

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."

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1839.

VOL. 1.—NO. 15.

TERMS.

\$2 50 per annum, if paid in advance; \$3 if paid at the end of six months; or \$3 50 at the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at the rate of sixty cents per square, for the first, and thirty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Letters on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed—H. L. HOLMES, Editor of the North-Carolinian, and in all cases post-paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Beauties of Washington Irving.

A WET SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY INN.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey; by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looking out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crested-fowl cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozen cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapours rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a wind-w, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortable and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostler, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-warrior, such as coats of mail, falchions, and plumed helmets; so the travellers' room is furnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box coats, whips of all kinds, purses, gaiters, and oil cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his head and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of clean gaiters, with many execrations of boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass: they all appeared infected by the weather, and appeared one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to the church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, eyed off their charms at the front windows, and facitate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a negar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that are worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-places of ambitious travellers scrawled on the pages of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-

window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day,) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the streams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the caroty-headed hostler and that non-descript animal yclept boots, and all the other vagabond race, that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, hostler and d boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise shell cut sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the Almanac, I found a doleful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time."

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A line of balloons, it is said, will shortly be established by Mr. Green, between Cheltenham and London.

It was rumored hostilities had actually commenced between the Sultan and Egypt.

Don Miguel, Ex-King of Portugal, has been attacked in Italy by brigands. It is a wonder they did not recognize their old companion!

The canal receipts at Albany during the first ten days of navigation were this year \$32,465; last year, 19,385. Increase \$12,570, or about 64 per cent.

The corn and cotton crops in the northern part of Mississippi are represented to be in a prosperous condition. The planters in that section anticipate a larger crop this season than they have had for several years.

Western Steamboats.—The Louisville Price Current of the 20th ult. states that the whole number of steamboats enrolled on the Western waters up to that date, was 378. Of these, 131 were built at Pittsburg; 83 at Cincinnati, 22 at Wheeling.

New Whig Definition.—Proscription, to remove a man from office after holding it for twenty years.

Rev. Dr. Witherspoon.—Letters from Columbia state that ill health has compelled the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon to resign his pastoral charge of the Church in that place, and that he will shortly return to his former residence in North Carolina.—Charleston Courier.

Sardinia and the United States.—The King of Sardinia has shown great wisdom in the liberal treaty he has just concluded with the U. States. Not only all our own products excepting salt, gunpowder, and manufactured tobacco are admitted, but the produce of other countries exported from America. Our cotton and tobacco will find a great market at Genoa for its transit from thence into the interior of Germany. It is a singular fact that the first commercial treaty made by Sardinia is with America—a land discovered by a Genoese.

An English Bank in New York.—The New York Whig says: "It is well understood that English capitalists are about to establish a bank in this city. One of the Messrs. Joseph, who failed in 1837, is spoken of as the agent, and from his popular manners and well known integrity, a more judicious choice could not be made. This is a step which we are surprised was not taken before, as the rate of interest in England is only five per cent. may be depended on." [Queer. Has Webster gone over to get the Attorney ship?]

From the West Indies.—By the schooner Mazzeppa, from Kingston, we have a file of the Jamaica Despatch, to the 27th of April.—It gives a lamentable account of matters and things in the islands, but affords no specific items of intelligence that could interest our readers. The staple of the matter contained in the papers, is abuse of Sir Lionel Smith, Lord Glenelg and the Baptists, with dolorous complaints of the ruin, which it affirms is rapidly falling upon the planters. If the Despatch may be taken as authority, it would seem that the day cannot be far distant when the colored inhabitants will be the "party in power," in Jamaica, and the island become another Hayti. The negroes are said to be rapidly acquiring property in the soil; and the prosperity of the planters is represented to be entirely at their mercy.—N. York Commercial Advertiser.

Eoneguski is the title of a novel recently from the press of Peter Force, Washington. It is from the pen of an American, who makes

his first appearance in this form before the public. The author, if we are not greatly mistaken, has already attained a high place in the legal and political world, and by the interesting story which he has so eloquently told—in which he has interwoven the character and customs of the aborigines of the southern forests—bids fair to gain additional reputation in another field. The new novel contains much to recommend it to the attention of those who are fond of fictitious compositions illustrative of American life.

Pennsylvanian.

AARON BURR.—Small in person, but remarkably well-formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed very different from the arch-traitor and murderer, I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable. But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depth of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you, that the only thing I disliked was his step.—He glided rather than walked; his foot has that quiet stealthy movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and, in the course of a long life, I have never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.—Ladies' Companion.

The Rev. D. Osgood, of Springfield, Mass. has followed to the tomb 1000 of his people; baptised 7 or 800; and united over 500 couple in marriage.

Woman's Influence.—The following beautiful passage is from an oration recently delivered by Judge Reid, of Florida:

"On you, fair daughters of my country, will mainly depend the character and fortunes of the new State. Your smiles and your beauties are the roses that border and bloom along the path of human life. They cheer and comfort the soldier in the battle field—the sailor on the bounding billow—the sage in the deep recesses of the closet. When you approve, virtue becomes more bright, serene and beautiful; when you disapprove, vice assumes a more dark and hideous aspect. It is to your eyes the first looks of childhood are directed in search of affection; from your lips the first lessons of infancy are taught; behold you are the first lesson at your knees, and no mother allowed him to examine its provisions, to make up his mind upon it, and to return it to the Senate with his objections in writing, if disapproved by him. It was retained by him the ten days, as he had a clear constitutional right to do; Congress did not think proper to prolong its session to cover those ten days, as it might have done; for it was the session whose duration was not limited by the Constitution and the two Houses having adjourned, he retained the bill until the next session, and then returned it to the House in which it originated with his objections to it. This was the regular course prescribed by the Constitution, and thanks to the spirit and intelligence of the people, it was the course sanctioned and approved by them. Instead of being excited against the patriot President by an affected outcry against 'pocketing bills,' and by a per capita calculation of the money each voter had lost, so ostentatiously paraded before their eyes—instead of being excited against General Jackson by those means, and made to cast their votes against him, the high-minded people of our America approved his conduct, and testified their approbation in the distinguished honor of the second election. This was the fate of the first bill. It was to have taken the whole proceeds of the sales of the public lands for five years—the years 1833, '34, '35, '36, '37—and divided them among the States, leaving the Treasury entirely dependent upon the custom-house duties for its support, which many then saw and experience has since proved, would be wholly inadequate without a resort to a new tariff, loans, or Treasury notes, to defray the ordinary expenses of the Government!

Washington was a county surveyor—Franklin a journeyman printer—Gen. Greene a blacksmith—Roger Sherman a shoe maker. Princes may make kings, but all the kings in the world cannot make a Washington or a Franklin.

Perfection—or as near as you can clerically come to it.—Religion without bigotry—zeal without fanaticism—liberality without licentiousness—inquiry without scepticism."

POETICAL.



THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.
In the dreary hour of night I'll bite,
When the luna is banished of the weary fly,
When the lamps are lit and the curtains drawn,
And sport on my wings till the morning dawn,
In the festive hall, where all is joy,
In the chamber hushed where the sleepers lie;
In the garden bow where the pinks roses smile,
And the chirping cricket the hour bugles;
In these I'll sport through the summer night,
And mortals to vex I'll bite, I'll bite.

There's one I view with an evil eye;
A flame of pride in his breast I spy;
He breathes in a lute with a master's skill,
And listening soul the rich strain fill
With the rapt ro' thrill of melody;
But he carries a trick in his head so haughty,
I'll play him a trick—in his happi at swell,
When the lingering trill with a magic spell,
Holds all entranced, I'll wing my flight,
And pop on his nose, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

There's a poet, I know—in the still midnight
He pines the pen by the taper's light,
And wearied of earth, in a world all his own,
With fancy he rambles where flowers are strewn,
Of fadless hue, and he rages there
A creation of beauty in the pure still air.
With the world around for a his sense about out,
He hears not the buzz of my round abut;
But when a new image has broken on his sight,
Ere he gives it existence, I'll bite, I'll bite.

And the long-courted vision shall vanish—while I,
In a snug little corner, shall watch him, so shy
As he thumps his brow in a burning rage,
And dashes his pen over the well filled page,
I see a young maid in her chamber napping,
And I know that love at her heart is tapping;
She dreams of a youth, and smiles in bliss,
As she points her lips to receive a kiss.
But she shall not taste the gentle delight,
For I'll light on her lips, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

"FEDERAL WHIG PROFLIGACY."

The editor of the Evening Journal attempts to get rid of the glaring profligacy of the late federal Common Council of the city of New York, in dispensing alms to the out door poor, by an affected regard for "the poor during the inclement season."

Let us look again at the facts as they are presented in the statement made from the books of the city Comptroller. In the months of October and November, 1838, embracing the period of the general election, the federal almshouse commissioners expended "for the relief of out-door poor" the sum of \$10,648: And during the "inclement season" of December and January following, the expenditures "for the relief of out-door poor" amounted only to \$3,734, being less than for the two previous months by \$6,914. Was it the "inclemency" of October and November, and a tender regard for the poor, which operated on the almshouse commissioners, or was it the general election which induced them to distribute three times as much of the people's money in those months as during the severe months of December and January?

In February, 1839, five hundred and thirty-five dollars only were extorted by poverty, sickness and distress from the tender hearted commissioners of whiggery, whereas in the month of March, immediately preceding the corporation election, their bowls of compassion were so strongly moved that they expended the large sum of five thousand one hundred and ninety-seven dollars. This must have been a very "inclement" month: But not so "inclement" to the commissioners themselves as the following month of April, when the people came out in their strength, and had a reckoning with these profligate and unfaithful stewards.

The gross profligacy of reporting eighty thousand out door paupers to cover the enormous expenditures of the money of the people, is apparent to every unprejudiced person who has looked at the operations of the federal almshouse commissioners: And yet the editor of the Evening Journal attempts to turn public attention from these shameful transactions, by pretending that the whig aristocracy have a special regard for "the poor, the unfortunate, and the sick." The profligacy of the Common Council is only equalled by the hypocritical sentiment of the official organ of a spirit-thrift party.

FROM THE WETUMKA ARGUS.

MR. CLAY AND GEORGIA.

We discover in the "Standard of the Union" a letter of the signature of "A Georgia Democrat" addressed to the Hon. Henry Clay. It is well written, and should be presented to our readers at length, did space permit. It indicates we apprehend, the true state of political feeling in Georgia. It states to Mr. Clay his object to "deal candidly" with him, and place him in possession of the state of his prospects in that State. That in no event can he be benefited by the vote of the State; that if a Clay ticket is run, it will be defeated, and if a third candidate is presented, he will not be considered in the race by a large majority of the people. That no support will be given to him by the Union Democratic Party, and that there are thousands in the Whig ranks, who will disdain the trappings of party, and preserve their own principles by opposing his election! That they are State Rights men—he a Consolidationist; that they advocate a strict construction of the Constitution—but that he claims under it the exercise of every power which Congress may deem necessary and proper. That they oppose a Tariff for protection as unjust, unconstitutional and oppressive—while he has ever been the champion of a protective tariff, and only voted for the compromise, as he himself declared in the Senate of the United States, to save the necks of a certain portion of Southern citizens—the Nullifiers—from the halter. That they are opposed to the national Bank, and to works of internal improvement by the General Government—while he is first and foremost in maintaining them. That they are opposed to the reception and discussion of Abolition petitions—while he, judging from his words and actions in the United States Senate, is in favor of both. The writer also charges upon Mr. Clay bitter hostility to the interests of Georgia for that in an early stage of the controversy he took sides with the Cherokee Indians against the rights of Georgia, and continued his bitterness until they were finally removed by the indefatigable exertions of the past and present Administrations. The writer emphatically asks Mr. Clay, what he has done in his entire political career, to entitle himself to the confidence and support of Georgia? Whether he can expect her vote, when he reflects, that when Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, he sustained the Administration in its efforts to annul the treaty of 1825 with the Creeks, and to deprive the people of Georgia of the possession and enjoyment of the territory thereby acquired? He asks, if it is thought that a people insulted by an Administration of which he was the master-spirit can soon forget the wrong and the wrong-doers? Can Mr. Clay entertain the thought of obtaining the vote of the South?—such belief cannot be based upon identity of principle, but only on the delusive hope, that personal dislike of Mr. Van Buren will drive the Whig States Rights Southerner to compromise his principles. But we entertain confidence, that passion and prejudice will be subdued by reason.

The second bill was a duplicate of the first, but for years its junior in point of time: it did not come on until the approach of the Presidential election in 1836, but was made to cover the same number of years, and the same identical years, which were covered by the first one. To do this, it was necessary to make this second bill retroact—make it reach back, and exact from the Treasury so much money as the first bill would have taken out of it up to that time, and then for as many years as would complete the original five. In fact, it was the same bill, in every particular, with the superaddition of the signal aggravation of being retroactive, and getting hold of three years' revenue from the lands for a grand distribution on the eve of the approaching Presidential election. This was the character of the second bill; and this character is too important and too necessary to be understood by the people for their knowledge of it to rest upon description. They must see it! They must see the thing itself, and know of their own knowledge what it was that fell, for fall it did, before the stern resolve of Gen. Jackson; and the loss of which is now deplored as a national calamity. The people must see it; and here it is in the book of the bills of the Senate, which I have this moment sent a messenger to bring me from the office of the Secretary. It is entitled "An act to divide among the sales of the public lands," &c.; and the signature of the then Secretary of the Senate, Walter Lowrie, Esq. attests that it passed this body on the 12th day of May, 1836. I read from the third and fourth sections, which

DEBATE IN CONGRESS.

SPEECH OF MR. BENTON, OF MISSOURI.

In Senate, Friday January 4, 1839.—On the graduation bill, and in reply to H. Clay's attacks upon Gen. Jackson.

MR. BENTON rose, in consequence of the endless attacks made upon an eminent citizen, now retired from public life, and seeking repose under his own vine, and by the side of his own fire, but for whom, it would seem, there was to be no peace on this side of the grave. He alluded to the late President of the United States, General Jackson, and to the repeated instances in which his name had been dragged into this debate, and tyranny and mischief attributed to him for his conduct in relation to the act for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.—That conduct had been denounced as tyrannical and unconstitutional, and to it had been attributed all the late monetary embarrassments of the country. The Senator from Kentucky, (Mr. Clay,) is the author of these denunciations, also the author of bills, for there were two of them, the loss of which he so much deplores, and for the want of which he has seen so much evil arise. I, said Mr. B. was the cotemporary of these bills. I knew their character and their fate; I saw their birth and their death, and great and numerous as are the acts which stamp the character of a hero-statesman on General Jackson, there are none which exalt him more than his conduct in relation to these very bills. It was wise, patriotic, constitutional and heroic conduct. He had the wisdom to see the pernicious nature of these bills; he had the heroism to exercise that right; he had the heroism to exercise that right. The bills were of the most seductive character, they were calculated to seduce all unreflecting minds; for they proposed a distribution, among the people, of near sixty or seventy millions of dollars. The distribution would have left the Treasury bare—would have bankrupted the deposit banks—might have debauched the States—would have compelled a resort to loans or a new tariff and would have set the fatal example of lavishing the public money, and the public property, upon the people, on the eve of the Presidential elections. The first bill passed the two Houses in 1832, just before the Presidential election, and so near the end of the session of Congress that the President had but a few hours, instead of the ten days which the Constitution allowed him, to examine its provisions, to make up his mind upon it, and to return it to the Senate with his objections in writing, if disapproved by him. It was retained by him the ten days, as he had a clear constitutional right to do; Congress did not think proper to prolong its session to cover those ten days, as it might have done; for it was the session whose duration was not limited by the Constitution and the two Houses having adjourned, he retained the bill until the next session, and then returned it to the House in which it originated with his objections to it. This was the regular course prescribed by the Constitution, and thanks to the spirit and intelligence of the people, it was the course sanctioned and approved by them. Instead of being excited against the patriot President by an affected outcry against "pocketing bills," and by a per capita calculation of the money each voter had lost, so ostentatiously paraded before their eyes—instead of being excited against General Jackson by those means, and made to cast their votes against him, the high-minded people of our America approved his conduct, and testified their approbation in the distinguished honor of the second election. This was the fate of the first bill. It was to have taken the whole proceeds of the sales of the public lands for five years—the years 1833, '34, '35, '36, '37—and divided them among the States, leaving the Treasury entirely dependent upon the custom-house duties for its support, which many then saw and experience has since proved, would be wholly inadequate without a resort to a new tariff, loans, or Treasury notes, to defray the ordinary expenses of the Government!

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shows the parts which are material to the present inquiry.

"Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the several sums of money received in the Treasury as the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands for the years eighteen hundred and thirty-three, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and eighteen hundred and thirty-five, shall be paid and distributed as aforesaid, at the Treasury of the United States, one fourth part on the first day of July eighteen hundred and thirty-six, and one-fourth part at the end of each ninety days thereafter, until the whole is paid; and those which shall be received for the years eighteen hundred and thirty-six and thirty-seven, shall also be paid at the Treasury half yearly, on the first day of July and January, in each of those years, to such person or persons as the respective Legislatures of the said States shall authorize and direct to receive the same.

"Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That this act shall continue and be in force until the thirty-first day of December; one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, unless the United States shall become involved in war with any foreign power, in which event, from the commencement of hostilities, this act shall cease, and be no longer in force."

These are the sections of the act of 1836—the act which sunk before the firm resolve of President Jackson—sunk before his resolve for it died under his known opinion in respect to it and without having reached his hand. It was the copy of the one which he had retained, and which he had returned with his objections. It was known to be useless to send it to him unless there was a majority of two-thirds for it in each House. Such a majority could not be conciliated; and the bill, after becoming an act of the Senate, died out in the House of Representatives, and was succeeded by another act in the Senate to accomplish a part of its purpose; namely, the bill to distribute, under the name of a deposit, thirty-six millions of the public moneys among the States. This latter became a law; it was only about one-half the magnitude of its predecessor and progenitor, the five years' land revenue distribution bill. It was only half the magnitude of that bill; but the one-half of it, even, was enough to crush the great deposit banks.

I was one of a few who opposed all three of these bills; and especially I opposed the one from which two sections have just been read, and for the loss of which General Jackson has been so inconsistently denounced on this floor, and for the want of which so many evils have been asserted to have arisen. I join issue upon these assertions. I denounce this bill now, as I did when it was on its passage, as a bill that would have bankrupted the deposit banks, and bankrupted the Treasury, and laid the Government under the necessity of reviving the tariff, or borrowing money to defray its ordinary daily and current expenses. These were my declarations then when the bill was on its passage in May, 1836; and I expressed myself with such earnestness with respect to the danger to the banks and the Treasury, that a member of the Senate and a friend now present, suggested that they would alarm the country if published as delivered; and, in consequence, the speech was but partially and imperfectly reported. The bill died in the House of Representatives; it never became a law; I was satisfied, and should never have troubled the Senate and the country with a revival of the subject, had it not been now revived by the author of the bill, for the purpose of attributing to it a vast merit, and for the purpose of reëntering upon General Jackson an oft-repeated denunciation.—The defunct bill is resuscitated by its author—resuscitated to calm our sympathies, as a measure of beneficence to the country, and to excite our resentment against General Jackson, as the destroyer of so fine a measure! Revived, resuscitated, dug up from its grave in this manner, and for these purposes, it becomes a legitimate subject for parliamentary advertisement; and I mean to advert upon it freely, closely, and truly, that the country may not only see what it is they are called upon to regret, and to censure General Jackson for destroying, but also to enable all men who are of "sound mind and memory" to judge for themselves what this country would come to if its destinies were in the hands of the friends and supporters of such a bill!

I now address myself to the candor and intelligence of all parties, in this chamber and out of it, and invoke their attention, and the decision of their minds, on the case which will be presented. The bill, in its third section, provides first for the distribution of the money which had been received from the sales of the public lands for the three preceding years, and which money had already, in great part, been expended by the Government! It ordered the amounts received from the lands in the years 1833, '34, and '35, to be divided out; the division to commence on the first day of July next ensuing, and to be accomplished in four instalments, at ninety days apart. This was one clause of the bill, and the amount on which it would have operated was \$23,582,882, that is to say, the sum of \$3,967,682, for 1833; the sum of \$4,857,600 for 1834; and the sum of \$14,757,460 for 1835. This would have made the sum of nearly six millions, in round numbers, payable out of the Treasury at intervals of ninety days; to wit, on the first days of July, October, January, and April. The whole sum of twenty-three millions and a half would have been payable in the short space of about nine months, and that in addition to thirty-one millions which would be required for the services of the Government during the same year. So

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