report, there have been receipts from other sources amounting to $666,216 11; making a total $1,306,123 89, received in two years, by Johnston's administration over and above that received by Shunk during the same period of time. From this sum take the $659,122 98, said to have been paid, and it shows Johnston to be a defaulter to the amount of $647,000 91.

If Johnston had acted honestly, and taken as much care of the resources of the Commonwealth as did the lamented F. R. Shunk there would have been a reduction of near two millions of the State debt instead of the small sum of $358,479 84, which is the actual reduction under Johnston.—*West Chester Jeffersonian.*

Johnston a Swindler!

Johnston was installed Governor on the 26th of July, 1848. In coming to Harrisburg to assume the duties he charged the State and received $30 travelling expenses, *as Senator.* From the 26th July to the 10th of October, is two months and a half, and yet Johnston charged the Commonwealth for *one quarters salary* for that time! Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars. His legal salary for that period was Six Hundred and Nineteen Dollars.—He therefore swindled the State out of the balance as will appear by the following receipt:

$750.

TREASURY OFFICE, Sept. 1, 1848.

Received from A. Plumer, State Treasurer, seven hundred and fifty dollars, for one quarter's salary as Governor of Pennsylvania, due 10th Oct. 1848.

WM. F. JOHNSTON.

AUDITOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Harrisburg, Sept. 10, 1851.

I certify the above to be a true copy of the original, on file in this department.

Witness my hand and seal of office, the day and year aforesaid.

JNO. W. HAMMOND,
For E. BANKS, *Auditor Gen.*

Add to the balance $131 50, the $30 received as travelling expenses to be installed Governor, and we have the sum of $161 50 which the Governor has *sunk* in his pockets, and swindled from the tax payers.—*Ib.*

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—That Governor Johnston voted for a bill appropriating more than Three Millions of dollars to private corporations, company and State works, and that Gov. Ritner, in his message, said that such economy (as Johnston displayed) would increase the State debt in four years to over $40,000,000.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—That the taxes on real and personal estate have been *increased*, in two years, under Johnston's administration, nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—That Governor Johnston made strenuous efforts last winter to add *another million* to the State debt by the issue of relief notes.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—That the expenses in the Executive and State Departments of Pennsylvania, have increased, in two years, under Johnston's administration, Two Thousand One Hundred and Eighty-five Dollars and Sixty-three Cents.

The news from various sections of the Commonwealth speaks trumpet-tongued in behalf of the people's candidate for Governor, the true working man Col. Bigler. The attempt to ridicule Col. Bigler's pretensions, because he was a poor boy, is recoiling with great force against his aristocratic opponents, and the attempts of Gov. Johnston to make people believe that he is paying off the State debt, is fast opening the eyes of the people, as the following extract from a letter from Lehigh will testify:

"I have no doubt it will be gratifying for you to hear that "Little Lehigh" is buckling on the armor of Democracy, with the determination of teaching Gov. Johnston 'better' things than to take to *himself* the merit of paying off the State debt. Dutch as he may think we are in Lehigh, we know very well that not one cent of the State debt has been, or ever will be paid off, that did not come out of the people's pockets; and large as his 'Hobenscack' are, we think they are too well crammed with the 'one man power,' to afford much assistance in paying off the State debt."