THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 3. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 15, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1407.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
(A Weekly Newspaper,)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
J. C. MILLER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.

These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

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"Poet's Corner."

Kossuth's Apostrophe to America.

I.

Thou Pilgrim-Land!
I seek thy strand,
An exile from afar,
To hail, beside thy crescent moon,
Young Freedom's morning-star;
Its glory gilds the brightest page
In all the scrolls of Fame,
For there thy WASHINGTON inscribed
His own immortal name;
'Tis read along the rocky shore,
By many a seaman brave;
'Tis read with tears by pilgrim-bands,
Beside Potomac's wave!

II.

Thou glorious West!
I come thy Guest,
By banded despots driven,
To see Columbia's Eagle soar
In Freedom's star-lit heaven;
Where every bird may plume her nest
Beneath congenial skies,
And sing her song of joyous love
Where Freedom's banner flies:
She sings it to the ocean-breeze
That fans th' Atlantic strand;
She sings it to the prairie-flowers
Through Freedom's glorious land!

III.

Thou Exile's Home!
To thee I come
Across the stormy wave,
To see thy banner proudly float
Above the wise and brave;
It spurns the tyrant's angry ken,
The bigot's jealous gaze;
It fans the brows of noble men,
Where Freedom's watch-fires blaze:
They blaze from every mountain height,
O'er all the glorious West,
As Vulcan pours his liquid fires,
From Etna's burning crest.

IV.

Young Giant-World!
Thy flag unfurled,
Waves proudly o'er the sea;
And long its bannered stars shall glow
In Freedom's galaxy:
They shine around thy Eagle's track,
High soaring to the sun,
And light, with rays of joyful hope,
The cottage of the Hun:
Ere long, from despot power redeemed,
That cottage-hearth shall shine,
With fires by patriot valor fanned
At Freedom's hallowed shrine.

Selected Miscellany.

Showing the "Rang-a-Tang."

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

Some of these days, when Phineas, vulgarly called Peter, Barnum, retires from business, upon a small competency, of ten or twelve millions *E pluribus Unums*, and his great "sells," his Feeje mermaids, Woolly horses, ancient Ethiopian nurses of General Washington, singing Jenny, Bridgeport banks and Fire-Annihilators, and sort of dim, the public of this "nation of heroes" "builders of ware-houses and conventicles," may hear of another great showman, now in the germ, yclept Mr. Sears,

Sears has too much genius and talent, as showman, ever to go down the tide heralded and unsung, as any one that ever heard Sears talk to the crowd, at the gap of his tent—inside of which were dead wax felons, ensanguined villains, religious pirates, and hideous hyenas, unchained tigers, stuffed with straw cannot fail to conclude. The last time I saw Sears, (previous to meeting him in Boston last week,) he had his "side show" with Dr. Spalding's Appolonican Opera company, at Lynn: he had gotten as many of the mob into his tent as it would hold conveniently, and was just leading the orchestra,—consisting of a brass drum and bag-pipes, himself playing a fiddle, while he smoked a long pipe on top of one of his carts, hollered to the boys outside, and described the wax figures and stuffed animals within; at the same time with one foot, while with the other he kicked a fellow out of the tent, for swearing in the presence of the ladies!

So much versatile talent, in a solid way made an impression upon us, to use the words of dinner table and stage orators "time itself can never efface." But to our story.

During the jubilee week, in Boston, the town was beset with showmen. Every thing from Parodi and her hairy troupe, down to Ethiopian minstrels, fat boys, fat girls, spiritual rappers, wire dancers, jugglers, Shaksperian readers, and Sears, with a pair of Ourang Outangs!

The Montgomery House, formerly the museum, (upon which the owner made money enough to build four first class hotels, and in spite of the fire,

was a gaudy failure,) was deserted and shut up, until the Boston Jubilee so crowded our city as to make speculations in cockloft and airy lodgings, a matter of most engaging interest: and then the Montgomery was opened for a lodging house. Sears, with an eye to business, and not caring a tinker's fip for expense, takes an entire back parlor for himself and family—i. e. a brother showman and two Ourang Outangs. The hotel renter rather kicked against Sears bringing in a show, especially a pair of d—d rang-er-tangs, as he called them; but Sears had not only seen the elephant, but owned several—stuffed ones; and knowing "white man to be herry onsartin" paid his rent in advance and took a receipt; hence, he had the pseudo lodging housekeeper—right.

Sears hung out his banners on the outward walls, and opened his show. Patrons—ninepence a head—flocked in, and came out, saying they—the animals—were wonderful! To which Prof. Sears never failed to exclaim—

"Aint they though? Rale Rang-a-tangs from the Tongo Islands; walk in, gentlemen, look at 'em—leave for the South to morrow; your last chance, gentlemen; only a ninepence, sir; crossed fo'pence only pass for five cents—thank you sir, walk in. Stand back, boys; you can't see anything through the cracks here. Now's your time, gentlemen; rale Rang-a-tangs, genooine articles—no straw or Spanish moss about these wonderful animals—eat with a knife and fork, and drink out of cups and sassers; natural as niggers—this way, sir—all right—there's your chance—walk up, walk up, gentlemen; see humanity in its first form, as the Bible says—Solomon I believe it was spoke of it—don't remember the chapter—page, you can find't yourself."

And they did walk up, lively, for Sears soon had the parlor full of the curious public—in fact the Montgomery for once, at least, was full all over! Now, in Boston, or very near it, lives and goes along, one "Buff Cooley," a modern Yorrick of no mean proteusions, not only a practical Joe Miller—dancing and music for the million—but one of "the fancy," that would win applause from a professor of the manly art (Bowery parlance) of painting black eyes and tapping claret. "Buff," however, is a gentlemanly sort of a fellow. He came along just in season to see Sears, up to his eyes in business, and while standing with his back in the doorway of an opposite parlor, the hall being jammed by the shuffling crowd—one of the oft-described Jack-eyes, who are supposed to be ever "turning up" in and about Yankee land, comes up to Buff, with his hands in his pockets, and says, in a very mysterious tone—

"Are they in there?"

"Eh!" quick and lowly responds Buff.

"Them Rang-a-tangs?" continues the homespun.

"Oh! ah, yes—yes, they're here," says Buff at once biting at the nub of a good joke.

"Walk right along in; only ninepence; walk in!" continues Buff, who sees, by a glance into the parlor, that among the crowd inside was two or three of Parodi's Dutch and Italian musicianers, with hair enough about their "mugs" to set up for veritable Ourang Outangs—easy!

Homespun forks over his ninepence—Buff gives him a shove into the parlor, and partly closes the doors, to see how his customer gets along. The country gent slides along up to one of the hairy Italians, and stares! The Italian looks a little doubtful at the Yankee and walks off, the Yankee watching his movements with evident concern. As the Italian turned off, a companion came next in view, who possessed a still more *obese* person, and a luxuriance of "wig and whiskers" a Grand Turk might envy. This was a German; he *riveted* the Yankee, who stood back some few feet—hands sunk up to his elbows into the deep pockets of his rather short, but amply wide and loose breechaloons—taking a very good view of the critter. For a brief space of time the German, not observing the marked attention of the Yankee—Yankee had a fair and deliberate view of the object of his curiosity—but finally seeing the inquisitor eyeing him from crown to heel, the musicianer returns the stare, and with a sort of bear grunt, turns on his heel and walks off; the Yankee watching *his* movements with the most intense curiosity and wonder. Coming back to the door, says Yankee to the double-fisted joker—

"I say, yeou, are them critters hairy all over?"

"Certainly, they are, hairy as horse-hides," says Buff.

"Shoo! Wall got tails haint they, like monkies?"

"Tails! Yes, go watch them; just raise their coats and you'll see."

As if determined to see the entire animal for his money, Yankee saunters back into the room, and walking up to the hairiest of the hairy foreigners, he endeavored to get to the lee'ard of him; but the German horn-blower, suspicioning Yankee for a thief or a mad-man, kept dodging and squirming around, in order to keep his face toward the suspicious fellow. Yankee finding it no easy matter to get a view of the critter's appendage, hollers out—

"Hold yerself still, yeou darn'd critter, yeou; how on airth do ye expect a feller to see yeour dod rotted tail, of yeou keep a screwin' on yeourself around so?"

"Vot? Tail?" says the Dutchman. "Got for tam, vot you mean?" he continued grabbing his coat-tails, as if he thought a snake had fastened to them.

The Yankee stood not upon the *order* of his going, but *went*, with the velocity of a gas from a shillet, yelling out in good substantial Anglo-Saxon—

"Great God, Jose! Let me out—the Rang-a-tang talks Dutch!" and darting out into the crowded hall, and making his way into Tremont street, the bewil-

knots an hour! Buff Cooley and Professor Sears consider this a little the spiciest practical *Joe Miller* of the season; and if the reader only thinks *likewise*—nuff ced.—*Albany Dutchman.*

THE COUSINS.

Lawyer Molesworth was a rich landlord in Cranley, the native town of Miss Mitford. He had two daughters to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a beautiful woman, Jessey was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessey should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kinduess, and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London. Charles was to be the immediate partner and the eventual successor to the flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellnt conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly entertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.

But in affairs of love as in all others, says Miss Mitford, man is born to disappointments. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessey having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated, as he had the highest respect for Miss Jessey, but could not marry her—for he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

The interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessey was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin—her form and attitude, her white dress and the classical arrangement of her dark hair giving her a look of some nymph or maiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessey was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert she had attended the night before at the country town.

"I hate concerts," said the pretty little flirt; "to sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or speaking to anybody, or anybody's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes a little archly; "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil, but the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat without accomplishing his object."

"Yes I assure you he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And that music," pursued Jessey; "that noise they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water, and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing; "and yet" continued she, "it is most truly so with his rich, Pasta like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love it for its sake, it is doubtless a pleasure, much resembling in kind that of the most thrilling melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sophocles in the original Greek—Charles Woodford's reading is music.

"It is music which neither of you are likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them, "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discharged him."

Agnes stood as if petrified. "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discharged him, to be sure papa," said Jessey, always good natured; "poor Charles, what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand my child," said the angry parent, "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say to him now?"

"Why, really, papa," said Jessey; "I am much more obliged to him for refusing *my* hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done."—And off the gipsey ran—declaring she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"The heart is untouched however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Undoubtedly."

"And does he love another?"

"He says he does, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you not know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections?"

'O! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?'

'He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way, and as much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by his object.'

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jessamine, and watering a favorite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow as much, but although you never have in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know, I cannot tell how, all that your kind partiality towards us has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me fit to fill a splendid place in society, next in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessey and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor.—And with little change of person, those arrangements may yet hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and heir for he loves Jessey and Jessey loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live with you dear father single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself dear father! Let me always live with you and for you—always your own Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, while he listened, the fond father's fancy had compared her. "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now my own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh, father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father, dear father!'

'Choose my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling around me but speak.'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father we may all live together!'

And so it was settled. And a few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessey with her pretiness and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of the very thing to visit for a day. But Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.

A Slow Boat.

There was once a steamboat coming up the Mississippi one dark night, and the Captain according to time honored usage was playing cards in a social hall. The mate stepped in:

'Captain out of wood—not enough left to make the water hot enough to shave with.'

'Ring the bell,' replied the Captain, 'show a light and scare some up along the shore.'

The mate went out, and the Captain went on with the game, in a few moments the mate returned:

'Found a yard sir.'

The Captain left the table and went out.

'How do you sell your wood?' shouted the Captain to the people at the yard.

'Two and a half.'

'Too much,' said the Captain. 'However, take cord or two and look farther.'

A couple of cords were taken in, the game was resumed in the social hall, and the boat went on.

A half hour elapsed, when the mate again appeared.

'Out of wood, sir.'

'Bell and light—my deal!'

The orders were obeyed, and the mate again announced a wood yard. The Captain went out.

'What's the price of wood?'

'Two and a half.'

'Too high,' but will take a couple of cords till we can do better.'

As before a couple of cords were taken in, and not twenty minutes elapsed before the mate appeared again.

'Out of wood sir.'

'Ring the bell.'

'Better take more this time.'

'Show a light.'

'It's done, sir.'

In a few minutes a wood yard was again 'rung up' and the steamer B—— went in.

'Two and a half.'

'Two and a half be d—d,' cried the Captain.

'Well Captain cried the woodman, we will put it to you this time at two and a quarter, as this *makes the third time you have wooded with us to-night!*'

The Captain had nothing to say but took the wood; and got quickly out of the stiff current which the boat was unable to stem. The B—— was so solemnly slow that the captain used to say she must have been intended for a hearse. She is the same boat which the newspapers once said made the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days and—four weeks.—*Cincinnati Com.*

From the Frankfort [Ky.] Commonwealth.

Original Letter of Daniel Boone.

We are indebted to the Rev. J. N. Norton, of this city, for the privilege of examining an original autograph letter from Daniel Boone to Governor Shelby, which Mr. N. obtained from a friend at Danville. We subjoin a copy of it, spelled, capitalized, and punctuated according to the original, and doubt not that our readers will regard it, with us, as an interesting relic of the early days of the State in which it was written. The hand-writing is very good, showing ease and even grace in handling the pen.—The spelling is quite defective; but that is a small matter in regard to one who was the pioneer in winning the rich domain of Kentucky from Savage hands.

Here is the literal copy:

"feburey the 11th 1796.

"Sir

"after my Best Respts to your Excelancy and famly I wish to inform you that I have sum intention of undertaking this New Rode that is to be Cut through the Wilderness and I think My Self intitled to the ofer of the Bisiness as I first Marked out that Rode in March 1775 and never Re'd any thing for my truble and Sepose I am no Statesman I am a woods man and think My Self as Capable of Making and Cuting that Rode as any other man Sir if you would think with Me I would thank you to write mee a Line By the post the first opertuneaty and he Will Lodge it at Mr John Miler son hinkstons fork as I wish to know Where and When it is to be Laat [Let] So that I may attend at the time of I am Dear Sir your very omble sarvent.

"DANIEL BOONE.

"To his Excelancy governor Shelby."

Go Ahead.

BY C. W. LIGHT.

When your plans of life are clear,
Go ahead;
But no faster than your brains;
Haste is always in the rear;
If dame Prudence have the reins,
Go ahead.

Do not ask too broad a test;
Go ahead;
Lagging never clears the sight;
When you do you duty best,
You will best know what is right,
Go ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause;
Go ahead;
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead.

Do not ask who'll go with you;
Go ahead.
Numbers! spurn the coward's plea!
If there be but one or two,
Single-handed, though it be,
Go ahead.

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead;
Scale them! certainly you can!
Let them proudly dare the skies—
What are mountains to a MAN!
Go ahead.

Tho' fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead;
Let no hardship baffle you;
Tho' the heavens roar and flash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead.

Heed not Mammon's golden bell;
Go ahead;
Make no compromise with sin;
Tell the serpent he looks well,
But you cannot let him in,
Go ahead.

Better days are drawing nigh;
Go ahead;
Making duty all your pride,
You must prosper, live or die,
For all heaven's on your side,
Go ahead.

THRILLING SCENE—BREAKING UP OF THE OHIO RIVER.—The ice which for several days past has held the river completely bound at this point, yesterday morning commenced moving. The rain of Saturday night and Sunday had caused it to be loosened from the river's edge, and the breaking up was not unanticipated. Steamboat men had made preparations and most of the boats had fires under their furnaces, awaiting whatever might happen.

The ice, in moving, dragged heavily along the shore, tearing away the boats and piling them up with awful force upon the landing. At the foot of Walnut street three wharf boats, several boats broke by the current in upper ports, or which escaped their fires, and five small

12 o'clock the ice was again blocked up, and in five minutes after a lad named William Goepke crossed from the Covington side and reached this shore in safety. Some 20 others ventured over also. About this time Capt. Shingler, of the steam ferry Champion, and some six or seven others, made an effort to cross; but when they were half way over the ice again commenced moving, and considerable apprehension was excited for their safety. They reached the opposite shore without harm. This was the last crossing. Soon after, the whole body of ice, which had been broken off at Columbia, came down, and scores and scores of rafts of pine logs and lumber came floating by.

The destruction by the breaking up of the ice was immense.—*Cin. Com. 1st.*

☞ There is a Grocer down town who is so mean that he has been seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he had'nt been stealing some of his sugar.

Governor's Message.

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

Fellow Citizens: In the abundance of our harvests, the universal health of our people, and the maintenance of peace and individual and social prosperity, are to be found new motives of gratitude to the Father of Mercies, who holds our destinies in his hands. That grateful homage the acknowledgment of our dependence on his Almighty Will, it becomes us most cheerfully to render.

Never, in the history of the Commonwealth has there been a period of more prosperous tranquility. The citizens of the state aside from other sources of contentment, have at last realized that a cause of disquiet, which has for the last twenty-five years oppressed them, is about to be removed. A beginning has been made in the practical liquidation of the public debt.

On the 1st Dec. 1848, the amount of the public debt was	$40,842,379 31
On the 1st Dec. 1851, the amount of the public debt was	$40,114,236 39

Thus, within the last three years there has been effected a reduction of upwards of seven hundred thousand dollars of indebtedness, without impairing the efficiency of the public works, or retarding any plans of practical beneficence, such as the Legislature, according to a policy of wise economy, have thought proper to authorize.

I do not hesitate to attribute this important result to the successful operation of the efficient and real sinking fund system established by the act of 10th April, 1849. The detailed transactions of the Commissioners of the Fund, will appear in their report, to be submitted to the Legislature.

This system, copied in its leading features from that which was established in the early years of our history, for the extinguishment of the national debt, has worked admirably. While there can be no precipitated cancellations of public securities, such as would derange and disturb our monetary relations, neither can there be, under the present law, any such accumulation of stocks, in the hands of the Commissioners as to tempt or permit the application of the fund under any accidental emergency to other purposes than that for which it is set apart. Pledged to the payment of the public debt, it must be sacredly regarded. The creation of this fund, and the adoption of the system of making no loans, unless provision for their liquidation be made in the laws authorizing them, have already exercised a moral influence on public policy.

Like the protective system in national legislation, though by another process they prevent the representatives of the people from heedlessly incurring new debts; they make the payment of the public debt a part of the taxed policy of the State, which no one will be willing to disavow or disturb; they interfere with no extension of public improvements or expenditures for beneficent purposes.—The first application of a surplus revenue is to pay a portion of the State debt, the next to extend and maintain such objects of public improvement as will when completed, increase actual revenue, and diffuse the greatest good. To maintain that system of financial policy, which has for its object the gradual and certain extinguishment of the public debt, is as well the duty as it will be doubtless the earnest desire of the general Assembly.

Believing that the revenues of the Commonwealth, if properly guarded, are adequately sufficient for both objects—the payment of the debt and the completion of the public improvements, I again and earnestly impress upon the early attention of the Legislature, the claims of that great section of the State lying on the North Branch of the Susquehanna. The North Branch Canal ought to be finished without further delay. Its completion would insure increased revenue to the Treasury, and would be a simple act of justice to a large portion of the people interested in its construction.

The propriety of calling upon the National Government for a portion of the public lands, in aid of the several great lines of railway communication within our borders, is again suggested and urged upon most favorable consideration.

To the existing and completed Internal improvements of the State, or rather to the mode of their administration, I invite special attention. There is in it some radical defect which need reformation. It is wasteful in its expenditures, and the entire want of proper responsibility, to which I have already respectfully urged upon the Legislature to make such changes

nal Commissioner by the people for a term of three years, to whom shall be entrusted the whole supervision of the system, and the selection by the Legislature of an Engineer, to serve for a similar term, to whom shall be committed the duty of making the duty of making the necessary examinations and estimate of the propriety and cost of construction and repair of the public works. That a Commissioner or agent for payments shall be selected by the Internal Improvement Commissioners, to be charged with the disbursement of the public funds annually appropriated to these purposes. Officers thus selected, owing to their appointment to different powers in the Government, would, from that fact, and the nature of their duties, act as checks upon each other, bring responsibility directly to each department of the system, and secure a more active and energetic discharge of duty.

It cannot be doubted that the revenues derived from the public works ought to be very greatly increased. These improvements should now bring a clear revenue to the Treasury. In other States canals and railways have rarely failed to become sources of such revenue within twenty years from the period of their construction, while with us from causes hereto fore suggested for legislative action, and still within legislative control, the result has been widely different.

Our system of public education is far from that perfection which is desirable. The defect appears to arise from insufficiency of funds, and the want of proper teachers. It is manifest that competent persons, in sufficient numbers to supply the demand for their services, cannot be had, unless some practical plan is adopted as part of the Common School system, to create professional teachers. The ability to impart knowledge to others, particularly to young minds, is to be obtained only after long and patient study, assisted by all the facilities which science and learning can afford. The future greatness and happiness of the country depend so much upon the enlightenment of the public mind, that the statesman and patriot cannot devote his time, energies and talents to a more worthy object than its attainment.

The recent agricultural exhibition was so numerously attended, and so creditable to our people, in the display of works of skill and home industry, as well as of agricultural implements and stock, that I am convinced great public good must result from it. The urgent requests of a former message, believed to be of value and importance to this great interest, it is hoped will meet favorable action at your hands. These exhibitions should be repeated in other parts of the State, and cherished as the best means of diffusing a practical and scientific knowledge of agriculture. The establishment of a State Society for Western Pennsylvania would be highly advantageous to the people of that portion, deprived as they are, by the difficulty of transportation, of a full participation in the benefits of the present society.

Contracts have been made for the publication of the Colonial Records, and for the Maps and other documents connected with the Geological Survey of the State. An interesting report from the gentlemen charged with the arrangement, for publication, of the Pennsylvania Archives, accompanies this message. I invite to it, and to their important and interesting papers your favorable action.

The supervision of the publication of these papers should be intrusted to the gentlemen who has arranged them. The labor performed has greatly exceeded the amount contemplated by the Legislature, and hence demands additional compensation.

It is a pleasant reflection now, and will be a grateful reminiscence hereafter, that in the promotion of all these interests, the administration of public affairs, while under my control, has faithfully and to some extent, effectually directed its labors. It is to be regretted that more was not accomplished, but it is still encouraging to know that so much of practical good has been done.

In the enactment of the revenue laws of the National Government, much injury has resulted to many of the industrial interests of this State. Their alteration in such manner as will protect those interests, all must earnestly desire. I have, on former occasions, most fully expressed my views on this subject, and have urged upon the Legislature the propriety of such action as would influence favorably the National Congress. The great manufacturing, mining and agricultural interests of Pennsylvania require and demand a change of the present system of Tariff laws. The ill success attending former efforts, furnishes no excuse for an omission again to call attention to the subject. In the confederacy of States, we hold an important position. Pennsylvania, from the numbers of her population, and their acknowledged patriotism, has a right to demand for her industry that kindly legislation which it deserves and should receive. It is not the part of a high-minded people to make bargains for the security of their rights, and it is equally unbecoming, tamely to submit to oppression and wrong. A firm and manly demand for the change of policy which is rapidly impoverishing a portion of our citizens, retarding the growth of the State, and preventing the development of its mineral resources, would have an effect of securing from our National Government such modifications of its laws, as would protect American labor against the ruinous competition it meets in our markets, from the labor of foreign countries.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that the present Assembly will determine, in its action on this subject, to be faithful to Pennsylvania.

A communication from the Inspectors of the Western Penitentiary has been laid before me. Its statements