From the New York Mirror.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs and Manners.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS,

LONDON.

The poet Moore—last days of Sir Walter Scott—Moore's opinion of O'Connell—Anacreon at the piano—death of Byron—a suppressed anecdote.

I called on Moore with a letter of introduction and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady Blessington's at eight Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own, a Roman banker, whose density is more powerful than the pope's, a clever English nobleman, and the robserved of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his nearsightedness and the darkness of the room, enter poet.—Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sailing his little feet up to Lady Blessington, of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written, he made his compliments, with a grace, and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards, and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed pecuniarily libelous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was anounced, the Russian handed down Amalia, and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall*, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that becomes it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time—She had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of imbecility, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day at a large collection of students an Italian literati were assembled in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honor them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relicks of Pompeii, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, 'who was that you said wanted to see me?' The doctor explained. 'I'll go,' said he, 'they shall see me if they wish it;' and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescention. The discussion went on, but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the parole was soon yielded to Moore, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbottsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. 'Scott,' he said 'was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth & heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whiskey at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system, his constitution was herculean and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at Lockhart's. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roasted chickens, salmon, punch, &c. and Sir W. ate immensely of every thing. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'oh, I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it but it was quite illegible.'

Some one remarked that Scott's life of Napoleon was a failure.

'I think little of it,' said Moore; 'but after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.'

'It will not live,' said some one else 'as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.'

'But what an individual!' Moore replied. 'Voltaire's life of Charles the twelfth was the life of an individual yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world, and what was he to Napoleon?'

O'Connell was mentioned.

'He's a powerful creature,' said Moore, 'but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of thinking on his legs,' is a tremendous engine in the hands of a man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord Althrop's a wonderful instance of what a man may do without talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an opositionist, he failed when he came to lead the house. O'Connell would be irresistable were it not for the two blots on his character—the contribution in Ireland for his support; and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of dueling, it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against dueling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet, and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

'Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the scripture command,
And honor their ——wife and daughter,
'That their days may be long in the land.'

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '94, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was "Be always ready with the pistol!" He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question Corrie was employed purposely to bully him and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the house between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument that he had advanced that bore upon the question. *He* then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the house, said, "for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer here is, they are false! elsewhere it would be—a blow!" They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, "No! let the curs fight it out!" and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. "Fight him!" said he, "I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!"; Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time?—Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to another. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland for all that is worth living for, is dead! You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults stands "alone in his glory."

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course.—Nothing but a short hand report could retain the delicacy & elegance of Moore's language, and the memory itself cannot imbody again the kind of frost work imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires but perhaps the word gentlemanly describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but if I may so phrase it, it is fused with a high bred affectation, expressing deference & courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Travelling on the Western Waters.—The following article, derived from the last Wheeling Gazette, affords interesting information in regard to distances and rates of travelling between Wheeling and the various points down to New Orleans.

The following table shows the distances from each other of the places named, and from Wheeling, with the prices of passage. It is proper to observe that these are the established rates, but that some boats charge less, the prices depending, in some degree, upon the number of boats in port, and the abundance or scarcity of passengers.

UP THE RIVER.			
Wheeling to Wellsburg, Ohio,	16		75
Steubenville, Ohio,	7	23	1 00
Wellsville, "	20	43	1 50
Beaver, Pennsylvania,	26	69	2 50
Pittsburg, "	27	96	3 00
DOWN THE RIVER.			
Marietta, Ohio,	82		2 50
Parkersburg, Virginia,	10	92	2 50
Point Pleasant, "	78	170	5 00
Gallipolis, Ohio,	8	178	5 00
Guyandotte, Virginia,	87	210	6 00
Portsmouth, Ohio,	50	260	7 00
Maysville, Kentucky,	47	307	8 00
Ripley, Ohio,	12	319	9 00
Cincinnati,	46	355	10 00
Port William, mouth of Ky.	70	431	11 00
Madison, Indiana,	13	417	11 00
Westport, Kentucky,	20	467	12 00
Louisville,	20	487	12 00
Rome, Indiana,	100	587	15 00
Troy, "	35	622	15 00
Yellow Banks, Kentucky,	25	647	15 00
Evansville, Indiana,	40	687	18 00
Henderson, Kentucky,	12	699	18 00
Shawneetown, Illinois,	53	752	18 00
Smithland, mo. of Cumberland	63	815	18 00
Mouth of Ohio,	66	881	20 00
New Madrid, Mo.	75	956	22 00
Memphis, Tenn.	150	1106	25 00
Helena, Arkansas Ter.	85	1191	26 00
Vicksburgh, Mississippi,	307	1498	33 00
Natchez, "	110	1608	30 00
New Orleans, Louisiana,	300	1908	35 00

The above prices of passage include boarding. The prices of deck passage are about one fourth of these, the passengers finding themselves. Thus to Louisville the deck passage is $3, cabin 12; to New Orleans deck 8, cabin 35. The deck is covered and contains berths, but it is a very undesirable way of traveling. The passage to Louisville is generally performed in 2½ days, and to New Orleans in from 8 to 10; returning nearly double this time. The ordinary speed of the boats is 12 miles an hour down the river, and 6 up.

Where large parties apply together for passage, or where emigrating families apply, a considerable reduction is often made. We will mention the case of a family from Maryland, who took passage on the 25th instant, as one in point, and as furnishing emigrants with some information they may like to hear. The family consisted of 15 persons (9 adults and 6 children,) 5 of whom were slaves. There were also 3 horses, a wagon and a wagon load of baggage. They wished a passage to St Louis, and on making application to the master of the only boat in port on their arrival here, were told that the fare would be $20 for each adults in the cabin, 9 for each deck passage, 15 for each horse (the owner finding them,) and the usual rates of freight for the baggage; or, to lump the whole, $250. Rather than pay this, the head of the family preferred waiting awhile; he did so, and in three days effected a bargain for $180 for the family, embracing 6 cabin passengers (with servant,) and 8 deck do, together with 3 horses, wagon & baggage: the deck passengers and horses to be found by the emigrant.

It may not be irrevelent to add that the family spoken of had come from a county in Maryland about 300 miles from Wheeling. They travelled about 20 miles a day with a four horse wagon.—Their expenses thus far were 75 dollars; price of oats on the road 40 to 50 cents. Had they continued on by land to St Louis, 600 miles from here, it would have cost them 100 dollars more. They would have got oats in Ohio for 20 and 25 cents, and in Indiana and Illinois for 16 and 18, it would have taken them 30 days, however; while, by water, they will reach there in seven.

MAY DAY, is in New York emphatically *moving day*. Houses are generally rented from and to the 1st day of May annually. We have the following sketch of a *moving scene*, from one of their last papers.

MISERIES OF MOVING.—The police office yesterday, from 10 to 6 o'clock, was one continued scene of clamour and confusion, occasioned by the quirks, quibbles and quarrels of that class of the community who were compelled to change their location. Old and young, of both sexes, and of all colors and grades, flocked in droves up to the bar, breathless, bloody, and beaten black and blue; they 'all were right, and all were wrong,' according as each story was told. Betwixt moving out and moving in, no less than seventy-four quarrels and fights occurred between women alone, that came under the cognizance of the Police Office, besides those that were settled on the spot where the sparring took place, and which might be called 'legion,' for 'they were many.' One old woman, out of wind, brought up a broken pair of bellows, out of wind also, for a quarrelsome fellow renter had cut them to pieces. A pretty young girl come gasping into the office, and looked as though she had been tarred and feathered. Her clothes were nearly all torn off her back, and she and another young girl, who had been bedfellows for the best of a year, quarrelled about the possession of their bed, and the one got the other down tore her clothes, poored a quart of molasses down her neck & bosom, cut open the bed tick, and strewed the feathers all over her, until she looked 'unutterable things.' One woman held in her hand a piece of an unmentionable crockery utensil, which had been broken over her head, and her hair perfumed with its contents. Another had a piece of broken banister which she had held on to, when some one was about to eject her, *vi et armis*, from her house, against her inclination. Mrs. Nancy Nelson, of 21 Mulburry street, and Handington, brought up three women named McDowell, who had beaten her because she wanted them to move out of her house. One of them exclaimed, 'I'm little—but oh God!' and fell foul of her like a fury. Bits of broken bedsteads and bureaus, broken heads and bloody noses, out of number or credence, came under the cognizance of the civil authorities, until night put an end to the noise and contention.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

From the Litchfield Enquirer.

MOST ATROCIOUS BUTCHERY.—It becomes our duty to record the perpetration of one of the most barbarous and fiend-like homicides that we have ever heard of; committed too in the peaceable and quiet county of Litchfield—not however, we are glad to say, by a native thereof, but by a foreigner, upon an amiable and unoffending child. It took place on Monday morning last, 24 ult on New Preston hill, a few rods north of the meeting house. It appears that about 6 o'clock, Ferris, only son of Mr. Beers Beardsley, about 12 years old, was sent by his mother into the back yard with an axe to get something to kindle the fire—that he was soon followed by a man in the employ of his father, named Agostiuho Rabello, who took from him the axe, and (while his face was turned from him unconscious of harm) struck him with the edge of it upon the back of his head, splitting it open, and doubtless producing instant death: he fell upon his face and breast, when Rabello gave him seven or eight other strokes with the axe, one across the back of his head, one upon the back of the neck, severing his head from his body, except that it hung by a small portion of the skin in front, another entirely severed the right leg above the ancle, another nearly cut off his leg just below the knee with the exception of a small part of the skin, and there were too or three deep gashes upon the lower part of his back and hips—literally cutting him to pieces. The only provocation of this monstrous murder was, as Rabello himself states, that the boy *trod on his toes* (accidentally we learn) the evening before while sitting at the fire. Rabello after committing the act, went into the house muttering something, took his cloak and a little bundle, and started down the hill on the road towards Litchfield. The boy's mother from the appearance of Rebello suspected some wrong, when she went to the door and discovered the mangled remains of her son.

An alarm was immediately spread, and the citizens went in pursuit of the murderer; he however had proceed only about half a mile, when he stopped at a small creek to wash off the blood; he was taken back, and forthwith brought to this village and committed to prison to await his trial.

Rabello is about 32 years of age—States that he is a Portugese—was born in the island of Madeira, and resided there until he was 25 years of age—thence he went to Brazil, and acted as a clerk—remained there five years, then came to the United States. He had lived with Mr. Beardsley about six weeks, working at his trade as a shoemaker, but was rarely ever seen out of the shop.—When he went there he said he came from near Fairfield, was unwell, and in destitute circumstances; and though not much in want of assistance, Mr. B gave him employment. When apprehended and asked why he had committed such a base deed, he said the boy had insulted and provoked him; acknowledged that he had killed him, but said he had not committed murder for he had been insulted by him, and the reason he gave for so cutting him to pieces was that he might not remain in misery from the first blow.

'The anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania may be classed among the wonders of the world; for there are here whole mountain tops covered with carbon. Scarcely a turf presses upon the silvery masses of the coal on some of the tracts, where it is dug or quarried in the open air under the blue vault of heaven, instead of being excavated from mines beneath the dark vaults of overhanging, dripping rocks.—The rays of the sun, and not the miner's glimmering lamp, afford light to the laborers."

The following is a laughable description of the mules:

"The empty wagons are drawn back to the summit of the mountain by the toilsome labor of mules who descend again, however, without effort in their little moveable stables or pens mounted on wheels. The conductor stated that these animals have become so habituated to riding down, that they will evince their mulish disposition when deprived of their expected pleasure and will endeavour to step into their pens and to lie down, rather than to budge on foot to the bottom of the mountain.—They actually appear to take vast satisfaction in their ride with thir ears erect and long faces peering gravely out at the sides, like the passengers in a stage coach, to enjoy the prospect. The spectacle of a number of mules thus transposed from the usual station in harness to the dignified situation of inside passengers traveling with a greater speed than that of a mail coach, produces an effect so ludicrous as inevitably to produce a smile."
—*Practical Tourist, by Z. Allen.*

ON THE POTATO.—Mr. Hickey of Sackville-street, has communicated to the Irish Farmer's Journal, a very singular and successful experiment which has been tried upon the potato in the county of Dublin:—

A gentleman who holds a farm of 150 acres planted in the usual manner 34 acres under potatoes, in the year 1832; the result was; a complete failure and a total loss of the crop. This induced him to try many experiments upon the root all of which failed except the following which exceeded his most sanguine expectations. He took six potatoes and divided them into twenty cuts—he then got a large basin of water, into which he put a cup full of salt and a piece of blue stone about the size of a walnut. He put ten of the cuts into the basin, and let them remain there one entire night.—On the following day he procured a very strong microscope, through which he examined the entire twenty cuts.—On the ten cuts which were not immersed in the basin he distinctly perceived many, small white particles, like eggs; and those cuts which were immersed presented no such appearance whatsoever.—This discovery urged him to follow up the examination attentively, and every day for a short period he continued to watch the appearance of the aforesaid matter. The result was, that those white globular particles were animalculæ, for in a few days they became quite visible to the naked eye in the form of little worms or maggots. The cuts that had been steeped never showed the slightest appearance of any such thing, and they retained their solidity and firmness when the other ten cuts were completely decayed and rotted. Still unwilling to believe, without further proof he tried the experiment five or six times and planted them, distinctly marking a division between those cuts that were steeped and those that were not.—The consequence was the almost total failure of the one kind and the complete success of the other, placed the question beyond the possibility of a doubt. He considers that the air has a powerful effect upon the potatoe and may sometimes impregnate it with this destructive matter. He is a gentleman of undoubted respectability and veracity, and will come forward, if required to verify the truth of this statement.

(From the Norfolk Beacon.)

Answer to 'Six Months in a Convent,' by the Lady Superior.—The destruction of the Ursuline Convent, near Charlestown, Mass. was an event that is destined to be long remembered with feelings of the strongest horror. The excitement was sought to be kept up against the members of the Catholic Church, by the publication of a pamphlet entitled 'Six Months in a Convent,' which was written ostensibly by a girl who had remained but a short period in the Convent.—This pamphlet was charged with containing gross falsehoods and palpable contradictions. It appears that the Lady Superior of the Convent, urged by considerations drawn not from the pamphlet itself, but from the improper use which was likely to be made of it, has deemed it proper to reply to the same, and her pamphlet is before us. At this distance from the scene, there can scarcely be but one opinion, among impartial men, of the triumphant manner in which the Lady Superior has repelled the accusations of the temporary occupant of the convent. We trust that Massachusetts will make an effort to bury this whole affair by appropriating a sum of money sufficient to compensate the Ursuline Community for the lost sustained by the destruction of their Convent and the property lost by the conflagration.

From the Army and Navy Chronicle.

Commodore JACOB JONES has been relieved, at his own request, from serving as president of the Board for the examination of Midshipmen, and Captain W. C. BOLTON was ordered to supply the vacancy. This left Captain READ the senior member who would consequently have been the President; but owing to the publications that have recently appeared in the newspapers, Captain Read has asked to be excused from serving on the Board and his request has been granted. Captain BALLARD will therefore be the President.

It is believe that Captain A. CLAXTON will fill the vacancy occasioned by Captain READ's withdrawal.

The board will then be composed of Captains Ballard, Dallas, Bolton, Claxon and Kearny.

Commodore A. S. WADSWORTH, at present commanding our squadron in the Pacific, has had leave to return home, if his health should be such as to render it necessary or expedient. We understand that the climate of the Pacific is not favorable to the commodore's constitution, which is not very robust. As no successor has been ordered out, to relieve Commodore Wadsworth should he leave the station, Captain Deacon, being the senior officer there, would remain in command of the squadron.

From the New York Star.

THE FORTIFICATION BILL.

The desire to contradict falsehood is as praiseworthy, when practised, in our commercial representative, as any hypocrisy in cloaking it, is despicable.

Mr. Cambreleng, after the lapse of nearly a month, has published a denial of the charge, in which he was implicated with Van Buren, that he had been induced by him to withhold the presentation of the report on the Committee of Conference on the amendments to the fortification bill.

This has been done by him, doubtless to exculpate, and on such *high* authority, his principal supporters have [illegible] influence the charge had the effect in Virginia, that it naturally must have had upon a chivalrous, high minded people. We hope that in exculpation of himself, that Mr. C. will not take a second month to answer the queries so pertinently put by an 'Eye Witness,' in the National Intelligencer. Until he does, this tardy and sinister denial goes for naught.

In the hope that he will find time to answer those which we subjoin, *heat the poker*, and also submit for his consideration a few others.

First. What time was it that you changed your mind as to presenting the report, which you have not denied yet, that you had agreed to present?

Second. Will you deny that the first intimation Van Buren and Forsyth had, was from yourself in the very hall of the House, as to the substance of the report.

Third. How long after the conversation 'twixt you three, on this matter, was it that you retired from the hall, was followed by those worthies, and subsequently was joined by Major Lewis, Blair and Donalson;

Fourth. How long after that second confab was it that you expressed the unwillingness to present the report.

Answer, Mr. Cambreleng, or we shall in that case made and provided, take judgment by default.

Again. Who was it, that—on the faith of the false and garbled report, the long speech included therein, which you never spoke) published in the Globe as the true account of these disgraceful scenes in Congress—*tried it on* his predecessor, the defunct English Ambassador, to falsify, or in Benton phrase, *privately* expunge the records, to bear you out in the scheming after thought, that the report was not presented by Mr. Lewis?

Again. Upon that occasion, what was the speaker's answer.

Can you say, or shall we have another confession by default?

Let us have the correspondence if you dare?

A few more, when these queries are answered, shall not be wanted to elicit the truth upon these dark, dirty and disgraceful doings.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The "Old Man Eloquent," Hon. Tristam Burges of Rhode Island, recently addressed a great public meeting of his fellow citizens, at Providence, with more than his wonted power of Eloquence. The speech is published in the Providence Journal, & occupies two pages of that paper. Mr. Burges is perhaps the only man that ever met and vanquished that wonderful orator, the late John Randolph. We make the following extract from Mr. Burges' recent speech, as one of surpassing eloquence, containing a glowing panegyric upon the talents and worth of the great Statesman of the North—DANIEL WEBSTER. Mr. Burges said:

Let every man remember, that his vote may carry the whole election.—*Let him feel that on him, and on his exertions may rest the whole weight of the whole interests of our whole country.* I call on all *men of all parties*, to leave the holders of offices under Executive patronage, the slaves of power *as their fathers left the tories of the Revolution; and come to the service of the country, to the rescue of the Constitution, the preservation of the laws, the salvation of liberty.*

If we triumph now, we cannot be defeated in August; and we shall then elect representatives, who may elect a president of the U. States. Three candidates have already been nominated. White in the South, M'Lean in the West; Webster in the East. The friends of Judge White say he *is in truth* what Jackson *promised* to be. It is enough for us, that the host of Executive favorites are *against him, and he against them.* M'Lean is a man *good and true*; a Whig, a patriot, a statesman. Webster is—but why should I speak of Webster? There is not a man in a city or village, or on a farm or plantation, or in the wilderness, or in a cabin of any State or Territory, but can talk, and does talk, and tell of Webster, the orator, the statesman, the great champion of the Constitution. He is in soul as lofty as his own native mountains, and pure as their eternal snows. Rocks may be rent, or moved, but nothing in the tide of time, or the tempests of party, can shake, or touch his integrity. Who that could be proud of his country would not be so to have *such a man* for President of the United States?

May not God have suffered our country to run into wilderness, and teem with monsters, for the last eight years; that he might call out this moral, this political Hercules, to clear and to restore to us again our country? If all honest men do their duty, then these men will be the highest on the list of candidates, in the electoral colleges; and leading the caucus candidate, the successor nominated by Gen Jackson they will come before the House of Representatives, for a selection of one from that number, for President. The great interests, which I have just examined, may be considered, and by all parties, such a course of administration as will secure them, be most solemnly stipulated; and when the rights of the people are secured, that House will select the man *most likely, with safety to all and with glory to our country*, to administer the executive government. Here Rhode Island will have a voice as loud, a potency as efficient as the most extensive and powerful State. Never again, do I wish to see a President, in any other manner, elected. It will go to perpetuate our union, by preserving the small, from being swallowed up by the great States; and prevent a President from riding into power, on such a tide of popularity, as may if it has not already, sweep away laws constitutions, and liberty.

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