

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1857.

No. 1892.

FOR SALE,

ONE of KNABE'S seven-octave PIANOS.—A very superior instrument, pronounced such by good judges, will be sold at the cost in Baltimore. Apply at this office. March 11—79—

HOUSE and LOT for Sale.

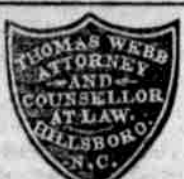
I offer for sale, on accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Mr. Washington. THOMAS WEBB. 61—

October 20.

FOR SALE,

A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of M. Dean & Hanner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser. THOMAS WEBB. 62—

January 28.



March 12. 74—

To Mule Raisers.

MY Jack Simon Pure will stand the ensuing season, and include the fall season, at his stable, 7 miles north of Hillsborough. I do not intend to send him any where else. Price for insurance five dollars each, the money due when the fact is ascertained, or the property changed.

DESCRIPTION.—Simon Pure will be five years old in June; is a sure foot getter, and is sire to some of the best colts as any other Jack. He is very near fourteen hands high, and of excellent form. He bears the certificate of John A. Vines, the gentleman of whom I obtained the Jack, who says he is from a fine family of Jacks as any in the eastern part of the State. His dam was the largest Jenny I ever saw, and as black as a crow. TYRE B. RAY. 77—

February 25.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE, the merchants of Chapel Hill, feeling the necessity of a change in the manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold, due the 1st of each July, and the 1st of each January, without regard to date of purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

C. & J. SCOTT & CO.,
W. A. THOMPSON,
J. T. HOGAN & CO.,
LONG & McCAULEY,
J. R. HUTCHINS & CO.,
LOADER & WATSON,
F. A. DAVIES,
R. B. SAUNDERS,
J. W. CARR,
JONES, WATSON,
STONE & STROWD. 76—

Chapel Hill, Feb. 10, 1857.

TO COTTON PLANTERS.

The Cotton Planter's Manual; BEING a compilation of facts from the best authorities on the culture of Cotton, its natural history, chemical analysis, trade and consumption; and embracing a history of Cotton and the Cotton Gin. By J. A. Turner. Price \$1. Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH. By W. N. White, of Athens, Georgia. A most complete manual for every department of Horticulture, embracing the Vegetable Garden, the Fruit Garden, the Flower Garden, and the Pleasure Grounds, adapted particularly to the Southern States. Price \$1 25. To be obtained of all Booksellers, or sent by mail prepaid to any part of the Union on receipt of price. C. M. SAXTON & CO., Agricultural Book Publishers, 140 Fulton Street, New York. 78—

March 4.

Arthur's Celebrated Patent Air-Tight, Self-Sealing Cans and Jars, FOR PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS, TOMATOES &c. For sale at the DRUG STORE. 81—

June 3.

Fresh Seed at the Drug Store.

ASPARAGUS, Large Purple Top.	BEANS, Early Six Weeks.	Speckled Valentine Bush.	Red French.	Red Cranberry Bush.	Wandering Wonder.	White Dutch.	Large Lima.	BEETS, Extra Early Turnip.	Early Turnip Red.	Swiss Chard.	Silesian or Sugar.	Long Blood.	CABBAGE, Early York.	Os Heart.	Early Batteries.	Early Drumhead.	Large Late Drumhead.	Flat Dutch.	CARROT, Long Orange.	Early Home.	CELERY, White Solid.	Red Solid.	CORN, Cooper's Prolific.	Sugar.	Early York.	Evergreen Sugar.	CUCUMBER, Early Frame.	Long Green.	Gerkins or Burgs.	EGG PLANT, Large Purple.	LETTUCE, Early Curled.	Brown Dutch.	Royal Cabbage.	White Cos.	Tomato Catnip and Pickles.
MELONS, Nutmeg.	Citron.	Mountain Sweet Water.	MUSTARD, White.	NASTURTIUM.	OKRA OR GOMBO.	ONION (Seed).	Siles Skin.	Large Yellow.	PARSLEY, Early Curled.	Plain or Single.	PEAS, Bishop's Early.	Landreth's Extra Early.	Early Fenne.	Dwarf Sugar or Eat Pod.	RADISH, Long Scarlet.	Long Salmon.	White Turnip.	Red Turnip.	SALSIFY, Round Savoy Leaved.	SPINACH, Round Savoy Leaved.	SQUASH, Early Bush.	Long Green.	Lima or Cocoa Nut.	TOMATO, Large Red.	Extra Early.	TURNIP, Red Topped.	Large Norfolk.	Early Hybrid.	Rutabaga or Swedisch.	GRASS SEED, Clover.	Orchard Grass.	Herds Grass.	Lucerne, and Timothy.		

Also 1 doz Tomato Catnip and Pickles. JAMES F. CAIN. 80—

March 18.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS—GROWTH OF 1856—By D. LANDRETH & SON—Just received and for sale AT THE DRUG STORE. 82—

February 11.



From "Legends of the Isle and other Poems."

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine;
That heaven in kindness gave the grape
To cheer both great and small—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones none at all.
And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart,
That you may make your own:
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think when pleasures pall—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.
And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.
In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer;
So shall your bliss not pall—
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red headed, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a huge hump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape. His form was uncouth, as his face was ugly. He was stoop-shouldered, knock-kneed, flat-footed and ———. Well he was ugly. The very climax of ugliness, was Ben Purtle—what was more strange still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen, quintessence of monstrosity?"

Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith proceeded thus to solve the mystery:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible aint cotech by none o' your purty faces an' hifalutin' airs. I've seed that tried more an' once. You know Katy was always considered the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to cotech her. Well I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But Lord sakes! I had no more thought I could git Kate than that a Jerusalem cricked could hide in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no sirree. But still, I couldn't help goin' an' my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would burn all over, whenever I got a chance to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me, like, it almost killed me, shore. I went home with somethin' like a rock jostlin' about in my breast, an' swore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found!"

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked. "No, daddy blazed out at me for not takin' old Ball to the pastor in the morning, and scared me so bad, I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow.

"Well, soon one Sunday morning, (I reckon it was about a year after that hangin' scrape.) I got up an' put on my new copp'rus britches an' a new linsy coat mammy had dyed with sassafras bark, an' went over to uncle Sam's. Now, I'd got to lovin' Kate like all creation, but I'd never cheaped to any body about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, after a slight pause, during which he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a feller will feel sometimes. Somethin' seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' an' then my heart jumped and fluttered like a live jay bird in a trap. And when I got thar, and seed Kate with her new, checked, homespun frock on, I raily thought I should take the blind staggers any how."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes and then continued: "Well, I found the order of the day was to go muskading hunting. Joe Sharp an' his two sisters and Jim Boles was thar. I'd know'd a long time that Joe Sharp was right after Kate; an' I hated him wus than a hungry hog hates to find the way out of a stater patch; but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white britches an' fine shoes, and a broadcloth coat, but every body knowed he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, and you ought to a seen the airs he put on. It was Miss Katy this, and Miss Katy that; and all such quality nonsense. After awhile, we came to a slough whar he had to cross on a log—I'd a great notion to pitch the sassy good for nuthin' into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathising with the narrator.

"Stop, never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. Providence done all that up brown.

Notin' would do, but Mr. Sharp must lead Miss Katy across first. He jumped on the log in high glee, and took Kate's hand, and off they put. Jist as they got half way across, a tarntion great big bullfrog jumped off into the water—you know how they can holler—"snake!" screamed the blasted fool, and jumped back, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty black muddy water. And what d'ye think he done? why he run backerds and forerds a hollerin for a pole to help Kate out of the water. Kate looked at me and I couldn't stand it no longer. Car-chug! I lit ten foot from the bank at the last jump, and had Kate out of thar in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out and say "are you hurt, Miss Katy?"

My dander was up. I couldn't stand it I cotech him by the seat of his white britches, and his coat collar, an' gin him a toss. May be he didn't go clean under, when he hit the water. I didn't see him out. Me an' Kate put out to the house. When we started off, Kate said, "Ben, jist let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak." Great jeminy? I felt so quar when she tuck hold. I tried to say somethin' nice, but my drotted mouth wouldn't go off no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate said, "Ben, that Jo Sharp's a good furnuthin', sneakin', cowardly nobody; and ef he ever puts his head inside our house agin, I'll baptize him with dish-water, shore." I tried to say somethin' agin, but cuss the luck, I couldn't say nothin' but squeeze Kate's hand and sithe like a cranky bellus.

We'd got clean out of sight of the others, and Kate says, "Ben, I feel that you're my purtner, an' I believe daddy's right when he says you're wuth all the rest o' the boys in the neighborhood." "Ben Purtle," says I, "this is a great day for you, and I made a tremendous effort to git my mouth off agin, and out it popped shore enough. "Kate," says I, "tremblin' all over, 'I love you to distraction, an' no mistake. I've loved you long an' hard. My heart's been a most broke for two years; an' now I want you to say right straight up an' down whether you are going to have me or not? Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothin', but I felt encouraged; for she kind o' sithed. Says I, Kate, ef you'd like to have me, say so, and ef you don't like to say so, jist squeeze my hand. And she squeezed it right off. Lordy but how I did feel. I felt jist like a stream of warm water sassafras tea sweetened with molasses, was runnin' throug by bones! and I jist cotech her in my arms, and kissed her right on the mouth, and she never tried the first time to git loose."

Ben was so overcome with this narrative of his courtship, that a pause for breath was necessary.

"How long after that," said I, "before you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so was the old ooman, about the thing, and we married next fall after the muskading scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet?" I asked.

"Why lordy, yes. She thinks I'm the purtiest and the best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, its no use talkin', high falutin' quality dresin', an' colonge and sich things aint a gwine to go down with sensible gals, shore."

FABLE CAUGHT.—Captain K., one of the shrewdest stramboats known on the Mississippi, caught a Jeremy Diddler on board his boat one trip, and pinned him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traverse to get clear of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid, but had lost his ticket. "Whom did you pay to?" asked the clerk. "Why, he rather guessed it was the captain." "So Captain K. was summoned to the conference. "Oh, yes, yes!" says Captain K., "it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see, you gave me a twenty-dollar bill?" "Yes," says diddler, "I did." "And I gave you your change in half-dollars, didn't I?" "Yes," says Jeremy, "that's it—recollect it perfectly." "Very well," says Captain K., "I won't dispute your word for anything, but, if you please, I should like to see the halves?" The fellow was tripped when he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.

COURTESIES OF DEBATE.—The Cincinnati Enquirer (Democratic paper) has quite a general notice of an "American" candidate for Congress in Kentucky, Col. Hanson, and gives the subjoined specimen of the Colonel's adroitness in extricating himself in a certain debate where his opponent had obtained a little advantage in relation to a matter of history:

Col. Hanson, in reply, said that on historical and scientific questions—indeed, in every kind of book knowledge—he had no doubt that the gentleman was his superior—that he had never been to school nor taught a school—that he had gone into active life very early, with an axe on one shoulder and a rifle on the other—unlike the gentleman, his opponent, who came to Kentucky bearing in one hand a spelling book and in the other a bridle, determined to make a living either by teaching a school or stealing a horse!

SINGULAR.—In 1847, an Italian lady of Lugano was sitting near a window during a thunderstorm, and perceived the commotion, but felt no injury; but a flower which happened to be in the path of the electric current was perfectly reproduced on her leg, and there it remained permanently.

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

LETTER FROM LINN B. SANDERS, ESQ.

Fellow-citizens of the County of Johnston:

I have been anxious to address you in person ever since the adjournment of the Legislature, but no opportunity having occurred, I have concluded to do so by letter.

It may be said of the General Assembly, that if they did but little good they did but little harm. The elements of mischief were there, however, and to jealousies and conflicting interests may be attributed the small amount of appropriations made to the "extension and completion" of that great scheme of internal improvements so bitterly opposed years ago, but now so warmly advocated by the party with which I have always acted—honestly and truly—until the introduction of this alien doctrine into their platform. I say alien doctrine, because when I came to the State about twelve years ago, the whole Democratic party, with but very few exceptions, were opposed to involving the State in debt on any account, especially on account of Internal Improvements. Better for your interest, far better for the interest of the people at large, that that opposition had continued, than for the State to be plunged into a debt, to which the party inclination evidently leads, and which they will create ultimately, unless the people are aroused in time to put a bit in the mouth of this wild Pegasus so as to curb him down.

The passage of the Central Railroad bill in 1848 was one step, and the advocacy of the Free Suffrage question, by which the Democratic became the predominant party in the State, was another which induced that party to take ground in favor of "extension and completion"—a position which has led to the various projects of involving the State in debt, which, from time to time, have been before the Legislature. I voted for both measures. For the first as an alternative, because without the passage of the Central Railroad the Charlotte and Danville bill would have passed, by which North-Carolina would have become tributary to Virginia and South Carolina. To prevent this evil, and to satisfy the demands of the West by giving them the means of getting to market in our own State, I gave it my cordial support. I understood it to be a compromise between the East and West, and thought the latter were and would be satisfied. Such has not been the case, however.

I voted for the Free Suffrage bill, because I saw no evil in it. But could it have been foreseen that the advocacy of one or both of these measures—active or partial—to suit localities, would result in the formation of the Internal Improvement party of the two last sessions, neither of them would ever have received my vote. Better let landholders rule the Senate; better save individual and State credit, than to be burdened with taxation never known in North-Carolina before; than to hawk your bonds about for sale at par even, much less at a rate of per cent. beyond your legal interest—bonds that commanded a premium before the State became so in debt.

In conformity with these views, and in obedience to what I believed to be your will, I thought it my duty, as your Senator, to vote against every new scheme of Internal Improvement which asked a dollar from the Treasury both in the last and in the preceding Legislature. Not only so, but to vote against all other measures that might, in my judgment, interfere with the investment which the State has already made in public works. I regret that upon these questions I had to part with very many of my Democratic friends. If they had been patient and waited until the State became able to go further; if they had built and paid for the Road from Charlotte to Goldsboro, then I would have been willing to see the Road progress East and West as the means of the State would justify, and the people be able to bear without oppression. But no; the work must be done now. Old Rip Van Winkle must be aroused from his long slumbers and bestir himself. In order to effect this object, at the Convention which first nominated Governor Bragg, a strange plank was introduced into the platform, the substance of which pledged the party for "extension and completion of the works already begun as far as the means and resources of the State would allow." I was opposed to it then. I am now. I saw to what it would lead, and have not been disappointed. Many old-fashioned Democrats, Jackson Democrats, objected to it. But as these are the days of Young America and progress, they concluded, as they did not understand it, it might all be well enough, and said but little about it. It meant but little, or it meant a great deal. It was vague, indefinite and uncertain. In one section it was urged that the Eastern extension was all that was contemplated. In another that a section or two West might be undertaken. In another that it might be carried through the State to Paint Rock, on the Tennessee line. In others, not only the whole Road might be built, but that numerous branches might be run off from it. And upon these different constructions, members were elected to the Legislature in 1854. They met in session, and after cautious skirmishing and much astute maneuvering, the successful parties got the following appropriations through:

For the completion of the North Carolina Railroad.	\$1,000,000
For the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad.	1,000,000
For the Western Extension.	800,000
For other subscriptions to Rivers and Roads.	200,000

Making the round sum of \$3,000,000

In addition to this amount, they pledged the State as endorser for the Wilmington and Charlotte Road, 1,000,000
For Cape Fear and Deep River, 200,000
For the Albemarle and Currituck Canal, 250,000

Aggregate amount of endorsements, \$1,550,000 which, in my opinion, the State will have to

pay ultimately, thus increasing the debt to that amount. But this item will be left out of the calculation which I intend to make, showing the present actual indebtedness of the State. Much time and money were spent in the discussion of other Internal Improvement projects. But they were defeated towards the last of the session, and their friends having voted the appropriations and endorsements above enumerated, with a hope of a return of favors—perhaps in some instances a promise—had to go home to their constituents and tell them that although they had voted to involve them in debt, they could get nothing for them. They sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

At the time these bills were passed, the State owed for public works, \$2,772,000. Add to this the three millions appropriated, and you have a debt embracing these two items of \$5,772,000. Thus increasing the interest to be paid annually by taxation \$180,000. More than double the whole principal then due, and \$13,080 more than as much again as the whole annual interest payable up to that time. To meet this debt the Legislature had to increase the revenue, and the whole State, from the mountains to the seashore, had to be explored in the search of new objects of taxation. They passed a tax bill, which they supposed would yield upwards of \$400,000, and went home to sing huzzans to the people, and shout victory over every obstacle in the onward march of the old State to coming glory and renown. The people listened, hung their heads and felt their pockets.

The Convention met again in 1856; put the same Internal Improvement plank in their platform, and the campaign began in earnest. Free Suffrage, furious onsets at the frightened and flying ghost of Know Nothingism, with the partial or active support of Internal Improvements in said sections, as in 1854, (to which reference has been made,) constituted the main topics of discussion. Free Suffrage and Internal Improvements as advocated were victorious. Sam was routed, literally slaughtered, dead and buried, and his epitaph written—

"Here lies Sam.
As great a sham
As ever pulled a nation;
He lived and led,
Blasphemed and died,
And now his lot's damnation."

A large majority professing Democracy were elected to the Legislature. They met in the session of 1856-7, and the work began. Railroad bills, Bank bills, River bills, &c., were introduced in unprecedented numbers, ordered to be printed, and then the voting commenced. The limits of this letter will not allow me to discuss all the wild schemes of that memorable session. I wish to speak, however, particularly of the bill appropriating one million two hundred thousand dollars to the construction of a tunnel through the Blue Ridge. It proposed to expend that amount at a point about forty miles beyond the present terminus of the Central Road; to begin on one side of the mountain, and end on the other, with no way to get to or from it. The design was to involve the State to that amount, and then force her to make the Eastern connection at Morganton, and Western extension to Paint Rock, upon the ground of self-preservation.

This work would, in my opinion, have created an additional debt of at least ten millions of dollars. The Engineer reports something less than six millions of dollars; but when you come to build 185 miles of Railroad through the mountains, a number of costly bridges, and cut six tunnels, you will find my calculation nearer the mark. Though I do not doubt his honesty of purpose and professional skill, I have no faith in his figures. How has it been with the calculations which were made about the cost of all of your public works? How about the Capitol? How about the Raleigh and Gaston Road? How in the case of the Central Road? Three millions, they said, would complete it; but this was expended, and you had to subscribe a million more to save the State's investment, which was made, trusting to the calculations of Engineers, and the road is still in debt. The same thing has happened in regard to the Eastern Extension. The State had to endorse for that Road or see it stop operations. What were the calculations as to the cost of the Cape Fear and Deep River improvement? At first \$160,000 was enough, —afterwards \$300,000 more would certainly finish it. But now, after all this money has been wasted, and the work become a nuisance to the people living on the river and interested in it, we are gravely told it will take \$1,200,000 more to make the improvement a permanent one. Such has been the result of calculations made by Engineers. But suppose the Western Extension could be built for six millions of dollars, are you willing to incur that additional amount of debt in the present embarrassed condition of your State? I certainly am not, and felt deep concern about the result when the measure was before the Senate in any form. The bill to which reference has been made, appropriating \$1,200,000 to the mountain tunnel, passed the Senate on Friday after the fall of the deep snow last winter. I was at home, too unwell to venture out in the early part of the week, but succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting to the depot, on Friday evening—took the cars on Saturday morning, and reached the Capitol just as the Senate was called to order. I learned, to my astonishment, that the bill had passed the day before. I went to several Democratic friends, and urged them to move for a reconsideration, in order that I might record my vote against it; but they all declined doing so. As a last resort, I approached the seat of Gen. Dockery, for the first time during the session, told him the deep interest I felt in the measure, and the opposition of my constituents to its passage, —spoke of the dangerous consequences which

would be entailed on the State, and requested him to move for a reconsideration. He appeared surprised at such an application from me, and asked why I did not get some of my Democratic friends to do it. My reply was "I have tried them and they all refuse." —that if he would make the motion, as others besides myself, who were opposed to the bill, had returned to the Senate, we could kill it. He made no further reply, and I waited in great suspense, as the hour for the reconsideration had nearly expired. He arose in time, however, and did make the motion, which resulted in the defeat of the bill, and in the salvation of the State at present; for we can preserve our credit, such as it is now, and pay the debt incurred by high taxes for a few years, provided we are involved no farther.

Much as I was opposed to Gen. Dockery when he was a candidate for Governor—much as I object to some of his political opinions and associations now, I take this occasion to say publicly, that in this matter he was, in my opinion, actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives, and I regretted the attacks made upon him in the Senate, and have regretted the assaults upon him by certain Democratic papers since the Legislature adjourned. He has my gratitude, and deserves, and no doubt will receive, yours, as soon as his conduct is understood, for you are as ready to do him justice as myself, no matter how assailed by certain railroad influences. The defeat of this bill, with one or two others, caused a general breaking up of the railroad forces, and, fortunately for the State, resulted in the death of every measure of the kind which asked an appropriation of money from the Treasury. So that, though more money was expended in printing and discussions than was necessary, yet no great deal of harm, as I have already stated, was done at that session. The mischief was done before. Look at the following statement: In 1847 the whole amount of public taxes was \$93,000 (in round numbers.) In 1849, they were \$141,000. In 1855, \$279,000; and in 1856, \$341,000. Why this rapid increase? The solution is found in the progress which has sprung from the "extension and completion" doctrine. The Governor, in his last message, sets down the present debt at over five millions of dollars, to which is to be added the bonds yet to be sold, the sum due the Literary Fund, \$800,000, for which the State is liable as endorser, together with some small items, which added makes the exact sum of 7,215,447 73, which the State owes, and upon nearly all of which you have to pay the interest now, and to provide for the payment of the principal as it falls due. It was ascertained that the revenue was not sufficient to meet the accruing interest, and in obedience to the Governor's recommendation, the Committee of Finance introduced and the Legislature passed a bill to increase taxation about \$100,000, by which it was believed near a half million would be raised annually for the next two years, a sum deemed sufficient to meet all the demands on the Treasury for that period. The ordinary annual expenses of the State government are about \$3,000,000. What becomes of the balance of the half million? It nearly all goes to pay the interest on the State debt, most of it on account of internal improvements, to which you are, and always have been, opposed. This is not all—the endorsements which the State has undertaken to make have not all been made. You may also have to pay them,—take the works concerned, and expend millions more on their completion, upon the popular doctrine of self-preservation.

Thus, fellow-citizens, I have made a plain statement of facts. I have shown the amount of your present liabilities and taxation; and how they have been so greatly increased since 1847. I have anticipated the result of Democratic proclivities, if persisted in. I now warn you against the encouragement of any further actual or prospective indebtedness until your State has paid up. I desire to see that "extension and completion" plank stricken from the platform, for if carried out it will involve you in a debt of at least twenty millions of dollars before you are done with it. Let us get out of debt before we go any farther. If the West desire to come to the Central Road, give them charters for turnpikes and plank-roads, or even railroads, when they do not conflict with your interest in the works for which you are bound and have to pay. A half million of dollars is no inconsiderable sum to be paid annually by a State of as limited resources as ours—most of it out of the pockets of the people, directly—your investments yielding but little as yet. You, the people feel it, and many of you complain heavily.

An important inquiry suggests itself here: Is there no remedy? Is there no way by which you can be partially, if not entirely relieved? I think there is. It is by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, to be applied in part to the payment of a portion of your annual interest, so as to reduce your taxes to that amount—in part to the Sinking Fund in order to pay, or aid in paying off the State bonds as they fall due, and the balance, if any, to the School Fund. Now, let no one say, that I have changed my opinion on this subject. It is not so. I have opposed distribution because the government was in debt, and I wished this fund kept to pay these debts. You have heard me declare repeatedly on the stump, that as soon as the public debt was liquidated, I for one, would claim a proportionate share of the surplus for North Carolina. That time has arrived, and I am ready to redeem my pledge. There is now a surplus in the United States Treasury of about thirty millions of dollars. The small national debt is funded, and cannot be paid for years