



CONGRESS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
TUESDAY, Feb. 8.

The BANK BILL under consideration.

MR. VINING

APOLOGIZED for rising to offer his sentiments on this subject, which had been already so ably discussed; but considering the nature of the objections as arising from constitutional principles, it had acquired an importance which would justify his troubling the house with some remarks. He began by noticing the leading argument of Mr. Madison, respecting the sense of the continental convention, on the power proposed to be exercised by Congress in this bill. He shewed that the opinion of the gentleman, in this instance, was, if not singular, different from that of his cotemporaries; at least a similar objection had not been started by those gentlemen of the Senate, who had been members of the convention; but granting that the opinion of the gentleman from Virginia, had been the full sense of the members of convention, their opinion at that day, he observed is not a sufficient authority for Congress at the present time to construe the constitution by.

Mr. Vining, in explaining the powers proposed by the bill to be given to the corporation of the bank, adverted to the particular power of "making rules and regulations not contrary to law." He shewed that this term *law*, means the *common law*—and alluding to the enquiry of Mr. Madison, what law was intended by this clause? who, in answering his own question, had said, that if the laws of the United States were intended, the power contemplated was dangerous and unconstitutional, as those laws were very few in number,

Mr. Vining observed, that the restriction contended for by the gentleman as the result of his objection, would annihilate the most essential rights and privileges of the citizens of the United States. He then observed a corporation is nothing more than constituting a body with powers to effect certain objects in a combined capacity which an individual may do in his individual capacity—agreeable to the usage and customs of *common law*.

Adverting to the act by which the United States became a free and independent nation, he said, from that declaration, solemnly recognized at home and abroad, they derive all the powers appertaining to a nation thus circumstanced, and consequently the power under consideration. He traced the origin of corporations to the time of Numa—the first of which was for agricultural purposes, they were afterwards extended to other objects—and from that day to this, said he, all civilized and independent nations have been in the practice of creating them, and what do they amount to but this, enabling a number of persons in a combined capacity to do that to a more certain effect than an individual may do—but subject to the controul of *common law*, in all its regulations and transactions.

On the doctrine of construction as applied to the constitution; he observed, that on some occasions the constitution is like the sensitive plant, which shrinks from the smallest touch; on others, it is like the sturdy oak which braves the force of thunder. He referred to the act containing the power of removability—in which the utmost latitude of construing the constitution was contended for and adopted; and, said he, the funding system cannot be defended on any other principle than that of implication.

He then enquired, of what right does this incorporation deprive a single citizen? And can an act possibly meet the disapprobation of a single person which does not infringe his rights, and which puts money into his pocket? I think not. He insisted that the power of Congress alone was equal to establishing a bank competent to creating a currency which shall pervade all parts of the union; the paper of the State banks cannot circulate beyond the bounds of the particular States.

From the restrictions to the government contended for by the opposers of the bill, he simplified the constitution to a horse finely proportioned in every respect to the eye, and elegantly caparazoned, but deficient in one, and the most essential requisite, that of ability to carry the owner to his journey's end; he had rather, he said, mount the old confederation, and drag on in the old way, than be amused with the appearance of a government so essentially defective.

NEW-HAVEN, March 30.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Holmes of Georgia, dated March 3d, to the publisher of this paper.

"We have no news of importance, else I would have communicated it with pleasure to the prin-

ter of the New-Haven Gazette—We are in a state of perfect tranquility in regard to our Creek neighbours; even your friend —, who anticipated so much danger, is under no apprehension from this quarter. Several Indians have repeatedly been down of late to trade with our merchants, without insult or injury on either side. Our winter has been very severe for this climate; in one instance we had a snow storm which lasted for three hours, and though it did not whiten the ground here, in many places in the vicinity, the snow was two or three inches deep, which was considered very extraordinary. The mercury, however, by *Fahrenheit's thermometer* has never fallen below 17° above 0: In Connecticut, I am informed, it has fallen 15° below 0—What a surprizing difference in our climates! Our spring has been very temperate; vegetation comes on rapidly; we have peas very forward in our gardens, and our peach trees are in full bloom."

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

To ELLA.

NO skill I boast, no forceful art,
To shake the nerves of ELLA's heart;
Save such as from the Thrush's throat,
Is usher'd in her feeble note,
When sitting on the hawthorn bush,
She whistles to her fellow Thrush.

But ELLA, dost thou think to find,
Hid in my lines, the artful, flattery mind?
Far from the tow'ring city was I rear'd,
Where pois'nous flattery ever vig'rous grows;
In earliest youth my Parents I rever'd,
To what their virtue taught, my spirit bows:

Here have I liv'd and heard sweet Nature's voice,
Where Brandywine rolls on with rushy-noise;
The stream from many murmur'ing rills supplied,
Along a curving channel pours his tide;
'Ere long the flood its mazy windings leaves,
And swift from cliff to cliff down dath the waves;
Now sweeping round beneath a lofty hill,
With rapid force it whirls full many a mill.
Below, the smoother current, spreading wide,
Full freighted Barks along its bosom glide;
Above, the trees their verdant branches spread,
And o'er the tinkling stream throw their deep shade;
Here oft entranc'd—I've slowly stepp'd along,
And heard the Robin's solitary song;
Touch'd by his thought-exciting note,
I cast my tear-wet eyes around,
Beheld the richly flower'd ground,
Whilst borne on zephyrs airy wing,
The spirits of the blushing Beauties float;
And over swelling hill, and delving dale,
Their sweetest odours fling,
Upon the bosom of the flowing gale;
Then fading, sink in earth,
And when the Spring returns again come into birth.
But Man, when some few hasty hours have flown,
Drops in the yawning grave,
Nor lives again on *Life's* e'er changing wave;
Where throbs of anguish tear the feeling breast,
And from the heavy lid steal nature's healing rest;
But, "pleasing, dreadful thought!" mounts into worlds
When the rosy-color'd mora! [unknown.

Came lightly tripping o'er the hills,
Dancing on the dimpling rills,
And lucid pearls pour'd from her dewey horn:
Here have I heard the warbling Lark awake
The voice of Echo, sleeping in the brake,
And as the heaven-taught bird pour'd out his soul,
The list'ning Fairy half his music stole,
And blew the thrilling sounds from grove to grove,
Till nature seem'd to breathe but harmony and love.

The soft-eyed Turtle breath'd her plaintive note,
Soul-tend'ring notes! which on clear aether float,
And oft prophetic, tell the tardy swain,
To shield his harvest from the coming rain.

When the creative God of Day,
His flaming Car drove down the Western sea,
And sober Evening's twilight grey,
Borne on the wings of Time had pass'd away.
Along the curling wave in radiance bright,
The fair Moon shot her silver shafts of light,
And all was silent as the cave of Death,
Where shadowy beings walk,
Who ne'er presume to talk,
Nor ruffle silence with a founding breath:
There have I stood, and wrapt in Thought sublime!
Mark'd the quick flight of light'ning-footed Time!
Or gaz'd with rapture on the worlds on high,
Till my full soul would breathe th' extatic sigh,
And the big pearl start from my glitt'ning eye.

While late I press'd my downy bed,
And sleep her poppies bound around my head,
A heav'nly Phrenzy seized on my soul,
And swift as lightnings dart from pole to pole,
A host of Beauties rush'd upon my sight,
By Fancy, clad in changeful robes of light!
I saw again the verdant grove
Its wild, luxuriant foliage move,
And heard the plummy Songsters shout their love.
I heard again the dashing wave,
Its wild and rocky borders lave.

I saw thy Spirit, like the Bird of Jove!
On never-failing wings, mount to the sky;
With eyes of light'ning pierce the realms above,
And hail the God of Music, thron'd on high.
Charm'd with thy air, he gave a heav'nly Harp,
And bade thee pour the music sweetly sharp;
Then sweep the golden strings,
And rouse the deeper tones—and form the awful Pause,
That opens the sacred springs
Of joy sublime, and waits the spirit up to Nature's Cause!
Then wake the swelling sounds to roll
In bursting floods of harmony upon the panting soul.
He, o'er thy form a sky-dipt mantle threw,
Where silver stars glow'd on th' ethereal blue;
And bade thee to old Earth descend, and take
Thy Lyre, and from the strings the sleeping Music wake.

I saw thee in the shady Grove alight,
Whose woven branches caught the blaze of light;
Thy rosy fingers careless swept the Lyre,
And drew the music-breathing Spirit from each wire,
Lur'd by the sounds of thy sweet Strings,
The feather'd Warblers dropp'd their wings,

And listen'd to thy melting tone,
Still more enchanting than their own!
Borne on the undulating breeze,
Thy heaven-taught Notes my Spirit seize,
And waft it to the sky:
Now sweetly soft they ling'ring die;
Now in awful solemn found,
Float on the Air around;
The deep majestic bale most sweetly clear,
Now bursts upon my ear;
And where the rushing Waters roar,
"It winds in wild'ring echoes down the dashing shore."

The thrill of rapture darting through my breast,
My nerves with heav'nly anguish shook,
And I awoke!
But found no fiction broke upon my rest;
For now the truths unfold,
In thy nervous Song is told,
What e'er I heard, or saw, and as I read, "my soul, my
ELLA, "Seraph, opens the Skies." [lancy rise,"
Delaware, April 10, 1791.

NEW-LONDON, April 1.

Extract of a letter from a foreign correspondent, to the editors of this paper, dated Jan. 21, 1791.

IT is with great pleasure I learn that the inhabitants of your country have grown more industrious and temperate, and have left off the excessive use of Rum. It is also highly pleasing to observe the number of useful inventions of several kinds—the rapid progress making in manufactures, and the perfection to which some of them are brought; particularly maple sugar, coal mines, lead and copper; and the Boston sail duck; and the cotton and silk manufactures, &c. The water machines for spinning 3 or 4000 threads of cotton, flax, and long wool (of which I perceive there are models in Philadelphia) will doubtless soon be constructed, and begin to work. These will enable them to make a rapid progress indeed, and I apprehend nothing will promote the general interest of the country, and the interest of the farmers, more than such a progress in manufactures.—Wonderful is the coincidence of events in favor of your country.—This machine, I think, was invented by Arkwright, about the beginning of the late war, and hath since been brought to great perfection.—This hath led to the invention of the other machines for spinning flax and long wool. This happening at a time, fixed in the decrees of heaven, when a great nation which had been dependent, and not allowed to erect manufactures, without discouraging and embarrassing circumstances, was freed from the galling yoke, seems to point out a particular providence; as if directed chiefly for the benefit of a country which had but a few hands to spare from the culture of the land, that it might be able, with those few hands, to supply itself with necessary and decent cloathing, and be no longer dependent either in name or in fact.—You have a most brilliant prospect before you.

Amazing is the progress England has made in the manufacture of cotton since the invention of the machine above mentioned. So great a quantity of cotton cloth is made there, and it is now so cheap, and so commonly worn by rich and poor, that it hath nearly annihilated the use of silk. Some of the articles are brought to such perfection, that the English East-India company exports a great quantity of them, even to China; and if the Chinese do not make themselves masters of this invention, this trade will become a great object in so populous a country. From all this you may plainly perceive what it will be possible for your countrymen to do in time, and what they ought to do without delay.—The manufactures of England are the principal source of her great wealth and strength, and the chief basis of her navigation. Experience I think has furnished sufficient evidence to prove that you will never grow rich merely by agriculture, navigation and commerce. It is weak to suppose the farming business cannot be overdone.—It is certainly overdone when the produce of the land and labour of the farmer far exceed the demand of every foreign and domestic market; and when, through its abundance, he is unable to procure a living price for it. You ought not to depend, so much as you have done, on foreign markets. What is it that renders land in Europe so valuable to its proprietor beyond any thing of the kind in America? It is the number of the manufacturing towns in the neighborhood of every farmer, to which he can carry his produce, and where he is sure to receive such a price, as will enable him to pay his rent, and yet maintain his family.—This certain market and good price, also give effectual encouragement to the high cultivation of land which prevails in some countries, but especially in England. Your land will never be so valuable as land of equal goodness is there, until you can find markets as certain and as good as their's. But this you must never expect until the number of your manufacturers bears as just a proportion to the number of your farmers.

(To be continued.)

LONDON, January 26.

In consequence of the premiums offered by the Hon. Board of Trustees, at Edinburgh, two pieces of cotton were completely bleached in five hours; one piece of linen in forty hours and a half, and another in forty-eight hours and a half,