

The Rutland Herald.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER ONE AND INSEPARABLE."—JEFFERSON.

VOLUME XIII.

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The Rutland Herald.

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POETRY.

COME HOME!

BY A SISTER TO A LONG ABSENT BROTHER.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep,
With these unwearied words of melody—
Brother, come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness, but to gladden thine,
Come where fond thoughts like boldest income rise,
Where cherish'd memory rears her altar shrine—
Brother, come home!

Come to the hearthstone of thy father's days;
Come to the ark, like the overwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the freshest circle of thy love—
Brother, come home!

It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unaltered where thou wentest to be;
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee—
Brother, come home!

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every green a full-blown flower rear,
Saw o'er the bloom the chilly winter bring,
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here—
Brother, come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep,
With these unwearied words of melody—
Brother, come home!

Miscellany.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

BY THOMAS MILLER, PAPER-MAKER.

But ever and anon, of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarcely seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve, or spring—
A flower—the wind—the moon—which shall wound,
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound! Child's Herald.

Our thoughts thread strange labyrinths, windings
intricate and mazes unknown even to the will.—
They are indeed the only free deities that roam
unchecked down the dark sloping which lead to the
untrodden avenues of the Past. They alone
dare to climb the cloud-clad battlements that
look over the dim distance of the Future: they see
the mist, the dense gathering, the faint gold-bursting
that announces sunshine, or the blackness that
heralds the thunder storm. Restless when the
body sleeps, they wing away through the pale star-
light of memory; they traverse dreary shores, wil-
dernesses, desolate and wild places, peopled with
the distorted shadows of wilder realities. When
awake, like restful steeds, they start aside at objects
that rear up on every hand, and bound away over
immeasurable plains, sweeping earth, air and sky,
and even daring to heed the vapory track over which
Time has hurried.

We find monitors in every thing around us. The
slow-pace silvery cloud, as it glides, spirit-like,
over the blue fields of heaven, brings before our
eyes the white-robed idol of our youth, and we sigh
to see it vanish like the object we adored. The
murmuring river, sweeping along in liquid music
between its willow-waving banks, rolls away like
our cherished hopes, and is lost amid the forgetful-
ness of the ocean. Even music is heard with a
sigh; though it awakens the echo of the eternal
hills, it dies heavily upon the heart, like the sweet
voices that have for ever faded away from our
hearth. The dancing leaf falls on our footpath,
and its green beauty is soon worn away, like the
happiness of childhood. Flowers wither, and
friends grow cold. The hope of Spring too soon
bursts into the reality of Summer; then comes the
staid Autumn, solemnly demure, and her heavy
eyes are fixed upon the darkness of Winter. Still
there are patches of sunlight in our path—tiny
glades, which no gloomy umbrage overhangs—
spots in the unfathomable dreariness of the forest,
where we may sit down for a moment and smile
ere we resume our journey through the deep sol-
itudes.

I was born at the foot of the green hills. The
silence of woods and the overhanging of antique
boughs were but a little distance from my home.
The song of the cuckoo often rang above my roof-
tree. Meadows, rainbow-colored with flowers,
spread out near my dwelling. The silver Trent
wound along past my door. The crown-rose of
the whole wreath has not to me charm enough to
inspire a sonnet. But last spring, heavy with care,
bowing beneath the cypress, which now binds the
post's brow in place of the laurel, I emerged from
the dusty din of the metropolis, and wandered
among those few green fields which yet spread like
solitary cases around its outskirts. Many a dreary
day had glided by, bearing its leading links along,
since I had seen a budding hawthorn. Oh! how
sweetly came the fragrance of that morning air!
The birds that sang around me felt not a greater
thrill of delight than that which gushed silently
from my heart; I gazed upon the clear sky, and the
young green that carpeted the earth; and wonder-
ed how, amid so much beauty and brightness, sor-
row dared to set her bleeding feet on such a lovely
world.

Wandering along by an old hedge, stunted and
ivied, (just such a hedge as the blackbird would select,
in a more retired place, to build its firm nest,) I
discovered a wild violet. By a mossy bank it

grew; the dead leaves lay around it, solitary, and
blue, and beautiful; not another companion near it,
it stood alone amidst the burning of young leaves
and the decay of the old ones. I sat down beside
it. A little brook gurgled at my feet—a low faint
melody, just audible—not the glad singing of the
hill brook, but a mournful murmur—a sound that
well accorded with my solitary violet. Had there
been a bed of those lovely flowers, I should have
wished for the singing voice of a river, all silver
and sunshine; but the brook had a low sound, and
there was but one violet. I sat in silence, and gazed
upon it; I wondered if the deep alleys in Somer-
set-wood yet contained these sweet flowers. * * *

A solitary flower, a sweet violet, how small a
key, opens the door of memory! how the veil rolled
from the face of time, the gray, the forgotten
years moved before me! I became a youth;—Park
—house—fields—rose upon my sight; a lovely girl
hung upon my arm—she bore a basket; now her
face was hidden by the stem of a mighty tree, a-
gain her white kirtle faintly glanced between the
thick underwood, as she flew from my sight in
search of violets; anon she emerged from behind
the broom covered bank, then stood like an angel
of light between me and the sky. And then I closed
the leaves on Comus, and we listened in the
old wood for another voice.

*To smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiled.

And trees started into enchanters, and spirits sang
in the brook. We saw their long hair wave in the
water-falls. Then we grew bold, and threaded
lances and alleys green! Then I stole away, not
far, just so far as to see her lovely figure hurrying
to and fro, and calling upon my name; then she sat
down in despair on the green moss, her white drap-
ery

'Made sunshine in a shady place,'
and I thought of Uta. A knot of wild lilies of the
valley shot up beside her, like a milk-white lamb.
Then I stole gently up to her—"How could you
leave me?" I looked on her sweet face, on her
gentle eyes, as they were uplifted in kind reproach,
just reaching the margin of tears, and my heart re-
proached me, and I wondered how I could leave
her for a moment; then I found our violets in little
bundles, and she soon forgave me: oh, I could have
hidden myself behind the trees again, to be so
sweetly forgiven! But she left me—Death stole
her—how I have hated him ever since! And the
dead leaves that were strewn around my lonely vil-
let, seem nest emblems for a thing so lovely—for
then I thought of her. No, those bright leaves
that glittered round the stalk of my little flower,
were not so sunny as her silken locks; nay, the
blue of her eye would shame the flower's radiance,
and her lips—so exquisite! and to die so young!
and with her heart filled with love! Oh! I would
sooner that spring had withheld its flowers for ever!
The sweetest violet that ever bloomed withered
when she died—the woods will never bear such
another!

A little flower had assumed the reins of my
thoughts;—how feeble a charioteer can drive the
fancy! Within one short hour I had visited the old
forest of Sherwood. Robin Hood, in his garb of
Lincoln green, followed by his many outlaws, had
swept before me. The bugle had sounded through
the glimmering glades, and rude drinking-horns
were seen waved to and fro by powerful arms, keep-
ing chorus to the loud 'Derry Down' that rang be-
neath the greenwood tree.

The dark groves of Newstead had again risen
before the Arcady of England, where the mighty
minded Byron had so often trod. Again I trav-
ersed those violet scattered solitudes, again paced
the long oak galleries of that ancient abbey, lifted
his skull-cap to my lips, rugged with the dregs
of the blood-red wine, seeing the smooth lakes on
whose surface he loved to ride, or within their sol-
len depths to plunge. The ruined window, with
its eternal ivy; the old fountain, with its quaint im-
agery, the solemn cloisters, the rusted armour, the
carys partly covered with the green moss—his
impressive portrait above the wide fire-place—had
all risen before me as distinctly as when I first saw
them.

That simple violet brought the velvet valley of
Sneinton before my mind's eye,—the rocky hermitage,
the flowery banks, on which I loved to sit and
angle in the sunrise of morning, or the gray twilight
of eve. The fony-tube had but few charms
for me, unless it was to see them leap up and scatter
the loosened silver spray of the river, like fairy
stars in the sunshine, then glide away beneath the
clear water. The dreaming trees, the distant hills
basking in their variegated beauty, the rustling of
slender flags, the rising and falling of the water-
lilies, the breeze sweeping across the long grass,
the tall willows, bending to their own shadows in
the river, the slow clouds mirrored below—all these
were sights and sounds that accorded well with my
varying moods. Then those dead leaves so closely
surrounding an object of beauty; Oh, how like
past pleasures they seemed—the dark night closing
upon a sunny day, the grave surrounding a flower
bed, the hier placed in a ball-room, the funeral bell
knelling homeward the wedding party, the slow
muffled footsteps of death stealing noiselessly be-
hind us!

What changes had taken place since I last saw
a violet. Could I forget the dark room, the narrow
window on which the sunbeams beat not, lest they
should become prisoners. Hope had whispered
me away from my green hills; Ambition had allured
me from my quiet woods; and they had all for-
saken me—even Patience grew weary with long
watching, and bent over the pale paper her paler
cheek. But memory went not away; she still re-
cognized the blue sky and the bright sunshine, and
sighed when she thought on such mornings. How
fair the promises grew in Cuffin Grove; what a
gushing song there was then in the green woods;
how the sunshine slept upon the river; how the
happy breezes were laden with the perfume of vio-
lets. Then rose the blossoming hawthorn, the hill
side white with daisies, the golden glow of king
cups, the gaudy beds of crocuses;—all these still
existed. And even their light hearts and merry
voices, were ringing through the haunts of the
dove—Dryads fair as those which peopled the for-
ests of poetry. Perchance they were singing the
songs which I had woven in my happier days.

And could they think of me? wish me seated on
the well known bank, beneath the old oak? There
was pleasure in the thought—the dingy couch, the

torn dictionary, the neglected candle, that had burnt
down unwatched in the moments of wandering
thought; the expiring fire, with its dying embers;
the low chilly feeling that follows a sleepless night;
the pile of paper, showing confusedly its rows of
scribbled lines; voices in the streets; the sun
struggling through a murky atmosphere—furn
gloomy contrasts to the little window in which the
woodbine peeped. When free from care and re-
freshed with slumber, the lark awoke us with its
song, when the woods emerged from their misty
canopy, and the early breeze brushed the gentle
dew from the leaves; when contentment smoothed
our pillow, and the white wings of peace wafted us
into slumber; when we heard not a mournful sound
in the brook, and sorrow came not at the sight of
the first violet.—London Monthly Magazine.

From the Christian Register.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY. A young lady at
the quicksand over which she is spending her
thoughtless career. I hear you are beautiful and
have many admirers. I am sorry for it. A young
woman whose conduct is marked with strict honor
and principle, cannot have many admirers.—
There is nothing that more certainly marks a sad
heart, and depraved moral principles, or worse, a
throughout destitution of it, than the cruel and guilty
encouragement of honorable love.

A young man is never long attached to a young
lady, without her being aware of it, commonly, in-
deed, before he is himself aware of the nature and
extent of his feelings. The knowledge is almost
instinctive. From that moment, if she be persuaded
that she cannot reciprocate his sentiments, her
course is plain before her—it is cool, undeviating,
unshaking resolve on every occasion, place and
manner. Love will die without hope. To crush
love in the bud is easy; but to trifle and tamper with
it till it has taken root in the heart, and its destruc-
tion is attended with the extinction of the heart's
best and noblest feelings.

Never forfeit this prime maxim in these matters;
'not to discourage is always to encourage.'
Your choice, I will not, I would not bias. But
I had rather hear that you are engaged to a man
of good character and industrious habits, than to
the wealthiest man without them; for in this coun-
try, these are always a sure pledge of final suc-
cess.

A mean and culpable species of coquetry, is the
practice of not giving decided encouragement, or
repulse with a view of keeping you a slave still
you have learned to use the cant phrase, you cannot
do better. I know not an expression that betrays
more despicable meanness. She who uses it, shows
a willingness to sell her hand—that is revolting in the
highest degree.

No one, not even a parent, can tell what char-
acter will render any lady happy, but herself,
on herself alone, then must and ought to rest
the responsibility of her choice. I have seen
so many marriages, commenced with all the glitter
of wealth and pomp, terminate in misery and broken
hearts; and so many that were begun with no
very promising auspices, which have proved as
happy as human life admits, that I am convinced
that the parent who officiously interposes, stands an-
swerable to God, his child, and his conscience, in a
degree of responsibility most fearful and tremen-
dous.

Ladies too often attempt to catch husbands, as
anglers catch fish—by drawing the bait as he ap-
proaches it, till he is impelled to grasp at every
hazard; but she who angles for a husband, may find
too late, that she has gained the man at the expense
of the husband's confidence in her principles and
heart.

ANTICIPATION. This cold world of ours, amidst
its multiplicity of life, and while it seems to delight
alone, in throwing overboard the heart, from a
soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming
moments of happiness. There is a shining Golem
in the dear wilderness of its surprise. A ray of
Heavenly sunshine, that gleams upon the path, though
the way be darkened by the darkness of sinning.

Have we parted from those we love—love dearest,
oh! dearer than life itself? And has the separation
isolated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity,
and left us sad and alone, though in midst
of cheerful faces. Has it made us alien and stran-
gers amid the crowd that surrounds us, with no
other hold upon its good feeling, than the stranger's
claim to the stranger's kindness? There are still
bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene;
for the isolated heart has found, in every acquain-
tance a friend, and on every bosom the evidence of
kindly feeling! But above all, there is, in the
glorious hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in
the rainbow of hope, which might but despair it-
self can obscure. It is the object of all that the
heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon
in the musing of its anticipations! Anticipation!
Thou art the sweetener of this latter life. 'Tis thou
that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart, and
chases away the sorrows that intrude themselves
upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest

"The sting from when?"

That earnest us to forget the burning bitterness
of the last "farewell and God bless you!" in the ac-
companied redemption of the salutatory.

"'Tis thou that learn the heart its right
"From pres-ent woe to impel delight."

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a
administration of happiness as this. To be assured,
amidst the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there
is one who thinks you—one who communes with
your sorrows and weeps over them though distant;
and who will shortly hover over you with the con-
solations which affections can alone impart, is an
emotion that no one can appreciate but he who has
felt it.

FOREIGN OFFICE SEEKERS. The mode of getting
an office in the U. States is not unlike the way they
usage among the Turks, though to be sure we
don't hang our office-holders to get rid of them.—
There is an extract from an article in the Naval
Magazine: "There is not an office in any branch
of Turkish government, from that Grand Vizier down
to the most petty choosah, which may not be
purchased; and when thus obtained, he converted
into an instrument of oppression and fraud. Nor
does the monarch encounter any considerable risk
of loss in this universal auction of places; for if the

incumbent fails to meet his contract, it is an easy
thing to send him the bow string; or, if he is able
by grinding the face of the poor, to liquidate the
exorbitant obligation, it is equally the interest of the
Sultan to strangle him into heaven, and sell his
place to another, who is to pay for it like his pre-
decessor, with his gold and blood. Yet even on
these terms, there is no want of bidders. Hund-
reds, of the highest talent and deepest sagacity in
the realm, aspire to the situation of Vizier, though
this office is worth but three years and a half of life
that being the average time between the instalment
of the aspirant and his violent death. In Turkey
at least, the path of ambition lies up a perilous steep;
he who climbs is sure to fall—if not in gaining
the elevation—yet in his first look from the sum-
mit."

Congressional Debates.

Speech of Mr. ALEX. LEITCH, SENATOR,
On the division of the proceeds
of the sale of the Public Lands among the States.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MARCH 21.

CONCLUDED.

The next objection which I shall urge against the
scheme of applying the whole income to the con-
struction of ships and forts is, that it violates a
great fundamental principle of policy—a principle
which has heretofore, in the administration of the
finances, been disregarded, to the great injury of
the Western country. The principle is this: as
the public revenue is collected from all the People
of the nation, in its disbursement it should be re-
turned to the parts of the country from which it is
been drawn, with as great a regard to equality as
a due attention to the aggregate interest of the
Public will allow. I agree with my friend from
Maine, (Mr. EVANS,) that the duties on foreign
merchandise are paid by the consumers. I agree
that in the disbursement of the public money, the
preponderance of the general good, and not the in-
cidental benefit, should be the criterion. But I dis-
agree with him that, in the expenditure of the pub-
lic money, the incidental advantage should weigh
nothing. It is true that the construction of a for-
tification in Kentucky merely to secure to the peo-
ple the incidental advantage of the expenditure
would be ridiculous. But it would be equally ridi-
culous to make a road along the margin of the sea
for the sake of the incidental benefit. It has pleas-
ed God so to form our extensive country, so to di-
versify the interests of different sections, that the
enlightened statesman, in the conduct of our public
affairs, will never find the general and incidental
advantages of the Government to come in conflict.
When the improvements are made which Nature
indicates should be on the frontier and in the interior,
the general and local interests of the whole
Union will be sustained; and the preponderance of
general good will be found in increasing the in-
cidental advantages of our enlightened administra-
tion.

Now, sir, this scheme of devoting our whole
means to the Navy and fortifications will perpetuate
and fasten upon the country the unjust policy of
expending the whole revenue of the Republic on the
seaboard—a policy that has long prevailed to ex-
haust the West to enrich the East.

Sir, let us pause here for a moment to consider
how the flagrantly unjust and partial expenditure
for the whole money on one side of the Union, for
the support of only part of the great national inter-
est, first took its rise, and how it has been contin-
ued. When the Constitution went into operation,
all the States then in existence were situated on the
Atlantic ocean. That instrument (as was natu-
rally) received such constructions, and was re-
duced to practice so as to suit the then existing
interest of the People. They then depended on
foreign commerce for the exchange of the surplus
products of their industry. To facilitate this for-
eign commerce, the system which has since cost
the nation millions on millions was commenced, of
making breakwaters, piers, improvement of bays,
harbors, the mouths of rivers, and light
houses &c. &c. But, since the adoption of the
Constitution, the number of the States has doubled,
or will, probably, in a few days; the nation has
spread over the interior of the continent; an internal
commerce has grown up far more valuable than the
foreign commerce; yet there are still many
good people in the old States who believe that ours
is a salt water Constitution, and that it would be
the most unconstitutional thing in the world to
spend a dollar of the public money above the ebb
and flow of the tides. Such, sir, is the force of
old habits of thought, especially when interest hap-
pens to run in the same channel. The clause in
the Constitution which has been construed to confer
the power on Congress to make improvements for
the benefit of foreign commerce, reads in the
following words: "Congress shall have power to
"regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among
the several States, and with the Indian tribes."—
Although the very same words are used in regard
to foreign and domestic commerce, yet many of our
Atlantic brethren, while they are willing to expend
millions to protect, defend, and facilitate foreign
commerce, believe it would be exceedingly uncon-
stitutional to give a cent for the security and facilit-
ity of interior commerce. But, sir, the time has
arrived when this salt water exposition of the Con-
stitution must give way to the progress of the na-
tional expansion. Our Constitution was formed
for the continent, and not for the seaboard. Its
scope is sufficiently broad to comprehend within its
beneficent provisions every part of our extended
and extending country.

Sir, the present unjust scheme of confining the
national defenses to the building of ships and the
erection of fortifications, and the application of our
whole means to these objects, will perpetuate this
old rotten partial system of expending all the pub-
lic money on one side of the country. One reason
why a system so revolting to reason, and so pro-
trusive of justice, has been so long continued, is
this: "money is power;" and this mode of partial
expenditure, while it has exhausted the West, has
so enriched the great cities on the seaboard, that
they have acquired an undue influence upon the
legislation of the country.

Since the year 1791, there has been very nearly
a thousand millions of dollars collected from the
People of this country, and expended by this cen-

tral Government. Of this vast sum, the Western
country has paid its full proportion. Yet the peo-
ple of that country have been doomed for near half
a century to see their substance flow into the Na-
tional Treasury, and from thence poured out in
profusion along the maritime frontier.

To conclude this branch of the subject, I am
opposed to voting all our means to a Navy and
forts, because it would be the adoption of a radical
change in the policy of our Government upon the
spur of the occasion, without consulting the Peo-
ple; because it would lay the foundation of a large
standing Army, and bring heavy charges on the
country; because the building of ships and forts
are not the only nor the best way to provide for the
national defence; because it would perpetuate a
partial system of disbursing the public treasure, by
giving it all to the seaboard; and because it would
lead to such a vast increase of the expenses of the
Government, and consequently to such an exten-
sion of its power and patronage, that our liberty

Having first reasoned to show that our revenue
should not be suffered to accumulate in the Treas-
ury; and, secondly, to prove that it should not all
be expended on the seaboard in ships and fortifica-
tions; I will now in the third and last place, attempt
to prove that so much of it as has arisen, and will
arise, from the sales of the public land, ought to
be divided among the States. This plan stands
recommended by the fact that it has been long and
deliberately considered and approved by the Peo-
ple, it having at a former session passed both Hou-
ses of Congress by large majorities, and has received
the approbation of many of the State Legisla-
tures.

Sir, what is the state of the case? We now
have in the Treasury \$20,671,125 85, which has
accrued from the sales of the public domain, (which
is the common property of the People of the U. S.)
over the necessary wants of the Federal Govern-
ment. Now the great question is, whether this
large sum of money shall be divided among the
States, to be expended under their own councils
for the improvement of the condition of the People;
or shall it be added to the swelling flood of federal
expenditure, to raise still higher federal power, and
extend the range of federal patronage to a broader
circumference? Shall the whole of our surplus
revenue be thrown into the maelstrom, the grand
whirlpool of centrifugal extravagance where it will
draw after it the remaining barriers of freedom into
the same gorge? These are the weighty ques-
tions on the decision of which hangs the fate of
liberty. If the division among the States should
take place, the following statement will show the
proportion of each State of which is already in the
Treasury:

TABLE showing the amount to which each State
will be entitled.

State	Federal population	Share for each State	Per cent per State	Total in new States
Maine	399,437	689,029		
N. Hampshire	269,126	484,557		
Massachusetts	610,436	1,082,953		
Rhode Island	97,704	167,659		
Connecticut	297,665	534,479		
Vermont	280,657	494,133		
New York	1,919,583	3,399,603		
New Jersey	519,922	951,865		
Pennsylvania	1,245,079	2,235,424		
Delaware	78,432	139,129		
Maryland	495,849	700,076		
Virginia	1,023,503	1,765,504		
North Carolina	639,747	1,103,473		
South Carolina	455,025	784,911		
Georgia	479,811	741,423		
Kentucky	624,892	1,072,660		
Tennessee	625,269	1,070,576		
Ohio	935,884	1,614,400	230,844	1,845,244
Louisiana	171,691	296,172	67,661	363,733
Indiana	343,021	591,729	325,485	917,215
Illinois	157,147	271,076	493,760	764,836
Missouri	130,419	224,972	174,254	399,226
Mississippi	110,358	190,367	288,403	478,770
Alabama	269,406	482,026	541,940	994,766

It is estimated that the annual receipts from sales
of the Public domain will in future be ten millions
of dollars. From this data a calculation can easily
be made of the proportion of each State for any
given number of years. If the Land bill should
pass, I have no doubt but the principle of it will
become the permanent policy of the country. There
is yet in the limits of the U. States more than a
thousand millions of acres of unsold land; it would
supply ample funds for the States for centuries to
come. What stupendous results might be pro-
duced upon the power, the agriculture, the commerce,
the wealth, the comfort, the intelligence and hap-
piness of the People of the U. States, by this appli-
cation of their great public domain! This compre-
hensive, this all-pervading, this equal, this magni-
ficent plan for the disposal of the proceeds of the
sales of the public lands, in practice a few years,
would exhibit a degree of improvement in the U.
States surpassing all the nations of the earth. The
modern system of constructing roads and improving
rivers, with the full development of the power of
the steam, would bring the distant parts of the
country so near together, that constant intercourse,
mutual interest, and commercial exchanges would
mould the discordant parts into a homogeneous
national character, which would be the best guar-
anty for the perpetuity of the Union, and the dura-
bility of American liberty.

While the interests of the whole country would
harmoniously unite in this great measure, the
Western country has a right especially to call
loud for its adoption, where, for reasons already
given, the Constitution has never been considered
in full force. The present condition of the Treas-
ury furnishes the means to extend the fostering
care of the Government to all the great interests
of the whole Union, and forever to wipe out the re-
proach of favoritism to one portion of the country,
to the oppression of another. Kentucky, although
entirely neglected heretofore, though deprived of a
fair participation in the benefits of the Government,
has never complained at sustaining her share of its
burden. A full proportion of the taxes has always
been paid, and in the two wars more than her pro-
portion of blood was shed for the general defence.
Ever since the year 1791 she has looked on at a
partial administration of the public finances, by
which her substance has been drawn away, and de-
voted to improvements in which she had only a re-
mote and consequential interest. And while the
public money has been thus disposed of, what dis-