crying and taking on—and—and—in a word, Harriet says you must come, by all means, and help us through. Besides, you recollect, we promised to stand by each other in this battle.

There was something like solicitation here; for Frank at first shook his head, like a man whose impulse is to deny in all such cases, and said something about his going off, and his mother, and much of the same character very hurried and indistinct, as though he were shuffling after an excuse. But it would not do; and when he remembered his foolish boy promise, he raised his head at once, took his companion firmly by the hand, and satisfied him in two words.

'I will come, Wendoll; I will certainly come for your sake and Harriet's, and——'

'Not a word more, then, my dear fellow,' and Wendoll was away like an arrow, 'for it is a busy day, the bridal one, when the bridegroom summons his own guests.'

The wedding came, and the gathering. The good, and gay, and beautiful, met on the threshold and blessed it. They clustered around the bride, as courtiers around a queen; and the maidens smiled upon her, and whispered in her ear, and passed on with arch looks, and a feeling of freedom of the whole house, and wandered up and down among the little crowd of festive friends, with hearts all tuned to the song of delight, but yet evidently subdued by a certain kind of consciousness, that seemed to say, 'It is proper to be as melancholy as we can.'

The ceremony proceeded. It was simple and short. A low breathed prayer, and then a hymn with suppressed voices, as though the singers were at first half ashamed of the business, and it was finished. And there was Frank to witness it. He stood aloof, an impatient gazer upon the whole affair, and was decidedly the most reserved and silent man in the company. Wendoll approached, and began to rally him in earnest.

'Is this your way of congratulating me, sir, Sobersides. Come, Frank, do throw off this and come along with me, and do as others do. I must be pledged, and a bumper of the strongest, I am determined on, as a health to you all.' And others gathered around, and drew Frank with them to a side table, sparkling all over with liquors, for the merry and moody alike. 'I never drink, Wendoll, you know I never do. I cannot bear it.' Wendoll knew it, and so did the rest; and for this very reason they were determined to hunt him down.

'I know,' continued Frank, looking round, 'I know it looks foolish, very foolish, here, and just now too, but, now, why will you urge me?'

But he *was* urged on all sides, by smiles, and winks and nods, till he was at first half mortified and then half mad at the business.

Wendoll had poured his glass, and handed it to him. It was adulterated stuff, as fiery as brandy. At that moment the beautiful face of Harriet shone out upon him from a bevy of maidens, and a smile and an inclination of the head, as for '*a health*,' met his eye at the instant. The glass ws lifted and drained, and the face had disappeared. Frank turned to Wendoll.

'Ask me to drink no more, Wendoll; no more, as you love me. I have fears, terrible fears, and dreams about this, and I cannot, I dare not indulge. I hate it; I *hate* it. Don't bribe me to hate you.' And his eye sparkled with a strange lustre, as he turned and mingled with the throng. There may be something here that appears unnatural to the reader, coming from a boy of eighteen; full of youthful blood, and prone to every fascination that besets his age. But who has not had his presentiments strong within him, even at this time of life; dealing with his spirit as a spell from which there is no escape, and which admits of no parley? Besides, this was a first impulse. Let us see the issue.

The night went on in merriment. That one glass had turned the scale with Francis Hayford; and ere the company parted, he had answered every tempter's invitation, and went away for the first time with a flush upon his cheek, and that wild delight in his heart, that is so nearly allied to grief, to terror and to torture. He went home, how he hardly knew, and slept miserably, and dreamt of the bridal, and his own shame and confusion.

In one week from that day, his mother was a corpse. He had remained by her in tears, in sorrow, in remorse, almost in penitence He had confessed his first fault with a burning brow and compressed lip, and had received the last warning of his parent, mingled with all the soothing tones that could not fail to escape the being, who, though this affliction had stricken her to the earth, had yet borne and nourished him. But she was dead, and the next cup which that son lifted, was at her burial. They had all returned from the grave, and the liquor was waiting for them. It was the custom of the place and of the time, as it now is in many instances; yes, the *custom* of the place; a kind and silent usage; and certainly—certainly the memory of the dead was to be treated with respect! They drank; what could they do, more or less! and that fated boy drank with them, again and again with a kind of hurry and determination that could not be mistaken. 'I will drown my grief,' (how many times have I heard the blasphemy!) 'I will drown grief,' said he; 'I feel the curse upon me; and am I not alone, absolutely alone, with the wide world before me?'

Do you ask if the wedding rose in his mind? Wendoll was at his side, as a mourner, and Harriet upon his arm. A few words only did Frank address to them. 'Your bridal, Wendoll, has decided my fate; and you, Harriet,' continued he, in a low tone, and looking her suddenly in the face with a heated cheek and an unsettled eye, 'you must account for this, and for my blood!'

They parted from him in haste, with a rising of anger mingled with wonder, and deny it I cannot, with a bitter and unappeasable reproach. Strange inconsistency of human nature! To reproach another with the effects, of which ourselves were the melancholy cause!

From that time Frank Hayford was not seen for many years in his native place. He left the country. He prosecuted his intended voyage, indeed; but things went wildly with him, and he never returned to render any account of it. He wandered over the earth, experiencing various and strange fortunes. He struggled, *as he supposed*, with the demon that held him, and sometimes thought he had conquered. When this came upon him with any thing like conviction, he rose upon the earth, which he had in a manner polluted, with a strong step and a free look, and wept like a child, as he went onward, and full of high anticipations, entered upon such employment as good fortune occasionally sent him. But I will not veil the truth. He had temptations as well as rebukes, and he could not, or *did* not withstand them. Years and years he went on; not yet, not yet bowed to the earth, in his awful bondage. He was not yet the *decided* drunkard, as the phrase goes in the world. But the path was full of danger, and shrouded in darkness, and his fall was but a moment delayed; for what are months and years when this impetus is complete! He stood, for a time, among men, with a steady though a shining eye, but his mind had gone down from the high place it once held, and at its best estate, it was now the veriest receptacle of all that was weak and disgusting. I need not dwell on this part of his history; it can well be conceived, for experience tells the tale to every man and woman who has walked the world for a day, with open eyes, or unsealed ears. He went from place to place, and clime to clime, a sad, broken, and sinking man; full of thoughts that affrighted him, in some moments of desperate resolve, that at best was but a semblance of despair.

* * * *

It was mid-day in summer; a hot, silent noon, when the very flitting of the grasshopper seems burdensome to the gazer, and the universal slumber and stillness of the air and earth are weary things to the spirit.

Under the copper sky, an individual might be seen traversing the long street of the seaport in which the scene of my story lies, with a steady but weak step, exceedingly weak and slow. There appeared to be, however, an exertion to move forward at a pace quicker than nature seemed willing to allow, as though the person, nearly worn out by effort, was now making an anxious struggle to reach the end of his journey. His course lay directly to the house of Wendoll. It was a small dwelling, a common, quiet looking residence, standing just off the road, among some tall unnoticeable sort of trees. It looked, however, like a shelter; and our traveller had now made up to the gate. The door of the house was flung wide open, 'to catch all the air' that was going. Wendoll and his wife were seated near a cradle attending on a sick child; and as they both raised their heads at a light but uncertain shuffling kind of step behind them, they saw Francis Hayford standing in the middle of the floor, gazing on them with a look—a strange look of seriousness and inquiry. Not a word did he utter but there he stood, like a statue, silent as death. The child then caught his eye for an instant. it was raising its little arms for the cup which its astonished mother held, half hesitatingly in her hand. His eye glanced upon the cup, and with a sort of yell he sprung forward, and before Wendoll could interpose, seized and dashed it upon the floor, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

It was now that he first found utterance, 'Wendoll! Harriet! are ye at it again, and upon your baby, too! Stab, smother your child at once, but not that, not that! Feeding it with spirit! why look at me! and he stood up again, trembling all over, before them. 'Look at me, Wendoll; and you Harriet. See Frank Hayford, who was at your wedding, as good, and as steady, as healthy, and happy, and as innocent, too, as your infant there—yes; as your own infant; the infant of your bosoms, and which you are now cursing, ere it can lisp; and, see! what am I now? I say, loook—don't come near me with your hands out so; I can't take them—Hear what I have got to say. Sit down, Harriet, sit down both of ye,' and they dropped into their chairs, as though they had been under the influence of a spell.

Frank stood a few minutes, silent again, looking at them earnestly, his form bent, even in youth; tottering in his very prime; shriveled and shrunk, and unclean; his cheeks hollow and white, save one spot—one small, round spot, glowing, like some heated thing, under his skin, burning away his heart and his existence; his eye large and glazed, and his lips in a perpetual alarm. There he stood; and with an energy that could not but be his last, and with a clearness and eloquence that comes at such times, and even from such persons, as though to plead for the pride of the spirit, the once abused spirit of man, he said to the astonished and stricken creatures before him:

I tell you, Wendoll, that you see your own work here; and your work, too.'

They both shuddered as he went on.

'Six years ago I saw you married. To that moment I was untouched. I was unapproached by the devil, whose I now am, inevitably and forever. I was strong, and honest, and unstained; a good son and an ambitious boy. Now, I am a ruined, desolate wretch. I have been to my neck in crime, and am polluted all over. I am degraded, and despised, and diseased. Yes! look at my face! It is already on fire; I feel it day and night. I sleep not. My mind is gone out, and I am a wanderer that would exchange places and hopes, with the very dogs and worms. And now hear me. You, you—both of ye are to answer for this. In this house, in this room, ye first sold me to the destroyer. At the very altar where ye swore to each other, I was sacrificed. Your solicitations, Wendoll; do you forget, Harriet, that smile, and your nod, and your *'health!'* yes, *your* solicitations, your plot brought me to the first drop of drink, and that drop has brought me to this! Ye had it at your wedding; ye had every intoxicating thing there; and there ye ruined me. Are ye any better than I am?' continued he; and his voice grew hoarse as he went on with the excitement of a maniac. 'Are ye any better than I am? What is that upon your table, there, as it was six years ago? I see your cheeks are tell-tales, Wendoll, though they blush; and I see your wife is marked for the grave by your own hand; and your child, your very baby? Wendoll! Wendoll! you too, are in the same path with me, and we shall all soon sleep together. Would to God we might never wake; but, if there be a hereafter——'

As he ceased speaking, he fell his length on the floor He never stood up again on the earth; but from that day he went rapidly to his doom, and died, unregarded, unknown and unwept.

The fate of Wendoll was no better; and before he died, he said to me with a look I shall never forget, that his first sin, his first drinking, was at a wedding, and his next at a funeral.

From the Savannah Georgian, Jan. 16.

We learn from Captain Low, of the pilot-boat Sarah M., that his pilot-boat fell in on yesterday 15th instant, about noon, with part of the wreck of the barque General Hand, which vessel was shipwrecked on Charleston Bar last week, and took from the wreck, which had drifted from Charleston Bar to within 25 miles of Tybee Bar, three white men who had gone down to the wreck to render their assistance. The men were on board three days and three nights without water or any thing that they could eat. The facts communicated by a pilot who left the boat since the event, to bring in one of our packets. We are not able to ascertain the names of the individuals rescued from the wreck.

Counterfeits.—We have seen a ten dollar counterfeit note on the Farmer's Bank of Va., payable at Richmond to C. Gerand, letter F. dated April 8th, 1831. The engraving and printing are badly executed; but we are induced to mention the fact, because we understand that a large number of these counterfeits have lately been put into circulation in the county of Lewis. The people of that section of the State and elsewhere will do well to guard against the imposition.—*Richmond Enquirer*

A Mobile paper of the 4th instant says,—'We had a partial mail from the east last night, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, many of the packages were enveloped in ice—a novel circumstance in this latitude.' The Postmaster of Montgomery, Alabama, on the 2d inst. writes to Mobile that the trees on each side of the roads were bent down under the weight of ice, so as to render it in many places for considerable distances totally impracticable to pass in stages or wagons.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

"Out of his own mouth he stands condemned."

THE BANK.

"You say to this corporation, we cannot authorise you to discount, to emit paper, to regulate commerce—No! our book has no precedents of that kind. But then we can authorise you to collect the Revenue, and whilst occupied with that, you may do whatever else you please" "What is a corporation, such as this bill contemplates? It is a splendid association of favoured individuals, taken from the mass of society, and invested with exemptions, and surrounded by immunities and privileges."

"*If*, then, as is contended, you could establish a Bank, to collect and distribute the revenue, it ought to be expessly restricted, to the purpose of such collection and distribution. It is mockery, worse than usurpation; to establish it for a lawful object, and then to extend it to other objects, which are not lawful."

"May not the time arrive, when the concentration of such a vast portion of the circulating medium of the country in the hands of any corporation, will be dangerous to our liberties? By whom is this immense power wielded? By a body who, in derogation of the great principle of all our institutions, responsibility to the people, is amenable only to a few stockholders, and they chiefly foreigners. Suppose an attempt to subvert this Government—would not the traitor first aim by force or corruption, to acquire the treasure of this company?"

"The power to charter companies is not specified in the grant, and I contend, is of a nature not transferable, by mere implication. It is one of the most exalted acts of sovereignty. In the exercise of this gigantic power, we have seen an East India Company created, which has carried dismay, desolation and death, throughout one of the largest portions of the habitable world—a company which is, in itself, a sovereignty; which has subverted empires, and set up new dynasties—and has not only made war, but war against its legitimate sovereign"—Is it to be imagined, that a power so vast would have been left by the Constitution to doubtful inference?"

Extracts from Henry Clay's Speech in 1811, against re-chartering the U. S. Bank. See the "Biography of Henry Clay," pages 55 to 60.

Messrs. Editors; Look at this Anti-Bank speech of Mr. Clay—Show it to your readers—let them behold the inconsistencies of the prophet, behold the prediction, and beware of their fulfilment. The prophet himself, is, by some art of *hocus pocus*, absolved from his constitutional obligations, and is doing all he can, to realize the very evils, the anticipation of which struck him with so much horror in 1811.

It is time for the people to take alarm.—Those who are most clamorous about Liberty, State Rights, and national usurpation, are pursuing a course, which is at war with their theories, and at war with the will and wishes of he great body of their constituents. They are groaning under theoretical oppressions, whilst a monied mammoth, no way amenable to the people, is, if reports be true, practising a real despotism, more galling and oppressive, than would be the exercise of any power, within the reach of any department of the General Government. Merely to thwart the views of an administration, chosen and approved by the people, which, be its errors what they may, can only last three years longer, many of our representatives are betraying their constituents, and are about to surrender at discretion, to a monied corporation, wielded by 10 or 12 men, the supple instruments of one man, who lectures upon politics, claims the right to expend thousands, a part of it our own money, too, in distributing political tracts and pamphlets to influence our elections;—thus corrupting the very fountains of our liberties; who hires the public press into his service, lavishes his beneficence upon many of our public servants, until their opposition is paralyzed, or their support secured: who arrogantly tells us, that our fortunes are dependent upon the perpetuity of the corrupt and corrupting engine which he wields. And what he has not already effected by threats and favors, he is now endeavoring to do, by giving us a practical demonstration, of the torturing power of this mighty engine. Are we to be betrayed? Do our public servants intend to sell us to this Bank monarch? Are the American people ready to swallow golden hooks, and be fastened with iron chains to such an institution? Are we to exhibit the humiliating; the ridiculous spectacle, of a people boasting of their rights, ready to fly to arms rather than sanction even an abstraction, which can be made to smell of tyranny, and yet willing to bow down and acknowledge, that we are dependent upon, and at the mercy and command of a monied corporation, which grounds its right to exist and to rule, upon its power to oppress and to ruin us. Messrs. Editors, this is not the temper of the American people; & if they be truly represented, the Bank and its managers will be taught, that all their attempts at oppression, will only serve more certainly to ensure their defeat. But, unfortunately, our legislative halls are the last places to look to, for the real character, sentiments and opinions of the people. We have been in the habit of calling our representatives our "public servants." It will soon be mockery to call them so. They are our *public teachers;* and unless the pruning knife be resorted to, or the rod of correction freely applied, they will ere long become our masters. Instead of going to our State and National Legislatures, to represent the will and wishes of their constituents, they go there to devise party schemes. The healthy order of things is subverted; the representative seeks to influence his consituents. I could point to counties and districts to prove these assertions, but it is needless. You know, Messrs. Editors, that efforts are constantly made in Richmond and in Washington to drill the people into the likes and dislikes of their representativs. It is an unsound state of things, and will do mischief, if not speedily corrected. Indeed, there is danger now. It is time to take alarm: to begin to compare acts and practices with theories and promises. When we see men doing things by indirection, the obvious tendency of which, is to subvert the very principles which they are constantly sounding in our ears; when we see those who have again and again declared the Bank to be unconstitutional, corrupt, dangerous to liberty, and that it ought to be put down; and when we look to their vote, and their associations, and see that they have taken fire at a single measure of the administration, the removal of the deposites, and are ready to make that the pretext for betraying their trust, it is time for the people to take the play out of their hands. If those professed anti-Bank men, who are joining the Bank men in this clamour about the removal of the deposites, were really what they profess to be, would they be so ready to assail the man, who, of all others, has been most consistent, firm, and efficient in the effort to put down that institution? No: there is reason to suspect, that their cries about Executive tyranny and despotism, are intended to cover an inglorious desertion of their principles, and a violation of their pledges. But it will not do.—The people will see through the flimsy veil. Whatever many of them may think of the expediency and propriety of this measure of the administration, these clamours will never drive them from President Jackson to President Biddle. They can never be made to believe, that their rights and their liberties would be more endangered, by giving to the Executive the selection of the places, in which the deposites shall be made, than there would be, in giving them up to President Biddle, to be added to the millions which he already wields, in paving his way into power. General Jackson has only three years to serve—President Biddle wishes to rule our purses twenty years at least; forever, if he could. Here's a wide difference, even supposing General Jackson to be too greedy for power. Upon that charge, it is not my purpose to defend him. For, although I am a Jackson man, have faith in his patriotism, and honestly believe; that his administration has done us much service, yet Jacksonism or anti Jacksonism is not now the question. Liberty, or the dominion of the Bank, is the matter at issue. Surely, it behoves all who really believe that a strict and honest construction of the Constitution and fidelity to its obligations, are the best safeguards of our liberties, to cease contending for this man or that, and "take a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," against efforts, direct and indirect, to perpetuate the dominion of this golden tyrant.

A COUNTRY DEMOCRAT.

Short Credits.—The proposal of Mr. Clay to extend the time on duty bonds, is occupying no little space, we know not why. The merchants did not ask for the measure. They have not sent up a single expression of opinion in favor of it, nor do we think they generally entertain opinions in accordance with it. Merchants are not in favor of temporary measures. If Mr. Clay will restore the old system of credits, he will render some service to the country, as we think, though we know some of our friends among the merchants think otherwise. The cash duties are operating more changes than were intended. They are excluding young American houses from importing, and bringing in English men and capital in their place. Arrangements have been proposed for establishing English connexions here upon this very basis—of getting business by furnishing capital to pay duties. There is another matter of still more importance. Our country, and particularly the city of New York, has been for several years past, rapidly drawing to itself the trade of South America and the West Indies. Traders there were ceasing to send orders to Europe, and were turning them to New York and other cities of the U. States, where they were getting to know that all the commodities of the earth could be found, in a narrower compass than in Europe, and with less time and expense. In making up the assortments which were wanted for such a trade, the manufactures of our own country were taken off in large quantities. But this business is checked by cash duties, enforced, as ours are, without an adequate warehousing system. Formerly merchants could bring home all sorts of produce, with no other investment than that which was furnished by their entered cargoes. Now the merchant knows that the moment he arrives in the United States with his cargo, or after the use of a short credit only, he must add to the cost of his goods another large sum in cash for duties. The article of rum for instance, has been largely imported here for exportation. But it is not always in demand, and may remain for months on hand. The uncertainty about being able to sell the article for exportation, before the duty bonds would arrive at maturity, requiring an investment of capital still larger than the first cost, will operate as a strong dissuasive from importing the article at all. So far as the rum trade goes, this might, from moral considerations, be a result not to be deprecated. But the illustration applies to an important trade in other articles. It was a great fault in reducing and abolishing the Credit system, that the warehousing system was not made broad enough to cover the ground which it ought to cover, and which, with regard to some articles, such as wines and spirits, we have no doubt Congress would wish to have it cover. Whatever tends to embarrass the importation of goods to be exported in the trade to which we have alluded, tends to injure, not merchants and cities only, but manufacturers and the country generally. It tends to turn away from our doors one of the best portions of our trade, and send it back to its old European channels—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

NUTRITIVE MATTER.—The following is taken from Sir H. Davy's Table of Nutritive matter, afforded by different vegetables, and may be found useful to farmers, in making calculations as to the worth of different crops for feeding stock, &c. Indian corn, not being the produce of the Island of Great Britain, was not analyzed by him; but we give the results from other chemists:

1000 parts each give the following—

Winter Wheat,	955	Rye,	792
Spring Wheat,	940	Barley meal,	920
Indian Corn,	800	Oat meal,	670
Potatoes,	250	Turnips,	42

Now if we make a table from the above calculations, giving to each the produce of an acre (as near as may be) we shall see at once the relative value of each, compared with the other, as contributing to the support of animal life.

	lbs.		lbs. nutritive matter.
Potatoes,	12,500	would give	3,125
Indian corn,	2,400	"	1,920
W. Wheat,	1,200	"	1,146
Rye,	900	"	722
Barley,	1,200	"	943
Oats,	960	"	552
Turnips,	6,500	"	315

Thus it appears, that one acre of Potatoes is equal to about two acres of Indian corn, three of Wheat, four of Rye or Barley, six of Oats, or ten of Turnips. Should the above table be found incorrect, we will thank any of our farming friends to forward a more accurate one, and we will give it a place in our columns.

Quick Business.—Mr. Samuel Peterson, a clever good natured, widowed Dutchman, aged 70, from New Jersey, came in town day before yesterday for the purpese of procuring a housekeeper. He applied to the Intelligence Office in Chambers street, and was soon furnished with a tidy looking widow lady, aged about 59. The old man was very much pleased, paid his 'Intelligence fee,' and conducted his housekeeper to the 'Rail Road House,' from whence he intended to embark for New Jersey. They were shewn into a room at the inn, where the old gentleman, calling for a pipe of tobacco, seated himself on a sofa, and began to cast 'sheep's eyes' at the lady who had taken her position on a chair nearly opposite to him. After remaining in a 'silent mood' for some ten or fifteen minutes, the old man, carelessly remarked—'Val den I dink dis blan of housekeeping ish not a good blan,' 'I too,' said the lady. 'I tink it dosh give people a great chance to tell bad stories,' continued the old man, knocking the ashes from his pipe. 'I too,' replied the 'housekeeper.' 'I had much rather be married,' said the old man, striking the pipe across the arm of the sofa with a force which sent the bowl, and a part of the stem, to the other side of the room. 'I too,' returned the lady. We did not learn the rest of the conversation; but about sundown the old gentlemen sent us the following:

Married—On the 16th, by the Rev. Mr. John Power, Mr. Samuel Peterson, of Kingstown, N. J. to Mrs. Sophia Griffin, of this city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

EASTON, MD.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1834.

THE DEPOSITES.—The question which now appears to engross the whole attention of the public in relation to the affairs of the General Government, is that of the removal of the public deposites from the Bank of the United States to certain State Banks.

This question has been so ably argued in Congress, that, although the speeches which we have been enabled to publish in our limited columns, have not afforded to our readers all the opportunities for information which we could have wished, yet, considering them so much better than any thing we could offer them in the form of an editorial, we have abstained from the introduction of our individual opinions at much length. The question, however, appears to us to be susceptible of being placed in a point of view different from that in which it has generally been treated, and which, indeed, seems to be the correct view. The Bank seems to be considered on all hands as actiug on the defensive, and the Secretary of the Treasury as the aggressor; that the Secretary of the Treasury (or the President, if you please) is alone answerable for the pressure in the money market, when it is known to all, that the Bank alone causes it. The friends of the Bank say, that in curtailing her discounts, the Bank is only making an effort to secure herself. What is the fact? Did the Secretary of the Treasury in ordering the deposites of the public moneys to be henceforth made in the State Banks, make it necessary for the U. S. Bank to curtail her discounts? or, did the Secretary of the Treasury make any immediate call on the United States Bank for the payment of the large amount then on deposite with her? No man of character will say that he did, until the Bank of the U. States by her calls on the State Banks, rendered it necessary, for the protection of the State Banks, and then only to a limited amount. On the contrary, it was officially announced that no transfer of the funds of the government, then on deposit with the U. S. Bank, was contemplated, except to meet the current expenses of government. In the face of this assurance the Bank of the U. S. commenced the pressure upon her creditors and upon the State Banks; the latter in turn upon their creditors, until the whole commercial community is thrown into convulsions.

With what propriety, we would ask, can these consequences be charged on the act of the Secretary in the removal of the deposites?—Was the situation of the Bank such as to require it? Was her specie at a low ebb? had she just cause of alarm? No well informed man will answer these questions affirmatively; yet many such justify the Bank. We would ask such, what assurances have they, that the Bank would not have pursued the same course, had the Deposites not been removed? It seems to us, but one of the many powerful efforts of the Bank to prolong her existence. In 1832, pending the Presidential election, her discounts were nearly doubled. In 1833, finding that by lavishing her millions upon the people, she had not been able to seduce them from their integrity, her whole machinery of torture is put in motion, and those whom her smiles could not delude, she determines to scourge into obedience to her will.

But admit, for the sake of argument, that the present pressure in the money market, is an act of the United States Bank, purely defensive, and what view does it present of the question? We have an institution, created solely for the benefit of the government; which can be justified only on the plea, that its existence is necessary to the successful operations of the government, rising with a power, little inferior to that of the government itself, to assert its separate rights to perpetual existence; putting to torture the whole commercial community, and alledging that it is but a defensive struggle against the government, which has decided that the existence of such an institution is no longer necessary for its welfare. The government has decided the question by its constitutional organs, that the United States Bank is not necessary to the prosperity or welfare of the country; yet we see the Bank struggling for existence, with power which almost bids defiance to the constituted authorities of the nation, crippling our merchants and reducing them to bankruptcy and beggary, harrassing our banking institutions, and through them bringing dismay and alarm upon the whole community, under the plea, made by itself, and urged by its friends, that such a course is justified on the principles of self defence.

Is there any man in the community at this time, insensible to the power of the U. S. Bank? and with such power, is there any patriot, who calmly views the matter, who will not say, that such an institution is dangerous to the liberties of the country?

The efforts of a *certain junto* in this county, to call in queston the validity of the right of our Delegate, Mr. Spencer, to a seat in the Legislature, have terminated without even the form an investigation by the committee of elections. The allegations of his disqualification under the constitution, notwithstanding the laboured article of a certain *would-be distinguished expounder of the constitution, of this county*, published in the Maryland Republican in Annapolis, with a view to effect on the minds of the members of the House of Delegates, and afterwards copied into the Easton Gazette, were too ridiculous to merit serious notice.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

JAMES A. BAYARD, of Delaware, to be a Director in the Bank of the United States for the year 1834.

CONGRESS.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, January 27, 1834.

Mr. Frelinghuysen rose to present a memorial of the citizens of Newark, New Jersey, on the subject of the agitations in the business and currency of the country, which was read and referred to the committee on finance.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in conformity with the resolution of Mr. Benton inquiring whether the Secretary had received recently reports from the Directors of the Bank of the United States. The department was not in possession of the information.

Mr. Webster, from the Committee of Conference of the two Houses on the Appropriation Bill, made a report, which on motion, was laid upon the table, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Silsbee presented the memorial of sundry citizens of Boston, praying the establishment by Government of Marine Seminaries, which was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Mr. Tipton, agreeably to notice, introduced a bill to enable the inhabitants of Michigan Territory to frame a constitution preparatory to admission into the Union, which was read and referred to a select committee of five. Mr. Tipton, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Porter, Mr. Naudain, and Mr. Ewing compose the committee.

The Vice President here announced the special order to be the motion of Mr. Calhoun for the repeal of the Force Bill. Mr. Calhoun not feeling disposed to interrupt the debate now in progress on the removal of the deposits, declined calling it up, but intimated that he should do so this day two weeks.

The Vice President then announced the special order of the day to be the

REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITES.

Mr. Forsyth rose and addressed the Senate until the usual hour of adjournment; when, without concluding, he gave way to a motion for adjournment.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, submitted the following resolution, which lies one day on the table:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to communicate to this House the names of the officers of the Revolutionary Army, to whom or whose heirs, commutation pay has been made by the United States for their services in the war of the revolution, and the names of the persons to whom the payments have been made, and the sums respectively paid.

Mr. Sutherland presented some memorials, signed by a number of the inhabitants of the first Congressional District, approving of the removal of the deposites.

Mr. Lytle, of Ohio, presented a memorial containing resolutions from a meeting of citizens in Cincinnati. The memorial stated that the resolutions had been passed at a meeting convened by a call from upwards of 600 citizens. The resolutions urged the restoration of the deposites to the U. S. Bank; and concluded by a motion that the representatives in Congress be *instructed* to support the prayer of the petition.

Mr. Binney reported a bill making appropriations for the support of West Point Academy for 1834; also, a bill to extend the provisions of the act to release from duty iron intended, and actually used, for the purpose of railroads, &c.

Mr. Sutherland, bills making appropriations for light boats, light houses, beacons, monuments, and buoys, for 1834.

Mr. Cambreleng, a bill to repeal certain duties on goods imported, &c.

Mr. Polk a bill making appropriations for the support of the army for 1834. All which bills were read twice and committed.

TUESDAY, January 28.

In the Senate, a discussion arose on a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the West India trade; in which Messrs. Sprague, Knight and Silsbee, took part. Mr. Forsyth concluded his remarks on the removal of the public deposites; when, on motion of Mr. Sprague, the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, after reports of bills from several committees, the question came up on the resolution of Mr. Chilton, on granting pensions to the western soldiers engaged in the contests of the western Indians; and Mr. Denny, of Pa., addressed the House till one o'clock. The question of the public deposites, being the order of the day, was then brought up; and Mr. Huntington resumed his remarks, and concluded at near 4 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

Mr. Archer, of Virginia has the floor for this day.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The Savannah Georgian of the 20th instant, contains London dates of November 27th, and Liverpool of the 28th, received at Savannah, by the British ship Frances, Capt. Leslie. We copy such articles as appear to be of interest.

It was reported in England that the Marques of Sligo, was to go out as Governor of Jamaica.

The arrival at Liverpool of 171 steerage passengers in the ship Carroll of Carrollton, from N. York, is looked upon as an indication that the tide of emigration was about to roll backwards.

The work upon the London and Birmingham rail road has been commenced.

Marshal Jourdon died in Paris on the 23d of November, at the age of 71

The London Gazette of Nov. 16th, says:—The Indicateur de Bordeaux states that St. Sebastian has been declared a free port, and that provisions are abundant in that town, brought there by French vessels.

Accounts from Madrid state that Bourmont passed through Madrid to embark, and that Don Carlos was still at Castello Dranco, or in the environs. Several arrests have taken place at Madrid among the clergy.

It was generally expected that the express from Paris on the 24th November would have brought the official account of the battle in Spain with Sarsfield and Merino, but the speculators were disappointed.

The Foreign market was in the same state as the British; prices nominal as on the 25th November.

Great Explosion.—The powder house at the old mines on Summit Hill, containing between 2 and 300 kegs of powder, was blown up with a terrible explosion on Thursday morning, just as the workmen were on their way to commence their daily labor. Had the explosion taken place a few moments later, many lives would doubtless have been lost; but luckily as we understand, none of them had approached near enough to sustain any injury. The shock was so violent as to shake the Summit, like an earthquake, at the distance of half a mile, and several windows were broken.

We understand that circumstances are such as leave no doubt that it was the work of an incendiary, and a reward of one hundred dollars is accordingly offered for his or their apprehension.—*Mauch Chunk Cour.*

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