

Of course there are some persons much better informed, but they are a small minority of the whole people of this Union. A lady was descanting to me the other day, no relation of Julia, upon the immense wealth of England, but what a shame, said she, to tax your poor so. I replied that the poor do not pay taxes except indirectly upon their small consumption. She seemed incredulous, and answered, "Have they not to pay for the very light of Heaven?"—I said they have not, but the rich have—how shocking—far less ma'am, than to owe debts and not be able to pay them; you ruin your creditors and stare out of two story white frame houses with half a dozen unnecessary windows in each.

But how does the *naked fact* stand? (don't shew this to any ladies) why the laborer, the cottager, the mechanic, pay nothing. The rich only pay for the support of the State, of the helpless and destitute, for the advancement of religion and education—for the blind, the maimed, and the lunatic—many a noble lord pays two hundred dollars a year for his light, and what else—servants, horses, carriages, stamps on legacies, inland bills, promissory notes, foreign exchange, protests, bonds, mortgages, indentures, inventories, appraisments, conveyances, wills,—on houses, on hounds, one hundred and thirty dollars a year,—on lands, and various other things too numerous to mention. By all these the poor are not affected; a house must have more than eight windows before it is taxed. The exemptions from duties are regulated with great care and consideration. If you wished to powder your wig, Frank, you would have to pay one pound three shillings and six pence sterling money, per annum—rather buy cigars with it, thank you.

The amount raised under those rates for the *poor, annually*, would nearly pay the debt of the State of Pennsylvania.—And why are all these taxes required—not to make canals and rail roads, and for other such purposes?

The history of the world tells why. A neighboring usurper, a ruthless destroyer, a scourge of his own and other countries, had doomed England to destruction that he might be left without a rival—by art and other means he had arrayed nearly the whole of Europe against her, and had destined her fair fields for the last act of his bloody tragedy—she turned upon herself and looked there alone for aid—she subsidised monarchies, she supported foreign armies, and to them added her own. The aggrieved from other lands sought refuge and repose upon her shores—the fleets of powerful States came for shelter to her ports—the frustrated invader threatened vengeance by ravaging and devastating her fair homes—she gave him not the trouble, but sought him in his own haunts. For nearly thirty years the thunder of her cannon resounded upon sea and land, and after various success, she gave to him the doom he had meted to others, and designed for herself.