From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE UNITED STATES BANK.

Carthago delenda est!

A writer in the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, who assumes the signature of CATO, has reached his 17th No. He winds up with the following compliment:

"What will the *conspirators* Ritchie, Blair, and Kendall, and the whole kitchen cabinet say, to find the opinions of Thomas Jefferson opposed to their nefarious scheme of plunder and ruin?"

Mr. Jefferson in writing to Mr. Eppes about the depreciation of Bank paper, speaks of it as being then "at about two for one." This was on the 6th Nov. 1813—in the midst of an extensive war. It will be recollected, that many of the Banks had suspended specie payments, and had multiplied the issues of their paper to a great extent. Does Cato believe, that a Bank of the United States could have avoided a suspension of specie payments, any more than the Bank of England was able to do? or, that it could have controlled the depreciation of the circulating medium? At all events, is it fair to adopt such a state of things, with war raging around us, and without Congress having made the necessary arrangements to levy the necessary taxes, to obtain the best loans, or to revise the issues of the Banks, as a fair criterion of the general Banking operations of the country?

In another part of his letter, Mr. Jefferson expresses the opinion, that "on proper representations of the subject, a great proportion of these Legislatures would cede to Congress their power of establishing banks, saving the charter rights already granted." This, we repeat, was uttered during all the pressure of a foreign war, and amid all the panic of a depreciated currency. And yet what does Mr. Jefferson further say, in this very letter to Mr. Eppes?

"After the solemn decision of Congress against the renewal of the charter of the bank of the United States, and the grounds of that decision, (the want of constitutional power,) *I had imagined that question at rest*, and that no more applications would be made to them for the incorporation of banks."

And, why does Cato also pretermit the following sentiments expressed by Mr. Jefferson in his letter to Mr. Gallatin of Dec. 1803:—

"From a passage in the letter of the President, I observe an idea of establishing a branch bank of the United States in New Orleans. This institution is one of the most deadly hostility existing, against the principles and form of our Constitution. The nation is, at this time, so strong and united in its sentiments, that it cannot be shaken at this moment. But suppose a series of untoward events should occur, sufficient to bring into doubt the competence of a republican goverment to meet a crisis of great danger, or to unhinge the confidence of the people in the public functionaries, an institution like this, penetrating by its branches every part of the Union, acting by command and in phalanx, may, in a critical moment, upset the government. I deem no government safe which is under the vassalage of any self constituted authorities, or any other authority than that of the nation, or its regular functionaries. What an obstruction could not this bank of the United States, with all its branch banks, be in time of war? It might dictate to us the peace we should accept, or withdraw its aids. Ought we then to give further growth to an institution so powerful, so hostile? That it is so hostile we know, 1. from a knowledge of the principles of the persons composing the body of directors in every bank, principal or branch; and those of most of the stockholders: 2. from their opposition to the measures and principles of the government, and to the election of those friendly to them: and 3. from the sentiments of the newspapers they support. Now, while we are strong, it is the greatest duty we owe to the safety of our Constitution, to bring this powerful enemy to a perfect subordination under its authorities. The first measure would be to reduce them to an equal footing only with other banks, as to the favors of the government. But, in order to be able to meet a general combination of the banks against us, in a critical emergency, could we not make a beginning towards an independent use of our own money, towards holding our own bank in all her deposits where it is received, and letting the Treasurer give his draft or note, for payment at any particular place, which, in a well conducted government, ought to have as much credit as any private draft, or bank note, or bill, and would give us the same facilities which we derive from the banks? I pray you to turn this subject in your mind, and to give it the benefit of your knowledge of details; whereas I have only very general views of the subject."

We do not ask who this modern Cato is, who so strenuously wields his pen in favor of a "National Bank," and in opposition to the State Institutions. We do not ask, whether he would disgrace the name of the stern and virtuous old Roman. The ancient Cato was in the habit of exclaiming, *Carthago delenda est.* But the modern reverses the maxim, and is for saving this monstrous Institution. We do not ask by what motive he is impelled to devote himself to its unhallowed altar—whether he is one of the pensionaries of the *Secret Service Fund* of $60,000, which is said to have been put at the command of Mr. Biddle—and how much this wretched scribbler has received as his stipend for *writing in favor of the Bank.* From such anonymous mercenaries, we can bear to be stigmatised as a "Conspirator," leaving to him all the profit of the plunder, and content to share with the rest of our fellow citizens the glory of saving the Constitution of our country.

But, the cause of the Bank is not to be reserved for the hands of anonymous writers. The National Intelligencer has again taken the field with all its *columns displayed*—and it has already discharged two fires at the President and his friends. It threatens to carry on the war with vigor, perhaps to the very end of the campaign. We know not, with what grace the Intelligence can charge upon *others* the waging of this "hot war upon the Bank," for the mercenary calculation of "considering politics only as the means of making their personal fortunes." With *what truth* it can ascribe the *opposition* to the alledged attempt "to tamper with the Bank concerning its Branch in New Hampshire," and to the government of the Bank" *refusing* to "accept the favor of this Cabal as the *price of corruption*," it can scarcely be necessary to enquire. It is matter of *public* record, that the President had avowed *his* opposition to the Bank *before* the New Hampshire scenes had occurred. And we understand it from *private* but unquestionable authority, that so strong was his opposition to this dangerous Institution, "*his first declaration against the Bank in his first Message was not favored by a single individual near him but Mr. Martin Van Buren.*"

But this 1st No. of the N. Intelligencer is sounding another note, which is to be repeated and re-echoed in all the Bank papers of the country. The nullifying papers began it; and our worthy friends at Washington are not ashamed to repeat it after them. It declares in positive terms, that the "plan now in progress, the grand project is, to obtain an influence over the State Banks; to give to the Federal Executive such controlling influence over the State politics, as may enable him to name his successor in office; or, in other words, to secure the election of him whom the President is known to prefer." Here is the *assertion;* now where's the *proof?* Not a tittle is produced—and we defy it, and all its aiders and abettors to produce any. Swift recommends it to all dealers in fable, to "make their whales sizeable." But can any man believe this stupendous invention? Does any one suppose, that Andrew Jackson is so weak and infatuated—or, that Martin Van Buren is not only such a *knave*, but such a *fool*, as to damn all their reputation by so bungling, so daring, and so dangerous a device! If the thing however, is only to resolve itself into a mere abstract calculation, who could hesitate as to the comparative dangers of the two schemes; between a large, consolidated machine as that of the Bank of the United States, with a capital of 35 millions, spreading its arms throughout the United States, and wielded by one will at the head in Philadelphia, and those Banks, which have been erected by the State Legislatures, and constantly subject to their revision, and as independent of each other as they are of the Federal Government, except for the mere purpose of receiving and paying out the public deposites?

We understand, however, that the mischievous powers of the United States' Bank, is no longer an abstract question. We warn the National Intelligencer, that researches have been recently instituted, (mark—not through Mr. Amos Kendall!) and discoveries made, of a secret service fund, of drafts, and vouchers, of such a character, going to sap the integrity of the press, as will probably astonish and startle the public. But, when the curtain shall be raised, it will be time to say more.

The Intelligencer devotes its 2d Number on "*The Bank Question*," to the alarming consequences of the Veto—pronouncing it "a monstrous anomaly"—and boldly declares, that if the President puts his Veto again on the Bank he will then do "what a King of England would not dare to do, and what a King of France lost his crown by attempting, three years ago." However much the Intelligencer may misrepresent the *origin* or the *exercise* of this power, we for one will never cease to call for it in the case of the Bank. We are as jealous of the functions of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, as the National intelligencer can possibly be—but we should lose sight of all that he owes to himself and the Constitution of his country, if we were not to expect a repetition of the Veto. He was reelected partly on that very ground—the issue was fairly made up between him and the Bank—and the people now expect it at his hands. Besides, why was the Veto given to the President? The Federalist (in its 83d No.) declares, that "It not only serves as a shield to the Executive, but it furnishes an additional security against the enaction of *improper laws.* It establishes a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulse *unfriendly to the public good*, which may happen to influence a majority of that body." The same doctrine is recognized in the Debates of the North Carolina Convention. And if the Bank bill be not an *improper law*, more especially as it gave the first blow to the true principles of the Constitution, it would be difficult to say what would be so. Besides, how can General Jackson sign such a bill; when he has sworn "to the best of [his] ability, to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States?"—No, no—whether Congress be faithful or not to their trusts, we are satisfied the President will *do his duty.*

THE LYING CAPTAIN.—The Metropolitan Magazine introduces to us the following new character in the excellent story of "Peter Simple."

Captain Kearney certainly dealt in the marvellous to admiration, and really told his stories with such earnestness, that I actually believe that he thought he was telling the truth. Never was there such an instance of confirmed habit. Telling a story of a cutting out expedition, he said, "The French captain would have fallen by my hand, but just as I levelled my musket, a ball came and cut off the cock of the lock as clean as if it was done with a knife—a very remarkable instance," observed he.

"Not equal to what occurred in a ship I was in," replied the first lieutenant, "when the second lieutenant was grazed by a grape shot, which cut off one of his whiskers, and as he turned round his head to ascertain what was the matter, another grape shot came and took off the other. Now that's what I call a close shave."

"Yes," replied captain Kearney, "very close indeed, if it were true; but you'll excuse me, Mr. Phillott, but you sometimes, tell strange stories. I do not mind it myself, but the example is not good to my young relation here, Mr. Simple."

"Captain Kearny," replied the first lieutenant, laughing very immoderately; do you know what the pot called the kettle?"

"No sir, I do not," retorted the captain, with offended dignity. "Mr. Simple will you take a glass of wine?"

I thought that this little brouillerie would have checked the captain; it did so, but only for a few minutes, when he again commenced. The first lieutenant observed that it would be necessary to let water into the ship every morning & pump it out, to avoid the smell of the bilge water. "There are worse smells than bilge water," replied the captain. "What do you think of a whole ship's company being nearly poisoned with otto of roses? Yet that occurred to me when in the Mediterranean. I mean off Smyrna, looking out for a French ship, that was to sail to France, with a pacha on board, as an ambassador. I knew she would be a good prize and was looking sharp out when one morning we discovered her on the lee bow. We made all sail, but she walked away from us bearing gradually till we were both before the wind and at night lost sight of her. As I knew she was bound to Marseilles, I made all sail to to fall in with her again. The wind was light and variable; but five days afterwards, as I laid in my cot, just before daylight, I smelt a very strong smell, blowing in at the weather port, which was open; and after snuffing at it three or four times, I knew it to be the otto of roses. I sent for the officer of the watch and asked him if there was any thing in sight. He replied that there was not; I then ordered him to sweep the horizon with his glass, and look well out to windward. As the wind freshened the smell became more powerful. I ordered him to get the royal yards across, and have all ready to make sail, for I knew that the Turk must be near us. At daylight there he was, just three miles ahead in the wind's eye. But although he beat us going free, he was no match for us on a wind, and before noon we had possession of him and all his harem. By-the-by, I could tell you a good story about the ladies. She was very valuable prize and among other things, she had a puncheon of otto of roses on board——"

"Whew!" cried the first lieutenant. "What! a whole puncheon?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "a Turkish puncheon—not quite so large, perhaps, as ours, on board; their weights and measures are different. I took out most of the valuables into the brig I commanded—about 20,000 sequins—carpets—and among the rest, this cask of otto of roses, which we had smelt three miles off. We had it safe on board, when the mate of the hold not slinging it properly, it fell to the spirit-room with a run, and was stove to peices. Never was such a scene; my first lieutenant and several men on deck fainted; and the men in the hold were brought up lifeless—it was some time before they recovered. We let the water into the brig, and pumped it out, but but nothing would take away the smell, which was so overpowering, that before I could get to Malta I had forty men on the sick list. When I arrived there I turned the mate out of service for his carelessness. It was not until after having smoked the brig, and finding that of little use, after having sunk her for three weeks, that the smell was at all bearable; but even then, it could never be eradicated, and the admiral sent the brig home, and she was sold out of the service—they could do nothing with her at the dock yards. She was broke up, and bought by the people at Brighton and Tunbrdge wells, who used her timbers for turning fancy articles, which, smelling as they did, so strong of otto of roses, proved very profitable.

From the Chinese Courier of March 20.

Punishment in China—Perhaps the most dreadful punishments are inflicted upon criminals in the "Celestial Empire," and crimes are probably here committed more frequently, than in any other country.

For murder of a parent or near relative, or for rebellion, the prisoner is made to undergo a punishment called Ling-ehe, which is performed by cutting him to pieces by degrees, commencing at the feet or hands. In case he has any relative who can bribe the executioner, the torture may be abridged, and his sufferings cease by piercing to the heart; at times this may be done for a small sum. Another punishment for the same offence is the following:—

The culprit is fastened with his back to a large cross, placed in the ground, with his hands and feet so tied that he cannot move an inch in any direction. An incision is then made across the forehead, and the skin pulled down over the eyes and face; then the feet, hands, legs, arms, and head, are successively cut off from the trunk, which is finally pierced to the heart. Beheading is a punishment for adultery, murder, &c. The prisoner is made to kneel (in some public place, but not exposed on a scaffold) towards the throne of the "Son of Heaven," and as if returning thanks for the punishment about to be received, he bows, and while raising his head, it is struck off by one blow of a sword; the head is then put into a cage, sent to the place where the crime was committed, and hung at the end of a pole or against the wall. The men employed in this seavice are very expert and strong, and go to work with as much composure as a butcher to the slaughter. Prisoners are often, after being confined some time in goal, let loose and branded on the forehead with a hot iron, so that they will be known wherever they go. For stealing, the perpetrator of the crime is dragged through the streets by a party of soldiers, who alternately lash him with a thong of platted rattans on the bair back, and beat a large gong to give the people notice, that they may witness the punishment. In some cases, the knees and ancles are compressed in iron machines made for the purpose; ths is extremely painful. There is no punishment more common and unmercifully executed than that of whipping. Smuggling salpetre into the country, from which powder may be manufactured, is punished by decapitation. Strangling is also a very common punishment. The criminal is tied to a strong upright stake, with his hands and feet fastened: a stout cord is then put round his neck, and passed through a hole pierced in the stake. A stick of about 1½ inches in diameter is attached to the cord, and the executioner standing behind him wrenches it around. The eyes soon start from their sockets, and the tongue is seen issuing from the mouth which foams and bleeds excessively, finally the neck is cut through by the cord and the head falls to the ground. No cap or covering of any kind is placed over the face during the execution.

The following crimes which should come as well under the cognizance of the law as others, are very leniently punished.

A grandfather or grandmother killing a grandchild, a father or mother wilfully murdering their son or daughter, and a master or mistress putting to death a domestic slave, are only punished with 60 to 70 blows, and should they wish to lay the murder falsely on some other person, the punishment is but 80 blows and 3 years transportation.

The Odd Family.—In the reign of William III. there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family.* Every event, whether good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner and behavior; the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by an accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked; all these, except David were remarkably short: while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high, at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death, in the year 1701, and his wife refusing all kinds of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three different places, he recovered. Then Roger, James, Matthew. Jonas and David, died at different places on the same day, in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in 1723.

WOMAN.—To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high, or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, religion requires,

The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never fail to excite the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, yet she fears no danger, nor dreads no consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them, that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret, and that patience in suffering, which seems victorious even over death itself.—[*Judge Story.*

A TRAP PARLIAMENTARY.—Fergus O'Connor came into the house one morning lately, with a bright green cravat round his neck, a waistcoat of many and brilliant colors, which was displayed to the very arm holes, a gold watch chain all abroad, and a pair of double bleached Russia duck trowsers. He had a speech to make, and was dressed in this conspicuous fashion that he might catch the speaker's eye! He had seen fellows in dusky black and brown stand up ten times a night, stretch out their right hands, and then sit down again each time "invisible, or dimly seen;" therefore he assumed this glittering array; and no sooner did he start into the light than the speaker's optics were facinated as by a rattle snake, or a flash of lightning.—*Waterford Mail.*

CRYING THE HOUR.—A married gentleman, who had been drinking and carousing with some boon companions till a very late hour, just as he arrived at his own door heard the watchman cry, "Half past two o'clock, and all's well!"

"That will never do," thought he, "to have my wife know I come home at this late hour. I must make the watchman tell a different story."

With that, he seized him by the collar, and dragging him up to the door, told him to cry, half past eleven. As the honest watchman demurred to this, the husband, being *plenus Bacchi*, or pretty tolerably well corned, up fist and knocked him down. Then presently picking him up again, he bade him to cry as he told him, otherwise he would knock him down again. Poor watch would fain have called for help; but as the *spirited* husband held his fist ready poised to let drive again, he concluded to do as he was bid wherefore opening his mouth, stammered out—"H-h-h-a-l-f-p-a-s-t-e-l-e-v-e-n o'c-l-o-c-k, *by particular request*, and all's well!"—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.—A tailor of Bagdad, during a severe illness, dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag formed from the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of iron, while he waved the flag before his eyes. He awoke in an agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers. Fearing, however, the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too sorely tempted. For some time the servant's hint checked the tailor's avarice; but at length a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag," shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag," answered the tailor, "there was a piece wanting in one of the corners, which this remnant will exactly supply."—*Latifeh Nameh.*

MILCH COWS.—The American Farmer, in the course of a long article on the treatment of cows, mentions the following circumstances. It strikes us as being worthy of the consideration of farmers, and those who keep cows.—"And, let us remark, good water is as essential to good milch cows as good pasture. We had a cow last summer that yielded five gallons of rich milk a day. She ran in a tolerable pasture, but there was a stream of pure spring water running through it. We also kept salt constantly within her reach. The same cow, this summer, in a much better pasture, does not yield three gallons of milk. The reason of this falling off, is, that she is supplied with water from a pump, *occasionally*, when her attendants conceive she wants it—not when she wants it, which is the great point. She also gets salt 'as it happens.'"

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c; but the alcade said, "How then, can I fulfil justice?" A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough—*hang the other.*"

NEWBERN PRICES CURRENT.

BEESWAX, lb.		16 a 18 cents
BUTTER,	do.	20 a 25
CANDLES,	do.	12 a 15
COFFEE,	do.	13 a 13½
CORDAGE, cwt.		$15 a $16
COTTON.	do.	13 a 14
COTTON BAGGING—Hemp, per yd		15 a 20 cts.
Flax	do.	10 a 15
FLAX, per lb.		10 a 15 cts.
FLOUR, bbl.		$6 50 a 7 50
Corn Meal, bushel,		70 cents
GRAIN, Corn, bbl.		$2 50 a $2 60
Wheat, bushel,		$1
IRON, Bar, American, lb.		5 a 5½ cents
Russia and Sweedes,	do.	5 a 6
LARD, lb.		9 a 10 cents
LEATHER, Sole, lb.		15 a 25 cents
Hides	do.	10 a 12 cents
LUMBER, Flooring,	M.	$12
Inch boards,	do.	8 a $9
Scantling,	do.	8 a 9
Square Timber	do.	20 a 30
Shingles, Cypress,	do.	1 50 a 2
Staves, W. O. hhd.	do.	16 a 20
Do. R. O.	do.	8 a 10
Do. W. O. barrel	do.	8
Heading, hhd.	do.	18 a 22
Do. barrel,	do.	8 a 10
MOLASSES, gallon,		35 cents
NAILS, Cut, all sizes above 4d.	lb.	6¼ a 6½ cents
4d. and 3d.	do.	9 cents
Wrought,	do.	15 a 20 cents
NAVAL STORES, Tar, bbl.		$1 56
Turpentine	do.	$2
Pitch	do.	1 40
Rosin	do	1
Spirits Surpentine, gallon,		25 cents
Varnish, gal.		25 cents
OILS, Sperm.	gal.	$1 a 1 20
Whale & Porpoise	do.	35 a 40 cents
Linseed,	do.	$1 20 a 1 30
PAINTS. Red Lead, lb.		15 a 18 cents
White Lead, ground in oil,	cwt.	$10 a 12 1-2
PEASE. Black eyed, bushel,		75 cents
Grey eyed,	do.	45 a 60
PROVISIONS, Bacon, lb.		7 a 8 cents
Beef, lb.		3½ a 4 cents
Pork, mess, bbl.		$15 a 16
Do. prime,	do.	11 12
Do. cargo,	do.	9
SALT. Turks Island, bushel,		45 a 50 cents
Liverpool, fine	do.	60 a 70 cents
SHOT. cwt.		$8 a 10
SPIRITS, Brandy, French. gallon,		$1 50 a 2
Apple	do.	50 a 60
Peach	do.	80 a 100 cents
Rum, Jamaica,		120 a 150 cents
Do. Windward Island,		80 a 90 cents
Do. New England,		35 a 40 cents
GIN, Holland, gallon,		150 a 160 cents
Do. Country,		40 a 50 cents
Whiskey,		35 cents

CHARLESTON MARKET.

SEPT. 4th, 1833.

CORN, 75 a 76 cents per bushel.
COTTON, 14 a 17 per lb.
BACON, 6 1-2 a 10.
LARD, 10 cents.
TURPENTINE, Wilmington, $2 25 a $2 50.

NEW YORK MARKET.

SEPTR. 7, 1833.

CORN, 68 a 71 per bushel.
COTTON, New Orleans, lb. 15 a 17
Alabama, " 13 a 16.
Upland, " 15 a 17
Tennessee, " 14 a 15.
TAR, $2 25 cts. per bbl.
TURPENTINE, N. County, $2 50.
Wilmington, $2 75.
PORK, Mess, 15 a 15 75.
Prime, 11 50 a 11 75.
HAMS, 9 a 10 per lb.
LARD, 10 cents.