

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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### PORTAL

## THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than Liberty."—Milton.

When the dance of the shadows  
At daybreak is done,  
And the cheek of the morning  
Are red with the sun,  
When he sinks in his glory  
At eve from the view,  
And calls up the planets  
To blaze in the blue—  
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see  
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful brow  
Of the bow is above,  
Like a circle of light  
On the bosom of love,  
When the moon in her midheaven  
Is floating on high,  
Like a banner of silver  
Hung out in the sky—  
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see  
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

In the depth of darkness  
Untried in hue,  
When the cheek of the morning  
The breast of the blue;  
When the voice of the tempest  
At midnight is still,  
And the spirit of solitude  
Sleeps on the hill—  
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see  
Like the broad heaven of a nation when free?

In the breath of the morning  
When nature awakes,  
And calls up the chorus  
To chant in the brakes;  
In the voice of the echo  
Unfaded in woods,  
In the swelling of streams  
And the humming of bees—  
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see  
Like the three hallowed signs of a nation when free?

When the striving of surges  
Is mad on the main,  
Like the charge of a thousand  
Of plumes on the plain;  
When the thunder is low  
From its cloud-enclosed sleep,  
And the tempest is treading  
The path of the deep—  
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see  
Like the three hallowed signs of a nation when free?

## THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back  
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart  
Has grown familiar with the path of sin,  
And soon-to-gather up its better fruits.  
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some sweet spring  
And when the eighth came round and called him out  
To revel in his light, he turned away  
And sought his chamber to die and die;  
'T was night,—he summoned his accustomed friends,  
'T was his last hour,—his last request—

"Mother, I'm dying now!  
There is deep suffering in my breast,  
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;  
And oh my boy  
I feel the cold sweat stand;  
My lips grow dry and cold, and my breath  
Cometh quick—Oh! tell me, is this death?  
Mother! your hand—

Here, by it on my wrist,  
And place the other now beneath my head;  
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,  
Shall I be misad?  
Never beside your knee,  
I kneel down again at night to pray,  
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay  
You taught me—  
O! at the time of prayer,  
When you look down and see a vacant seat,  
You will not wait for my coming feet—  
You'll miss me there!"

"Father, I'm going home!  
To the good home you spoke of; that blessed land  
Where it is one bright summer always, and  
Storages do not come.  
I must be happy there  
From pain and death you say I shall be free—  
That sickness never enters there, and yet  
Shall meet again!"

"Brother, the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We've strayed to watch the budding things & flowers,  
Forget it not!  
Plant there some box or pine;  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory,  
And call it mine."

"Sister! my young rose tree,  
That all the spring hath been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,  
I give to thee!  
And when its roses bloom,  
I shall be gone away—my short life gone;  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune  
You sang last night, I'm weary, and must sleep;  
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep;  
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,  
And that young sufferer, cold and ivory pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air  
Came through the opening window, freighted with  
The airy labours of the early spring;  
He breathed it not, the laugh of pines and  
Jars like a discord in some mournful tune,  
But mused not his slumbers. He was dead!

TAKE TOE TO REACT—It will fade  
Like rainbow that away—  
While virtue in perennial bloom  
Lies through an endless day.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the London Literary Museum.

### MARRIED LIFE.

A TALE OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS, DEDICATED TO THE WHOLE MARRIED TRIBE.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As the concealed comforts of a man  
Look'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
Of blessings, when I come but near the house;  
What delicious breath marriage sends forth—  
The violet bud's not sweeter."

I have often had occasion to remark  
the fortitude with which woman sustains  
the most overwhelming reverse of fortune.  
Those disasters which break down the  
spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the  
dust, seem to call forth all the energies  
of the softer sex, and give such intrepid  
elevation to their character that at times it  
approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be  
more touching than to behold a soft and  
tender female who had been all weakness  
and dependence, and alive to every trial  
of roughness, while treading the prosper-  
ous paths of life, suddenly rising in men-  
tal force, to be the comforter of her hus-  
band under misfortune, and abiding with  
unshrinking firmness—the bitterest of ad-  
versity.

I was once congratulating a friend who  
had around him a blooming family, knit  
together in the strongest affection. "I  
can wish you no better lot," said he, with  
enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and  
children." If you are prosperous they  
are there to share your prosperity; if  
otherwise, they are there to comfort you.  
And indeed, I have often observed that  
a married man falling into misfortune, is  
more apt to retrieve his situation in the  
world than a single one, partly because he  
is more stimulated to exertion by the ne-  
cessities of the helpless and beloved beings  
who depend upon him for subsistence, but  
chiefly because his spirits are soothed and  
relieved by domestic endearments.

"These observations," said I, "mind a little  
domestic story, of which I was once a  
witness. My intimate friend Leslie, had  
married a beautiful and accomplished girl,  
who had been brought up in the midst of  
fashionable life. She had, it is true, no  
fortune, but that of my friend was ample;  
and he delighted in the anticipation of in-  
dulging her in every elegant pursuit, in ad-  
ministering to those delicate tastes and  
fancies that spread a kind of witchery a-  
bout the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall  
be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters  
produced a harmonious combination. He  
was of a romantic and somewhat serious  
cast—she was all life and gladness. I  
have often noticed the mute rapture with  
which he would gaze upon her in company,  
of which her slightest powers made her  
the delight; and how, in the midst of  
applause, her eye would still turn to him,  
as if there she sought favor and accept-  
ance.

It was the mishap of my friend, how-  
ever, to have embarked his fortune in a  
large speculation, and he had not been mar-  
ried many months, when by a succession of  
sudden disasters, it was swept from him,  
and he found himself reduced to almost  
penury. For a time he kept his situation  
to himself, and went about with a haggard  
countenance and a breaking heart. His  
life was but a protracted agony, and what  
rendered it more insupportable was the  
necessity of keeping up a smile in the  
presence of his wife, for he could not  
bring himself to overwhelm her with the  
news. She saw, however, with the quick  
eyes of affection, that all was not well  
with him. She marked his altered looks  
and stifled sighs, and was not to be de-  
ceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at  
cheerfulness. She tasked all her bright-  
ly powers and tender blandishments to  
win him back to happiness, but she only  
drove the arrow deeper into his soul.

At length he came to me one day and  
related his whole situation in a tone of  
the deepest despair. When I had heard  
him through I inquired, Does your wife  
know all this? At the question he burst  
into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!"  
cried he, "if you have any pity on me,  
don't mention my wife; it is the thought  
of her that drives me almost to madness!"  
"And why not?" said I. "She must  
know it sooner or later. You cannot  
keep it long from her, and the intelligence  
may break upon her in a more startling  
manner than if imparted by yourself. She  
will soon perceive that something is  
secretly preying upon your mind, and true  
love will not brook reserve; it feels un-  
dermined and outraged, when even the sor-  
rows of those it loves are concealed from it."

him to break his situation at once to his  
wife. He shook his head mournfully, but  
positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her?  
It is necessary she should know it, that  
you may take the steps necessary to the  
alteration of living—pay," observing a  
pang to pass across his countenance, "don't  
let that afflict you. I am sure you have  
never placed your happiness in outward  
show—you have yet friends who will not  
think the worse of you for being less  
splendidly lodged; and surely it does not  
require a palace to be happy with Mary."  
"I could be happy with her," cried he,  
convulsively, "in a hovel!" I could go  
down with her into poverty and the dust—  
I could—I could—God bless her! God  
bless her! cried he, bursting into a trans-  
port of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I,  
stepping up and grasping him warmly by  
the hand, "believe me, she can be the same  
with you. Aye, more; it will be a source  
of pride and triumph to her, it will call  
forth all the latent energies and fervent  
sympathies of her nature, for she will re-  
joice to prove that she loves you for your  
self. There is in every woman's heart a  
spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant  
in the broad daylight of prosperity, but  
which kindles up and seems to blaze in the  
dark hour of adversity. No man knows  
what the wife of his bosom; no man knows  
what a ministering angel she is, until he  
has gone with her through the fiery trials  
of this world."

"There was something in the earnestness  
of my language that caught the excited im-  
agination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I  
had to deal with; and following up the im-  
pression I had made, I finished up by per-  
suading him to go home and unburden his  
sad heart to his wife. I must confess, not-  
withstanding all I had said, I felt a little  
little solicitude for the result. I could not  
tell Leslie the next morning without re-  
pentation. He had made the disclosure."

"And how did she bear it?"  
"Like an angel. It seemed rather to be  
a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms  
around my neck and asked me if that was  
all that had made me unhappy. But, poor  
girl, added he, 'she cannot speak, but the  
change we must undergo. She had no idea  
of poverty but in the abstract; she has  
only read of it in poetry, where it is  
allied to love. She feels as yet no priva-  
tion—she suffers no loss of accustomed  
conveniences nor elegancies. When we  
come particularly to experience its sordid  
cares, its paltry wants, its petty humili-  
ations, then will be the trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got  
over the severest task, that of breaking it  
to her, the sooner you let the world into the  
secret the better. Have the courage to ap-  
pear poor, and you disarm poverty of its  
sharpest sting." On this point I found  
Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no  
false pride himself, and as to his wife, she  
was only anxious to conform to their al-  
tered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon  
me in the evening. He had disposed of  
his dwelling house, and taken a small cot-  
tage in the country a few miles from town.  
He had busied himself all day in sending  
out furniture. The new establishment re-  
quired but a few articles of the simplest  
kind. All the splendid furniture of his  
late residence had been sold except his  
wife's piano. That, he said, was too close-  
ly associated with himself—it belonged to  
the little story of their loves—for some of  
the sweetest moments of their courtship  
were those when he had leaned over that  
instrument and listened to the melting tones  
of her voice. I could not but smile at this  
instance of romantic gallantry in a doating  
husband.

He was now going to the cottage,  
where his wife had been all day superin-  
tending its arrangement. My feelings had  
been strongly interested in the progress of  
this family story, and as it was a fine even-  
ing I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the  
day, and as he walked out fell into a fit of  
glomy musing.  
"Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy  
sigh from his lips.  
"And what of her?" asked I, "has she re-  
pined at the change?"  
"Repined! she has been nothing but sweet-  
ness and good humor! Indeed, she seems  
in better spirits than I ever seen her; she  
has been to me all love, and tenderness,  
and comfort."

"Admirable girl," exclaimed I. "You  
call yourself poor, my friend, you never  
were richer—you never knew the bound-  
less treasures of excellence you possessed  
in that woman."

"Oh but my friend, if this first meeting  
at the cottage were over, I think I could be  
comfortable. But this is her first day of  
real experience. She has been introduced  
to a humble dwelling; been employed all  
day in arranging its miserable equipments—  
she has for the first time known the  
fatigues of being obliged to do domestic  
employment—she has for the first time  
looked around her on home destitute of  
every thing elegant—almost of every thing  
convenient; and may now be sitting down

exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a  
prospect of future poverty."

"There was a probability in this picture  
that I could not gainsay, so we walked on  
in silence.

After turning from the main road up a  
narrow lane so thickly shaded in forest  
trees as to give it a complete air of seclu-  
sion, we came in sight of the cottage. It  
was humble enough in its appearance for  
the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a  
pleasing rural look. A wild vine overran  
one end with a profusion of foliage; a few  
stems threw their branches gracefully over  
it, and I observed several pots of flowers  
tastefully disposed about the door and on  
the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate  
opened upon a foot-path that wound through  
some shrubbery at the door. Just as we  
approached we heard the sound of music.  
Leslie grasped my arm. We paused and  
listened. It was Mary's voice, singing in  
a style of most touching simplicity, a  
little air of which her husband was pecu-  
liarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm.  
He stepped forward to hear more distinctly.  
His steps made a noise on the gravelled  
walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out  
of the window and vanished; a light foot  
step was heard, and Mary came tripping  
forth to meet us, she was in a pretty rural  
dress of white. A few wild flowers were  
twisted in her fine hair. A fresh bloom  
was on her cheek. Her whole countenance  
beamed with smiles. I had never seen her  
look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so  
glad you are come. I have been watch-  
ing and waiting for you, and running down  
the lane and looking out for you. I have  
sat out a table under a tree behind the  
cottage, and I have been gathering some of  
the most delicious strawberries, for I know  
you are fond of them; and we have such  
excellent cream—and every thing is so  
sweet and still there—Oh! said she, put-  
ting her arm within his, and looking up  
brightly in his face, "Oh! we shall be so  
happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught  
her in his bosom—he folded his arms  
around her; he kissed her again and again;  
he could not speak, but the tears gushed  
into his eyes. He has often assured me that  
though the world has since gone prosper-  
ously with him, and his life has indeed  
been a happy one, yet never has he experi-  
enced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

## THE WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. NATHAN SARGENT.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she  
was a widow."  
"And to-morrow you are to be taken  
into the firm as a partner." This was ut-  
tered by an aged female, who was sitting  
with one of her withered hands clasped in  
that of her son, a young man of two-and-  
twenty, who sat looking in her face, with  
eyes beaming with affectionate interest.  
"This fully repays me, my beloved son  
for all I have suffered."

For a moment the son's features appear-  
ed clouded with sorrow; he thought what  
that suffering had been; of the years long  
past, when the mother now sitting beside  
him, so beloved, had submitted to toil and  
privation, enduring all this for his sake;  
his eyes glistened with tears, till brushing  
them away hastily, a smile broke over his  
countenance.

"True, mother," he said, "but let these  
recollections be forgotten now. The mem-  
ory of the past we will bury in oblivion,  
and think only of the days that are to  
come."

"But you will not allow present pros-  
perity to harden your heart, William;  
you will not let your good fortune make  
you high-minded, and forget him, who  
has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"

"No, mother, I will not forget that I  
am the child of God—yet should tempta-  
tion assail me, I have only to think of your  
precepts and example, and they would de-  
ter me from doing wrong. But think,  
mother," he continued, a bright gleam  
lighting up every feature, "how happy I  
shall be, in being enabled to place you in  
the sphere of life to which your virtues  
entitle you. If you knew how often I  
have dwelt upon the idea of one day be-  
ing able to place you in a home equal to  
your merit, you would not wonder, that  
now, when I see my wishes on the eve of  
accomplishment, it should thus subdue  
me."

"Nor do I, nor do I myself," the moth-  
er said with tearful eyes, "but you think  
more favorably of your old mother than  
she deserves. I doubt not many will  
think and say the old woman has now  
more than she merits; and really, though  
I am proud of your advancement, I should  
not murmur, at never having a more com-  
fortable home than the present one you  
have provided me."

The night was pitchy dark, not a star  
being visible, while the wind blowing in  
furious gusts, portended a storm of unusual  
violence.

the young man, rising and going towards  
the door to look out. "The river is al-  
ready swollen, and if the rain falls as it  
did the other evening, I fear much dam-  
age will ensue. You heard of the poor  
fellow drowned in the canal last even-  
ing?"

"Yes," the mother replied. "I hope  
he had friends to care for him. 'Tis a  
dreadful death to die," she added musing-  
ly.

"They say not," said William, "many  
who have encountered it, assert the be-  
ing brought to, as the most painful part to  
endure."

"It may be so," the mother answered;  
"but I fervently trust no one dear to me,  
may ever be submitted to the experiment."  
A vivid flash of lightning, followed by  
the low rumbling thunder, caused William  
now to retire; and observing again that  
the river would be very high, he closed the  
door.

It was now the usual hour for family  
worship. The mother had seated herself  
in a corner of the fire-place, with her fea-  
tures settled into a look of devotion, while  
the son with a corresponding gravity, walk-  
ed toward the stand on which the fami-  
ly bible was placed, and opening the sacred  
volume, began reading a chapter. "Reli-  
gion with them, was not the cold expres-  
sion of the lip alone. It was the incense  
of the heart. It was a beautiful sight, that  
aged mother and her only son, bending  
their knees, and lifting up their voices to  
the Most High. Perhaps the events of the  
day had given a deeper tone of tenderness  
to William's voice and feelings; certain it  
was he had never prayed more fervently  
than on that evening; and when they sepa-  
rated, for the night, the poor old woman  
looked forward to the bright vista of the  
future, with full confidence of its meeting  
her most sanguine anticipations.

The mother of William had been left a  
widow, while he was in his second year.  
By dint of hard labor, she had managed to  
keep her boy at school, until he arrived at  
his fifteenth year, when she obtained a si-  
tuation for him with a merchant, residing at  
the flourishing town of Rochester, in the  
state of New York. William's good-con-  
duct and steady application to business,  
won the favorable opinion of his employ-  
er. The merchant was a man of great be-  
nevolence; he could appreciate merit in  
whatever station it was to be met; and  
when he saw the lad supporting an aged  
mother out of his earnings—never mingling  
with the low and vicious, and practis-  
ing a fidelity to business unusual in one so  
young, it was impossible to avoid feeling  
an involuntary respect for his character.

William was aware of the merchant's kind-  
ness; he knew that his salary exceeded  
that given to the other boys; still he never  
presumed on the merchant's disinterested-  
ness, but was alike respectful to his em-  
ployer, and his customers. On the day  
in which he was introduced to the reader's  
notice, he had been offered a share in the  
lucrative business. Never had his bright-  
est vision pictured such a result; but even  
then, when it would have been natural to  
suppose him greatly elated by his good  
fortune, he thought only of his mother;  
and while his expressions of gratitude were  
poured in eloquent language into the ear of  
his benefactor, there was a mingling of  
thanks that she would be the reaper of his  
unexampled kindness.

To-morrow! who may boast of to-mor-  
row!

The widow and her son parted from each  
other with happiness bright in the perspec-  
tive. The storm of the preceding evening  
had been succeeded by a morning of un-  
usual mildness for the season, for it was  
the middle of January, and telling his mother  
he would return to dinner, but that she  
should see him early in the evening, Wil-  
liam bade her farewell.

It was at the close of the day, that a trav-  
eller went forth to view the picturesque  
and beautiful falls of the Genesee. He  
proceeded slowly, gazing upon the sur-  
rounding country, with the eye of a con-  
noisseur; and had gained the point at which  
the fall could be seen to the greatest advan-  
tage, when his attention became engrossed  
by an object of exceeding interest. Near  
to the aqueduct was a young man employ-  
ed in endeavoring to collect some drift  
wood. He had stretched forth his arm to  
seize a floating log, when the place being  
slippery, he lost his balance, and fell into  
the water. At first, the stranger thought  
him justly punished for his temerity; and  
felt inclined to smile at what he deemed his  
fool-hardiness; but soon other feelings pre-  
dominated. The river was very high, and  
the current, running strong, soon brought  
the rash youth towards the rapids.

Who, oh! who may paint the anguish-  
ed feelings of that hapless being, knowing  
himself to be doomed to inevitable destruc-  
tion! On, on the rapids drove him.  
There was not a ray of hope to cheer his  
drooping heart; but as the moment of im-  
pending fate drew near, desperation gave  
him strength to grapple with a death grasp  
on the very top of the falls he stood bold-  
ly upright upon his feet, and giving one wild  
dreadful shriek, went over. Faint and  
dazed, the sufferer had blood in his eyes, and

shut out the dreadful sight. He knew that  
the hapless being had seen him, that the  
last agonizing appeal the unfortunate youth  
had made for aid was to him, and sick at  
heart he returned to the hotel.

When the melancholy fact became  
spread through the town, it was said to be  
a poor youth who had been in the habit of  
nightly carrying home a supply of drift  
wood to his mother. All spoke highly of  
him, of his devotion to her, and of his  
subsequent good conduct. It was men-  
tioned that his prospects had improved,  
and many conjectured that the force of hab-  
it more than actual necessity, had occa-  
sioned the fatal catastrophe. Reader, the  
poor drowned youth was the widow's only  
son!

Not many days after, a coffin was seen  
slowly emerging from the widow's now  
desolate mansion. The body of the young  
man had been found many miles below the  
spot at which he perished. Not a trace  
of his once pleasant countenance was pre-  
ceptible, but his clothes were identified by  
many. There was one who would have  
recognized him under any circumstances—  
the heart broken mother. When all  
shrunk and turned away with horror from  
viewing the sight of his mutilated limbs,  
she clung to them and wept over the body  
in the most bitter agony. The earth closed  
over his loved remains. It was the widow's  
LAST TRIAL.

Soon she was sleeping beside him!

## POLITICAL.

### RELIEF TO THE STATES.

LETTER III.

From the Hon. Wm. West Johnson to Col. Chas. Carroll, of Maryland.

Hall of Representatives,  
Washington, Dec. 28, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—In my last letter I present-  
ed a brief historical account of the assump-  
tion law of 1790, and the treaty of 1802,  
which assumed individual debts. I could  
multiply the cases of the latter to a very  
great length; but it would be foreign from  
the more limited scope which I intend these  
letters to embrace. My purpose was  
simply to show the constitutional powers as  
exercised in favor of assumption, and the  
force of a few precedents to illustrate the  
wisdom and policy of exercising the power  
when the general good required it. But,  
whatever were the objections made to the  
law of assumption in 1791, they cannot  
apply to the plan which I propose, as there  
is no strict analogy in the two cases.

The debt assumed for Massachusetts  
was \$4,000,000; the debt assumed for  
Pennsylvania was but \$2,000,000; yet  
both States under the Constitution, had  
eight representatives in Congress. The  
debt assumed for South Carolina was \$1-  
000,000; that of North Carolina was but  
\$2,000,000—each of these States had five  
representatives. The debt assumed for  
New York was \$1,200,000, while that of  
Maryland was \$800,000, and each State  
was represented with six members of the  
House. The debt of Connecticut that  
was assumed amounted to \$1,000,000, and  
that of Rhode Island was \$200,000. The  
debt assumed for Delaware was \$200,000,  
and that of New Hampshire was \$300,000.  
The debt assumed for Georgia \$300,000.

The inequality of the debts, and the  
character of the debts, produced the great-  
est hostility to the measure; yet it was a-  
dopted. I obviate all the difficulty and  
hostility which originated from these causes,  
by presenting a measure at once equitable  
and just to all the States; which at once  
negatives the argument that one State de-  
sires another to pay its debts.

But before I present more specifically  
than I have done, the system which I pro-  
pose, I will briefly contemplate the neces-  
sity of the measure. What is the condi-  
tion of things now? The States have in-  
volved themselves in enormous debts. It  
were curious, but not necessary, now, for  
my purpose, to inquire whether this was  
induced by the policy of the General Gov-  
ernment, or by the folly or wisdom of the  
State Legislatures. They are in debt—  
honestly in debt, and these debts must be  
paid. The moral sense of the people will  
require it; every sentiment of honor and  
duty demands it. The moral sense and  
the moral power of the civilized world will  
demand the payment, as it should to the  
final dollar. We are able to pay them—  
With wise legislation we are able to pay  
the amount thrice over, and the nation to  
flourish vigorously in the process.

But now the Governors of many of the  
indebted States recommend no system of  
vigorous measures to pay even the interest,  
much less to pay the principal. The State  
Legislatures are equally reluctant to adopt  
any efficient plans, and in many of the  
States the laws for collecting direct taxes  
are not enforced, because it is said that al-  
though the people have property, they have  
no money, and the taxes are levied in money,  
which it is impossible to gather from the  
people in sufficient amounts to meet the  
exactions and necessities of the States.

To attempt to collect taxes by force would  
be a questionable experiment. The debts  
are not denied, but in one State? but re-  
pudiation, silent and quiet, exists, and thus  
the debt constantly increases, and neces-

ty continually declines in value. Can the  
States and the people exist happily under  
this accumulating dishonor? Can the  
States that are not indebted, escape from  
the moral taint? As the leprosy that first  
attaches to the right arm, is quickly visi-  
ble in the left, soon communicates to the  
other limbs, and finally diseases the whole  
corporal system, so will the discredit of  
one State attach, in a brief period to all,  
until the whole confederate system suffers  
in an equal degree. What reason and  
philosophy teach, experience has already  
demonstrated. The Government has felt  
the evil influence of the loss of credit; and  
is as impotent to borrow money as Maryland or  
Illinois.

No one doubts the resources of the Gov-  
ernment, but the doubt is whether its pub-  
lic men, its legislators, have the will and  
fortitude to meet the exigencies of the crisis  
with systems of legislation indisposi-  
ble to develop and make available those  
latent and abundant resources.

And how far each State may become im-  
plicated, and the Government itself res-  
ponsible for the delinquencies of the States,  
I will not discuss at present. I will only  
quote one sentence from Chief Justice Jax.  
"While all the States are bound to pro-  
tect each, and the citizens of each, it was  
highly proper and reasonable that they  
should be in a capacity not only to cause  
justice to be done to each, and the citizens  
of each, but also to cause justice to be done  
by each, and the citizens of each."

Neglect to pay the interest does not get  
rid of it, but increases the debt. Waiving a  
consideration of the laws of Nations, and  
our own example towards France, Naples,  
and other powers, suppose we were to at-  
tempt to cancel the account by collision  
with the powers of Europe. War would  
not pay, but would increase the debt, if  
even we were victors on the field of battle.  
But the rule of law, as the rule of duty is,  
pay your adversary before you fight him,  
and when nations and persons do justice to  
each other, there is no necessity for con-  
flict.

Then the debts of the States must be  
paid at last, and I am sure will be paid.  
Not by the States as thing now are, for  
the reasons I have given. The Govern-  
ment must become the agent for the States,  
and the longer it delays, the more will it  
become embarrassed. How are they to be  
paid with justice to all the States with-  
out oppression to any? That is the ques-  
tion to be asked by the people, and to be  
answered audibly by their Legislators. A  
remedy is not to be extended to the people  
by those who vote against every plan and  
propose none—a negative course will not  
remove a positive, an active and increasing  
evil. Timid legislators, in times of civil  
difficulty, are about as useful to the people  
as are timid Generals in time of war.

But the question must be answered by  
every legislator—how are the debts of the  
States to be paid? Now, the pressure of  
the debts rests too oppressively to be borne  
upon one half of the States. Two ob-  
jects are to be obtained to effect the conten-  
plated result. First, the pressure is to be  
lightened; and secondly, when lightened,  
it is to be so diffused, and to be attended  
with benefits to be felt, if felt at all, in a  
more equal degree over a wider surface.

How is the first to be effected with jus-  
tice? By changing the character of the  
debt, and by changing the character of the  
security. This is to be attained by aug-  
menting the security from State to Nation-  
al which will, in the process diminish the  
interest, and thereby lessen the pressure.  
Suppose the State debts for the argument,  
to amount to \$200,000,000; and that