The Carolina Watchman.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII.---NO. 11. SALISBURY, N. C. OCTOBER 6, 1838. WHOLE NO. 323.

NEW TERMS
OF THE
Carolina Watchman,

The Watchman may hereafter be had for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year.

A Class of four new subscribers who will pay in advance the whole sum at one payment, shall have the paper for one year at Two Dollars each, and as long as the same class shall continue thus to pay in advance the sum of Eight Dollars the same terms shall continue, otherwise they will be charged as other subscribers.

Subscribers who do not pay during the year will be charged three Dollars in all cases.

No subscription will be received for less than one year.

No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, unless all arrearges are paid.

All letters to the Editor must be *post paid*; otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

Terms of Advertising.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Twenty-five Cents per square for each insertion afterwards.

Court Notices will be charged 25 per cent, higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33⅓ per cent from the regular prices will be made to those that advertise by the year.

No advertisement will be inserted for less than ONE DOLLAR.

Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

SALISBURY,

	Cents.		Cents.
Bacon,	9½ a 10	Molasses,	55 a 60
Brandy, ap.	65 a 70	Nails,	8 a 9
peach,	85 a 90	Oats,	25 a 30
Butter,	10 a 12½	Pork,	
Cotton in seed	none	Sugar, br.	10 a 12
clean,	7 a 9	loaf,	18 a 20
Coffee,	14 a 17	Salt,	$1 62½
Corn,	a 50	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Feathers,	35 a 37½	Tobacco,	8 a 20
Flour,	$5 a $00	Tow-linen,	16 a 20
Flaxseed,	75	Wheat, (bushel)	$1
Iron, per lb.	6 6½		
Linseed Oil, pr. gal.	$1 12½	Whiskey,	45 a 50
		Wool, (clean)	40

FAYETTEVILLE.

Brandy, peach	a 1 00	Molasses,	35 a 42
do. Apple	80	Nails, cut,	7½
Bacon,	13 a 14	Sugar brown,	7 a 11
Beeswax,	24	Lump,	16
Coffee,	12½ a 13½	Loaf,	18 a 20
Cotton,	8 a 9	Salt,	70 a 75
Cotton Yarn,	20 a 30	Sack,	$2½ 2¾
Corn,	a 1 00	Tobacco leaf	3½ a 4½
Cordage, F. F.	17	Cotton bag.	16 a 25
Flaxseed	a 1	Bale rope,	8 a 12½
Flour	$7 a 8	Wheat new	1 a 1 12½
Feathers,	40	Whiskey	00 a 45
Iron,	5½ a 6	Wool,	20 a 25

CHERAW.

Beef	6 a 5	Nails cut assor.	7½ a 9
Bacon	14 a 15	wrought	16 a 18
Butter	12 a 25	Oats bushel	40 a 50
Beeswax	20 a 22½	Oil gal	75 a $1
Bagging yd	16 a 25	lamp	$125
Rope lb	10 a 12½	linseed	110 a 125
Coffee lb	12½ a 15	Pork 100lbs	6 a 8
Cotton	10 a 10¾	Rice 100lbs	4½ a 5½
Corn bush	75 a 87½	Sugar lb	10 a 12½
Flour brl	6½ a 7 65	Salt sack	$2.05 a $3
Feathers	40 a 44¾	bush	87½ a $1
Iron 100lbs	5 a 6½	Steel Amer.	10 a 12½
Lard	11½ a 12½	English	14
Molasses	37 a 50	German	12 a 14
Tallow	10 a 12½	Tea impe.	$1 a $1 37½

Private Entertainment.

THOMAS FOSTER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has taken the house formerly occupied by Col. Wm. F. Kelly, in the village of Mocksville, Davie county, with the view of keeping

Private Entertainment,

The House is roomy and comfortable, and in the business part of the town. The subscriber pledges his best exertions to render satisfaction to all who may call on him. His Table shall at all times be supplied with the best the country affords, and his Bar stored with the choicest liquors. His Stables are extensive and safe, and he will be supplied with good Provinder, and attended by a first rate Hostler.

Mocksville, Feb 3, 1838—tf28

A new and valuable Work.

THE Subscribers have just published a new

FORM BOOK,

entitled "A Guide to Clerks of Courts, Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables and other Officers, to which is added a variety of Forms and Pleas, which will be found useful for Attornies at Law and others."

This is one of the most valuable little Works of the kind, and as a Manual for the Officers above mentioned, will be found almost indispensable to a proper discharge of their duties. It is the only Work that the subscribers know of, where may be found the manner of opening & adjourning Courts, (including all the Proclamations to Crier, Witnesses, &c.) the mode of arraigning and trying Prisoners in capital cases, the various Fees of Office, Forms of different kinds of Bonds, &c. &c. The Work not only contains the forms, but sets forth with perspicuity the duties of Clerks, Sheriffs, coroners, constables, &c. with the proper forms of process to be used by each; and contains forms of important instruments of writing, drawn out at full length, which are not to be found elsewhere.

The Work is put at a low price, believing that every one interested will be anxious to procure a copy. It only needs to be examined, to be purchased.

TURNER & HUGHES.

Raleigh, May 16, 1838—tf44

JOB PRINTING
Of every description done
AT THIS OFFICE.

Dr. Pleasant Henderson,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the Citizens of Salisbury and vicinity. He occupies the brick office of the late Dr. Mitchell.

Salisbury, N. C., may 12, 1838—insidef42tf

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER

WISHES to sell his House and Lot in Wilkesborough, situated immediately on public square, with SEVERAL OFFICES in front of the Court House, suitable for public business, also one

UNIMPROVED LOT,
WITH ONE SMALL
TRACT OF LAND,
WELL TIMBERED,

Lying in the vicinity. Also, one

PAIR OF
HORSES,
WELL MATCHED,

together with a comfortable family VEHICLE. If not sold before the 9th of October, they will be leased for one year, at which time a variety of neat

Household & Kitchen
FURNITURE,

will be sold. Terms will suit the purchaser. Major John Finley will attend to applications made in the absence of the subscriber.

A. A. HALL.

Sept 22, 1838—3w9

NOTICE.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Equity, for Rowan county, at September Term, 1838, the Clerk and master will sell at the premises,

A TRACT OF LAND,
CONTAINING ABOUT
235 ACRES,

belonging to the heirs at law, of Peter Trexler, deceased, lying on Second creek, adjoining the Lands of William Gay and others, to be sold for the purpose of distribution on the 8th day of October next, on a credit of 12 months, (subject the widows dower) Bond and approved security for the purchase money will be required on the day of sale, the purchaser to have title according to the further order of the Court on the case.

SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C M E.

Sept 29, 1838—2w10

NOTICE.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Equity, for Rowan county, the Clerk and master will sell on the premises

A TRACT OF LAND,

belonging to John Casper and others, lying on the waters of Dutch second creek, near the Organ meeting house, and containing

100 ACRES,

to be sold for distribution on the 13th day of October: a credit of twelve months will be allowed, and bond with approved security for the purchase money, required on the day of sale.

SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C M E.

Sept 29, 1838—3w10

LAND FOR SALE,

BY Order of the Court of Equity for Rowan county, the Clerk and master will sell at the Court house in Salisbury on the 20th day of November next, two tracts of

LAND,

lying near Thiatira Church, adjoining the lands of A Henderson, John McConnaughey and others, one containing

94 ACRES,
AND THE OTHER CONTAINING
EIGHT ACRES,

belonging to the heirs at Law of Jacob Kesler, dec'd. a credit of 12 months will be allowed, and bonds with approved security for the purchase money, required on the day of sale.

SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C M E.

Sept 29, 1838—5w10

NOTICE.

BY Virtue of a Decree of the Court of Equity for Rowan County, the Clerk and master will sell on the premises, on the 17th day of November next, a

TRACT OF LAND,
CONTAINING ABOUT
80 ACRES,

belonging to Ellen Turner, on which the late William Dancy resided, and joining the lands of William Dancy, Doctor S Kerr, and others. A credit of 12 months will be allowed, and bond with approved security for the purchase money required on the day of sale.

SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C M E.

Sept 29, 1838—5w10

POETRY.

"There is something in these stanzas, to us inexpressibly pathetic and mournful; they are indeed 'beautiful exceedingly,' and such as any of our own poets might well be proud of." [*Edinburgh Review.*

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

By Flint.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear—a brother weeps—
'Tis there the faded flowret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forest o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seems like Sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then, deep'ning to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep.
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her mother Earth!
Joys and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it,—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
For, all unheord, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But midst the tears and April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But yearly is her grave turf dressed,
And still the summer vines are thrown,
In annual wreaths across her breast.
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

[Second Series.]

The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.

The present tour is presumed to be from Windsor or Shelburn, and so along the coast to Halifax; and during its continuance the Clockmaker is made to make good use of the time in communicating her pertinent and dry remarks to his fellow traveller, on the voluntary system, elective councils slavery, smugling, Canada, shampooning the English, and twenty other matters of no small interest, which though often treated jocularly, are always treated significantly and ably.

The chapter on the *voluntary system* is capitally illustrated by the opposed characters and practises of a hypocritical spouter and a truly religious pastor; and Slick, shines in all his glory as a sketcher of the first, who happens to be an old schoolfellow of his' whom he finds most comfortably and luxuriously 'located' in one of the new cities lately built in Alabama. He prefaces the story of his visit with an axiom of general application.

'Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the end, and, tho' the men have the reins, the women tell em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands'

Having introduced himself to Ahab Meldrum's richly furnished and beautiful house the following narrative describes the rest:—

'I was most darnted to sit down on the chairs they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. I looked like a bazar a'most, it was fill'd with such an everlasting' sight of curiosities. The room was considerable dark too for the blinds was shot, and I was skar'd to move for fear o'doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab, slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the onexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin? If you'll gist throw open one of them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble of axin, names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' its considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I—what's left o' me at least. Verily, said, he, friend Samuel I'm glad to see you, and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev Mr Hopewell, and my good friend your father?—Is the old gentleman still alive? If so, he must anow be ripe full of years as he is full of honors Your mother, I think I heer'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her! She had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are athinking on, or than I have to spare:—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho'—there's Pol'y Bacon and her little boy. Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he, open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I none o' your non sense then, shew me then into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without adamagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I don't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin.' Sam, says he, atakin hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealing's.—I can trust you, I know, but mind,—and he put his fingers on his lips—mum is the word; by gones are by gones—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends would you. I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as do a pigger. Come, foller me, then, says he, and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, furnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books, and pines, and cigars, pigtail and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he, chew, smoke or spit as you please; do as you like here; we'll throw off all reverse now;' but mind that cutsed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—dont talk too loud. Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy, it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old hunks—it made me start, that he meant Mr Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin,' I know,)—when old hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on em too with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I don't gist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might gist as well a'most have let alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. Ahem! said he, so loud, I looked round and seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was—tea and coffee, and Ingian corn, and cakes and hot bread, and cold fish, fowl, and flesh, roased boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing a'most you could think on. You needn't wait, said Ahab, to the blacks; I'll ring for you when I want you, we'll help ourselves. Well, when I looked round and seed this critter alivin' this way on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always as a boy, to be rather more than half onder baked, considerable soft like. So, says, I, Ahab says I, I calculate you're like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garret window, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so Sam? Said he. Why says I, you always seem to come on your feet somehow or another You have got a plagny nice thing of it here; that's a fact and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a year;) how on arth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit it does capitally, that's sartin. Why says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, said I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two of that I guess. Well says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I gist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like any thing. They are the forred wheels, start them and the hind ones follow of course. Now it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men folks have their poltics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o'them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swallar. Last Lor'ds day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of woman's hearts, their forgiving dispositions—(the Lord forgive me for saying so tho,' for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's women; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all heal'd up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot a'gin, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministerin' angels. I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always, then I would up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies; and Shakespere, Scott and Byron, are amazin' favourites; they go down much better than them old fashioned staves of o' Watts.

"Oh woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

If I didn't touch it off to the shines it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew it from natur', says I, a squezin of her hand. Nor never so touchin,' says another. You know my moddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her, I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me? Says I. So true says they, and so nateral, and truth and nature' is what we call eloquence I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated my admired sisters—for one who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say I felt somehow, kinder inadequate to the task too, I said—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'—When I left'em I heard'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feel'in man, a sweet critter, a'most splendid preacher; none o'your mere moral lectures, but a real right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars produce, presents from one and another The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular, he should remain single, for then the galls all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend its gone goose with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillows of the temple, the dear little critters And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down a tradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. The road to the head lies through the heart. Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess said I; if you dont travel that road full chisel it's a pity. Well says I, Ahab, when I go to Slickville I'll gist tell Mr Hopewell what a most precious, superfine, superior darn'd rascle you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1. letter A. I want to know who is, that's all. You do beat all Sam, said he; its the system that's vicious, and not the preacher. If I didn't give 'em the soft Sawder they would neither pay me nor hear me; that's a fact. Are you so soft in the horn now, Sam, as to suppose the galls would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt natur' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it?—Very entertainin' that, to tell 'em the worms will fatten on their pretty little rosey cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but grass, flourishin' to-day and to be cut down, withered and rotten to-morrow, ain't it? It ain't in the nature o' things; if I put them out o' conceit o' themselves, I cant put them in conceit of me; or that they will come down handsome, and do the thing genteel, its gist enpossible. It wan't me made the system, but the system made me. The voluntary don't word well. System or no system, said I, Ahab you are Ahab still, and Ahab you'll be to the end of the chapter. You may deceave the women by the soft sawder, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. it ain't pretty at all. Now, said I, Ahab I told you I wouldn't blow you, nor will I. I will neither speak of things past nor things present. I know you wouldn't Sam, said he; you were always a good feller. But it's one condition, says I, and that is, that you allow Polly Bacon a hundred dollars a year; she was a good gall and a decent gall when you first know'd her, and she's in great distress now to Slickville, I tell you. That's onfair, that onkind Sam, said he, that's not the clean thing; I cant afford it; it's a breach o' confidence this; but you got me on the hip, and I can't help myself, say fifty dollars, and I will. Done says I and mind you're up to the notch, for I'm in earnest—there's no mistake. Depend upon me, said he. And Sam, said he a shakin' hands along with me at partin,' excuse me my good feller, but I hope I may never have the pleasure to see your face a-gin. Ditto, says I but mind the fifty dollars a year, or you will see me to a sartinty—good b'ye."

It is conjectured that the next rain we have will be a very heavy shower, and will wash the *Sewers* entirely out of town. *So mote it be.*

From the Charleston Courier.

A BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

In our previous remarks on this subject we did not advert to the constitutional question, still alleged to be involved in it. It is entirely too late in the day to moot this point. The father of the revolution, the framers of the constitution, those who best know its meaning and object—have affirmatively settled the question both legislativaly and judicially—and their posterity have ratified the decision. The first Bank of the United States was chartered in 1791, by the first Congress, which met after the adoption of our present national constitution, composed in a great measure of the framers of that instrument; and it received the sanction of the illustrious Washington, as President, also one of the immortal framers—and it lived out its whole term of years unquestioned. The late Bank of the United States was chartered in 1816, with the executive sanction of President Madison, another of the framers, after scruples so strong as to have drawn from him a previous veto against a similar measure. Unlike its predecessor, its constitutionality was judicially questioned, and sustained after able and solemn arguments, by the Supreme Court of the United States, with another illustrious framer, Chief Justice Marshall, at their head. The first Bank was chartered by the federal party under Washington—the second bank was chartered by the Republican or democratic party, under Madison—Mr Calhoun who professes to have always belonged to the State Rights' school, bringing in the bill for the purpose. The whole line of our illustrious Presidents, with the exception perhaps of Jefferson, and may be of the present incumbent, have in some form or other, attested the constitutionality of such an institution—and so too have most of our distinguished men, both living and dead, and among them Crawford and Calhoun, once rival (although naturally unsuccessful) candidates for the Presidency, and at that time standing at antipodes, at opposite poles in politics and political opinion—the former running as the State Rights' candidate, and the latter under the Tariff and Internal Improvement banner. Is not the competency of Congress then to charter a National Bank, in every point of view, *res judicata?* Federal and democratic Congresses, federal and democratic Presidents the supreme judiciary of the Union, both the great political parties of the country, nearly all the great men of the land, in spite of personal and political rivalry, have set on it the broad and ineffaceable seal of their united approbation—whether as a legislative, judicial or political question, it is *res judicata*, and ought forever henceforth to be held safe and sacred from controversy. Add to the above overwhelming mass and pressure of authority, the constitutionality of a National Bank has received the declaratory assent of numerous State Legislatures, those of Virginia and South Carolina among others; and it is notorious that it had the full, popular sanction, and has never ceased to have it, unless in temporary response to the hostility of "that extraordinary man who (as Mr Calhoun says of him) was able to impress his feelings on the country." But the influence of the *veto* against the bank charter, and of him who interposed it against a large majority of Congress, acting in response to the wishes of their constituents, has passed away; and there are now abundant signs and portents that the people wish and *will have* ere long a National Bank—and it would be well for the present national administration to realize in this matter their professed respect for the *democracy of numbers.*

It will not do for Mr. Calhoun, of all men, at this late day, in the face of authority and his own teeth, to decry a National Bank as unconstitutional. He who proposed and carried the Bank charter in 1816 and advocated its prolongation for 12 years in 1834, is stopped from setting up the plea of unconstitutionality against the advocacy of others. If, in strange disregard of that consistency, which he seemed to cherish as the apple of his eye, and stickle for as he would his heart's core, he will persist in the cry of unconstitutionality against a National Bank, all we can say is that "he may tell it to the mariners, but the sailors won't believe it."

But not only is Mr. Calhoun stopped from questioning the constitutionality of a National Bank—the State of South Carolina (we have already intimated) is in the like predicament. In 1821, the Legislature of South Carolina had the question of the competency of Congress to incorporate a National Bank, directly before it, and solemnly and with scarcely any dissent, adjudged such competency to be constitutionally vested in Congress.—We proceed to show the record of this memorable adjudication, made in the very year that Mr. McDuffie's "One of the People" was published to write down Crawford, "the radical chief," and to write up Mr. Calhoun for the Presidency. The State of Pennsylvania had proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding Congress to charter any bank or monied institution, except in the District of Columbia; and confining such a bank or other moneyed institution to the District of Columbia. The States of Ohio and Illinois had concurred in, and the States of New Jersey and Vermont had