THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXII. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1851. NUMBER 29.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams County, the subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of ADAM GARDNER, late of Latimore township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises, on

Saturday the 27th day of September next

AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the Farm of said deceased, situate in Latimore township, containing

92 ACRES,

more or less, of land, and adjoining lands of Elizabeth Vale, Christian Miller, Jesse Crook, and others. The improvements are a two-story

STONE HOUSE,

with Kitchen attached, double Log Barn, a well of water near the door. About 15 Acres of this Farm are in first rate Meadow, and the same proportion in excellent Timber; the residue being under cultivation and good fencing. The Farm is well watered; the Bermudian Creek running through it near the dwelling, and Springs being scattered over the whole of it. There is also on the premises,

An Orchard of choice Fruit.

☞ This Farm is located about one mile from York Sulphur Springs, and will be found a desirable property.

☞ Persons wishing to see the premises can do so by calling on the widow residing thereon.

☞ Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

PETER H. RAFFENSPERGER,
Administrator.

By the Court—H. DENWIDDIE, *Clk.*

Aug. 22, 1851.—ts

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, of Adams county, the subscribers, Administrators of the Estate of JACOB HOWARD, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, deceased, will expose to Public Sale, on *Friday, the 24th day of October next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the

VALUABLE FARM

of said deceased, containing 60 ACRES, more or less, situate in Mountpleasant tp., and adjoining lands of Benjamin Wisler, Abraham Lot, and others. The improvements are a two-story

LOG DWELLING,

with a one-story kitchen and a Shop attached, a log stable, and other out-buildings. About 15 acres are covered with good thriving timber, the balance being cleared and under good cultivation.—There is a well of good water convenient to the dwelling, and the property has a number of excellent fruit trees on it. It lies near the Bonaughtown road, about 4 miles from Gettysburg.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

WM. HOWARD, } *Ex'rs.*
GEORGE HOWARD, }

By the Court—H. DENWIDDIE, Clerk.

Aug. 1, 1851—ts

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, Assignee of GEORGE JACOBS, Sr., will offer at public sale, on *Thursday the 9th of October next*, at 12 o'clock, M., on the premises, a

FARM,

situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, about 5 miles from Gettysburg, bounded by lands of John Miller, sr., John Eckenroth, John Felix and others. The farm contains

54 Acres and some Perches.

The improvements are a 2-story

Log Dwelling House,

a good Log Barn, and other out buildings, a well of water near the dwelling, a good Orchard, bearing choice fruit. There is a good meadow, and more can easily be made. There is a good proportion of thriving Timber. The land is in a high state of cultivation, part of it having been well limed, and is laid off in convenient fields, with good fences, &c.

ALSO,—A Tract of Land, adjoining the above, containing 6 ACRES, about the half being covered with thriving young Timber. Persons wishing to view the property can do so by calling on George Jacobs residing thereon.

Likewise, on Saturday the 11th of October next,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a

House & Lot of Ground,

lying in the town of East Berlin, adjoining J. S. Hildebrand's Store, Hugh M'Sherry, and bounded by a common alley. The house is two-story, and well finished, with a large back building. ☞ Terms of sale will be made known and attendance given by

JOSEPH J. KUHN,
Sept. 5, 1851.—ts Assignee.

WAS FOUND,

ON the 11th inst., on the crossing between Fahnestock's Store and the residence of John Barrett, a sum of money. Further information can be had by inquiring at this office.

Sept. 12, 1851.

NOTICE TO GUARDIANS.

ALL Guardians whose appointments have been made for three years and upwards, are required to render an account of the minors property under their care, to be filed in the Orphans' Court for the information of the Court and all parties concerned, *on or before the 18th day of October next*, agreeably to the Act of Assembly, in such cases made and provided.

H. DENWIDDIE, *Clerk.*

Sept. 12, 1851.

MULBERRY HILL.

BY ALICE CAREY.

O, sweet was the eve when I came from the mill,
Adown the green windings of Mulberry Hill;
My heart like a bird with its throat all in tune,
That sings in the beautiful bosom of June.

For there, at her spinning, beneath a broad tree,
By a rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
First saw I my Mary—her tiny feet bare,
And the buds of the sumach among her black hair.

They called me a bold enough youth, and I would
Have kept the name honestly earned, if I could;
But, somehow, the song I had whistled was hushed,
And, spite of my manhood, I blushed, deeply blushed.

I would tell you, but words cannot paint my delight,
When she gave the red buds for a garland of white—
When her cheek with soft blushes—but no, 'tis in vain:
Enough that I loved her, and she loved me again.

Three summers have come and gone by with their charms,
And a cherub of purity smiles in my arms,
With lips like the rosebud, and locks softly bright,
As the flax which my Mary was spinning that night.

And in the dark shadows of Mulberry Hill,
By the grass-covered road where I came from the mill,
And the rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
My Mary lies sleeping beneath the broad tree.

[*Home Journal.*

The First Baby.

In a new novel, "The Glenns," recently published, occurs the following striking picture of domestic felicity, which crusty old bachelors will read with much interest:

"If 'the baby' was asleep, no one was allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant banishment; the piano was closed, the guitar was tabood, boots were interdicted, and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, lest the smoke might hurt 'the baby'; and, lest the street door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his *exit* by the back way, and reach the street by the garden-gate. The Doctor was scarcely ever out of the house; not because 'the baby' was ill—for indeed it was most alarmingly healthy—but because she was 'afraid it *might be* taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near.' If coal was placed in the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put it in lump by lump with his fingers, or Thomas must come in on tiptoe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb 'the baby.' And yet he must not take a bed in another part of the house, because 'the baby' might be attacked by the croup, or might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in its arms, and then he would not be within call. In short, when 'the baby' slept, the whole house was under a spell, whose enchantment consisted in profund silence and unbroken stillness, and all who came within the magic circle were at once laid under its influence."

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing her history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

When you see the wife of a man in moderate circumstances, loading herself with jewelry, and promenading the streets, on Monday morning, look to it, whether her husband is in your debt; in case he is, collect at once, or make up your mind to take a per centage.

There is a good time coming, boys!
And many a one has passed—
For each has had his own good time,
And will have to the last.
Then tarry not, oh! eager youth,
For fairer gales to blow,
But bear in mind this best of truths—
The best of times is now!

WHAT IS LIFE!—The Democratic papers of New Hampshire, only a few days ago, had at the head of their columns, the name of Levi Woodbury for President of the United States, and that of his cousin, Luke Woodbury, for Governor of New Hampshire. Now both are withdrawn by death!

"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth, for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain."

A Western Editor, who is an old bachelor, says: "We never cared a farthing about getting married, until we attended an old bachelor's funeral."

When Mrs. Hannah More asked Dr. Johnston why he did not drink wine, he honestly and wisely said, because if I drink at all, I shall drink too much. Abstinence is as easy as moderation is difficult.

A Temperance pledge issued by Father Mathew at Cleveland, Aug. 8, bears the number of *six million, sixty-four thousand, two hundred and fifty-one.*

A LOOK INTO ETERNITY.—When Summerfield was on his death-bed, he exclaimed, "Oh, if I might be raised again, *how could I preach!* I could preach as I have never preached before; *I have had a look into eternity.*"

LONDON.—If the streets of London were put together, they would extend 3000 miles in length; the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3000 omnibuses and 3500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses.

When the heart is pure, there is hardly any thing which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

The following narrative, giving a glimpse at the misery which strong drink has occasioned, is extracted from "The Lights of Temperance," a new work published in Louisville, Kentucky:

'I witnessed once a scene which comes appropriately in place here. During the commencement exercises of Emory College, upon one occasion the Governor of the State of Georgia, and his lady, with a goodly number of other friends, were staying with me. All were light-hearted, cheerful and happy, when a female form, plainly but neatly attired, entered my gate and advanced to my door. I received her, and, upon her request to see the Governor, I conducted her to his room.

'Governor,' said she, 'I am the mother of the man who is to be executed, four days hence, at Columbus, for murder.—Hearing of his sentence, in Maryland, where I live, I hastened with all speed to Milledgeville, to beg of you a respite of his sentence, till the meeting of the Legislature. There my money gave out; but not finding you there, I have followed you hither, having walked most of the way (sixty-five miles) to make the request. Governor, will you not suspend the sentence?"

'Madam,' said the Governor, his eyes already filled with tears, for no Governor ever had a kinder heart, 'if I were to grant the respite, you could not possibly reach him with it, in your feeble and exhausted situation, in time to save him."

'Yes, I will, Governor; give it to me, and I will have it in Columbus before the hour of execution arrives.'

'Then you will have to travel night and day, for four nights, and three days and a half.'

'Only give me the respite, and it shall reach him in time. I shall see him anyhow, before he dies; but I have no time to lose.'

'Madam,' said the Governor, 'I most deeply sympathize with you, and it pains me to tell you, that I should violate my official duty to grant you the respite. I have examined the case, and I cannot find a single mitigating circumstance in it, in your son's favor.'

'Oh, Governor! my son is not a murderer at heart. His disposition is peaceable. He was not himself when he committed the deed. He drank—and Alcohol was the murderer. Oh, Governor! here on my knees before you, I pray you have pity upon a poor heart-broken widowed mother!'

Our wives sobbed aloud, and the Governor and myself mingled our tears over the bending suppliant. There was but one of the group that could speak, and that one bore the burden of us all, multiplied a thousand fold. The Governor raised her from her knees, and repeated, by a shake of the head, what he had already said.

And now went forth from that poor woman's heart—what shall I call it? A *sigh?* It was not that. A *sob?* It was not that. A *groan?* It was not that; but an indescribable out-breathing of all that is eloquent in grief, and melting in sorrow. Her accents had caught the ears of the group in the adjoining porch, and produced a death-like silence there; and my habitation, so lately the scene of mirth, was like the court of death.

At length she broke silence:—

'If there is no hope, I must hasten to my child before he dies.'

She rose, and trembling advanced to the porch, followed by the sympathizing friend, but unyielding Chief Magistrate. She passed the crowd without seeming to notice them; and, as her foot fell upon the stop that was to conduct her away from the habitation of hope, she cast back a melting look, and commenced her last appeal, with 'Oh! Governor! for God's sake'—when she sunk to the floor. At length, rising, as if moved by the thought that she was losing the time which alone would enable her to see her son alive, she retired.

The Governor disappeared with her, his carriage soon followed, and though no questions were asked on his return, I doubt not that he offered her the best solace that he could, in her extremity, without a breach of duty.

Now I ask, what is all the good that ardent spirits have ever done, compared with the pangs which this one poor widow has suffered? But her's was no uncommon case. Multiply her afflictions by ten thousand, and you will get the exponent of what one class, and that the best of our race, have suffered from the use of inebriating drinks. Ah! God bless you, men, I fear we shall have a dread account to render at the court of Heaven, for our dealings with this class of the human family.

The nearer young men approach manhood, the less liberty they allow their necks. On "entering the world," a dandy submits to almost as much choking as felons when going out of it. Queer that there should be such a connexion between gentility and strangulation.

A temperance paper extending its views into the region of tobacco, exclaims:—"What a strange figure the apostle Paul would have made had he gone about to proclaim the sublime truth of Christianity with a quid of tobacco and a long nine in his mouth!"

In the City of Augusta, Me., not a drop of intoxicating liquors can now be purchased. All former venders have abandoned the sale voluntarily, and the drinkers take milk, water, tea, coffee, and so forth—the last article is rather scarce.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without seeing deemed either affected or foppish.

Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it.

Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory.

Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

Macaulay the Historian.

There is a common pedestrian of London streets well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large, staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat is flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity. He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in in exciting and impulsive thought, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine his features, there is an unmistakeable air of mental power and energy approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he is passed. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes along, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet still gives freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognised him dining in a coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich—a fashionable whitebait house which, it appears, he frequently patronises.—He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgettiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the prose or verse which he was working up in his mind—Mr. Macauley seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the solid chrystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining around instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put about, however, Mr. Macauley, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then, pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.—*Inverness Courier.*

Capital Ghost Story.

That apparitions do not always wander about without sufficient object, is proved by the well attested fact which we give with the endorsement of the Montreal Transcript. Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. ——, (a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits) sat reading in her drawing room, the clock on the mantel piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the departments, the door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed and fell senseless on the floor. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. M. had regained possession of her suspended faculties, being a woman of strong mind and strongly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss, on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her maid servant should repose in her chamber, lest a return of what she considered a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had been for several months past, Mrs. M. dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awaked, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table (on which stood her night lamp,) till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtain of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood regurgitating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein.—The countenance of her loved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed with stern regard on the trembling, half-dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus abjured him: "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"

"Jessie," slowly and solemnly replied the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of paper, "Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!"

"Bob, did you ever see miss S?"
"No."
"How do you know she is handsome then?"
"Because the women are running her down so," said he. O, the scamp!

John Adams, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked, "there are here, in this vicinity, six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit; now I will give as much and more than any one else, to *civilize these clergymen!*"

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

Debt is a horse that is always throwing its rider. Fools ride him bare-back, and without bridle.

Some bigots would much rather hear a man condemn religion altogether, than speak hardly of their own particular sect.

Scene at the Tremont House.

[*Dining Room.—Yankee at table eating soup.*]

Yankee.—I sa-ay, waitor! This 'ere soop an't so clean as I hev seen!

Waiter.—Sir! I don't know wot you means by such an insinneration. I must speak to Mr. Carvinknife about that!

[*Waiter runs to Head Waiter and brings that official to Yankee's chair.*]

Head Waiter.—Beg pardon, Sir! Did you have the honor of makin' remark respecting the soup?

Yankee.—*Wall I did.* Ther ain't no denyin' that.

Head Waiter [*looking red in the face*].—Sir, shall I have the pleasure of saying to the Superintendant that you remarked that the soup is dirty?

Yankee [*throwing himself back in the chair.*] Look here—you can report to the Sewperintendant, if yer've got such an officer over yer—I s'spose they hat sewperintendants in Sunday Schools, but I never hearn of one in a tavern before—yew kin jest say tew him what I said to that linen jacket feller there—and mind, now, if yew pervart the truth, I'll teach ye that the gods of the heathing are a vain thing in jest no time at all! Tell the sewp what I said, 'but don't yer lie!

Superintendant [*coming forward*]—Anything the matter here, Thomas?—Anything wrong Sir?

Waiter.—He says the soup ain't clean Sir.

Yankee.—That's jeetotal lie. I didn't say 'twas dirty—I didn't say 'twan't clean—I shouldn't have said anything about yer soop at all, ef that jacket feller hadn't poked a bill for the dinner in my face a fore I begun ter eat. I shan't pay in advance. He had more'n forty things cherged on it—more'n I could eat in tew fortnights. Had a lot of wine charged, when I belong to the Sons. What I hev, I'll pay for, when the work's dun. This here was recommended to me for a fust-rate tavern.

Superintendent.—My dear Sir, that was only our bill of fare, designed simply to indicate what dishes may be called for.—Our prices are uniform.

Yankee.—The duce it is—well, the fact is, I didn't mean anything *agin* yer soop. What I was agoin 'ter say' was this, the the soup wasn't so clean as I had seen, for, yer see, when I was travellin' in Pennsylvania, they had som soop at one tavern, *so clean that ef yer should dip a white cam-brick handkercher into't twouldn't greese it!*

[*Exit Superintendent and "linen jacket feller" amid great laughter from the company.*]

Aristocracy.

The following "off hand blow" at aristocracy, is from the pen of the noble and gifted Rogers. He is dead but his spirit liveth in the following extracts:

Let me give it an off hand blow, here, hateful, heartless aristocracy; I detest it above all things. I was subjected to its bloated frown, when I was a boy, and I have a very early, if not a native, inborn abhorrence of it. It has no idea that you have any rights or any feelings. You do not belong to the same race with your paltry, uppish aristocrat. He does not associate with you when you are with him.—He makes use of you. He does not recognise you as a party in interest of what is going on. You are no more a companion to him than his horse or his dog—and you are no more than a horse or a dog, if you condescend to be of his association.—He belongs to the first families. But first here is meant last and least of everything honorable to humanity. Aristocracy has none of the lion in it—but it feels bigger than a den of lions.—You must be aware of it. It regards everything allowed to you, as an allowance—a favor. You have no rights. If you do receive anything, you must do homage for it.

It comes by birth. It comes by money. It comes by idleness even. It is engendered by trade, and by office. Old wealth, however, breeds it the most offensively—a generation or two of homage paid by poverty to bloated opulence, will breed it—the worst kind. It will turn up the nose of the third or fourth generation along—so that it can hardly smell common folks as they go on the ground. You can tell its nose and upper lip as far as you can see them. And there is a dreadful dumpsy daisy look about the eyebrows. As much as to say, "I care considerably less than nothing about *yeh.*" And the voice too—it is amazing peculiar.

I havn't any superfluity of sense—but—too much to be an aristocrat. Finally, it doesn't take much to be an aristocrat. I guess aristocracy is lack of sense, as much as anything.

Sense of a certain sort, may accompany it, or be in the same creature. But it is a senseless concern, and moreover superlative hateful.

ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

Beneath this lump of clay.
Lies Arabella Young.
Who on the twenty-ninth of May
Began to hold her tongue

Since custom is the powerful magistrate of man's life, let men, by all means, endeavor to obtain good customs.

He that follows his recreation instead of his business, shall in a little time have no business to follow.

The laboring man in the present age, if he does but read, has more helps to wisdom than Solomon had.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.—*Burke.*

IDLE NOT.—In this theatre of human life, none but God and angels should be "lookers on."

ALLEGORICAL.—The pawn-broker is a man who holds your coat whilst you fight.

AWFUL TO RELATE!—The *Pennsylvanian* has discovered that all the Whig candidates for the Supreme Bench are *Abolitionists!*

Edwin Forrest, the Tragedian, has returned to the stage.

What is lawful is not always honorable

The Elopement.

Oh! is it joy or sorrow, hope or fear,
Awakes this tremor in my timid breast?
I must commune in secret. Come not near,
Aught that my solemn musings may molest.
He wedded and *unwedded*—ecstacy!
The scroll of Fate is then, at last, revealed,
Which hid from Love a deeper mystery
Thad ever Sphing from Œdipus concealed!

Virtue.

Chaste Heaven! that dost the chastest love inspire,
Temper the heart, which sudden hope elates,
And calm to reason ev'ry rash desire,
As purest gold all dross precipitates.
Oh, teach me! In life's most refulgent hour,
Clouds still may overshade serenest skies;
That, when such storms appear, I may have power
To face their darkness with unquailing eyes!

A Judge Puzzled.

A western Justice of the Peace was recently thus bothered by one of the half-wild vagrants of the back woods, who was brought up with an empty whiskey bottle in his own personal custody.

"So, sir, you're there?" said the Justice.

"Do you always come as near the truth as that?" was the reply.

"Silence, sir! where do you come from?"

"You'll be smart if I keep silence and you find out!"

"Don't be impudent, sir! what is your occupation?"

"Look here, Judge, I'll tell you one thing, and I want to do it respectfully."

"Well, sir."

"You're very impudent yourself."

"This will not answer; where do you come from?"

"This side of of sundown."

"Have you an occupation?"

"Reckon."

"What is it?"

"Bet you a pint of whiskey I can tell you what yours is."

"Do you mean to satisfy me?"

"Certainly, Squire, what'll you have?"

"It is necessary that you should understand that order and peace are necessary in society. Whatever wild freedom you may find in the woods, you are now here in a community of law and order, and quiet will evince wisdom on your part."

"Squire, I should like to understand you, but you are too big for me. Just say no more about it, and let's go and take a drink."

"I never drink."

"*What?*"

"Never, sir."

"*You don't?*"

"No, sir, never."

"Sir, I bid you good morning. I have no desire for any other acquaintance with you. *Whooh!* I'm coming!" and the backwoodsman broke out of the Court.—*N. O. Picayune.*

POLITICAL.

Gov. Johnston & the Veto Power.

In his speech at Philadelphia last week Gov. JOHNSTON alluded to the charge with which the Locofoco Press of the State has been continually assailing him,—of an *abuse of the Veto Power.* We annex a few extracts from the speech to which the reader's attention is invited:

"Before entering at large on the discussion of these questions, he would beg leave to advert for a brief period, to some charges that had been made against him by those who are politically opposed to him. He was glad to know that the people of this country never condemn a man without a hearing, for they know that under our institutions, both sides of all questions must be heard. The first charge against the present executive was unfaithfulness in the discharge of his duty, as the Chief Magistrate, in regard to two prerogatives—the granting of pardons and the remittance of fines. In this he is charged with having failed to perform his duty to the citizens. The exercise of the pardoning power, invested in the Supreme Magistrate, may be abused, and doubtless is abused, by him who holds the power, and also by those who seek to have it used. He had granted some pardons, but he could honestly say that he never granted one from political prejudice; he never granted one without having had the best reasons given, such as would be sustained by justice and truth. He had granted pardons upon information which, in his judgment, was reliable.

He might have granted some that ought not to have been, but the public records will show by what means and on whose solicitation he had always granted them. As we grow older, our population increases; crime consequently increases, and yet he had granted fewer pardons than any of his immediate predecessors in the same space of time. His political opponents say that whether the pardoning power has been abused or not, he has violated his pledge made to the people before his last election. This charge is unjust and untrue. He had declared against the too frequent use of of the pardoning or veto power, the abusing of that privilege; he said so before his election and he says so now. An undue exercise of this privilege is dangerous to the general welfare of the people. The veto power is a right guaranteed to the Governor by the Constitution, and too much care cannot be exercised in using it. For the purpose of putting himself right before the people on this great question, he had provided himself with a few statistics by way of comparison.

During the administration of Governor Porter, a period of 6 years, he vetoed 57 bills, being at least an average of 9 bills per year.

During the administration of the late Governor Shunk, a period of three years, he vetoed 66 bills, making 22 each year. At that time he (the speaker) was in the Senate of the State of Pennsylvania, and it was then contended that such an exercise of the veto power was anti-republican and a great abuse.

He (Gov. Johnston) had been in power three years, and during the whole of that time, he had exercised the veto power only 7 times. [Cheers.]

The first was the veto of a bill in relation to a street in Brookville, and the reason for vetoing it, was because the previous Legislature had passed the same law word for word exactly. [Roars of laughter and applause.] The next was a bill, providing for the construction of a railroad in the interior of the State. After it had been passed, 22 members out of 30 in the Senate, sent him a written request, to veto the bill assigning as their reason, that they had absolutely passed the bill, but they did not really know what they had voted for. [Renewd laughter.]

The next bill he vetoed was that portion of the apportionment bill which destroyed the right of the people; suited to them, but formidable to demagogues. He had also vetoed the bill passed giving the Courts the power to grant license for the retail of liquor, for he believed that no Court that held the rights and liberty of the citizens under their control should have the power to grant a license.

The next was the veto of a bill that required in the rural districts that lawyers alone should be entitled to be elected Associate Judges. He believed that the people had the right to elect whom they pleased, and to abridge that right was in direct violation of the Constitution of the State. On this question there was not a single man in the Legislature, after reading the Veto Message, that would cast a vote against it. For this exercise of the veto power, the charge is made against me, of violating a pledge given to the people.—He did not know that any other charge had been made against him during his official term of three years."

The Governor closed by adverting to to his course in reference to the law, passed at the close of the last session, repealing a section of the law of 1847. All candid and honorable men will approve of the Governor's action under the circumstances, however much they may differ as to the propriety or the expediency of the law itself. We extract a few paragraphs:

"He did not wish to defend himself, for that was not necessary. On the 3d of March of the year, 1847, an act was passed in which was a section refusing jails for the custody of runaway slaves. It was signed by the late Governor Shunk, and remained the law of the State for four years. On the 27th of March last, the Senate passed an act repealing this clause, and the bill was sent the House of Representatives, where it was permitted to lay upon the table, unnoticed, until within one hour of the adjournment.

A committee had already been appointed to wait on the Chief Magistrate, to announce that the Legislature was ready to adjourn. A committee was also appointed to wait on the other branch of the Legislature. The customary resolutions of thanks were passed, and after all this, and in direct violation of the joint rules, they suddenly took up the section and passed it through, and in so short a time before their adjournment as to entirely prevent a message being returned. Some members were already on their way down the board walk.

He, as the Chief Magistrate, had, early in the session, made an urgent request of the members to pass all their bills of public importance at an early stage, and if they believed this of so much importance, as is now contended, the interests of the people should have dictated a more proper course. But what care they for the welfare of the people? They put the passage of this bill off to the last moment, and he, as Governor, did not think that he was under any obligation to them for their courtesy.

There is a Constitutional right in this question which was invaded by the action of the Legislature, that of giving the Chief Magistrate ten days to examine any bill that may be passed, and the failure to guard that right as a sworn officer, would not have been commendable. In his judgment, he did not believe that the Legislature repealed that clause for any other effect than making political capital for their own candidate in the coming contest.—[Cries of that's it—applause.]

Read the Certificate!

The following certificate, embodied in the Proclamation of Gov Johnston relative to the reduction of the State Debt, tells its own story. The reader will see that it is *signed* by Ephrain Banks, Auditor General, and John M. Bickle, State Treasurer—*both Locofocos!* It shows what Gov. Johnston's Sinking Fund is doing.—There is no *humbug* about this kind of a document:

Office of the Comm'rs. of the sinking Fund,
HARRISBURG, September 1, 1851.

To his Excellency Wm F. Johnston, Governor of Pennsylvania:

SIR:—In compliance with the 4th section of the act, entitled "An Act to create a Sinking Fund and to provide for the gradual and certain extinguishment of the debt the Commonwealth," approved the 10th day of April, 1849, the Commissioners of said fund hereby certify that the amount of the debt of the Commonwealth purchased since the passage of the act of Assembly referred to, and now held by them, is SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY EIGHT CENTS ($659, 122,98) consisting of 5 per cent. loans negotiated under various acts of Assembly.

Your obedient servants,
A. L. RUSSELL,
E. BANKS,
JNO. M. BICKEL,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

SO IT GOES—The *Pacific* Steam-ship which arrived at New York, on Saturday last, from England, brought the following item of news:—

"Breadstuffs are greatly depressed, and difficulty experienced in making sales.—Flour declined 7d. a 1s., and Wheat 1d. a 2d. Corn is in limited demand and lower."

Glorious that for the Farmers! Whose IS THE TARIFF OF 1846!

Happiness is often at our elbow, and we pass her by; Misfortune is far off, and we reach to meet her.