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Pet's Corner.

Thou lovest me no more.

Thou lovest me no more. It needs not words
To tell me that. Part altered now. Alas!
I mark it well in thy cold, studied tone.
Oh, would affection seek its warmth to hide
In tones whose chilling, freezing endeavor
Fall on the soul like Alpine drops? 'Tis true
Then still dost say that I am dear; thy lip
Still murmurs all love's *practised* flatteries.
But thy stern glance of cold and withering pride
Tells all the hollow mockeries of thy words
To bitter, bitter ashes on my heart.
I utter no reproaches. Slowly now
And silently and mournfully I ope
My spirit's rosy gate and drive from thence
Each dear and starwinged hope that I have loved
Through long, long years to cherish.

Never more,
Oh never more, thou false one, may I bear
In vernal bower or in the gilded hall
A free and light and happy heart. Yet I
Shall mingle still amid the wild and gay;
My laugh will echo loudest in the din
Of mirth and joyousness, and none may know
The soul's deep bitterness, the quivering hopes
Crushed on the spirit's hearth. My smiles will be
As bright as they have been, and none may see
That, cold and vacant like the moon's pale beams
Upon a ruined temple, they but light
The gloom and shadow that keep watch below.
Nine still will be the gay and merry jest,
The keen reply, the free and buoyant tread,
And none may ever rend the veil and see
What darkly lies beneath.

But think thou not,
Proud and perfidious one, my strong, stern pride
Shall fail me in my solitude. Ah no,
The unrelenting tear may never break
Forth from its deep and hidden fount. The spell
Of passion still is on me, but disdain
Heeds not the murmuring tone of love's wild chant,
That rises like the low voice of the wind
Wandering at midnight o'er the mouldering chords
Of a neglected harp. For ever crushed
And broken be the rosy memories
That in their fairy beauty floated erst
Through my love-lighted soul.

Thy ring is cold.
It seems to bind my finger with a spell
Of ice, for its bright circle is not now
The emblem of unending truth and trust.
I'm gazing on thy picture, but I see
No smile of sweet endearment on these lips,
No look devotion on this pale, stern brow,
No gleam of love-light beaming on these eyes
Of midnight fire—nay even here is change.
I cast thee back thy vain and worthless gifts—
Ah, proud one, would that I could give thee back
Thy bosom's truth.

I said I would not weep
Again, but drops of mingled tears and blood,
From the recesses of a breaking heart,
Are rushing, and the shower has brought relief;
For oh! I feel not now the awful gloom
Which filled my bosom with its cloudy weight,
Is broken and dispersed. Within its deep
Dark mine the genius of the tempest stood
Like a mad night-mare of the soul, and held
My mind's elements in thrall, but now
The loosened zephyrs wander as they list—
The deep, strong spell that bound them is dissolved,
And lo! the twilight soft comes stealing on
With its one star, the star of memory,
Pale, pale, but very beautiful.

I count
The drops that, one by one, fall on my heart,
Turning its woman's softness into stones;
Yet, to that heart, all worn and changed, thou still
Art dear, and ever wilt be dear. Some thoughts
Of thee, through all my future years will be
Like bygone music lingering in my soul,
Sweet bird-carol heard in childhood's years,
Or like the lone funeral lamp that burns
Within the dark and solitary depths
Of Eastern tombs, for ever shining on
Where all around is death and dull decay.

A Touching Incident.

There is something very touching and pathetic in a circumstance mentioned to us a short or two ago, in the sick room of a friend. A poor little girl, a cripple, and deformed from her birth, was seized with a disorder which threatened to remove her from the world she had suffered so much. She was a very affectionate child, and no word of complaining had ever passed her lips. Sometimes the tears would come in her eyes, when she saw, in children more physically blessed than herself, the severity of her deprivation, but that was all. She was so gentle, so considerate of giving pain, and so desirous to please all around her, that she had endeared herself to every member of his family, and to all who knew her. At length was seen, so rapid had been the progress of her disease, that she could not long survive. She grew worse and worse, until one night in an interval of pain she called her mother to her bedside, and said, "Mother, I am dying now. I hope I shall see you, and my brother and sisters in Heaven.—Will I be straight and not a cripple mother when I do get to Heaven?" And so the poor little sorrowing child passed forever away.

☞ A young convert got up in church not a thousand miles from here, and was making his confession somewhat after this sort: "I have been very wicked indeed I have; I have cheated many persons, very many: but I will restore four fold;" when he was interrupted by an old lady thus—"Well, I should think before you confess much, you had better marry Mr. Stebbins, as you agreed to."

☞ Some sensible chap says truly that a person who tries to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

☞ Why is a tailor called the ninth part of a man? Because "money makes the man," and tailors never get more than a ninth part of what is due them.

Selected Tale.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A Thrilling Tale of the Burning Prairie.

BY REV. T. S. CLARK.

In sailing up and down the waters of our great western rivers in a steamboat, one is almost forced to become more or less acquainted with all the passengers on board. At meals and on a variety of other occasions the passengers are brought into such close contact, that however taciturn any one himself may be, he cannot well escape hearing numerous conversations, which will leave him in no doubt as to the calling and character, and peculiar views of the individuals around him. In general, also, after having been on a steamboat some week or ten days, however great may be his own resources, almost any person is prompted to seek relief from ennui, in an attempt to hold some sort of communication with his fellow passengers; and usually one finds some prominent and strongly marked characters around him, who seem to derive quite as much pleasure as they impart, from the efforts they make to amuse and interest their fellow travelers.

We have been on board a steamer several days—having sailed from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, and then turned our course upward to stem the current of the "Father of Rivers," the vast Mississippi. Our eyes had become almost wearied with tracing the banks of the smooth flowing Ohio; and the vast unpenetrated boundless forest scenes that spread away on either side of us from the abrupt, muddy banks of the Mississippi. The ear had become weary with the monotony of the sharp rough sound of the high pressure engine, that was heard ceaselessly day and night. Books scarcely any longer could interest us. The character and conversation of most of those around us seemed exceedingly dull and common place. There was one exception. This was found in a man of almost herculean stature, who we soon learned possessed great versatility and vigor of mind. His manners however at first appeared so coarse and his conversation so blunt, that we thought there was something exceedingly repulsive connected with his character. But this impression soon wore away, and in a few days he became the very centre of almost universal attraction. He was a true Kentuckian of the old school; he was born and brought up amid the stirring scenes connected with the early settlement of his native State, and was perfectly familiar with all the war legions, and every bloody fray, from the first movement of Col. Boon to the final expulsion of the savage tribes from their ancient hunting ground. To use his own language, he was "born in an Indian fort, and through childhood fed on bear's meat, and clothed in buffalo skins." His physical strength seemed enormous and he bore evident marks of being one of those brave reckless characters that find pleasurable excitement in facing death and danger in every form. Yet he was not destitute of the softer and more kindly feelings of our nature, and withal seemed to have a high and reverential regard for religion.

It was just at the close of a long summer's day, during the weary hours of which our steamer had been pushing her slow course upon the broad Mississippi, that there suddenly opened upon us a vast far-extended prairie.—It was the first that I had ever seen and it was to me an object of thrilling interest, and more so because for several days we had seen nothing upon either side of the river, but unbroken and boundless forests, stretched away as far as the eye could reach to the horizon. Here was a vast expanse in which no tree, no stump nor stone was visible. Nothing met the eye but the tall grass waving in the breeze, bending, rising, rolling to and fro, like the waves of the ocean after the tempest, and this grassy surface interspersed with wild flowers of every color and every hue and form.

For a long time I watched this beautiful scene till the shadow of the evening began to settle down upon it. While I continued still gazing upon the prairie, the old Kentuckian who stood near was making his observations, and at length remarked, "That prairie on fire would be a noble sight! I have seen them burning in a dark night, while the wind sprung up on the flames like a sea of fire. I can tell you a good story and a true one about a burning prairie and of a family who perished by the conflagration."

We were urgent for him to proceed with the narrative. He began by giving an account of the family that perished in the conflagration with whose history he seemed quite familiar. It was a beautiful and touching picture of real life that he drew in describing this family as they lived some where in the valley of the Onion river, amid the sublime mountain scenery of Vermont. He represented Mr. Norton, the father, as a hardy, sensible, and pious New England farmer. The family consisted of four children; two of whom, James and Lydia, were grown up to adult age, while George the next son was about nineteen years old, and the youngest daughter was only eight. Mr. Norton had long toiled to accumulate a little property, but the increase had been so slow, that in a fit of discouragement he sold his farm and determined to emigrate to the Far West where he learned he could purchase land at a low price and procure the means of subsistence at little labor. He persuaded himself that by adopting this course he should be doing more justice to his children than by remaining in a country where property and even the means of subsistence for a family could be obtained only by years of persevering toil. There was only one heart made sad by this determination, and that was the heart of his favorite and eldest daughter—Lydia Norton was a girl of excellent sense and some personal attractions. She had interested the affections of a young man who had grown up with her from childhood. His father owned an adjoining farm. The two families were quite intimate, and many happy hours had Charles Stevenson and Lydia passed together. This proposition of emigrating to the Far West seemed to the young people a death blow to all their long cherished hopes, as the circumstances of the young man did not warrant his forming a marriage connection at once. But true affection is ready to make any sacrifice to attain its object.

As soon as it was a settled point that Mr. Norton was to leave, Charles offered to accompany him in the capacity of a hired man, if he would accept his services. Mr. Norton assented, and everything was arranged accordingly.

They were now on their way, moving in true western style.

They expected to be weeks and months on their journey before they reached their distant home. The family and all the effects they bore with them were carried in two stout wagons, each one of which was drawn by three yoke of oxen. Mr. Norton or his oldest son usually acted as the driver of one of these wagons, while Charles Stevenson took charge of the other. They had already been on their journey many weeks, and had penetrated so far into the western world as to find it necessary to pitch their tents each night, and seek a lodging place wherever night overtook them. They at length entered the prairie country, and were for a while almost spell bound by the wide tracts of plain that stretched around them. To them the wonders of the boundless prairies, appeared more amazing because they had always been shut up by lofty mountains in a narrow dell, and had never until now looked abroad upon such amplitude and vastness of expanse.

They had now been traversing through prairie country for several days. It was late in autumn though the weather continued bland as a summer. The day was bright and sunny; the wagons each drawn by three yoke of oxen, were moving slowly on the vast extended region of long grass, now sere and dry, which stretched around them like a shoreless ocean, and gently bent and waved to and fro in the autumn breeze. No house, nor stone, nor hillock, nor solitary tree were seen within the vast circle of the horizon. As the sun declined and the shadows began to lengthen the tops of a small grove began to be visible in the distance. The emigrants immediately began to seek a place of encampment for the night in the neighborhood of this grove for they naturally concluded that would furnish water for their cattle and their own use, and fuel for cooking their evening meal. They had been successful this day in shooting a large quantity of prairie hens, and were anticipating a delicious repast.

Mr. Norton proposed that James and himself should go on ahead of the wagons and get everything ready by the time they came up. They accordingly started off, having left Charles Stevenson to drive the forward wagon, in which the family rode, and George to conduct the other. Mr. N. and James however, had gone but a few yards before Lydia came bounding through the long sere grass, with the fleetness of a deer bearing a tea kettle in one hand, and three or four prairie hens in the other. Lydia, as we have before said, was full of sprightliness and vivacity, and she had too often clambered up the steep and rough sides of the green mountains to think anything of a walk of two or three miles across the prairie. Her object in accompanying her father and brother was to hasten the evening meal, and as her father made no objection, the group moved on with quickening step towards the distant woods. They had already proceeded full three miles when they came to a beautiful spring of cool, clear water. Here they all sat down, and with grateful hearts partook largely of natures refreshing beverage. In the meantime Mr. Norton drew his pipe from his pocket, and having filled it with dried Indian weed, a supply of which he always carried with him, he soon ignited the same by means of his jack knife and flint. They were only a short distance from the woods, having filled a tea kettle and pail with water, they went forward and began to cut up some wood and prepare for kindling a fire.

And now the sun had set, and the evening shades were gathering fast around them. Beneath the covert of a large tree the fire was burning brightly, over which was suspended the tea kettle and all things were ready for the arrival of the party on board the wagons. Lydia ran out of the woods a little way into the prairie, to see if she could anywhere discover the advancing party. She saw them about a half a mile distant, moving slowly on, but she saw at hand, and near the spring, what greatly alarmed her—a smoke and flickering blaze. She ran back in great haste and said, "Father I fear in lighting your pipe you have set the prairie on fire."

Mr. Norton started up as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and rushed forward to ascertain the truth of Lydia's remark. The moment they had emerged from the woods and got into the prairie, the awful certainty burst upon them in a moment! What a sight then met their view! The prairie was indeed on fire. It was not quite dusky, and the little flickering blaze which Lydia saw had already become a sea of fire. The wind drove the flames in the direction of their friends, whose escape seemed impossible.

The long dry grass which had waved so gracefully in the wind, now caught everywhere like tinder, and sent up a sheet of flame that widened and expanded every moment, and mounted up with increasing brightness and height, as though it would reach the very skies.

The feelings of this group were excited almost to agony in behalf of their friends. The thought at length struck them that if they could only succeed in getting them through the long line of flame, they might save them, as the conflagration was evidently moving off from the place where they stood; and as the column of flame extended more to the right than to the left, they embraced the determination to make an effort to reach their friends in that direction. Reckless of the consequences, wild with despair, they instantly rushed and succeeded in getting in advance of the flame in one place. But they soon saw that the enemy was coming upon them with the speed and fury of the whirlwind. Mr. Norton lifted up his voice and shouted aloud, bidding the teams to move in this direction, but no sound was returned save the awful crackling of the advancing flames. Darkness too, covered the whole vast prairie, save where this sweeping column of fire spread its desolating track.—They could no where discover a single track of the wagons; and now they began to see the peril of their own situation. Already were they completely environed with the fire, and all retreat seemed cut off.

The only hope left them was to endeavor to rush through the flames and get the windward side of the conflagration. Mr. Norton and James made their way for a perilous while through this awful tempest of flame, the darling Lydia keeping close to their heels. At length a point was gained which seemed to open the prospect of escape; not a moment was to be lost, for already the fire raged round them like a furnace. Mr. Norton drawing in his breath, dashed through this awful line of flame, and reached a spot where the consuming element ceased to rage, it already having swept every vestige of combustible matter, though scorched and smarting in every limb, he could not but feel grateful to God for his deliverance. He instantly turned to see what had become of his children. At that moment he saw one bright, lurid sheet of fire mounting up like a vast wave of the ocean, and completely overwhelming them. He rushed back to assist them, but the flame like a furnace seven times heated, rolled its intense fiery surge back upon him in such a manner that he was obliged to retreat. At this moment he heard Lydia shriek—her dress was all on fire, and her brother was trying to bear her through the raging tempest.

When it had in some slight degree abated, again the father rushed forward—but another gust of wind swept such a torrent of fire over the bodies of his children that it was impossible for him to reach the spot where they were. When the burning waves had passed by, he strained his eyes, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of the objects of his affection. They were not visible. At length, as the fire marched on, he reached the spot where he had seen his children struggling with the awful element, and there he found them both lying on the ground, their clothes nearly burnt off, and their bodies half consumed by the devouring flame! His poor daughter was gasping in death, and his son so dreadfully burned that he could scarcely move a limb. The fire was burning the roots of the grass around and beneath them. At a little distance, however, there was a spot where the consuming element had exhausted itself, to this place he endeavored to remove his children. Poor Lydia almost expired in his arms. And as he laid her down on this black and scathed spot of earth, she faintly said, "Christ is my hope! Jesus can make this resting place 'soft as downy pillows are!'"—The father hastened to remove his son to the same spot. He there laid him with his face turned towards his sister. He soon saw that she was dead, and said to his father,

"This is a sad night for us; Lydia is gone, and I think I shall, soon follow."

"There is an hour," replied the father, "in which all we can do is to look to God. He has said, 'When thou passeth through the fire I will be with thee.'"

"Will you pray with me, dear father?"

"I will," said the agonized father, and kneeling on the blackened earth, while bending over one child already dead, and another almost ready to expire, he cried unto God for help and mercy. When he arose from his knees, he perceived that James' breathing was more rapid and embarrassed than it had been before. A dreadful fever was burning through his veins.

"I shall soon be where the flames can no longer kindle upon me;" said the dying son, "and I shall be able to bathe in the cool refreshing stream that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb."

"God grant," said the father, "that an entrance may be ministered unto thee into His everlasting kingdom."

"Amen!" responded James, and died.

The chill of death had suddenly come over him, and his spirit fled to the presence of his Maker and Judge.

The father sat for a long time on the ground gazing on his dead children. The curtain of darkness was drawn over the scene—but here and there dissipated by the dying and reviving embers, and flickering flame that still lingered on almost every spot over which the awful conflagration had swept. An unsteady, lurid light just sufficient to reveal the wide-spread [illegible] was thus [illegible] over the dark and blackened waste where the consuming element had but a few hours before rode on his resplendent car. At the distance of a few miles, and as far to the right and left as the eye could reach, mounting up to heaven amid the darkness of midnight, and marching on with the speed and fierceness and fury of the whirlwind. It was an awful and sublime sight. Here the father sat by the side of his lifeless and unbreathing children, the stillness of solitude was around him; and there, bursting up amid thick darkness, this tremendous conflagration, which seemed so bright and fierce and awful, that one could hardly refrain from thinking that it would burn up the world and melt the elements with fervent heat.

But I ought before this to have told the reader the account the Kentuckian gave of the fate of those who were connected with the advancing wagons. They had seen the smoke of the fire that was to cook their evening meal curling above the trees, and directed their course to that point as the spot where they should meet their friends. They were not at all aware of the coming of this awful conflagration, of the approach of danger, till they saw the whole prairie directly before them lit up with one extended sheet of flame. No one can depict the sublimity and grandeur of the scene that at that moment burst upon their view! But fear and wild distraction took complete possession of the whole company,—The very cattle that drew the wagons seemed to sympathize with them, and to discover at once that their fate was sealed.

We have already remarked that the fire extended more rapidly in one laternal direction than the other. This Charles Stevenson observed, and immediately sought to take advantage of it, and if possible to get to the windward of the fire. But long before they reached the line of flame, the fire had extended miles in this very direction. It was too late—there was no escape—the fire was every moment approaching them.

Mrs. Norton clasped her young daughter to her bosom and sat still on the wagon. The oxen as the flames advanced became perfectly unmanageable. They rushed forward with the fury of wild and maddened beasts into the thickest of the flames. The one took one direction, and the other another, but both of them continued to move on through the hottest column of flame, till at length the cattle one after another fell down in the yoke suffocated by the flame, and bellowing as though in the agonies of death. Long before the last ox had fallen, and the wagon had ceased to move Mrs. Norton, with her youngest child at her bosom had given up the ghost. The long awning, which covered the wagon in which she rode, took fire almost as soon as they met the line of flame and instantly all the combustible materials on the vehicle were in flames. Escape seemed impossible, for already the oxen were moving with the speed of wind through the thickest of the flames, and Mrs. Norton clasped her child to her bosom, yielded to her fate, committing all to God. Poor George, not able to keep pace with the team he drove, as he saw the flame marching on, sought by running to escape the face of the devouring element, but the attempt was in vain. The whirlwind of fire soon overtook him, and like a resistless sea, rolled its burning waves over him. When Charles Stevenson saw the team he drove could no longer be controlled, that in order to follow them he must encounter certain death, he left them to take their own course, and sought to rush through the line of flame, which had now become so expanded, that long before he passed the fiery column, the flesh was almost burned off his bones, and he at length fell down upon the burning earth unable to move a step further. The fire still moved on with unabated fury over the wide and far extended prairie.

When the morning came a most melancholy spectacle was presented to the view over the blackened plain. One solitary living human form alone, was slowly moving amid the scene of desolation—and that was Mr. Norton. He found Charles Stevenson just in the last agonies of death, from whom, however, he learned the particulars above stated. This young man soon expired; and Mr. Norton, alone, of all that emigrant train, was left to tell the sad story of the BURNING PRAIRIE.

Kossuth upon the Jesuits.

Kossuth, in his speech at St. Louis, spoke of the Jesuits and their opposition to him.—His remarks were bold and defiant. He promised, however, by saying that he would not imitate the Reverend Father Jesuits and indulge in personalities, nor ever act otherwise than would be becoming a gentleman. His was not the famous doctrine that "the aim sanctifies the means." He then proceeded to show that the ambition of the order, to rule the world, and their using Religion to promote this end, had made their existence dangerous to the Roman Catholic Religion, so that the Pope himself, Clement XIV., with the consent and upon the advice of the Council of Cardinals, abolished the Order of Jesuits, and all the Catholic sovereigns in the world, even those known as the most attached to the Roman Catholic Church, as the Kings of Spain, of Portugal, Louis XV of France, and even Maria Theresa, of Austria, notwithstanding her boundless bigotry, expelled the Reverend Father Jesuits from all their territories.

From this speech, which is likely to attract much attention, we make extracts of the points likely to provoke comment.

"Now, as those principles which I humbly plead are the principles of national freedom and national sovereignity, they are of course opposed to every one who would like to rule the world, whereas I wish that every people shall rule itself; I thought to find in this circumstance the key to that passionate persecution to which I hate. But here in St. Louis I got hold of a circumstance which makes the matter quite clear.

"I hold in my hand the printed catalogue of the Society of Jesuits in the province of Missouri as they term your State. Herein I see that among the thirty-five members officiating in the College of the Father Jesuits in St. Louis, there are not less than eighty Reverend Father Jesuits imported from Austria. And you see why I am so persecuted here—this plain fact tells the story of a big book.

"And as to the cause of my country, which I more particularly plead, I dare boldly say—all the Jesuits of the world and of all times together have not a thousandth part so much right to say that they are faithful representatives of the Catholic religion, as the Catholics of Hungary have the right to say it. While the Father Jesuits indulged quietly in the comfort of their wealth and plotted ambitious views about how to rule the world, the Roman Catholics of Hungary, people, bishops and priests, took up the sword, and sacrificed willingly life and blood and property for their religion. It is Hungary which protected Rome from St. Peter's Church to a Mosque like St. Sophia in Constantinople.

Replying to the charge that he favored the cause of the Italian Republicans, he said:—"Since when is it a principle of the Roman Catholic Religion, that the Romans should be no Republicans, and the Pope as the High Priest of the Roman Catholics should be a despot sovereign over the nation? and in that capacity a devoted ally and obedient servant of the Czar of Russia, that sworn enemy and bloody persecutor of Roman Catholicism?—Why, Mazzani, the Romans, and the Republican Italians are Roman Catholics, and are so warmly attached to their religion, that when in 1849, the French Republic sent an army against the Roman Republic to restore the Pope, not to his spiritual authority, because that was by nobody contradicted, but to his temporal despotism, the whole danger could have been averted by the Romans becoming, *en masse*, Protestants. The idea was pronounced in Rome, and not a single Roman accepted it. They preferred to struggle without a hope of victory; they preferred to bleed and die rather than abandon their faith.

He thus describes the Jesuits, closing with a significant threat or challenge: "They are those whom every Roman Catholic king has excluded from his territories as dangerous to religion and social order; they are those the ascendency of whom had always been a period of disaster and confusion to the Roman Catholic Church; they are those who now make an alliance or rather a compact of submission with the Czar of Russia, and who plead and support here, in free Republican America, the cause of Russian despotism, the cause of that Czar, who is yet red with blood and damned with the million curses of Roman Catholics, whom he forced to abandon their religion, and forced by cruelty, by misery, and by the lash, under which thousands of Roman Catholics perished—having been treated as the unfortunate Minsk nuns were proven to have been treated to death.

"So much for the charge that the cause which I plead—the cause of millions of Roman Catholics, is hostile to the Roman Catholic Religion. Should I be forced for the future to enter upon this topic once more, I will take the heart-revolting history of those who thus culminate my cause, into my hands, and recall to the memory of public opinion the terrible pages of blood, ambition, countless crimes and intolerance; but I hope there will be no occasion for it."

A DEED OF HONOR.—The world was enveloped in the sable robes of midnight, and not a star glistened in the vaulted arch above. The winds howled fiercely and dismal, murky clouds flew in rapid succession through the air, as the lightning and crash of thunder mingled in at intervals, to render the scene more terrific. At this dreadful hour, when half the world was buried in sleep, the fell assassin, instigated by the feelings of a *Devil*, arose from his bed and proceeded stealthily towards his unsuspecting victim. A pause, all was dark—no eye to witness the bloody tragedy—the bludgeon was raised—a ghastly smile of revenge plays upon the face of the murderer—the blow is struck—a struggle—a groan—and *the largest kind of a rat lies dead beside the paste dish!*

☞ One of the rarest articles in market is common sense. There are forty men of wit to one of discretion. You will meet with ninety-nine who can tell a good joke about the sheriff, to every five who know enough to keep him out of the house.

☞ There are two kinds of lawyers, those who have a "paying practice," and those who have a practice of not paying.

☞ "Don't call me boy," said a young fellow, indignantly, when being called a boy.—"I've chewed tobacco this six years."

Our State.

Message of GOVERNOR BIGLER.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN—I had intended, immediately after my induction into office, to communicate with you on the subject of the public debt, and exhibit the actual financial condition of the Commonwealth at that period. After the necessary examination, however, I discovered that I could not do so with the precise accuracy which should characterize the statements of an official communication. There are outstanding debts on the public works, unpaid claims, and balances of appropriations for last year, the amount of which could not be ascertained in time for this purpose. I am, therefore, I regret to say, compelled to forego the performance of this duty until the meeting of the next Legislature. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing the views I entertain, and the anxiety I feel, on a few subjects connected with the financial and other affairs of the State [illegible].

There is now due and unpaid two millions four hundred and ninety-one thousand two hundred dollars of the bonds of the Commonwealth, bearing an interest of six per cent., and a balance of near one hundred thousand dollars due to domestic creditors, bearing a like rate of interest, besides one million three hundred and ninety thousand dollars at five per cent.; over two millions will fall due in 1852, and about three millions in 1854.

I respectfully suggest to the Legislature the propriety of making provision for the cancellation of the matured bonds, and such as may fall due during the coming year, by authorizing the State Treasurer to negotiate loans for that purpose, and issue the bonds of the Commonwealth, reimbursable at the expiration of ten or fifteen years, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent., with interest certificates attached, or in the usual form, as may be deemed proper. The present reduced rates of interest in Europe, and the abundance of money in the principal cities of the country, afford ample assurance that such loans can be negotiated at a rate of interest much below that which the State is bound to pay on these bonds. I am fully satisfied by information which has reached me through private as well as public sources, that the bonds of the State, exempted from taxation, could be negotiated at such a rate of interest as to make a very desirable saving to the Treasury. It is not so much the present rate of tax on the bonds, that would injure the value of the new ones, as the sensitive apprehension, entertained by capitalists, that such rate of taxation might, at some future time, be increased. Besides these inducements to cancel the matured bonds, we should not forget that it is not befitting a great State like Pennsylvania to have to have a matured and unpaid debt resting upon her. Such a state of affairs is not consistent with her dignity and pride, and is well calculated to have an injurious effect upon her credit. Her ability to pay cannot be doubted, and the fidelity with which her people have ever responded to every reasonable demand to save her credit, has excited unlimited confidence in her integrity amongst the capitalists of this country and Europe. I therefore, most respectfully, submit this subject to your consideration.

The receipts into the Treasury for the year 1851, deducting the temporary loan of $98,200, amounted to $4,472,393 93, and the expenditures for the same year to $4,780,667 53, or $308,363 40 more than the whole receips. In this expenditure is included $185,138 91, which was paid to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and cannot, therefore, be properly regarded as an expenditure, as it was used to cancel a like amount of the funded debt—leaving an actual balance against the Treasury of $123,225 49.

After full consultation with the financial officer of the State and a careful examination of the data which he has kindly placed within my reach, I have arrived at the conclusion that the receipts and expenditures for the current year may be estimated as follows, to wit:

Receipts, $4,325,000; expenditures, $4,027,000, leaving a balance of receipts over expenditures of $298,000—including in this expenditure, an estimated payment to the commissioners of the sinking fund of $220,000. But it should be observed, that in the expenditures for last year there is included the sum of $142,196, applied to the North Branch Canal, and $30,000 for the inclined planes on the Portage road and the Western Reservoir—making in all, $172,196 expended on the new work during the last season. It will be seen, however, by reference to the State Treasurer's report, that the balance in the Treasury on the 1st of December, 1850, was $854,252 81, whilst at the same period of the year 1851, the balance was but $543,970 21, being a difference against the Treasury for this year of $310,252 60, which sum, together with the $300,000 of temporary loan, to be paid out of the receipts of the present year, amount to $310,252 60, being $38,155 60 more than all the payments for the new work, and on this data the balance in the Treasury at the end of this year is reduced to $259,844 40. Thus it will appear that, should no accident occur to the public works during the present season, we may reasonably anticipate a surplus of revenue of between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Should the improvements, however, be visited by anything like the extent of damage which befell them during the last year, this balance would be reduced to a sum too meagre to deserve notice. It is, therefore, apparent that we cannot rely upon the surplus revenue of the Treasury, during the current year, for the means to prosecute the work on the North Branch and the Portage Railroad, with that vigor which the interest of the State seems to demand.

I remarked, at the time of my induction into office, that I regarded the speedy completion of the North Branch Canal as consistent with the truest principles of economy. The examination which I have given the subject since that time, has tended greatly to increase my confidence in the truthfulness of that declaration. In this view, I seem to concur in opinion with my able and experienced predecessor, who took occasion to recommend this subject to the favorable consideration of the Legislature in his last annual message. The policy of resuming the prosecution of this work is no longer an open issue, and need not now be discussed. This question was settled by the Legislature of 1849, since which time about $690,000 have been expended on the work; all of which, together with two and a half millions, originally expended, and the amount of retained percentage, and the usual damages to the contractors on the abandonment of the work, must be entirely lost, unless the Canal be completed. The whole length of this improvement is about ninety-four miles, fifty miles of which are fully completed, and the remaining forty-four are under contract, or ready to be put under contract so soon as the Legislature may make provision for the payment of the same. According to the estimate of William B. Foster, the experienced engineer on that line, $772,000 will be sufficient to complete it; and that, should the means be promptly furnished, the whole line may be brought into use in the early part of the next season. Can it be doubted for a moment that the nett annual receipts on this work will largely exceed the interest on this meagre sum? I am confident that those who have given the subject the least attention, will not hesitate on this point. I confidently believe that they will be sufficient not only to do this, but also to pay the interest on the $650,000 expended since 1849, and on the two and a half millions expended prior to 1841, and leave a balance to go into the Treasury besides. I need not give you my reasons in detail for this opinion. The data on which it rests has been presented to you in more forcible terms than I could employ. It requires but a glance at the operations on the completed part of that improvement—at the vast district of country which would be supplied with anthracite coal through the medium of this canal—the rapidly increasing consumption of this article wherever it has been brought into use—to satisfy the most incredulous mind that the tonnage on this improvement must, in a few years, be almost equal to its capacity. Some twenty-five counties of the State of New York, rich, populous and growing, embracing a number of incorporated cities, now paying high prices for fuel, would be supplied with this article for domestic, mechanical, and manufacturing purposes; in return for which, the canal would, to some extent, be freighted with salt, plaster, &c.—The growth of the anthracite coal business in the State is almost incredible. If we may be allowed to take this increase as a data on which to base an estimate of the future business of this canal, it will more than equal the expectations of its most sanguine friends.—We can scarcely realize the fact, that the operations in this article have grown from 800,000 tons in 1849, to near 4,500,000 in 1851, and in all probability the amount will exceed five millions for the current year.

If, then, it be so apparent that the income from this work will pay the interest on its cost and leave a surplus for the use of the Treasury besides; wise policy would seem to dictate its speedy completion. I must respectfully and earnestly urge upon you the favorable consideration of this subject at the earliest day possible. The time for doubt and delay, it seems to me, has gone by. This work must either be finished or over three millions of the people's money, already expended on it, must be thrown away. To depend upon the present means of the Treasury would, I am confident, lead to vexatious and injurious delay. The sum necessary to complete it should [illegible] can be assured can be obtained on a loan, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent. reimbursable at such a period as the revenue, therefrom, shall have reached the amount of the interest and principal. I am aware that there is proper sensitiveness in the minds of the people, on the subject of borrowing money, and I am sure that I should not recommend any measures that would have the effect of increasing their burthens. But I sincerely believe that the tendency of this measure will be to lessen, rather than increase them—that it is the best financial measure the Legislature can, at present, adopt—that its ultimate tendency will be to aid the Treasury in the liquidation of the present debt, certainly much more so, than the alternative of allowing the sum already expended to be lost. The completion of the work will also give an impetus to the growth and prosperity of the northern portion of the State—would invite men and money into that rich section of the Commonwealth, and would be an act of justice to the people of that region, who have ever with a true spirit of loyalty and generosity, contributed their proper share towards sustaining the honor and dignity of the State.

The importance of prompt and efficient action on this subject, cannot be overrated.—The citizens of the State of New York, who intend to construct the connecting link between our improvements and the Chemung canal, in that State, should have early assurance that our improvement will be completed. Business men who desire to operate in this line, will not make the proper arrangements to do so until ample provision is made for its completion. Every consideration of interest and economy, it seems to me, dictates prompt and efficient action on this question.

The avoidance of the inclined planes on the Alleghany Portage railroad was also commenced under the late administration, and in my opinion is a necessary work and should be prosecuted to completion as rapidly as the means of the Treasury will permit. It is an important link in our main line of improvements, and has ever been and unless the planes are avoided—will continue to be source of heavy expenditure and great delay and danger in the transportation of tonnage. The annual expenditure to keep these planes in order has been extremely heavy. It is estimated that near a hundred thousand dollars would be saved yearly, in the expenses of this rail-road were the use of the planes dispensed with.—One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was appropriated for this purpose, by the last Legislature. The old material on the road is counted at a value of $248,650 00. This, with the additional sum of $591,350 00, it is estimated by Mr. Farles, the engineer on that line will accomplish this desirable end. I am also assured by the same officer, that with the necessary appropriation, four of the ten planes may be avoided during the coming season.

In connection with this subject, I need scarcely remark, that our main line of improvements is about to encounter a most powerful rival for the tonnage of the West, in the Pennsylvania railroad, which work will probably be completed during the year 1853. The avoidance of the planes will do more, I am confident, to strengthen the main line against this competition, than any other improvement that can be made. I respectfully recommend this subject to your favorable consideration.

The absolute necessity for the expenditure of large sums of money to complete the improvements to which I referred, will, I have no doubt, admonish you of the propriety of confining the appropriations to the lowest possible point that the public service and the interest of the State will permit, including nothing for which it is not legally and morally bound to provide. Rigid economy in the expenditures is indispensably necessary to sustain the credit of the State—fulfil the engagements she has already made, and meet the reasonable expectations of the people.

The public improvements of the State are one of our principal sources of revenue, and