

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1836.

VOL. IX--No.595.

From the Long Island Star.

## A FAMILY.

I saw Content, the other day,  
 Sit by her spinning wheel,  
 And Plenty in a wooden tray  
 Of wheat and Indian meal.

Health, also, at a table sat,  
 Dining upon a ham;  
 But appetite demanded yet  
 A cabbage and a clam.

Wealth sat enthroned upon a green  
 And fragrant load of hay;  
 And happiness compelled a dog  
 Behind the cart to play.

Delight was chasing butterflies,  
 With laughter and with joy;  
 Affection gazed with ardent eyes  
 Upon the sweet employ.

Beauty was watering flowers  
 Beside the cottage door;  
 And Pleasure spoke about a tour  
 To Mr. Staple's store.

Industry hid good morrow, and  
 Invited me to tea;  
 But Jolly bid me stay away,  
 Unless I came with Glee.

Patience sat in an easy chair,  
 Unraveling a skein;  
 While Mirth, with roguish eye, and air,  
 Would tangle it again.

Benevolence had built a tower  
 Of goodwill, head and near,  
 And bid compassion take its o'er  
 To want, across the street.

But I was gratified to see  
 Easy and free, and fair,  
 With Innocence upon his knee,  
 Old Satisfaction there.

He took me by the hand, and led  
 Me down a vista green,  
 Where Fun and Frolic antics played,  
 Two antics odds between.

But, best of all it was to find,  
 That Love, the day before,  
 The Evening Dress had kicked behind,  
 And tossed him out of door.

As she was winding thread, he came  
 With grimace and a smirk,  
 And asked her if she'd change her name  
 And leave her dairy work.

But she had common sense, and she  
 Had strength of mind and limb;  
 She bid him from the house to flee,  
 And then assisted him.

And now hind reader, if you choose  
 This family to know,  
 A farmer's love I'll introduce—  
 "A hundred years ago."

## A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

The following charming letter was written by a young lady pining with the consumption, to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged in marriage. She lived in New York and was spending a winter in New Orleans, hoping that a milder climate would restore her health. But she gradually sunk under the dreadful disease, and died ere she returned home. It breathes the spirit of impassioned devotion, and its perusal will awaken the liveliest and best sensibilities of the heart. The sweet, hallowed sentiments which pervade it—the spirit of unchanging attachment—which distance cannot weaken, nor the prospect of death extinguish, is unsearchly, and comes over the soul, like the mellow and subsiding influence of the setting sun.

New Orleans, Jan. 26, 1835.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

I have broken my promise, but your too kind disposition will forgive me, even with out a cause. It was, as I know you fear, my poor health that prevented my writing. Alas! I had little hopes that a change of air would restore my health, or freshen my withered cheeks. But my dear friends thought so, and for their sakes I am here. Oh, I wish for your sake, I could say that southern airs were strengthening my constitution and my feeble body. My morning rides bring me monetary freshness and ease, and the fragrance of the orange trees is very grateful; the deep green grows look lovely, but I only view their beauty in contrast with my own feeble, porching health. The air is too damp and heavy. Perpetual fogs brown upon us here morning and evening. Mid-day is warm and pleasant, and brings us refreshing breezes. Oh, do not think I write thus to give a fresh wound to your too generous and bleeding sympathies. But you know me too well and too true to think thus. And why should I tell you of hopes that have long since fled from my almost pulseless heart? Why should I deceive by flattering words, he that is next to my dear, blessed mother, dearest to me on earth? No, that a kind Providence will soon separate us to meet again in a brighter and a better home. Oh William, do not hope. Each setting sun sinks paler upon my vision, and warns me that I shall see but few more fade behind the blue west. But a prospect more bright and beautiful strews flowers in my pathway to the grave. I am full of joy and Christian cheer. Your Harvey's Meditations is a sweet comforter, my pillow companion. Your letter I have read again and again. It strengthens me more than all the kind offices of my good friends. Don't part with that friend that you have taken to your bosom. He is worth the world, and more. I would not part with Jesus to find my cheeks flushed with rosy health, and my feeble body bounding in

strength. Oh how I wish you were here that we might once more speak together; but my snoken cheeks would so distress you, that I should be ten times more miserable. We talk of returning next month—But I fear I shall never return. Come down when you receive this, and bring little Jane with you. Kiss dear little Mary and John for their sister, and give my warmest love to all the family and my kind friends. I find my strength is weakening, and I must again bid you a fond and affectionate farewell.

CATHERINE.

## FROM THE NORTHAMPTON CORNER.

**THE PRODUCT OF SILKWORMS.**

Silkworms were first known in America about the year 1620. In the reign of King James I. of England, eggs of the silkworm and mulberry seed were sent to the southern section of North America, then called Virginia. To encourage the culture of the mulberry, grants of land were made to settlers in Georgia, on condition of setting out or planting 100 white mulberry trees to every ten acres of cleared land, and considerable silk was made from heavy cocoons, 200 of which were said to weigh a pound. The *Morus multicaulis* was then unknown in Europe and America; but the white mulberry was cultivated, and silk made north of the Potomac, long before the revolution; and many *indes* manufactured and wore dresses of American silk.

In the year 1770, *Savanna Wright*, of Lancaster County, Pa., made a piece of silk from her own cocoons, measuring sixty yards, which in that day was highly commended—since which time, the manufacture has been gradually, but slowly progressing to the present time, and has now in some instances reached such an impetus that our granite hills and pine plains shall, in due time, rival even the *celestial Kingdom of China*, in the product of silk and with the intelligence, industry and aid of Yankee machinery combined, not many years hence leave Chinese enterprise far in the rear. But in return and in exchange for the plant and seed of the *Morus multicaulis*, we will send to China the *seeds* of moral culture, and the *Tree of life*, which shall make wise unto salvation.

At the suggestion of President Stiles, of Yale College, Dr. Aspinwall introduced the mulberry and manufacture of silk into New England, and established the culture of the mulberry at Mansfield and New Haven, and some 50 or 60 years since presented *President Stiles* with a *toxa* or scholar's gown, the product of American silk, which the President delighted to wear and exhibited as a specimen of the rising manufacture of our country, and which at some future day, he foresees would become a staple manufacture of New England that day not begins to dawn upon the Connecticut.

Northampton, for more than half a century has been known to have patronized the culture of the white mulberry and manufacture of silk on a limited scale under the untiring exertions of the late Joseph Clark deceased who from year to year fed and nurtured the silkworm and manufactured silk, in anticipation of its future success.

President Stiles, Aspinwall, Clark and a few *choice spirits* of New England, were but pioneers of the silk cause, which sooner or later must extend over our beloved country. There is a lady now living in the town, who assisted Mr. Clark in the process of manufacturing silk, and within a few days presented a sample, and exhibited a garment of silk, which she spun at the house of Mr. Clark, some 40 or 50 years since. The garment like the *Fleur of Bray* in the song, has been made to conform to the fashion of different ages, and worn under different colors. The silk was first made into an *elegant cloak* and thus worn during the fashion of the day it then received a different color and was altered to a *polisse* and worn as such during the rage of the fashion; and then again, altered into a *cloak* and is now worn as such by the *very lady* who spun the silk of which it is made, and is yet a *firm and stout article* appearing capable of being worn another *half century*—a sample of which may be seen at the office of  

D. S.

## SHEEP AND WOOL GROWING.

I have long felt a solicitude for the success of the wool grower, as his interest must be considered as intimately blended with our prosperity as a nation. As an agricultural people; we should aim at entire independence in all things which our climate will admit or soil produce. The five millions of dollars we pay to France and England for silks, is neither more or less than a tribute paid by us to their agricultural manufacturing skill, and which ought to be, and I trust soon will be dispensed with, or in other words retained at home, as so much productive capital added annually to the nation's wealth. So the twenty or more millions we have yearly paid for the wool of Spain and Saxony, and the woollens of England and France, should

be viewed in the same light, and considered a disgraceful burden, from which we should extricate ourselves as far and as fast as possible. There can be no good reason given why the rich pasturage of the hills, and the logrant meadows of the Northern States cannot produce as good flocks of sheep, and as fine quantities of wool, as similar regions in Saxony or Andalusia; or why the manufacturing skill and industry of our free citizens, cannot compete successfully with the spiritless artificers of the old world. To expect that all this can be accomplished at once is idle; time is required, capital and perseverance must be employed and exerted, and it is evident that these are now successfully secured. The prices which all kinds of wool, more particularly the higher grades, have for a few years past commanded, have justified the attention which has been paid to this branch of farming, and is beginning to amply compensate those who long, and do most without remuneration, endeavoring to introduce the best breeds of foreign sheep, and render the quality of our native wools unexceptionable.

There are many sections of our country which are not adapted to the production of grain, but which are most excellent for pasture; and in such cases, nature herself seems to have pointed out the most proper means to be adopted in the culture of the soil. Too long have the farmers in such parts of our State, been engaged in attempting the cultivation of wheat and corn; tolerable crops may have sometimes been raised, but as a whole their system of farming is a failure. Until grain commands a higher price than at present, to undertake to force its growth on ungenial soils, must result in a loss to the farmer; and he who, with the present lights of experience and present prospects before him, persists in sowing wheat or planting corn, when he might cover his plains with herds, and hills with flocks, most clearly mistakes his true interests. It needs but little skill in arithmetic to show, that where the average crop of wheat does not exceed ten to fifteen bushels per acre, it cannot be raised with profit; the best thing the owner of such a farm can do, is to convert it at once into a grazing farm. There is every probability that fine wool will continue to command a good price, since it may be in our climate considered one of the absolute necessities of life, and not to be dispensed with; and a farm adapted to its production, taking all things into consideration, the wool grower, or the dairyman, cannot fall so far behind the wheat grower in net profit as some have imagined.

In getting a flock of sheep, much care and attention are requisite, in order that the breed of sheep and the quality of the wool be of the kind desired. There is at the present time something of a controversy going on in this country between the friends of the Spanish Merino and the Saxony Merino. It is alleged that the former are, as a whole heavier bodied sheep, and in our country have proved the hardiest; while the wool produced by the Saxony is clearly superior to the former. Reasoning from analogy, we should hardly expect that the assertion of the Spanish race of merinos being the hardiest could be substantiated. It is well known that the Saxons breeds were derived from Spain in about 1770, and the similarity of the soil and climate in the north of Germany to ours; they may have been considered as acclimated with us on their first introduction from the Electoral flocks to our country.

No wool in Spain can be found equal to that of Saxony, and it bears in England as well as in the country a corresponding price. As to size, considered with reference to the fleece, nature herself seems to have prescribed rules which are never departed from. Fine wool and a large body, or fine wool with a heavy fleece, have in all ages, from the time of the Saky Tartarines of Colchida, the fine Merinos of Andalusia and Castile, to the beautiful Electoral flocks of Stolpen, been found incompatible. What has been gained in one point by crosses and mixtures, has invariably been at the expense of another. The man therefore, who wishes to select a flock of sheep most understood his subject before commencing. If the fine qualities of wool be his object, let him look out for the purest and best mixed blood. If he desires a large fleece and plenty of mutton, he need be less scrupulous; but let him not expect to obtain silky wool from the race of Anaksins. So far as our knowledge and experience extends, we prefer the Saxony kind of sheep; we have only to say, let others suit themselves.

On another point has there arisen a difference of opinion among wool growers—the relative profit on fleeces composed respectively of *woolens* and *wools*. It is generally admitted that the clip from the wethers is rather the greatest, and some have supposed that the wool was of a superior quality; but there is reason to believe that where this superiority has existed it was because the wethers passed the winter in better order than the ewes.—When too it is remembered that from 100 ewes, 75 lambs will, under ordinary circumstances, be raised, there can be but little doubt, I think, that ewes are, of the whole the most profitable, and of course should constitute a large part of the flock.

Geneva, *Eraser*.

A German professor, Strabo has published a pamphlet to prove that there will not be any severe winters for the next thousand years. We can hardly believe it, however, we shall wait patiently and see.

A word to *Mechanics*.—Never allow yourself to be domed twice for a small sum if it is in your power to pay it, nor suffer a small demand to be made. Most of the hardness felt against Lawyers, arises from this kind of suits, and if you desire to stay out of them, pay up or if you wish to feel kind and pleasant towards them, pay up. By a course of this kind you will feel better pleased with yourself & with every body else.

From the N. Y. Transcript.

## TAR AND FEATHERS REVENGED.

Just before the breaking out of the revolution, a man by the name of Dixon, belonging to Billerica, Mass. was tarred and feathered in Boston, by the British soldiers of Lieutenant Colonel Nesbit. The British officers wished to prevent the American from purchasing guns, and in order to furnish an opportunity to inflict punishment and to raise occasion for a serious quarrel, a soldier was ordered to offer the country man an old rusty musket. Dixon caught at the bait, and purchased the gun for 3 dollars. He was thereupon seized and after being confined in their guard-house all night, was stripped entirely naked, and covered with tar and feathers, and in that manner paraded through the streets of Boston. The Yankees, however, began to feel in great numbers, and the military bearing for their own safety, dismissed the man and retreated to their barracks.

Thus far the incident related by a contemporary historian. What follows we have from the lips of the old continental himself. Many a time and oft have we heard him relate the story, with clenched hands, and eyes flashing fire, and always with the ending—“But I had my revenge!”

When he was dismissed by the British, he called for his gun, which during the operation of tarring and feathering had been taken from him. “Take the gun and be damned!” said the officer who had commanded the tarring and feathering party; “you’ll be the last Yankee I’ll be sworn, who will come here to purchase a musket!”

“But not the last that will use one,” said Dixon, as he grasped the weapon—and mark me, Sir, I’ll have my revenge!”

The cock is clear game; said the officer, turning to his companion with a laugh, but he had better ruffle his feathers on his own side! “I’ll have my revenge!”

Dixon by the aid of soap and warm water, got rid of his tarry coat; and the skin of the musket being to him; burning deeper and deeper like the sort of Nessus. His dream of it by night—pondered on the means of accomplishing it by day. But how was he to accomplish it?

An opportunity was not long waiting for that purpose. His country flew to arms, to redress his public grievances; and he to redress his private ones. As soon as he heard that the British had marched to Concord, he seized his rusty musket, and ran to the scene of action.

“What are you going to do?” said his neighbors, as they saw him nuyaking his gun in the middle of the field, and at an unseasonable hour of the day.

“I’m going to pay the red coats for the tar and feathers,” said Dixon, setting his teeth firmly together. “Come on, and you shall see.”

“But you are not going to take that old rusty piece?” said one.

“But I am thought,” said Dixon, “I shall take it, none the worse on I for its being rusty.”

He hastened to the field of fight, and his neighbors were with him. Having selected the bushes of a thick tree, by the way side, whither the British were on their retreat, he climbed into them and there, secretly concealed, and taking deliberate aim every shot from his old rusty musket told one.

“I aimed,” said Dixon, “particularly at the officers; and the first man I dropped, was the commander of the red coats. That shot did me more good than the best dinner I ever ate in my life. “There”—I could not help exclaiming—I told you I’d have my revenge! Half a dozen shots were fired into the trees; but they were fired at random, for I was well secured in his bushes; and only two bullets went through my hat. My brains felt lightened as soon as the floor fell. The tar seemed as it were to brown from my skin, and I felt fifty per cent better. But still I had not completed my revenge. The tar had not yet all dried off. It was there still, in imagination, and the patients clung to it. “The British would make a fighting cock of me, and I was determined they should feel the full length of my ears!”

Dixon was again present at the battle of Bunker Hill; where he had an opportunity of using the old musket to still greater advantage than at the battle of Lexington. Reserving his fire—agreeably to the mode enjoined by Putnam—until he could see the enemy’s eyes, he brought down his man at every shot; and several more, whose countenances he recollects, as having belonged to those engaged in the tar and feathering, and fell victims to the strength of his aim, the accuracy of his aim, and the sure fire of his rusty old piece. He was the last to leave the field, and when his powder and ball was expended, he fought like a tiger with the butt of his musket; and as he dashed it into the skull of the “red head” in quick succession, he exclaimed, “That’s to pay for the tar and feathers!” He was at last wounded, and was with difficulty brought off by his companions. He suffered much in consequence. “But,” as he used to exclaim in after years, “I did not mind that for I had my revenge!”

He recovered of his wound, and fought through the war; and although naturally brave and attached to his country, his courage and his patriotism were not a little stimulated by the remembrance of the tar and feathers. No single arm sent a greater number to their final account. He is length saw his country free. Her injuries were redressed and so were his own.

He lived to be an old man. Poverty visited his hut. Every thing that could be spared was sold, except the old musket.—He would surrender that.

“And show how fields were won.”

Then as his eye glistened at the recollection of the never-to-be-forgotten insult, would exclaim, “It was all owing to the tar and feathers. But I had my revenge!”

Congress.

## MR. CLAY ON THE PUBLIC LANDS.

IN SENATE—TUESDAY, DEC. 29.  
 Mr. Clay arose and addressed the Chair. Although (he said) I find myself borne down by the severest affliction with which Providence has ever been pleased to visit me, I have thought that my private griefs ought not longer to prevent me from attempting, if as I feel qualified, to discharge my public duties. And I now rise, in pursuance of the notice which has been given to ask leave to introduce a bill to appropriate, for a limited time, the proceeds of the sales of public lands of the United States, and for granting land to certain States.

I feel it incumbent on me to make a brief explanation of the highly important measure which I have now the honor to propose. The bill which I desire to introduce, provides for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands in the years 1832, 33, 35, 37, among the twenty-four States of the Union, and conforms substantially to that which passed in 1833. It is therefore of a temporary character; but if it shall be found to have a salutary operation it will be in the power of a future Congress to give it an indefinite continuance, and, if otherwise, it will expire by its own terms. In the event of war unfortunately breaking out with any foreign power, the bill is to cease, and the land which it distributes is to be applied to the prosecution of the war. The bill directs that ten per cent of the net proceeds of the public lands, sold within the first of the seven new States, shall be first set apart for them, in addition to the five per cent reserved by their several compact with the United States; and that the residue of the proceeds, whether from sales made in the States or Territories, shall be divided among the 24 States, in proportion to their respective Federal population. In this respect the bill conforms to that which was introduced in 1832.—For one, I should have been willing to have allowed the new States 12½ instead of 10 per cent; but as that was objected to by the President, in his veto message, and has been opposed in other quarters, I think it best to restrict the allowance to the more moderate sum. The bill also contains large and liberal grants of land to several of the new States, to place them upon an equality with others to which the bounty of Congress has been heretofore extended, and provides that when other new States shall be admitted into the Union they shall receive their share of the common fund.

The net amount of sales of public lands in the year 1832 was the sum of \$3,967,632.55, in the year 1834 was \$1,567,609.69, and in the year 1835, according to actual receipts in the three first quarters, and an estimate of the fourth, is \$2,222,121.15—making an aggregate for the three years of \$2,047,404.39. This aggregate is what the bill proposes to distribute and pay to the twenty-four States on the 1st of May, 1836, upon the principles which I have stated. The difference between the estimate made by the Secretary of the Treasury, and that which I have offered of the product of the last quarter of this year, arises from my having taken, as the probable sum, one third of the total amount of the three first quarters, and some other conjectural sum. Deducting from the \$2,047,404.39 the fifteen per cent to which the seven new States, according to the bill, will be first entitled, amounting to \$3,012,250.19, there will remain for distribution among the twenty-four States of the Union, the sum of \$13,435,054.21. Of this sum, the proportion of Kentucky will be \$599,947.41—of Virginia, the sum of \$1,551,659.39—of North Carolina, \$908,632.42—and of Pennsylvania, \$2,033,231.32. The proportion of Indiana, including the fifteen per cent, will be \$555,639.23—of Ohio, \$1,677,110.04—and of Mississippi, \$938,945.42. And the proportions of all the twenty-four States are indicated in a table which I hold in my hand, prepared at my instance in the office of the Secretary of the Senate, and to which any Senator may have access.

The grounds on which the extra allowance is made to the new States are, first their complaint that all lands sold by the federal government are five years exempted from taxation; secondly, that it is to be applied in such manner as will augment the value of the unsold public lands within them; and, lastly, their recent settlement.

It may be recollected that a bill passed both Houses of Congress, in the session which terminated on the 31 March, 1833, for the distribution of the amount received from the public lands, upon the principles of that now offered. The President, in his message, at the commencement of the previous session, had specially invited the attention of Congress to the subject of the public lands; had adverted to their liberation from the pledge for the payment of the public debt; and had intimated his readiness to concur in any disposal of them which might appear to Congress more conducive to the quiet, harmony and general interest of the American people. After such a message, the President's disapprobation of the bill could not have been anticipated. It was presented to him on the 21 March, 1833. It was not returned as the Constitution requires, but was retained by him until the expiration of his official term and until the next session of Congress, which had no power to act upon it. It was understood and believed that, in anticipation of the passage of the bill, the President had prepared objections to it, which he had intended to return with his negative; but he did not. If the bill had been returned, there is reason to believe that it would have passed, notwithstanding those objections. In the House, it had been carried by a majority of more than two thirds, and in the Senate, although there was not that majority on its passage it was supposed

that in consequence of the passage of the Controversy Bill, some of the Senators who had voted against the Land Bill had changed their views, and would have voted for it upon its return, and others had left the Senate.

There are those who believe that the bill was unconstitutional retained by the President, and is now the law of the land. But whether it be so or not, the General Government holds the public domain in trust for the common benefit of all the States; and it is, therefore, competent to provide by law that the trustee shall make distribution of the proceeds of the three past years, as well as future years, among those entitled to the beneficial interest. The bill makes such a provision. And it is very remarkable, that the sum which it proposes to distribute is about the gross surplus, or balance, estimated in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1835. When the returns of the last quarter of the year come in, it will probably be found that the surplus is larger than the sum which the bill distributes. But if it should not be, there will remain the seven millions held in the Bank of the U. States, applicable, as far as it may be received, to the service of the ensuing year.

It would be premature now to enter into a consideration of the probable revenue of future years; but, at the proper time, I think it will not be difficult to show that, exclusive of what may be received from the public lands it will be abundantly sufficient for all the economical purposes of Government, in time of peace. And the bill as I have already stated, provides for seasons of war. I wish to guard against all misconception by repeating what I have heretofore several times said, that this bill is not founded upon any notion of a power in Congress to lay and collect taxes & distribute the amount among the several States. I think Congress possesses no such power and has no right to exercise it until some such amendment as that proposed by the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) shall be adopted. But the bill rests on the basis of a clear and comprehensive grant of power to Congress over the Territories and property of the United States in the Constitution, and upon express stipulations in the deeds of cession.

Mr. President, I have ever regarded with feelings of the profoundest regret, the decision which the President of the United States felt himself induced to make on the bill of 1833. If it had been his pleasure to approve it, the heads of departments would not now be taxing their ingenuity to find out useless objects of expenditure, or objects which may be well postponed to a more distant day. If the bill had passed, about twenty millions of dollars, would have been, during the last three years, in the hands of the several States applicable by them to the beneficial purposes of internal improvement, education, or colonization. What immense benefits might not have been diffused throughout the land by the active employment of that large sum? What new channels of commerce and communication might not have been opened? What industry stimulated, what labor rewarded? How many youthful minds might have received the blessings of education and knowledge, and been rescued from ignorance, vice, and ruin? How many dependants of Africa might have been transported from a country where they never can enjoy political or social equality, to the native land of their fathers, where no impediment exists to their attainment of the highest degree of elevation, intellectual, social, and political!—Where they might have been successful instruments in the hands of God, to spread the religion of his Son, and to lay the foundations of civil liberty!

And, Sir, when we institute a comparison between what might have been effected, and what has been in fact done, with that large amount of national treasure, our sensations of regret, on account of the fate of the bill of 1833, are still keener. Instead of its being dedicated to the beneficent uses of the whole people, and our entire country, it has been an object of scrambling amongst local corporations, and locked up in the vaults, or loaned out to the directors of a few of them who are not under the slightest responsibility to the government or people of the United States. Instead of liberal, enlightened, and national purposes, it has been partially applied to local interests, and selfish uses. Applied to increase the semi-annual dividends of favorite stock holders in favorite banks. Twenty millions of the national treasure are scattered in parcels among petty corporations; and whilst they are growing over the fragments and greedy for more, the Secretaries are brooding on schemes for squandering the whole.

But, although we have lost three precious years, the Secretary of the Treasury tells us that the principle is yet safe and much good may be still achieved with it. The General Government, by an extraordinary exercise of executive power, no longer affords aid to any new works of internal improvement. Although it springs from the Union, and cannot survive the Union, it no longer engages in any public improvements to perpetuate the existence of the Union. It is but justice to it to acknowledge that, with the co-operation of the public spirited State of Maryland, it effected one national road having that tendency. But the spirit of improvement pervades the land, in every variety of form, active, vigorous, and enterprising, waiting for aid, as well as intelligent direction. The States have undertaken what the General Government is prevented from accomplishing. They are strengthening the Union by various lines of communication thrown across and through the mountains. New York has completed one great chain, Pennsylvania, another, bolder in conception and far more colossal in the execution. Virginia has a similar work in progress, worthy of her enterprise and energy. A fourth, farther south, where the parts of the Union are too loosely connected, has