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subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to
those who advertise by the year.
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be sent to the publishers.

POETRY.

From the National Era.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And in her pale, faint robes, the Spring
Is calling up the flowers;
When children, with unslipped feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee,
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be:
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of song;
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnering stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of simpler threshing-floors—
How pleasant, from the dim and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodsman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple-tree
Abe scythe and sickle hung;
When light the swallows twitter
Nestling the rafters of the shed,
And the fable on the ivied porch
With decent care is spread—
The hearts are lighter and freer
Than heat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown!

When the flowers of summer perish
In the cold and bitter rain,
And the little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main;
When curls the blue smoke upward
Toward the bluer sky,
And sold along the naked hills
And white the snow-drifts lie—
In legends of love and glory
They forget the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearth-stone ample and warm!

MISCELLANY.

From the Old Fellow.

THE RING, Or the Apprentice's Revenge.

BY EMMA WHARTON.

[Concluded.]

When he reached England, he found his
brother, who had spent his large fortune, and
subsisted by gambling, and other kindred
vices, much more degraded than he had supposed.
His uncle, his only other relative in that
part of England, was dead, and the gentle,
suffering boy found himself among worse than
strangers. His voyage had only made him
worse, and he felt that he must die; but, long-
ing to close his eyes among the friends who
loved him so well, he left England, and reached
Portsmouth about twenty-four hours before
he expired. As his own most urgent desire
made his will, leaving the bulk of his large
fortune to his guardian, Mr. Albee notified
Edward Hastings of his brother's death, and
took possession of his fortune, as authorized
by the will. Edward not even deigning an
answer to his letter.

Several years elapsed, and Mr. Albee had
retired from business, and was spending a year
at the Capital, where, a few days after the ad-
vance spoken of in the last chapter, he re-
ceived a visit from Edward Hastings, who
demanded his brother's property, alleging, that
before he left England he made a will in his
favor, and that he could furnish the most con-
clusive proofs that the will said to have been
made at Portsmouth the night of his death,
was a forgery.

The commercial panic of 1839 had just
swept over the land, and Mr. Albee found on
examination that all his own fortune, and a
small portion of Arthur's, was swallowed up.
In utter dismay, the unfortunate man employ-
ed the first counsel, among whom the foremost
was Mr. Patterson, who made the most stren-
uous efforts to defend his cause. O! how did
Ellen bless him, when she saw the man whom
she had so cruelly rejected, straining every
nerve to save her father's property from ruin,
and what was of far more importance, to shield
his name from reproach.

But they had fearful odds to contend against.
Edward Hastings said he left England, the
day after Arthur sailed for India, where, owing
to circumstances, the person to whom his
brother had entrusted his will, had been unable
to trace him, and he had only just returned to
learn his death, and find himself his defrauded
heir. The last will of Arthur had been made
under the most unfortunate circumstances.
The aged lawyer who had written the will had
died, and of the witnesses, one had been gone
from Portsmouth some years, and could not
where he was found; the other, Charles Maher,

was at that time a clerk in Mr. Albee's store,
but, being discovered in embezzling funds, had
been driven from his house.

He swore that Arthur Hastings was in a dy-
ing condition when he left the ship, that he was
delirious at times, and at no moment was he in
a state to make it possible for him to have
made a will, that he had been bribed by Mr.
Albee to write it, and produced specimens of
his hand-writing, which, on being compared
with the will, were found to be exactly similar;
that he had raised the sick man in his arms,
while Mr. Albee had guided his feeble hand
to affix his signature; that he was unconscious
at the time, and in half an hour had ceased to
breathe. He pretended to have been the sub-
ject of strong religious impressions. He ex-
pressed the deepest penitence for his share in
this vile transaction, a disclosure of which he
had made under a painful, but solemn sense of
duty. To all this, his counsel could only op-
pose the high character of the defendant had al-
ways sustained for integrity, and the former
worthless character of the witness. It was al-
so proved, that he had sworn the most bitter
oaths of vengeance on Mr. Albee at the time
he left his employ.

With this scanty stock of evidence, Mr.
Patterson scented his address to the jury,
holding his audience spell-bound for six hours.
All that human skill or human eloquence could
do, was done. His acute opponent spoke of
his thrilling eloquence in the highest terms,
but reminded the jury that it was only elo-
quence, unsupported by a shadow of proof—
The jury, who seemed to consider the case as
plain as to require no deliberation, were facing
about to deliver their verdict, when a servant
entered, and spoke a few words to Mr. Pat-
terson, who rose, and requested them to postpone
their verdict a short time, and two new witness-
es soon appeared in court. The first was Mr.
Shackford, the missing witness to the will,
who was residing in an obscure village at the
far West, where the emissaries of Mr. Pat-
terson had at last found him out.

He gave the fullest evidence to the validity
of the will, and the perfect ability of the sick
man to make it, alleging that it was done at his
most earnest request. The other witness was
the captain of a vessel sailing between Eng-
land and the West Indies. He stated that the
plaintiff had been a passenger in his brig, the
summer previous; that in Havana, they had
boarded at the same hotel, where the witness,
who was suspected of smuggling, also lodged.
One night, when he had risen from his ship
with a violent tooth-ache, he heard the sound
of persons conversing in the next room, which
was occupied by the plaintiff, who was talking
with the witness. A word, accidentally caught,
induced him to listen, and he heard the out-
lines of the plot in which they were now en-
gaged. He had not felt much interested in that
time, but, coming some months after to
Baltimore on business, he had heard of the trial,
and considered it his duty to exert himself
to prevent the success of this precious piece of
rascality. The jury, of course, returned a ver-
dict of "not guilty," amid the plaudits of the
crowd, and the perjured villains were given
over to justice to await the punishment of their
crimes.

That evening, a brilliant company were as-
sembled at a party given by the accomplished
lady of Mr. Bodisco, the Russian ambassador,
among whom were Mr. and Miss Albee, who
were treated with marked respect by all pres-
ent. But poor Ellen's heart was not in the
gay scene. She longed to be alone, where
she could pour out her heart; unseemly, to that
Power who had so graciously preserved them
from the snare set for them.

Her intimacy with her fair hostess, gave her
the entrée of the whole house, and about twelve
o'clock, she went alone to a little boudoir in
the dressing room of Mrs. Bodisco. Here, as
she sat absorbed in her own reflections, a slight
noise disturbed her, and a little packet was
thrown through the silken curtains, into her
lap. On opening it, what was her astonish-
ment to see the identical ring she had given so
many years before to Harry Wilson. On the
paper, "If Miss Albee recognizes this fairy to-
ker, by pressing the spring, she will summon
her presence its attendant genii." On the
back of this ring was a heart, above which were
two clasped hands; by touching a little spring,
concealed in one of the fingers, a sharp click
might be heard; the whole opened and dis-
closed a small miniature of the relative from whom
her brother received it.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, or her
sister touched this spring, and immediately the
curtain was pushed aside, and she beheld, not
Harry Wilson, but Mr. Patterson. With the
utmost confusion, she stammered out, "I
thought—I expected," and here she stopped.
"You thought," answered he, "you expected,
to see the wild, head-strong boy to whom you
gave that ring. Dear, dear Ellen," exclaimed
he, falling on his knees beside her, "can you
forgive my deception, and recognize in Charles
Patterson your own Harry Wilson who has ever
loved you, and who would now fondly claim
the love you so frankly expressed for him."

The surprise and joy of her heroine may be
well conceived, when she discovered that the
youth to whose memory she so fondly clung,
and the man, whom, painful as the thought had
been, she could not but feel she had loved,
were one and the same.

Time flew unheeded by, until, towards morn-
ing, Mrs. Bodisco showed her smiling face
through the curtains, and telling them the com-
pany had all departed, roughly enquired if
they intended to remain all night.

Six months afterwards, a few select friends
were assembled at the house of Mr. Albee;
Mr. Patterson, (for by that name we must still
know him) who had been detained in New
York, from which city he hailed, by important
business, had returned to claim his happy bride.
After the ceremony had been performed, the
cousin, Mr. Patterson, at the request of the
author has seen this ring several

company, recounted his adventures after he left
Portsmouth, which we shall transcribe for the
reader's perusal in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"My friends," began Mr. Patterson, "I have
no hair-breadth escapes or romantic adven-
tures with which to excite or amuse you. A
human being could not possibly be more un-
decided in regard to his future course, than I was
when I left Portsmouth. I felt determined to
acquire wealth at any hazard, and my bosom
glowed with a burning desire for revenge on
the man who had scorned me.

I worked my passage on board a brig from
Portsmouth to New York, where I hoped to
obtain employ, but failing to find any which I
liked, I left my trunk with a friend, and taking
my clothes in my handkerchief, I marched off
into the country. I travelled pretty briskly
three or four days, inquiring for work, but
finding none, until I began to grow discouraged,
when one night, I spoke to an old man, who
was training a vine at the door of a pretty white
cottage, and requested lodgings, which were
cheerfully granted.

I soon discovered that my host was an Ep-
iscopalian clergyman, whose church stood in the
beautiful village near by. On learning, that
like himself, I was a native of New Hampshire,
the old man's heart warmed towards me, and,
from the gentleness of his manner, I told him
all the old man seemed greatly interested,
but said nothing that night. The next morn-
ing he told me that he had about two acres of
land, with a horse and cow, which the increas-
ing infirmities of age made it necessary he
should employ someone to take care of, and he
offered to hire me, giving me gratis what in-
struction he could, which I gladly accepted.

Mr. Burleigh had, in early life, been a law-
yer of no mean standing, but the hand of
sorrow had swept heavily over him. He had
lost his fortune, and the wife of his bosom,
whom he adored, had been suddenly snatched
from his side, leaving him an only daughter,
to whom he transferred all the love he had borne
her mother.

Humbled and bruised in spirit, the afflicted
man gave up his profession, and devoted his
life to the service of that Being, to whom, in
all his trials, he had been enabled to look, as
a merciful and forgiving Parent. If there ever
was a humble, devoted Christian on earth, Mr.
Burleigh was that one. In this little, quiet
village, far from the din and bustle of cities,
he spent his life in doing good. The idol of his
people, he was in their circles of pleasure, but
he thought it no sin to be gay, the very soul
of life; in difficulties, their ever ready and
able adviser; in trouble, their active and steady
friend; and as he was with them through
the trials of life, so by the bed of death he
tried to cheer and support, and to point the
departing spirit to its eternal rest.

He advised me to commence in my leisure
moments the study of law, in which he offered
to become my instructor. His library, which
was unusually valuable, he still retained, and
to that I had free access. His work was easy,
and, although he exacted the strictest diligen-
ce, in its performance, left me much leisure
for study, and often has the morning light found me por-
ing over the books I had learned to love. I
often wonder when I look back, how I contrived
to do so much in the time; but, few of us
realize, in the common way of doing things,
how much can be accomplished by a person
thoroughly in earnest.

My instructor was perfect master of every
thing he pretended to teach, and possessed
more than any one I ever saw, the rare faculty
of making his pupil understand what he ex-
plained, and leading to develop his own pow-
ers.

He not only taught me law, but instructed
me in science, of which he was passionately
fond.

Five happy, but hard-working years I spent
beneath that roof, and then, after spending
three months in the office of a friend of his, in
New York, I was licensed to practise. My
wages had been good,—fourteen dollars per
month, besides presents of the old man's cast
off clothing,—and I had now five hundred dol-
lars, and the law library of my benefactor,
which he insisted on my taking, with which to
commence the world. Fairly would I have
stayed to perform the duty of a son to my aged
friend, but he would not permit it.

Mr. Burleigh was well known to most of the
great and good men in this country, in every
profession. With his characteristic benevo-
lence, he had, for the last three years, by let-
ters and otherwise, been creating an interest
for me in the minds of any of these; not, as
he said, that they might hear me up, in the
rugged path that leads to eminence, or smooth
a single one of its asperities, but that they
might simply place my feet in it. Thus I
found myself surrounded by friends where I
least expected it, and, soon, through their
means had gained a practice, which would
otherwise have cost me the painful strivings of
years.

"At length," continued Mr. Patterson, weep-
ing bitterly, "I was summoned in haste to my
aged friend, and for two weeks I was mercifully
permitted to stand by his dying couch, and
treasure the lessons of wisdom and piety
which fell from his lips. He died in my arms,
and with his last breath he blessed me, and
consigned to my protection his darling child.
I would not eruse from my existence those two
weeks to wear the proudest diadem on earth.
His death, like his life, was serene and placid;
no loud expressions of rapture, no mystic flights
of fancy marked his last moments, but the ho-
ly calmness on his brow, and the seraphic smile
upon his lip, spoke his fulness of peace.

His daughter, Agnes, whom he left to my
care, had inherited the high intellect of her
father, and the gentle beauty, with the con-
sumptive habit of her mother. Her feeble
health, when I resided with them, had demand-
ed from me more than the usual tribute of a
brother's care, and the grateful girl had given
in return more than a sister's love.

About a year after her father's death, her
mother's only brother, who had never married,

and this announcement, can be better imag-
ined than described. She was immediately im-
agined at school where she made rapid advance-
ment in her studies.

Soon after her step-father was elected mem-
ber of Congress, and took Caroline and her
mother with him to Washington. Here she
was at once admitted into the first rank in so-
ciety, which she was well fitted to adorn. The
minister plenipotentiary from England became
enamored with her beauty and sweetness of
temper, and married her; and took her with him
to England, where she is now enjoying all the
affluence of an English nobleman's bride.

Thus, gentle reader, have I told you my story,
briefly and truly. This little tale contains a
moral that should not be overlooked. The
friendship of the world is unworthy of confi-
dence, and virtue and moral worth are rare to
meet with a reward.

BEAVERKILL, July 28, 1847.

The approach to the City of Mexico.
All accounts concur in saying that the city
of Mexico is not capable of a very stubborn or
serious defence. The valley of Mexico, which
is sixty-three miles in extent by forty-three
in breadth, is quite picturesque, and is clo-
quently described by all travellers, but by none
more glowingly than by BLANCK MAYER.

"Conceive yourself," he says, "placed
nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and
nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.
The gigantic scale of every thing strikes you
—you seem to be looking down upon a
world. No other mountain and valley scene
has such an assemblage of features, because no
where are the mountains at the same time so
high, the valley so wide, or filled with such
variety of land and water. The plain beneath
is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles
around it extends a barrier of stupendous
mountains, most of which have been active
volcanoes, and are now covered, some with
snow, and some with forest. It is laced with
large bodies of water, looking more like seas than
lakes; it is dotted with innumerable villages,
and estates and plantations; eminences from
which, elsewhere, would be called mountains,
yet there at your feet they seem but ant-hills
on the plain and now letting your eye follow
the rise of the mountains to the west, (seen
fifty miles distant) you look over the immedi-
ate summits that wall the valley to another and
more distant range—and to range beyond
range, with valleys between each, until the
whole melts into a vapory distance, blue as the
cloudless sky above you."

The descent from this eminence is rough
and dangerous. From Venko De Cordova, the
distance to the city is about thirty miles over
a level, skirted by a detached range of volca-
nic hills, between the lakes Texcoco and Chalco.
The road enters the basin of the lake," says
Mr. TANOURSO, "some sixteen or eighteen
miles from Mexico, having on one side a salt
lake, and on the other, is a fresh water lake."
About seven miles from the city, the road pass-
es a small rocky mountain, for which the Span-
ish word is Pinal. At this point or cliff, is the
causeway or road, the ground on both sides
covered with water. None of these writers
speak of the capabilities of the city for defence,
although it is well known that Cortez met
with a stubborn resistance, when he invested
it in 1521. The population of the city is about
180,000, of which about one-half are Creoles,
one-fourth Indians, and the remainder mixed
races. It is one of the most beautiful cities
in the world, containing great wealth, splendid
buildings, and intersected by broad, regular
and well paved streets. Doubtless, by this
time, the soldiers of the American army have
seen it for themselves.—Penn.

The statements contained in the following
tale are strictly true, as the reader may rest
assured, the writer having been furnished with
them from the most reliable sources:

Caroline S— was the daughter of a very
wealthy merchant. Her father died when she
was very young, but made ample provision for
his daughter, by leaving a large amount of money
in the hands of a friend, to whom he en-
trusted the charge of his infant daughter;—
which money was to be appropriated to the
purposes of giving her an education, and fur-
nishing her with a fortune when she should be
of age. Having thus provided for the
future well-being of his only child, Mr. S—
left his home in peace, not doubting that
his friend would prove faithful to the trust re-
posed in him. But he, like too many of the
world, actuated by a desire to benefit him-
self, and willing to do so at the expense of his
neighbor, or forgetful of the vows he had made to a dy-
ing man, appropriated the money left him by
Caroline's father for her benefit to his own.

He removed to the town of Williston, in the
State of Vermont, and with Caroline's money
purchase himself a farm, and adopted her as
his daughter; while she, ignorant of her true
parentage, really supposed him to be her father.

Years sped, and Caroline instead of being the
recipient of an accomplished education, as was
the design of her fond and doting parent, was
subjected to a life of toil and servitude. She
was beautiful and admired; but went into so-
ciety but little from the fact that her unfeeling
guardian did not allow her the requisite apparel
to appear in society decently. It was her
custom to perform the labor for her guardian's
family, and then spin for the neighbors in order
to obtain means to enable herself to appear
decently. Thus was she, for whom the most
ample provision had been made by a kind pa-
rent in his last moments, subjected by the avar-
ice of one who should have been her friend,
and who should have furnished her with every
needful requisite for respectability and useful-
ness, to servitude and toil. In the mean time
her mother had married again, and her step-
father receiving intimations that all was not
right relative to his step-daughter, took mea-
sures to find her. After a time spent in fruit-
less search he was successful and found her
engaged in the business of spinning for one of
her guardian's neighbors. He summoned her to
the parlor and made known to her the rela-
tion that existed between them: Her surprise

and this announcement, can be better imag-
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mother with him to Washington. Here she
was at once admitted into the first rank in so-
ciety, which she was well fitted to adorn. The
minister plenipotentiary from England became
enamored with her beauty and sweetness of
temper, and married her; and took her with him
to England, where she is now enjoying all the
affluence of an English nobleman's bride.

United States; and they constitute a part of
the debt of the State.

On the 30th of December last, the amount
reported to be in circulation, or outstanding
was \$1,081,664. By the existing law \$200,-
000 of these are authorized to be cancelled
or destroyed at the treasury annually, so that on
the 1st of December next, there will be out-
standing, \$881,664 00. In these estimates
presented by the Governor and other officers
of the government to the last legislature, this
sum of \$200,000 for the destruction of relief
issues was included, and the result of all the
estimates of receipts and expenditures, showed
an estimated amount of receipts into the treas-
ury, during the year, over the expenditures of
the same period of \$194,441 11— or for the
same period of convenience say \$200,000. The
receipts of the year however, were \$1,295,494 76. It thus appears if the receipts
for the remaining part of the year only equal
those of last year for the same time, the gross
amount of the whole year will be \$1,668,970
91, which is upward of 100,000 above the es-
timate.

The receipts during the month of July, just
closed exceeded those of July 1846, by
upward of \$37,000, and if there should be a cor-
responding gain during the months of August,
September, October, and November, over the
same months of last year, the gross receipts
will be about \$1,750,000 00, which will be a
gain of \$250,000, over the estimate. That
this will be the result if no casualty occurs,
there is good reason to believe, as every in-
dication promises a prosperous fall business.—
Now if we allow fifty thousand dollars for an
increased expenditure on the public works, over
the estimate, on account of the accession of
business, and a consequent increase of expense
in the motive power department, we will have
a net increase of \$200,000, over the improve-
ments on the estimate, making in all a net
income from that source alone of about \$1,-
100,000.

There is reason to believe that there will be
an increase of revenue from several other sources
above the estimate. But admitting that the
receipts from other sources only come up to
the estimate, the revenues of the year will ex-
ceed the ordinary expenses of the government,
and the payment of the interest on the public
debt, by the sum of six hundred thousand dol-
lars. Thus:

Relief issues cancelled,	\$200,000.
Amount of receipts over expendi- tures as estimated, say	200,000.
Net excess of receipts from public works over estimates,	200,000.
	\$600,000.

This state of the Treasury will justify the
Legislature, as soon as they meet, in authoriz-
ing an extra cancellation of relief issues of at
least \$300,000, which sum ought to be retain-
ed in the Treasury for that purpose. This
would reduce the amount which would be then
outstanding to \$581,664, which can be can-
celled in the course of the coming year. But if
the people and the Legislature should prefer it
to do, ourselves, and as we hope they will,
a temporary loan may be made to redeem them
immediately, which loan can be redeemed in
the course of the year. This is the course
which we hope may be adopted, as it will puri-
fy our currency, enable us to pay our creditors
in full, and give the people a plentiful
specie circulation instead of the depreciated
trash they are now compelled to use.

Governor Shank, in treating upon this sub-
ject in his last annual message, speaks thus:—
"I transmit herewith a statement showing the
annual receipts and expenditures for the last
fiscal year, and also an estimate of the same for
the present year, made with much care, upon
full consultation with the officers of the govern-
ment. From this estimate it appears that the
receipts of the year will exceed the expendi-
tures by the sum of \$194,441 11.

The balance in the Treasury, on the first
instant was only \$498,988 68; it is, therefore
altogether probable that it may become nec-
essary to make some arrangement to anticipate
a small portion of the revenue for the year to
meet the interest which will fall due on the 1st
February next. I recommend that some legal
provision be promptly made for this purpose.
This will not affect the financial calculations
and estimated results of the year. I feel a
positive confidence that, taking into view the op-
erations of the whole year, the results will main-
tainably the estimates that have been pre-
sented."

The sum of two hundred thousand dollars,
which is now annually appropriated to the can-
cellation of the relief issues, and which is in-
cluded in the estimates, is discharging that
amount of the public debt yearly; and in fact
an existing sinking fund. If, therefore, the
conclusion at which I have arrived shall prove
correct, that the taxes assessed, under existing
laws, on real and personal property, with the
ordinary revenues, and an amount from the
public improvements, equal to that required
during the past year, will prove sufficient to
pay the interest on the public debt, and other
demands upon the Treasury, the annual in-
crease of tolls upon the public works may be
added to the present sinking fund of two hun-
dred thousand dollars a year. From the ex-
perience of the three last preceding years, this
increase may be fairly estimated, for some years
to come, at one hundred thousand dollars per
annum, and if it be added annually to the ex-
isting fund for the cancellation of relief issues,
they will all be taken out of circulation within
three years, at which time the State will have
a sinking fund of half a million of dollars to
commence the liquidation of her public debt.
The application of this fund annually, will be

the condition of things is to be continued, is a
question of vast importance to the people. It
is alike interesting to the farmer, the mechanic,
the manufacturer, the laborer, the merchant,
and the transporter. In fact we can mention
no description of our citizens who are not in-
terested in maintaining the honor and integrity
of the state, and in sustaining a prudent, safe
and economical administration of the govern-
ment, which we verily believe now exists.—
But especially are the holders of our State
stocks interested in the perpetuity of the pres-
ent state of things. They, as well as the great
mass of the people, have no interest in try-
ing new experiments, and entering into wild spec-
ulative schemes such as that attempted by the
Federal Legislature of last session, in trans-
ferring the public improvements to a company
for less than half their value.

The first thing next to the prompt payment
of the current expenses of the government and
the interest on the public debt, which should
engage