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DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

POLITICAL.

From the Phil. Spirit of the Times of Aug. 9

REMARKS OF THE HON. C. J. INGERSOLL.

The following remarks of the Hon. Charles Jared Ingersoll, delivered before the Harvest Home celebration yesterday, we like so well, placing in the true light, as he has done, the relative situation of town and country, that we have given up to them entire our editorial columns, and ask for them, from every reader, a calm and unprejudiced perusal:

What is most worthy of notice at a harvest home just now, near the "great town," as Penn called Philadelphia, is the striking contrast between town and country; so that here; within sight of our beautiful metropolis, we are different people, in another region, reminded by our merriment and their misery, of the poet's saying, that

'God made the country & man made the town.'

Only five miles from the Exchange of Philadelphia, all about us is exultation and gratitude for bounties, while we can almost hear our neighbors in town, in the midst of peace, plenty, and prosperity, wailing, gnashing, and cursing at hard times, tight days, bad markets and grievances, which we are strangers to. Every thing that the great producer, mother earth, affords, flourishes at this delightful season, in the utmost exuberance, throughout our chosen land. Those who depend on harvests for happiness, and the banks of running streams for support, instead of banks of discount and their runners, are well to do, and grateful for it. But just below these Germantown hills stands a noble city, in all the just pride of its marble magnificence, with unequalled facilities, both natural and artificial, for happiness and enjoyment, crowded with intelligent and enterprising people, most of them respectable, moral, and industrious, yet so many in agonies of want and dismay as to disturb the whole with uneasiness. Not poor people; that is, not such as live on charity, but poor rich, depending on banks and living on paper, which is very hard diet. No pestilence, no famine, or war, to impoverish them; but with health, flourishing commerce, thriving manufactures, mild, good Government, in short, all that is necessary to prosper, yet in real distress and bitter complaining. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, are now living in Philadelphia, grinning horrible, ghastly smiles, in daily dread of ruin. Why are the men of the fields so well off, while their brethren of the town are so miserable? Simply because our fellow townsmen, with all their superior learning, wisdom, and display, suffer themselves to be governed, and the whole country to be disquieted, by usurers, speculators, and extortioners, who will not work, but continually excite commotions, pressures, and panics, by insane contrivances to make money of rags, and fortunes in a day. Fatal experience shows that it cannot be done but that dreadful reactions inevitably follow their overstraning, and seem only to stimulate these jugglers to more desperate attempts to pass paper for silver, while the abused community submits to their abominations, if it does not applaud them. War, pestilence, and famine combined, would not inflict the wretchedness which towns, great and small, (for nearly every one either wants or has its incorporated, that is, its regularly stockaded and barricaded paper fort, manned with privileged, intangible garrisons to fire money from,) suffer, and make all others suffer, from these banditti. Despising the mother that bore them, our common mother, the earth, these necromancers, having bolted the great highway by industry to competency, hasten to get rich by gambling in byeways. Our towns are overrun by them as much as those of some parts of Europe are by other sturdy beggars. New York is even more infested by them than Philadelphia. New York and Philadelphia are suffering from them as much as they did from the cholera. Numbers, vulgarly called gentlemen, are reduced to great straits, some of them to disgrace by a town malaria which originated in original sin, and poisons the blood not only of individuals, but the whole community, producing an itch worse than the leprosy of old. Money or currency is the blood of the body politic. Derange it, and the whole system is disordered. All contrivances to make it out of other substances than all mankind have always used, that is, without precious metal and without labor, are absurd, and contrary to the laws of nature.—You might as well undertake to make corn ripen in one cold winter night. The deception which has been so successful, of palming off paper on people for gold and silver, is as mere a cheat as wooden nutmegs, but much more injurious than that small fraud. It is the grand imposture of modern times, and the antidote of free Government. Witchcraft is less foolish (and respectable Quakers have been hanged for it) than the sleight of hand by which thousands of our poor deluded fellow townsmen are sold to the evil spirit by paper money. Witches are poor devils. But money mongers are terrible Loco Focos that go off by spontaneous combustion, and, like burning prairies, consume all before them.—Borrowing by bank discounts is the subtlest of seductions, the very worst of all ways of being led into temptation Accommodation paper is millions gambling in millions. If one steals a cent, it is larceny; but if one hundred, incorporated, cheat widows and orphans of all they have by paper money, they are privileged by law to do it & go to church like gentlemen. It is wonderful how a free and considerate people can submit to such absurd wrongs. The paper money mongers are at once suicides and fratricides. They destroy money, morals, law, order, industry, liberty, equality, and property. They ruin the very standards of value. Where is the use of Congress being empowered by the constitution to fix the standard of weights and measures, if every wild cat bank can unsettle it; make a yard four feet long or one as it pleases; a bushel hold a peck or a gallon; a pound weigh an ounce or two pounds?—Gambling, habitual intoxication, betting on elections, and other misdemeanors, are nothing to this monstrous vice and immorality.—Police reports and insolvent courts are full of its perpetrators and victims—jails not as full as they might be. It is not the crazy instruments of the contrivance who are so much to blame, as the system itself, which is fatally false, and ought to be exposed. The best of men in the world could not make it other than very bad. It is incredible how the few led the many in this matter—how they pinch the poor and cheat the rich—the poor rich, too blind to see the hand filching them. The system is rotten to the core, marrow, bones, and all, dishonest, unlawful, impracticable, and ruinous.

When Robert Morris and Alexander Hamilton are vouched by some, and censured by others, as the authors of modern banking, both parties wrong those great financiers.—The Bank of North America had dollars in coin, for dollars in paper, when Morris founded it, (as all banks have begun,) as a temporary expedient. The notes of the first Bank of the United States were always instantly convertible, when Hamilton made the first fatal experiment of taking bank notes for public dues. Neither of them ever countenanced such a thing as mere paper, not convertible. The vile adulteration since grown up, is an American bastard, of British parentage; a stupendous fraud on mankind; a total overthrow of all law and common sense; the dreadful offspring of dire necessity, forged in British Privy Council under the white heat of war pressure, and smuggled into the world; but recalled and disowned by the British government with shame and sorrow, for its sins, when the impending danger was over It was a mere temporary expedient, used like ublimate of mercury, to effect immediate salivation. And this villanous shift we have put on, to stick to us like Hercules's fatal shirt, as our best clothing. We take extreme medicine, poison, as our daily fare; and its consequences are distemper, wretchedness, despair, and short living being—dissolution in remorse instead of long life, and health and happiness. It is a scourge peculiar to this country, in this respect, the most benighted and stupid in the world: a deep stain on our national character, does us immense injury abroad; a cancer in the American breast. It has recolonised us to England. It forces tribute from us harder than we ever took up arms against. The holy alliance of despots regard it with delight, as fettering beyond their combined power Republican energy and American development. It seems to be our doom. All science, experience, instinct, teach that there is but one kind of money.—But we half informed Yankees, just too much educated to work, are put upon every device to live without it, and with all our sharp-sightedness cannot perceive what every man woman and child knows, that paper is not metal—perhaps there is something in the very trick of it that takes with Yankees. It is marvellous what a small number by this delusion confound and control the whole country.

These gambless call themselves merchants, and rail at all endeavors to check their designs as injurious and inimical to commerce. The merchants ought to disown them A bona fide merchant is an honor and benefit to any commonwealth. There were two such brothers whose summer residences were in Germantown; gentlemen who minded their business, enriched themselves, and comforted the community, who were universally respected. But did they shave notes, fly exchange kites, stand trembling at a bank counter for the grinding of a bit of accommodation paper, or tear men's coats off to get stock in some new fancy, chartered to cheat? No, never. Merchants are not bulls nor bears, your jobbing gentry, who neither toil nor spin, yet are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and keep almost as many mistresses. There are hundreds of bank-waiting men lounging about town, who in the country might be much more independent and respectable—and cured of dyspepsia and debt at the same time. If the real merchants would discountenance these counterfeits, the lawyers would follow, and then the press, and so we should get rid of the dynasty, whose influence now is prodigious. I trust that our young gentlemen will see that neither riches or honor come of discounts, debts, speculations, and fictitious credit. I always thought it a mistake in General Jackson to say that bank discounts and paper money make the rich richer. There are ten thousand blanks to one prize in that lottery. Look round through all the splendid misery of the flashy borrowers, where do you see a man grown even rich among them? Hundreds flutter about on paper wings, looking down with upstart contempt on honest thrift trudging along.—But the end crowns the work. There is a French proverb which says—"*we'll see when he dies.*" Industry never fails. Speculation seldom wins. The end of the speculators is commonly as hard as the way of trangressors The jail or the poor-house is mostly his last stage. The flour speculators, the cotton speculator, the land speculators, and the stock speculators, the nabobs, the gilded butterflies of yesterday, are withered to crawling worms again to day.

The bitter lessons they both learn and teach ought to satisfy us that time, as well as labor, are indispensable elements in all solid acquirements; that discounts are not property, nor paper gold. The countryman, with his dirty acres, is richer than the tradesman on paper pinions. None get rich by gambling, and a few in a hurry. If the old Roman had put a little Greek into his veto, he would have argued that, while paper money does indeed grind the poor, yet it seldom makes the rich richer. The rich lose more, though they may suffer less by it than the poor. It is the great, if not the only cause of the striking difference existing between the towns and the farms of our common country; and if country people could but unite against the disorganizers, as they greatly outnumber them, they could put them down with ease at once.

There is one and only one simple cure for the evil, and that is no paper money under, at any rate, twenty dollars. There is gold and silver enough in the country if the banks would let it circulate. If the superior enterprize, more constant, and more universal labor of the United States were not deprived of the only certain standard of value that by which all other nations measure for themselves and for us too, domestic exchanges would be equal, and foreign exchanges in our favor against all parts of the world. Europe would be constantly in debt to us; and we should export our manufactures to Europe, Asia, and Africa. All other protection to American industry is futile but payments in gold and silver. They are the only American system; a tariff without them is nonsense. There is not time now to develope a political view of this subject, which may be rendered very striking, especially to young men: I mean the aristocratic effect of paper money.

It is common to talk of an aristocracy of wealth; but as, in my humble opinion, gambling on credit seldom, if ever, leads to wealth, it is wrong to call the apes of aristocracy it raises from all-fours to walking upright, an aristocracy of wealth, for they have no wealth. Instead of presenting a view of this part of the subject now, however, I must leave the tail of aristocracy for some future exposition, and close at present by one practical and personal illustration. There was a poor village boy, of humble parents, who managed, as he grew up, by good conduct to work his way along, till he saved some money, earned by practising as a lawyer. He resisted the temptation of speculation, though it was rife all about him, and stuck to his business While his acquaintances were most of them all agog for making money by banks and other corporations, and burning their fingers with discounts to get rich in a day, he preferred investing his gains in land, and letting it lie like seed to ripen and bear fruit.—By such investment, as often happens, he grew rich, so rich that he said he was ashamed for thinking so much of it. His neighbors, finding him trustworthy, called him into public service, in the State Legislature, and gradually he rose from one place to another, till he became such a public favorite, that crowds of people welcomed him, like Lafayette, wherever he went, and especially country people. Some say he drives a gilded coach, with servants in fine liveries, which, if so, is not like his taste generally; though probably it is a handsome equipage, as he has become President of the United States, supplied by law with liberal means to maintain the dignity of that elevated station.

From his career avarice and ambition may learn a moral. His administration is striving against the paper power, which Washington and Madison, and the other fathers of our present government, flattered themselves they had put down. In the course of human events however, it afterwards stole a terrible march upon us; and, let us confess, not without too much Democratic assistance. President Jackson, God bless him! came with his iron nerve and head of granite, heated in a volcano, to set his giant popularity against that foe, as he set his noble breast against the foe at New Orleans; the paper money foe denounced by Madison in the Federalist as worse than enemies in arms—more formidable to American liberty and equality, morality and property, union and harmony. President Van Buren, in his calm, considerate way, has set himself against it too. The speculators say he wants to injure trade and break the banks. But just the contrary: he is sustaining them against counterfeits. He says to the banks: "Gentlemen, I wish you no harm; but I think, after so many experiments, equally injurious to you and to Government, you ought not to use public money, which the law punishes as delinquency when done by individuals. You may use what kind of money you like; but the law and the Constitution requires gold and silver for public dues." This is the whole question which agitates the country. The speculators are like a disturbed hornet's nest—all fury and spite. But whoever attacked them? Who made the banks burst? Not Government.—What makes the shaving shops in town go off like blasted rocks? Was it not themselves who drilled the holes and used the gunpowder? They must and will use usury—it must be in paper money—it must be borrowed money—it must be public money—and it must be kept in chartered corporations. The President mildly, if not meekly, says not.—Having preserved his own chastity of pocket from miscellaneous intercourse, he desires to restore that of Government, which, by one false step after another, since General Hamilton's first flirt with a bank, had got, at last, to downright polygamy, and was half ruined by keeping a whole harem of these mistresses. It is a hard task, to be sure, to reform a confirmed rake; but is not the President in duty bound to try and restore the Constitution to its original vigor? I think he will succeed—he is so lucky, and the thing is so very reasonable. He got the better of the British when they roused the Maine-iacs.—Fine fellows! those men in Maine! There is so much method in their madness! Congress, by acclamation, all parties, voting Martin Van Buren dictator of all North America, though a bold stroke, was a glorious spectacle of Republican might. It told in London and Paris like the capture of Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans. These peaceable victories are excellent things for cheap Government, such as the United States have lately won over the two greatest powers of Europe. It is really doing wonders, by mere dread of Democracy, without fleets and armies. If such exploits are followed up by an act of emancipation from the money power, the United States, with seventeen millions of people, will fulfil the destiny marked out by their great Declarator of Independence, and town and country will prosper altogether.

General Washington was a good boy.—The Marquis De Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg previous to his departure for Europe in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother of Washington.

Conducted by one of her grandsons he had approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There sir, is my grandmother" Lafayette beheld working in the garden, clad in domestic made clothes, and her grey head covered by a plain straw hat, the *mother* of 'his hero!' The lady saluted him kindly, observing—'Ah, Marquis you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.'

Much as Lafayette had heard and seen of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, transcendant elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, 'bore the palm alone,' and at the same time discovered no change in her plain, yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in modern days.

The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the Revolution, and the goodly prospects which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, and paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son—To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words:—"*I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.*"—*Ladies Magazine.*

Every Man to his taste.—In some parts of North Carolina they have a taste peculiar to themselves in the matter of marriage notices. The politics of the parties is sent forth in company with the notice of their matrimonial union. Here's a sample.

In this county, last week, by Abel Cowan, Esq., Mr. Eller, (first name not known,) to Miss Misenhamer, (her first name not known.) All in favor of a U. S. Bank, and opposed to Locofocoism! Go it, my soldiers.

In this county, on Tuesday, 16th inst., by Abel Cowan, Esq, Mr. Richard Lafayette Barroughs, (shoemaker) to Miss Eliza Pool. All in favor of a railroad running west from Fayetteville,—free schools,—and opposed to Charles Fisher and the sub-treasury.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you will prosper in the world, adopt the following rules, and you can hardly fail of success.

1. *Be Industrious:* Time and skill are your capital.

2. *Be Saving:* Whatever it be, live within your income.

3. *Be Prudent.* Buy not what you can do without.

4. *Be Resolute:* Let your economy be always of to-day, not of to-morrow.

5. *Be contented and thankful:* A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all of which is much better than being only *rich.*

An innocent trick with delicious consequences.—The Cincinnati Sun tells a capital story of a young gentleman in that city, who resorted to an innocent trick to get a kiss all round from a couple of young ladies he was waiting upon home from a fashionable party. At Cincinnati as well as here, & 'elsewhere,' the girls have a pretty and innocent custom of kissing each other on bidding good night, and in fact upon many other occasions. The gentleman in question had waited upon the young ladies, two of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed among the Buckeyes, to their father's residence. Knowing the little parting ceremony was to be performed, he watched his opportunity, and just as their pretty lips were on their way to meet each other, he poked his face in between, receiving a delicious kiss on either cheek for his audacity, or ingenuity. Only think of it! exclaims the Picayune, a double barrelled shot from Cupid, and both fired at once! We have a mind to make a regular business of seeing the girls home, two at a time. Wouldn't it be delightful?

The South Carolina.—The reported loss of this vessel is supposed to have its foundation in the circumstances below, which we extract from the Charleston Patriot, of Friday last:—*Balt. Post.*

STEAM PACKET SOUTH CAROLINA.—Extract of a letter received in this city from a passenger on board the South Carolina, dated,

"BEAUFORTE, (N. C.) Aug. 5.

"We put into this port for fuel after experiencing pretty rough weather, but no damage sustained. We intend proceeding on our way in a few hours. We have fine weather and every prospect of a prosperous termination of the voyage."