

The North Carolinian.

"CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS."

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TERMS.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SISTERS.

"And she will be his bride;
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother,
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my Mother."

The room was small, but the splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence with which it was furnished, left not a doubt that it was the boudoir of some favorite of fortune; the carpet so thick and soft, that the heavy tread of the mailed warrior could not be distinguished from the soft fairy tread of beauty; the low and velvet covered couches, the large mirrors, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from no less masters than Tiran or Claude; the marble tables, the rich curtains, all spoke of wealth, taste, and elegance. But with this splendor there was a certain something, which told the inmate was careless or indifferent to it all. On a small centre table of the purest Italian marble, stood a rich porcelain vase filled with rare exotics; but they looked nearly withered—books and engravings strewed the table, but they too lay untouched and unopened—a guitar and a harp stood near, but several of the strings of both were broken. On a beautifully arranged toilet table lay a casket of rich and sparkling gems—the casket was half upset, and many of the trinkets strewed about in confusion. Turn now from this minutia, and look at the inhabitant of this apartment, and tell me if happiness dwells with wealth and splendor. On a low crimson Ottoman reclined a fair being who might have been thought to be as inanimate as the objects around her, except for the low passionate sob that at times burst from her bosom, as if her very heart was breaking; she was even in her sorrow an exquisitely beautiful creature: her fairy and perfect form; the infant like delicacy and purity of her complexion; her head of Grecian like dignity; the profusion of dark curls; which shadowed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her pale face, all bespoke her lovely; she had apparently just returned from a ball or party, if one could judge by the elegance and coolness of her dress, which was of white silvered crape, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets and a girdle of pearls, with a rich twisted necklace and pendants of the same; a pearl bandeau, in which was fastened, a plume of white feathers, lay on the floor as if dropped from the head by accident.

"Yes," she exclaimed in a low broken voice, "she will be his bride, and I—what am I—a poor despised creature, looked on with indifference, perhaps with hate, by the being I feel I yet adore—he will be happy while I am miserable; but I deserve it all. Oh, that I could die and be at peace," again she wept bitterly. A low tap was heard at the door, and before she had time to refuse admittance, a fairy form glided into the room, and in a moment was locked in her arms. "My own sister," "dearest Helen," was all that was uttered by either for some moments; at length the visitor rose up from her fervent embrace and seated herself on a low stool, at the side of the couch, while her sister, (for such she was) as if overcome again, sunk back in her reclining position, and gave vent to a fresh burst of tears, still clasping the hand of the fair intruder in her own. "Tell me, my own Helen, what ails you—is this my welcome, after months of separation?—am I instead of meeting with your own glad smiles to be greeted with tears. Tell me," she continued; throwing herself on her knees, and pressing her lips in the cold forehead, "what can possibly ail you: are you sick; you cannot be unhappy, surely, or your own Cecile would long ere this have known of your griefs and flew to soothe them: if you are ill, cheer up and smile upon me, and your own sister shall be your faithful nurse. With so kind a husband, and all else your heart can desire, you must be happy." "Happy," murmured the lady, while her very frame seemed shook with the agony those words called up, "happy—never in this world; my happy days are over, Cecile." She seemed quite overcome, and Cecile forbore to answer her, lest she should renew sorrows which she wished to alleviate: she at length insensibly sunk into a light slumber, whilst the young and beautiful being, who seemed by her bright and radiant face never to have known sorrow, bent over her with the anxiety of a fond mother, watching her sleeping infant, afraid to move lest she should disturb the sleeper. She continued in her kneeling posture, watching the countenance of her sister. "And I thought she was happy—no she is not," thought the gentle girl, as she gazed in painful silence upon the altered features of Helen. Her moans and inarticulate murmurs sometimes escaped from her as if her sleep was far from peaceful; at length, after a deeper moan, she opened her languid blue eyes, and they fell upon her gentle nurse; "my sister," she exclaimed with a mournful smile, "show good you are thus to watch over me; but will you not retire, it is late, and in my selfishness had forgotten that you have walked far, and must feel fatigued." No, no, my sister, I cannot sleep; wherefore then leave you. I

am miserable, for you are so: let me know what is the cause of your unhappiness, and if I cannot relieve, at least your Cecile can weep with you." Helen had risen at the close of her sister's remark, and for a minute paced the room with quick and hurried tread, as if to escape some painful recollection; at length seating herself by a low window, where the moon poured her silver rays upon her face, she said, "The task is a painful one, but to you I have long wished to speak freely—yes, it will console me to know there is one to sympathize with me." She pressed her hand forcibly to her head, as if to still the throbbing temples, and with a low faltering voice commenced, "You know I am your senior, by several years—you know, too, how dearly we have loved, and how bitter were the tears we shed when I was sent for home from school, and obliged to be parted from you: all this you know; but you know not; that dearly as I loved you, my sorrow was evanescent. I was going into that gay world, into whose scenes I had so often entered in my waking as well as in my midnight dreams—I sighed at our close confinement to studies, our simple recreations, and our country situation—I wanted to visit the gay balls, parties, theatres, &c. which I had so often read of; and more than all this, I earnestly wished to love and to be beloved. With all these thoughts thronging in my young heart, can you wonder that my tears were soon vanished. You know that I arrived safely at my mother's splendid mansion, and she received me with a mixture of affection and gratified pride, and professed I would make a brilliant match." I was introduced to the gay world, and entered with pleasure into its extravagancies and follies, I was styled beautiful, known to be wealthy, and was therefore followed by many admirers, but my heart remained untouched. Even then, my heart would oft times pine for your society, and I would wish myself back, a simple, happy school girl. So true it is, that pleasures, however delightful in imagination, lose much from constant repetition. I wished for something to love and to be beloved. My mother was kind and I respected her; but her manners were not calculated to gain her children's love, consequently she was not my confidant. Unhappy situation when a daughter may not confide in a mother. Who so suitable a friend, a guide, an adviser as a mother. You may remember our friend, Rosa Evelyn, who was married shortly after I left school, and for whom I was bridesmaid; it was at her happy home that I first met her cousin, Eugene Evelyn, that I first knew what love was." A long silence followed these words, as if they called up scenes too painfully pleasing for memory to dwell upon. "Enough, my sister, to say I was beloved and loved devotedly; a few happy months flew round, and then I was awake from my dream of bliss—my mother was petrified and enraged at the idea of an alliance destitute of all that she thought made an alliance desirable; that is, wealth and rank. She forbade my again seeing Eugene. Fear not, duty led me to obey her; for oh, now will you believe me when I tell you, that knowing my fortune to depend entirely upon my mother. I dared not, much as I loved, encounter privations and want of luxuries. In short, I dreaded poverty (or an approach to it) as one of the greatest evils in life. I received from my lover many letters breathing affection and tenderness, and conjuring me to fly with him." "Helen," he said in one of his letters, "if, dearest Helen, your mother's refusal was grounded on the idea that I was vicious or dissipated, I would not urge you to fight; I would strive to convince her of her error and gain her esteem; but no, she would sacrifice the peace, the happiness of her daughter, of me, for what—because I possess not wealth. I ask not your fortune: I have competence, and if faithful love and constant endeavor, on my part, to make you happy, can make up for the luxuries, the splendor of your home, then consent, my own love, to unite your fate to mine." "And yet, even after I had read these precious lines, I became another's—yes, turn not away, sweet sister; relax not the grasp of those dear hands, I feel too deeply my own unworthiness, to bear even your unintentional marks of sorrow. Wrought upon by habitual fear and respect of my mother—won upon (I blush to own it) by the splendid presents, the house, the equipage of Sir William Ethrington, I consented, in an evil hour, to become his bride; and now," she added, breathing slowly, as if the breath came from the very recess of her heart, "now comes the heart-breaking scene; I had heard that Eugene had been informed of my conduct and my marriage; that he felt that his love had been thrown away upon an unworthy object, and consequently he felt for me an utter contempt; so, at least, I was told. It has now been near a twelve-month since my marriage, when, partly to gratify my husband, and partly to chase away gloomy feelings, I consented to go to a large party this evening at Lady Ranchath's. Sir William was forced to leave me at the door, as he was engaged elsewhere.

I entered the brilliant apartments, blazing with lights and beauty; I had hardly reached my seat, when my eye fell upon—Eugene Evelyn; not as I had once heard of him, pale and dejected, but looking as when I first saw him, radiant with smiles and health. On his arm leaned a beautiful delicate girl, whom, however, at that time, I scarcely observed, being so entirely taken up with watching Eugene. He did not see me, but continued in earnest conversation with the lady. As I stood in a deep recess, I could, unobserved by any, watch his ever-varying countenance; and oh, how bitter were my feelings at that moment. My musical powers, which you

fond affection used to magnify into something extraordinary, were, even in the gay world, in requisition; and accordingly I was soon surrounded by many urging me to play and sing. It was in vain that I pleaded indisposition, and with a heavy heart I at length consented to be led into the music room, hoping that I was not perceived by Eugene. Feeling in a dull mood, I pitched upon the first song that was handed me; it was a low, melancholy tune, and seemed suited to my feelings. It ended with the following verse:

Give me, of cold oblivion's wave,
A draught, in sorrow's chalice sad;
My hopes are slumbering in the grave;
Past are the dreams which once could glad!"

Much agitated after singing, I arose, and was at length permitted to move away, while a lady took my place at the piano. "How handsome Mr. Evelyn looks," said a voice near me. I involuntarily looked up and encountered the earnest look of Eugene—he bowed and I immediately turned my eyes away; but a conversation that happened near me, attracted my sole attention. It was about him who alone I loved. After speaking for some time highly in his praise, one of the ladies remarked, "do you know that it is a positive fact, that he is engaged to be married to the lady he is with?" Yes, I heard that she was to be the bride, the blessed bride of my own Eugene. I fainted, and when I recovered it was to find myself supported by him, whilst the fair girl whom I had seen with him, was gently bathing my burning brow. Oh! happy, too happy moment—would that I had died even then; but no, such a blessed lot was not mine. When he found I had recovered, he resigned me to the arms of Lady Mary Clinton, which I heard was the name of the lady. He asked me if he should call my carriage; I gladly assented, and taking his offered arm was led, more dead than alive, to the door. As he lifted me in the carriage he pressed my hand, "You have my forgiveness, Helen, I am happy; would that you were so too." Never, oh never, shall I be happy again, Eugene; my heart is breaking." He gave me a thrilling look of pity; even yet I see it—pressed my hand to his lips and closed the door. All else is a blank to me until I found myself here." She ceased and leaned her burning brow on the marble slab, as if to cool it, while her young sister wept without restraint. "I have wearied you almost to death, my own sweet Cecile, let us both kneel now in earnest prayer, even as when we were children together, and then let us seek a little rest." The two fair sisters knelt down, the one in her single innocence, the other in her deep unhappiness, and remained long in fervent holy prayer. When they arose, though their eyes were still filled with tears, there was a holy serenity visible in the features of both, lovely to behold. They together laid down to court a little repose. Tired nature lent length sunk exhausted, and it was late in the day ere Cecile awoke, and recalled to recollection the painful success of the last night. She arose gently and stood by her sister's side. "How lovely, how angelic she looks! and what a sweet smile beams on her features. I cannot wake her—sleep oh, sweet sister; be at least happy in your dreams." So saying, she stooped over her and pressed her rosy lips to the pale forehead of a corpse.

When Cecil was recovered from a long, deep swoon, she found that she had not been deceived. Helen's gentle frame had sunk under the pressure of misery; and though she mourned for her sister, she could not but rejoice that her unhappiness was at an end. It was midnight, when Cecile went to take a last look at the lovely remains of her beloved sister, beautiful even in death. She reposed upon that couch from whence she was to be conveyed to the dark and silent tomb! Her large blue eyes were closed, and the long, dark lash lay on her fair cheeks; a striking contrast; a sweet smile yet played round her lips, which even death has not robbed of their coral-like hue—she looked as placid as a sleeping infant. She was buried with pomp and splendor; and the only tears shed for her in real sorrow, were by Cecil and Eugene, who attended her funeral. As for her husband, he had always admired her, but love with him had no existence. He considered a wife as a necessary appendage, and had chosen out a beautiful one, only because she was the fashion, and was sought by others.

Eugene was in a few months happily married to Lady Mary Clinton, and their first girl was by Lady Mary's request named after the unfortunate Helen. Cecil also married a man in every way deserving of her; and unlike her sister, looked only for virtue and goodness in her choice, and consequently enjoyed much happiness. But it was long ere she ceased to think of and regret the mournful lot of one who was led away by the luxuries and vanities of this life from peace and happiness.

ADELE.

We have often been asked why a shirt is called shirt. We trust the following will give the reason: Because they wear caps and bonnets. Because they are upright when in stays. Because they are often painted. Because they are best when employed. Because they are often saluted. Because they have prominent breastworks. Because they wear combings. Because they bend to the breeze. Because they bring news from abroad. Because they look best when well rigged. Because they are often abandoned. Because their value depends upon their age.

Democratic Banner.

POETICAL.



THE AMERICAN HERO.

A SAPPIC ODE.

Written in the time of the Revolution.
Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight
Of death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans!

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all His dealings,
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him; all his ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory, on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehova in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder.
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

O then exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds which around him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt His name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for,
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now Mars! dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing Æther.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking like Ætna through the smoky columns,
Lowering like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

Let oceans wait on all your steaming castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a store of vengeance,
Bear down to battle!

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I am afraid to follow;
While that precedes me with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle;
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpent's fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

FROM THE SOUTHERN ROSE.

Though some have praised your lustrous eyes, and
said, how full how bright,
And some your glowing coral lips, and teeth so
pearly white,

'Tis not your beautiful eyes I love, if beautiful
they be,
I praise another, fairer charm, which brighter seems
to me.

'Tis not your polished ivory cheek, like chiselled
marble gleaming,
'Tis not your fragrant scented breath, with spicy
odours teeming,

Nor is it yet your pencilled brows, that arch and
curve with grace,
Or any charm that lurks about and gilds your youthful
face.

The charm—it lies in temper, not fierce, nor rising
soon—
But calm, and smooth, and tranquil, as the heaven-
lighting moon,

'Tis that, which lengthens lashes, gives lustre to your
eye,
And while you bear this signet, can beauty ever die?

EFFIE.

AGRICULTURAL.

KEEP YOUR LAND RICH.

This is to be done by manuring by pasturing and by alternative crops. Cattle and sheep make manure—manure makes grain, and grass, and roots—these in return feed the family, and make meat, milk and wool; and meat, milk and wool are virtually money, the great object of the farmer's ambition, and the reward of his labors. This is the farmer's magic chain, which, kept bright by use, is ever strong and sure; but if broken or suffered to corrode by neglect, its power and efficiency are lost.

You possess all the earthly elements of a good soil—clay, sand and lime. It is your duty to husband and apply the vegetable, and most essential element of fertility—manures. These are as much the food of your crops, as your crops are food for your cattle, or your family; and it is as vain to expect to perpetuate

good crops without manure, as it would be to expect fat beef and fat mutton, from stunted pasture or buckwheat straw. We see, then, that manures are the basis of good husbandry, whether we have reference to tillage or cattle farms; and that tillage and cattle reciprocally benefit each other.

It results from these facts, that a farmer should till no more land than he can keep dry, and clean and rich; and that he should keep no more stock than his crops will feed well, and that can be made profitable to the farm.

The farmer who makes but thirty bushels of corn, a dozen bushels of rye, or a ton of hay, from an acre of land—and there are not few who fall short of this—is hardly remunerated for his labor, but he who gets these measures from half an acre, and every good farmer ought at least to do so, realizes a net product of one half of the value of his crop, or receives twice as much for his labor as the first does. The reason of this is, that the one permits his acre to become poor, either from not saving and applying his manure, or from spreading it and his labor over too much land, or by cropping it too long, while the other keeps his land rich, and thereby saves half his labor.—How is this disparity increased, when, instead of being double, the crop of the good farmer exceeds that of the bad farmer four-fold, incidents that often happen on adjoining farms? If the latter gets one hundred dollars per annum for his labor, the former gets four hundred dollars for his labor. No inconsiderable item this, in the aggregate of a man's life, or in the profit and loss account of a large farm.

So with animals. The food which parsimony or indolence, or ill-judged economy does out to a beast, and which barely keeps him two years, would if judiciously fed out, fatten him in six months; and thereby convert three quarters of the food into meat, milk and money, which in the other case, is expended to keep the animal alive. Time is money, as well in fattening animals and feeding crops, as in other expenditures of human labor.

Pasturing is a means of inducing fertility. It is computed to add twenty per cent. to the fertility or a first rate soil. All this is grown upon the soil. This arises from two causes. All that is grown upon the soil, is returned to it in the droppings of the animals which graze upon it. And in the second place, when broken up by the plough, the sward is converted into tillage crops, and has been found to be equivalent, in a well set sod, to more than twelve loads of manure on the acre. In this way sheep husbandry is known to enrich lands rapidly. But this remark does not apply to meadows where the crop is carried off, and no equivalent returned to the soil, in the form of manure.—Judge Buel.

SILK CULTURE.

FROM THE CHARLESTON MERCURY.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SILK CULTURE.

Messrs. Editors:—Will the making of Silk prove sufficiently profitable to insure its general introduction, as a branch of agricultural labor? This is indeed the basis on which the success or failure of Silk Culture must and will depend. It will of course avail nothing to show, that we possess a climate and soil every way propitious for making Silk, and that there will be a ready market for it when made, if it cannot also be shown that it will prove a profitable branch of industry.

We may start then with the general, but well known fact, that all countries that have cultivated Silk to any extent, have found it an extensively profitable business. Would China and Italy—countries blessed by nature with a soil and climate highly favorable to the production of all the most valuable staples of agriculture, so long have made Silk the most extensive staple, had it not been found profitable? In Italy and France, the profits on labor and capital invested, are estimated from 30 to 100 per cent. It will be more easy and more to the point, to ascertain what are the profits of Silk growing in the United States, from the common Mulberry, and if it can be shown that Silk can be made profitably from the common Mulberry, the introduction of the Morus Multicaulis, or Chinese Mulberry, has produced a new era in the culture of Silk.—In the Silk Manual, prepared by Richard Rush, Secretary of the United States, in obedience to a Resolution of Congress in 1823, there is a statement of the profits from an acre planted with the White Mulberry. The estimate is made by John Fitch, of Mansfield, Connecticut, a town where there has probably been more Silk raised than any other in the Union. Mr. Fitch states, that an acre of full grown trees of the common Mulberry, 11-2 rods apart, will produce 40 lbs. of Silk. He estimates the labor as follows: For the first three weeks, one woman, or children whose services would be equal to such a person. For the next 12 or 14 days, five hands, or what would be equal to five if done by children, for picking off the balls and reeling the Silk. About the same amount of labor for the same time of spinning, the Silk labor to the amount of \$34; the 40 lbs. of Silk, at the lowest cash price, would now bring \$320.—Labor and board he estimates at \$80, spinning \$34—that would leave \$206 clear profits on an acre. If the Silk should not be spun, but only reeled, the labor would cost \$60, and the Silk in that State brings \$5 per lb. At a Silk Meeting held at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, on the 12th February, there was submitted by Doctor Chamberlain, a statement from R. L. Baker, in relation to the Silk business at Economy, Beaver County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Baker, it appears, was the business representative of the Society at Economy, there were exhibited at the

meeting several specimens of Silk manufactured from the trees at Economy, such as sewing silk, handkerchiefs, ladies dresses, plain and figured satin, vestings, silk velvets, &c.—The samples were afterwards placed in the hands of Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore. He states that they are "pronounced by good judges first rate goods of their kind, and far superior in web and texture to goods usually imported." The estimate does not state the number of acres on which the trees were planted, and from which the quantity was made, there were about 15,000 trees, principally of the White Mulberry; that number of China Mulberry would have required 3 acres. The raw silk made per year from the 15,000 trees, was 150 lbs. this is stated to produce 3031 yards of dress silk, worth \$1 per yard, equal to 3031 dollars. The whole expense of feeding the worms, reeling, spinning, weaving dyeing, interest on investment, etc. \$1479 50; this leaves a clear profit of \$1552 50. This was the amount cleared in 1833—certainly a splendid profit. As the Morus Multicaulis is likely to come into general use for Silk Culture, it will be more to the purpose to ascertain, if possible, the profit that may be expected from making silk from it. Its reputation is now so firmly established by long continued and rigid experiment, that there is no ground for doubting its superiority; it has been ascertained from experiments, that an acre planted in the cuttings of the Chinese Mulberry, will feed the second year of their growth 600,000 silk worms.—That it requires from 3 to 4000 worms to make a pound of silk, say 400, the produce then would be 150 lbs. of silk; this in its raw state will readily sell for \$750. The expense of making the cocoons, reeling the silk, including interest on the investment, is estimated not to exceed \$2 per pound; this leaves a clear profit of \$450 per acre. At the Annual Fair of the American Institute, Mr. J. Danforth addressed a communication to the Committee on Silk, stating an experiment which he made last summer in feeding worms. The experiment was made in East Hartford, Connecticut. The eighth of an acre of land, the soil light and sandy, of a quality called good corn land, was measured off, and set with trees and roots of the Morus Multicaulis of one year's growth. The whole number was 780, one third were two feet high, one third one foot stripped of their limbs, and the remainder roots. Mr. Danforth fed from these successive lots of worms during the summer, in all 32,000 worms. The first hatching was about the first of July, and the last had finished their labors by the 10th of September, he made from them 9 bushels of cocoons or 95 lbs. They yielded at the rate of 1 lb. to the bushel, or 9 lbs. in all. This is at the rate of 72 lbs. per acre, worth at \$5 per lb. \$360. The expense of making it, he says, is estimated not to exceed \$2 per lb.; that leaves a net profit of \$216 per acre, obtained from small trees of the previous season's growth. He says, of this experiment it may be observed, that none of the persons who took care of the trees, gathered the leaves or fed the worms, had ever seen a tree or Silk Worm before; the feeding was only for two months and ten days; and the crop was all produced in four months, including the time of planting the trees, and that the product was ten hundred and ninety skeins of Silk of forty yards each.

Does the result of these experiments indicate that Silk Culture will prove sufficiently profitable to establish it as a permanent business in the United States or not?
ECONOMIST.

DEBATE IN CONGRESS.

SPEECH OF MR. HUBBARD, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In Senate, February 21, 1839.—On the bill providing for the better security of the public moneys, and for the punishment of public defaulters.

MR. HUBBARD rose and said: MR. PRESIDENT: The Senator from Massachusetts has presented to the Senate extracts from various acts of Congress, defining particularly the duties of certain officers connected with the Treasury Department; alleging that so express and well defined were these duties, that it was impossible that there could have been any defalcation of any custom-house officer existing, for any considerable length of time, without discovery and detection at the Department, had there been a faithful discharge of official duty. The Senator has not, in direct terms, charged upon the Secretary of the Treasury any such dereliction of official duty; but the tenor and general character of his remarks, if not so designed, were calculated to make an impression upon the public mind that the recent defalcations in New York and elsewhere were to be attributed to the want of discharging properly and seasonably that supervisory power which the head of the Department was bound, as the Senator says, to exercise. And the Senator has contended that there is no necessity for further legislation upon this subject; that we have law enough; all that is required is greater fidelity and diligence in the execution of the law.

It is my purpose, Mr. President, to show, and I trust that I shall be able to show most conclusively, that the Secretary of the Treasury, in the discharge of his appropriate duties, could no more have discovered the frauds which have been practised upon the accounting officers by collectors and receivers, than any member of this Senate; that with the returns of collectors' accounts for settlement he has nothing to do. Under the laws of Congress the Secretary of the Treasury could not, without usurpation, exercise any control over