DORCHESTER AURORA.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

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POETRY.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

LOVE THEE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Love thee—yes, as the silver lake
Loves the bright stars of even,
Whose beams the rippling waters wake
Into a seeming heaven;
As the glad flowret loves the sun,
Or singing bird the tree,
Too fair, too glorious to be won,
'Tis thus, thus I love thee.

I love thee as the sailor loves
The bright and swelling wave,
Whose proudly heaving bosom proves
A cradle, or a grave;
Yet, can he call that wave his own,
Upon the billowy sea?
No—fetterless, and free it shone;
'Tis thus, thus I love thee.

For thou art even as the wind,
Chainless, and free to roam;
Thy heart no feeble fetters bind,
Proud as the wild sea's foam;
Yet like an eagle I have soar'd
On the sun's height to be;
And my ambitious heart hath pour'd
Its floods of love on thee.

From the Potomac Advocate.

FEMALE FAITH.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

She loved you, when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you, when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tone is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you, when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the light of time has swept,
Unlike HER love away.

She loved you, when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
Saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the gen'rous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore;
And that the wanderer on his way,
Then wants HER light the more.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern situated near the foot of a mountain in one of the western States. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of—

"Gwien down shin bone alley,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with—"Hollo!—uncle!—you!—snow-ball!"

'Sah!' said blackey, holding up his horses.

'Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?'

'No sah, dat Mass Billy Lemon's Otell.'

'Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?'

'Yes, sah; you know Mass Billy? he used to lib at de mouth o' Ceder crick; he don move now do; keeps monstrous nice tavurn now, I tell you.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, sah. You stop dere dis ebenin' I 'spect; all 'spectable genplemen put up dere. You chaw 'bacca, Mass?'

'Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for you.'

'Tankee, massa, tankee, sah. Quash my name.'

'Quash, eh?'

'Yes, sah, at your sarvice. Ooh!' grunted the delighted African, 'dis is nice—he better an Green Riber. Tankee, sah, tankee.'

'Well, Quash, what kind of gentleman is Mr. Lemon?'

'Oh, he be nice man, sah, monsous nice man; empertain genplemen in de fus stile, an' I take care uv hauses. I b'longs to him, and I do say it, Mass Billy mighty cleber man; he funny too; tell heep o' stories about ghosses and sperrits, notwithstanding he fraid of 'em he self, my 'pinion.'

'Afraid of ghosts, eh?' said the traveller, musing. 'Well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as its getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-night.'

'Yes, sah. Gee up, hoa, Dobbin, go 'long lively;' and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in—

'Gwien down shin bone alley——'

The burthen 'Long time ago,' was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued however, with—

'Dere I met ole Johnny Gladden,'

And the same voice again responded from the field—

'Long time ago.'

'Lor' bress my heart!' ejaculated the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses, his eyes rapidly running the circuit of the thirty two points of the compass, while he absolutely looked *black* in the face, 'who dat?'

'Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow-ball, its some of your master's spirits, I suppose.'

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with,

' 'Light, sir, 'light—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir—here, Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take off that chair-box—come, sir—and carry his horse to the stable. Do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?'

'If you please, sir; he's rather particular about his lodgings.'

'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see a horse well tended, and this is a noble critter, too,' continued the landlord, slapping him upon the back.

'Take care, will you?' said the horse, in a surly tone.

'What, the devil!' exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

Quash gave out strong symptoms of an ague fit.

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse, looking spitefully round at the astonished tavern keeper.

'Silence, Beelzebub!' said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed—'You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse: the effect of education, sir.'

'He's the devil, sir.'

'What's that?' growled the horse.

'Wo hoa, Beelzebub! Loose the traces, Quash; what are you starting at? he won't eat you.'

Quash stood at the distance of ten feet, and said. 'Neber in my life did I,' and glancing his eyes round as it in search of the nearest road to make off.

'Come, landlord,' said Beelzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered, the landlord performed a quick retrograde movement up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stables himself.

The traveller was Kenworthy, and ventriloquism the Beelzebub employed.—*Norfolk Herald.*

COBBETT AND PAINE.

It was the characteristic of Cobbett, that there was scarcely any opinion which he had not espoused and assailed, or any prominent individual whom he had not applauded and maligned. In his life of Thomas Paine, of infamous notoriety he draws the following sketch: "How Tom gets a living now, or what brothel he inhabits, I know not, nor does it much signify to any body here, or any where else. He has done all the mischief he can do in the world, and whether his carcass is to be at last suffered to rot on the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence. Whenever, or wherever he breathes his last, he will excite neither sorrow nor compassion; no friendly hand will close his eyes, nor a groan will be uttered, nor a tear shed. Like Judas he will be remembered by posterity; men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous unnatural, and blasphemous, by the single monosyllable PAINE."

This is a sufficiently disgusting portraiture, and yet it is not untrue in its features. The character of Paine was truly execrable, and as was predicted by Cobbett, he died miserably and without a friend. But what is most remarkable, this same Cobbet, on his return to America, exhumed the bones of the miserable infidel, and carried them to England as a most precious relic!—*Presbyterian.*

Men of taste.—There are some men who stand on the debatable ground between talents and genius without belonging to either; they have a strong love for all that is beautiful and great, without the power of producing them; instead of all the radii of the mind tending, as in men of genius, to a single point, they stand in the centre and send forth rays in every direction, but these antagonist forces destroy each other.

Literature in Turkey.—The London Penny Magazine is now reprinted in the Turkish Empire, at the expense of the Grand Seignor, & is expected soon to equal the circulation of the newspaper which has been established there for some time. It now has nearly five thousand subscribers, and when the post office arrangements shall have been completed throughout the empire, it is expected to quadruple that number—*Twenty thousand* subscribers!

POLITICAL.

INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

SPEECH OF MR. BENTON,

OF MISSOURI,

In Senate, Wednesday, March 14, 1838.

ON THE BILL TO SEPARATE THE GOVERNMENT FROM THE BANKS.

Mr. BENTON commenced his speech with remarking upon the different manners in which the discussion of the bill had been conducted on the different sides of the House. The chairman of the Finance Committee, [Mr Wright,] who had reported the bill, and opened the debate, had done it in a most business like manner; his luminous and masterly exposition of principles and details being entirely confined to the subject, and never once deviating into extrinsic matter, or touching upon any topic of party, or partisan character. Not so the speeches of the Opposition Senators. From the very beginning they launched into the ocean of party politics, and made the bill the occasion for a general attack upon the Republican Administrations of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, such as we have been accustomed to see for a long time on this floor. The debate has been conducted by them as an attack upon a party, & as a contest for power, & not as an inquiry into the merits bill. The speeches they have delivered have been such as might be expected at the partisan encounters of the hustings, on the stump, or at barbecue dinners, in the course of an electioneering campaign for an elective office, and not such as would be looked for in the parliamentary discussion of a legislative measure.

In this attack it has been assumed for granted that the country has been ruined by, what is called, the mad and wicked administration of General Jackson; and that President Van Buren being pledged to carry out his line of policy, is of course pledged to go on ruining the country, and therefore ought to be resisted and overthrown. I propose to inquire into the truth of these assumptions, and to ascertain, first, how far it is true that the country has, in point of fact, been ruined; next, how far this ruin, if any, has been the work of General Jackson's administration; and, after settling these preliminary points, I shall have something to say on the merits of the bill, and something on the peculiar system of party warfare of which this Senate has been the scene for the last six years.

In making my inquiries into the ruin of the country, I am not left to grapple with vague generalities and pointless declamation. Fortunately for me, the opposition orators have descended to specifications, and have shown wherein this ruin has been perpetrated.—Their specifications embrace almost every branch of foreign or domestic policy; and, taking the era of the second Mr. Adam's administration, when themselves were in power, and their cherished national bank was in its meridian—taking this period as the culminating point of our America's prosperity, felicity, and renown, they trace a rapid descent, from that high point of national pre-eminence, down the steep road to destruction, until the entire nation is landed in total perdition in the year of our Lord, 1837. They have given us specifications, but there they stop. No proof, no statistics, no statements, no comparative tables, accompany their specifications to establish their truth. Bold assertion, and terrifying descriptions, occupy the place of proof. These fierce denunciators assume the prerogative of genius; and they rely upon flights of fancy, dashes of imagination, and fierceness of invective, to supply the place of proof and argument. I have no pretension to this prerogative. I am a plain speaker, and tell what I know, and then prove it. Reversing then the method of our opponents, I shall discard altogether the painted and gilded creations of the imagination, and shall confine myself to the effective logic of facts and figures.

At the head of the specifications of gentlemen, is the article of commerce, both foreign and domestic, each asserted to have been prostrated and sacrificed by the fatal policy of General Jackson's administration. We will test the truth of this bold assertion; and for that purpose will have recourse to data which no gentleman will be at liberty to question. And, first, of domestic commerce. The great West shall be our first field of inquiry, and, casting the eye over the broad expanse of that magnificent region, we see two points at which the commerce of the upper half of the valley of the Mississippi, is subjected to a process which allows it to be annually, and easily, counted and compared. These points are, the Louisville canal for the commerce of the Ohio, and the port of St Louis, for the commerce of the Upper Mississippi. Referring to the evidence obtained at these two points, and we have exact accounts of the commerce in the two largest sections of the West, and data for estimating the condition of the remainder. In each instance the statement goes back seven years, that is to say, to the second year of General Jackson's administration, and comes down to the first year of Mr. Van Buren's. For the Louisville canal, the official return stands thus:

Abstract of the boats that have passed, and tolls received on the Louisville and Portland canal.

Year.	Tons.	Amount received.
1831	76.323	$12,750 77
1832	70.109	25,756 12
1833	169.885	60,736 92
1834	162 000	61,848 17
1835	200.413	80.165 24
1836	182.220	88,343 23
1827	242,374	145,424 69
	1,103,324	$475,025 14

Mr. B. read over this table, and then commented upon some parts of it. The increase in the number of steamboats which passed the canal had increased four fold in seven years; and the year of ruin—1837—had presented as large an increase as any preceding one had done. But the number of steamboats was not the most correct criterion; the tonnage is more accurate, especially as it includes flats and keel boats; and, tested by tonnage, it will be seen that the increase was three-fold in seven years, and that the year of ruin presented an increase of 60,000 tons over that of the preceding year. So much for the prostration of commerce on the Ohio river, and in Kentucky itself, in this black year of perdition and destruction!

The commerce of the port of St. Louis was the second test to which Mr. B. subjected the domestic commerce of the country. St. Louis was a port of entry by law, and a port of destination by position for nearly all the boats which entered it. It was not merely a touching or stopping point for boats bound elsewhere, but was a port of destination for the delivery of cargoes, and the reception of lading. I have the statement of its steamboat commerce for seven years; and this is the result

Years.	Number of different boats.	Tonnage.	Number of entries.
1831	60	7,796	432
1832	80	9,250	508
1833	99	12,222	573
1834	110	13,173	607
1835	121	15,470	803
1836	144	19,417	1,355
1837	195	22,794	1,607

Mr. B. remarked upon this exhibit as corresponding wonderfully with that of the Louisville canal, and showing an increase of nearly four fold in the commerce of St. Louis, under the impracticable and outlandish administration, as it was called, of General Jackson, and a large increase in the year of ruin over that of any preceding year—even the bloated year of 1836. The arriving and departing tonnage for the year 1837, was 450,821 tons, the far greater part of it being the growth of seven years, and that not only without banks, but upon the loss of one—the loss of the United States Branch Bank, which wound up after the veto of 1832; and from which time the commerce of the city advanced with gigantic strides, and established itself upon foundations too solid to be overthrown by any convulsion.

The foreign commerce of some of the principal seaports, next claimed the attention of Mr. B. He took the ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, as presenting leading points in the different sections of the Union, and compared the imports in those cities during the administration of Mr. Adams, when the Federal party and the Federal bank were in full power, with those, not of 1836, which was a year of bloat and over-action, but with the year of ruin—1837—when the mad and wicked measures of the absurd, impracticable, and outlandish measures of the administration of the Republicans had produced the full measure of their fatal destruction. He presented a table, compiled for him at the Treasury Department, and read it.

Remarking upon this table, Mr. B. said that, the year of ruin presented an increase of business in every port except that of Philadelphia, far exceeding the proportionate increase of population. Taking the last year of Mr. Adams's administration, as the one most favorable to the opposition, and it would be seen that, at Boston, the increase of importations was five millions of dollars in value; in New York, the increase was thirty seven millions; in Baltimore, above two millions; in Charleston, more than double; in New Orleans, doubled, and a million and a half over, Philadelphia, the seat of the great bank, was the only place that exhibited a decline: all the rest exhibited a vast improvement, and the further off from the Philadelphia protector the better. The case of Charleston was particularly striking. The commerce of that city regularly declined from year to year, under the withering influence of the high tariff policy, during the administration of Mr. Adams, and the presence of a branch bank of the great regulator It declined for four years; then rapidly recovered under the administration of General Jackson; and, in the year of ruin was double the amount of the last year of Mr Adams's time.

Mr. B referred to the exports, and imports of specie, to show the further superiority of the year of ruin over the finest year of Mr. Adams's administration, or even the whole of it put together. His averment was, that the gain on the import of specie, over the exports, was, for the year 1837, four millions and a quarter of dollars, while, for the whole four years of Mr. Adams's administration, the gain was but one million. On these points he exhibited these tables:

	Imports.	Exports.
1825 -	$6,150,130	$8.797,955
1826 -	6,880,960	4.704,553
1827 -	8,152,130	8,014,880
1828	7,489,741	8,243,476

Making a total of about 30 millions and a half of imports, and about 29 millions & a half of exports. The same test for the year of ruin, exhibited $10,964,432 for the imports, and $6.714,000 for the exports.

Pursuing the tests of the comparative prosperity of the two periods, Mr. B. came to the sales of the public lands, which stood thus:

1825 - -	$1,205,068
1826 -	1,128.617
1827 - -	1,318,105
1828 - -	1.221.357
1837 -	7.004.538

Here again the year of ruin appears, said Mr. B. in victorious contrast with the whole period of Mr. Adams's administration. The sales of the single year are equal to six years of such sales as occurred from 1825 to 1828. The sales in Indiana alone, during this year of ruin, exceeded the sales of the best year in Mr. Adams's time, for they amount to $1,565 390. The same may nearly be said of Illinois, where the sales for 1837 amount to $1.266.775. The whole of these sales were for hard money; for the Treasury order was in full operation during the whole year. The entire sum of seven millions was received in specie, and the one half of it after the banks had suspended payment. This fact was the fullest vindication of that order. It showed the error of all the calculations which were made upon the effect of that order. It showed that the farmers had no difficulty in getting hard money to buy lands. The quantity sold in 1837 was bought by farmers, and not by speculators. The Treasury order expelled the speculators, with their bales of borrowed bank notes, from the field. It operated as a pre-emption law in favor of cultivators. It is now operating as a pre-emption law in their favor, and, as such, ought to be sustained and supported by all the friends of the settlers. The respectable Legislature of Indiana had passed resolutions against this order; but the resolutions were founded in mistake, as the land sales of the year and of their own State will fully prove. All that are in favor of settlers against speculators should be in favor of that order, for hard money payment is the only thing which can put the farmer above the competition of the bank facility purchasers.

Mr. B. then exhibited the detailed statement of the sales of the public lands for 1837, to show that, under the operation of the Treasury order, and in the year of ruin, the prosperity of the farming interest, as indicated by their ability to purchase, and to pay for, public land, was in the ratio of six to one over that of Mr. Adams's time.

Statement showing the amount of the sales of the public lands during the year 1837.

States & Territories.	Purchase money.
Ohio - - -	$591,283
Indiana - - -	1,565.390
Illinois - - -	1,266.778
Missouri - -	828,452
Alabama - - -	475,918
Mississippi - - -	$20,660
Louisiana - - -	283.696
Michigan - - -	969.106
Arkansas - - -	353,920
Wisconsin Territory -	223 479
Florida Territory -	125.852
Total - -	$7,004.538

The ruin of the currency was the next topic which Mr. B. took up. No money, was the cry. Commerce, labor, industry of every kind, stagnant, languishing, paralyzed for want of money to put the wheels of business in motion! Such is the lamentation which fills this chamber, and is re-echoed every where. But is it true? Is it true that the country is destitute of money, or only that banks and capitalists have locked it up, and laid it away, to create fictitious scarcity, and thereby aid politicians in promoting discontent and in accomplishing a political revolution? This is the question, and let authentic facts answer it. What is the actual amount of currency, paper as well as specie, now in existence in our country? The most recent, and authentic, estimates will place the amount at about one hundred and seventy millions of dollars; namely, eighty millions of specie, and ninety-five millions of bank notes. The specie was computed at that amount a year ago, and has been increased near five millions during the year 1837—the year of ruin, and is now daily increasing; the bank notes now in actual circulation are computed at ninety five millions by the gentleman in the Treasury Department, charged with collecting the returns and expositions of the banks, and who has made out this statement at my special request, to be used upon this occasion. Precise accuracy he knows to be unattainable, but a close approximation to the true amount is easily accomplished where publicity of bank reports are so general as they now are. The quantum of one hundred and seventy millions may then be assumed as the amount of the currency now in existence in the United States. How will this amount compare with periods proclaimed to have been prosperous, and held up for our unceasing admiration and gratitude? There are two of those periods, each marking the termination of a National Bank charter, and each presenting us with the actual results of the operations of those institutions upon the general currency, and each replete with lessons of instruction applicable to the present day, and to the present state of things The first of these periods is the year 1811, when the first National Bank had ran its career of twenty years, and was permitted by Congress to expire upon its own limitation. I take for my guide the estimate of Mr. Lloyd, then a Senator in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, whose dignity of character and amenity of manners is so pleasingly remembered by those who served with him here, and whose intelligence and accuracy entitle his statements to the highest degree of credit. That eminent Senator estimated the total currency of the country, at the expiration of the charter of the first National Bank, at sixty millions of dollars, to wit: ten millions specie, and fifty millions in bank notes. Now compare the two quantities, and mark the results. Our population has precisely doubled itself since 1811. The increase of our currency should, therefore, upon the same principle of increase, be the double of what it then was; yet it is three times as great as it then was! The next period which challenges our attention is the veto session of 1832, when the second Bank of the United States, according to the opinion of its eulogists, had carried the currency to the ultimate point of perfection. What was the amount then? According to the estimate of a Senator from Massachusetts, then and now a member of this body, [Mr. WEBSTER,] then a member of the Finance committee, and with every access to the best information, the whole amount of currency was then estimated at about 100 millions; to wit: 20 millions in specie, and 75 to 80 millions in bank notes The increase of our population since that time is estimated at 20 per cent; so that the increase of our currency, upon the basis of increased population, should also be 20 per cent. This would give an increase of 20 millions of dollars, making, in the whole, 120 millions. Thus, our currency in actual existence, is nearly one third more than either the ratio of 1811 or of 1832 would give. Thus, we have actually about 50 millions more, in this season of ruin and destitution, than we should have, if supplied only in the ratio of what we possessed at the two periods of what is celebrated as the best condition of the currency, and most prosperous condition of the country. So much for quantity; now for the solidity of the currency at these respective periods. How stands the question of solidity? Sir, it stands thus. In 1811, five paper dollars to one of silver; in 1832, four to one; in 1838, one to one, as near as can be! Thus, the comparative solidity of the currency is infinitely preferable to what it ever was before; for the increase, under the sagacious policy of General Jackson, has taken place precisely where it was needed—at the bottom, and not at the top; at the foundation, and not in the roof; at the base, and not at the apex. Our paper currency has increased but little; we may say nothing, upon the bases of 1811 and 1832; our specie has increased immeasurably; no less than eight fold, since 1811, and four fold since 1832. The whole increase is specie; and of that we have 70 millions more than in 1811, and 60 millions more than in 1832. Such are the fruits of General Jackson's policy! a policy which we only have to persevere in for a few years, to have our country as amply supplied with gold and silver as France and Holland are; that France and Holland in which gold is borrowed at 3 per cent. per annum, while we often borrowed paper money at 3 pet cent. a month.

But there is no specie. Not a nine-pence to be got for a servant; not a picayune for a beggar; not a ten cent piece for the post office. Such is the assertion; but how far is it true? Go to the banks, and present their notes at their counter, and it is all too true. No gold, no silver, no copper to be had there in redemption of their solemn promise to pay.—Metaphorically, if not literally speaking, a demand for specie at the counter of a bank migh bring to the unfortunate applicant more kicks than coppers. But change the direction of the demand; go to the brokers; present the