cinders for miles around, and that rains follow shortly, according to immemorial observation in that country.'

'Very extensive fires in Nova Scotia, in the woods, are so generally followed by heavy floods of rain, that there is some reason to believe that the enormous pillars of smoke have some share in producing them.'—Mag. Nat. Hist. for December, 1835.)

The bad philosophy of supposing that smoke was turned into cloud and produced rain, does not weaken the evidence of the main fact.

If the principle is correct, that clouds are formed by up moving columns of air, we should expect to find, in favorable states of the air, that clouds would form over large cities and manufacturing towns, where much fuel is burnt—and so we find it to be.

Extract of a letter to me, from Benj. Matthias, of Philadelphia—'In the course of last winter, while in England, I visited Manchester four or five times, and on each day it rained. Several of the inhabitants assured me that it rains in Manchester more or less every day in the year.'

Extract from Edward Mammatt's Collection of Facts concerning Ashby Coal Field—4to. London, 1836:

'When the air is apparently stagnant in the valley of the Thames and surrounding country, a strong current is found to set in on every side of London, along the streets leading from the country, in the morning. This current is no doubt occasioned by the rarefaction in the high chimneys over so many thousand fires just kindled, and must be the cause of the introduction of fresh air to an immense extent, which would not otherwise flow. This rarefaction produces other phenomena, among which, when the atmosphere is in a light state, and clouds are passing at a height which does not allow them to condense and fall in rain, these accumulate in passing over London, and either remain as a dense fog, or drop in small rain all day long, scarcely clearing once; the country at a little distance having very little rain.'

The bad philosophy of supposing the air so light on these occasions as to let the clouds on passing sink down in it over London, does no invalidate the evidence of the principal fact.

From these remarkable facts alone, I think it will be acknowledged, that there is some connection between great fires and rains other than mere coincidence, even if that connection remained a mystery. Humboldt acknowledge this in the case of volcanoes, when he speaks of the *mysterious* connection between volcanoes and rain, and says that when a volcano bursts out in South America in a dry season, it sometimes changes into a rainy one. But now, when it is demonstrated by the most decisive evidence, the evidence of experiment, that air in ascending into the atmosphere in a column, as it must do over a great fire will cool by diminished pressure so much that it will begin to condense its vapour into cloud as soon as it shall rise about as many hundred yards as the temperature of the air is above the dewpoint in degrees of Fahrenheit, it amounts to a very *high* probability that great fires have *sometimes* produced rain. That great fires, and even volcanoes, should not *always* produce rain is manifest from the circumstance that as they break out accidentally, they may sometimes occur when the state of the atmosphere is unfavorable, and even adverse to rain. First, if they should break out when there is a current of air either near the surface of the earth, or at a considerable distance above, of some strength, the up-moving column would, be swept by it out of the perpendicular before a cloud of great density could be formed, and thus rain would be prevented.

Second, they might break out when the dew-point was too low to produce rain at all; and, third there may sometimes be an upper stratum of air, containing so much caloric, that its specific levity would prevent the up-moving column from rising into it far enough to cause rain.

These three things I conceive are the only circumstances which prevent great fires from producing rain at all times when they occur. The first two can be ascertained without much difficulty, by means of small balloons and the dew-point; the last, in the present state of science, cannot always be known, and a failure on that account must be risked by the experimenter. This risk I am willing to run, if Congress or the State Legislature will promise a sufficient reward *in case of success.*

It has been objected to my project that I propose too much, and that it is utterly absurd to expect to make rain in time of drought, when there is such a scarcity of vapour in the air.

Now this objection is founded on an entire ignorance of the fact, arising from a want of due consideration. For there is *generally* more vapour in the time of summer drought than at any other time, as I know by experiments constantly made almost every day for the last ten years; and this is reasonable in itself, for the vapour is rising into the air and increasing every day of dry weather, preparing for another rain. A quiet state of the atmosphere is also more likely to occur, to great heights, in time of drought, than at any other time, for immediately after rains there are sure to be cross currents of air, produced by the inward motion of the air at the lower part of the cloud and an outward motion in the upper part, which require some time after the rain to come to rest.

If I have succeeded in showing that there is any the least ground to hope that an attempt to produce rain, might sometimes succeed under favorable circumstances, and that those favorable circumstances are more likely to occur in time of drought than at any other time, then it follows that the experiment is a highly interesting one, and ought to be immediately tried. If it should be successful, who can tell the mighty results which may follow in its train.

I have many reasons and facts which induce me to believe that if a very large cloud is once generated, the rain will become general, or at least spread over a wide extent of territory; and who can tell, *a priori*, that this will not be the case, when it is now known that an immense steam power is let loose in the formation of such a cloud—a power which can be calculated with as much accuracy as that of the steam engine itself, and in part on the same principles.

Gentlemen have made their puns on this project, and had their laugh; and I am sorry to see by letters which I have received, that my friends and relations at a distance are much troubled at the innocent laughs; but let them be consoled. I have laughed too, well knowing that those who laughed the most heartily would be the most willing to encourage the experiment, as soon as they discovered they had nothing to laugh at. As a proof that I was right in this anticipation I may be permitted to say, that I have lately received a letter from a highly esteemed member of the American Legislature, who laughed as heartily as *any* one when my petition was presented there, containing many kind expressions, and promising me by way of amends for his levity, "to avail himself of the earliest opportunity of being better informed on the subject of my new philosophy." Such conduct as this is all I want, I fear not the strictest scrutiny.

If I should be encouraged to go on with the experiment, I mean to have a large mass of combustibles prepared ready for use, and when I have found all the circumstances mentioned before, favorable in a time of drought, I would set fire to the circumference in several places at once. Soon after the fire commences I will expect to see clouds begin to form, about as many hundred yards high as the temperature of the air is above the dew point in degrees of Fahrenheit. I will expect to see this cloud rapidly increase in size if its top is not swept off by a current of air at a considerable distance above the earth, until it becomes so lofty as to rain. I shall expect the cloud to move eastwardly, increasing in width as it advances, and the next day I shall expect the region to the south of where the rain fell to be visited by rain, for a reason explained in my writings.

But it is vain to anticipate all the results which will follow, for nothing but the experiment itself can demonstrate them. If the experiments when repeatedly tried should fail, it would be in vain for me to say I would not be mortified—but I will not incur any disgrace; unless it is disgraceful to desire to see a great experiment made, which all the knowledge we have on the subject, in the present state of science, leads us to hope will be crowned with success.

I have made this very brief, though necessarily imperfect statement of my reasons, for wishing to see the experiment tried, which can alone decide the question, to comply with earnest and repeated solicitations of my friends. I will now, in conclusion, say something for myself.

The present state of the science of Meteorology renders it highly important to know in what direction and with what velocity summer rains travel over the surface of the earth. What is their shape, round or oblong; and if oblong, in what direction their transverse diameter lies, and whether they move side foremost, or end foremost, or obliquely. Now I request gentlemen throughout the United States who feel interested in this subject, to keep a journal of all rains from the beginning of June till the end of September; noting their beginings and endings, the force and direction of the wind, and also of the clouds, and send the accounts (published in some paper) as early in October as convenient, to William Hamilton, Esq. Actuary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

Finally, if any gentleman intends to clear from twenty to fifty acres of woodland this spring, or early in the summer, in the western or northwestern parts of Pennsylvania, will he please to inform me of the fact as soon as convenient.

Journals of the weather also for the 16th, 17th, and 18th of March, 1838, kept in various parts of Virginia and North Carolina, are much desired; and if gentlemen can even tell me how the trees are thrown down, indicating the direction of the wind, the information will be highly valuable, and should not be withheld if nothing is known or recollected.

I am gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JAMES P. ESPY.

Philadelphia April 2, 1839.

THE POTOMAC FISHERIES.—The National Intelligencer of Monday says—From Alexandria, the great Fish Mart of the District of Columbia, and from both shores of our noble river, we continue to receive favorable accounts of the success of the shad and herring fisheries. The weather during the past week, has been auspicious to the best hopes and desires of the industrious and enterprising fishermen, and all others interested in the Potomac fisheries. We believe that, generally speaking, those who have this season embarked in piscatory operations, all along the shores of the Potomac, either, on the Maryland or Virginia side of the river have, so far, had abundant reason to rejoice at their success. Some individuals, we learn from undoubted authority, have already cleared, after paying all expenses, (no inconsiderable amount of money,) several thousand dollars; and their fisheries are yet 'in the tide of successful experiment.'

A WORTHY.

We know not who to charge with the authorship of the following, as it comes to us without head or credit in an exchange paper. Whoever wrote is a genius, as any one who reads it will confess:

'It's a miserable piece of business, said Neddy Brown, 'living's a miserable piece of business—and mankind's a miserable dog.—I've threatened to reform any time these ten years, because, though I love liquor, I hate toxication, and yet here I am the same old two and sixpence that I was last night, and every night before that which I remember.—I'm pretty tollol for an old man every night at twelve o'clock. Now, to-morrow morning I'll be for passing the reform bill, for the benefit of my constitution but at night the reform bill will be laid under the table. S'posing I was to join the temperance society by way of a slant and taper off with a quart or two of cider! But what's the use when I can taper off without joining? I wont be ruled by others, when I can go straight myself, if I've a mind to!' observed Brown, as he brought up against the wall. 'Temperance! fiddlesticks! I must have the right quantity. I've a great mind to go and get ganged! But if them temperance folks will go the entire animal; the whole sucker, the complete catfish. I'm the boy to join 'em. Quit the cities and I go into the woods and dine upon acorns. Veto pig tail, long nines and macobuy. But they won't. They are just like my dad, who used to hammer me for lying in bed, when I was a boy, and it was only because his coppers were so hot that he could'nt sleep, that made him get up himself Hot coppers is an earlier riser than a chicken, and the way to get up early is to take a treble allowance.—Bless my heart,' said Brown, 'if I aint getting the *where to go* in my head.'

'What's the matter, neighbor? said a man with a badge.

'I'm dizzy—got the where-to-go in my head instead of my feet."

'Shall I assist you?

'Sir you are too polite. You're an insinuating as a cork-screw. I'll not bother you.

'No bother, not by no means. It's my duty.'

'Here's a philanthropist! His duty to assist people in distress! Why your'e a bird—a perfect tom tit Chesterfield.'

'Don't run your rigs upon me larkey, or I'll give you another guess ort where-to-go. I've a sort of impression that your'e spurns. You've had too much tea and too little water.'

You hurt my feeling, and brush the blue off the delicate plume of my character by your insinevations. After to morrow I wont touch a toddy, if it should cry for me to kiss it.'

'Well, you shant be tuck up on suspicion. Can you walk a crack, foot to foot twistified fashion.

'If it wasnt that I'm troubled in mind, I'm sure I could I know I can to-morrow, if, you'll stop in after dinner, take of your things, bring your work, and stop to tea, as the gals say.'

'That will never do. Walk a crack, or you must walk your chalk before the mayor'

'Well, I will. You mus'nt laugh though, or you'll put me out.'

'Fire away, Flanegan, I'll be as grave as a jackass, or a justice of the peace when he wants his dinner."

'Stand aside!' roared Brown. Here goes!' He made a desperate rush to escape, but his accommodating friend put out his foot, and Neddy Brown typified the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

'I'm down, and it's all up,' sighed he. 'I'ts F for figs, I jigs, N for knuckle bones, and I S for Jack stones, with me. My knees are stov'in, and I can't tell whether I've got any hands or not. If I'd passed the reform bill or joined the temperance society, this would'nt have happened.

I'm a prey to the law, though I've prayed not to be, many a time. I'll knock off and become catbird for the future.—It will be a great saving of fips & clothes too, for my pants are too tantamount to the slack of fifty cents; clothes is riz; old Canvassback will charge full that, for sewing of a pan cake to each knee.'

'Why did'nt you behave nice, and do credit to them as fetched you up, instead of trying to break jail with no more manners than a hoss?'

'Ah, now, let me go, that's a good man, and I'll never do so any more.—Ah! do—your'e a clever fellow.

'How often upon your deed, and deed, and double deed, and cross your breath, have you promised that?'

'Don't ask me, for I can't tell. I hav'nt got my cyphering book. Long sums always bother me so.

'Then the case is all Dickey and down Dennis. When you re once took, and you're took now, as far as my readin goes, there's no screshunary power vestrated, under the constitution of the State in me for suffering you to mosey home, or cut stick any where else. For the law thinks if your bad enough scorched to be took, you're bad enough scorched to be hung on to; and I'm inclined, to think so too, seeing as how didoes in one street is pretty near as bad as didoes in another and men what's corned can't go straigh home if they were to try. It also appears that your flint has been fixed afore, & often as it has been fixed, so much bigger is my sponsibility. The natur' of the case is as clear as blue mud, especially as you tried to scratch gravel, break jail, and make yourself scarce. It's my opinion that I must tortle off with you, and hand you politely into quod.'

The court was so prolix in delivering his opinion, that Brown had fallen fast asleep before the awful termination which consigned him to quod, was received. With some difficulty he was aroused and carried to the grand depot of the bibulous, and in the morning was disposed of *secundum artum.*

THE TOMB OF AARON.—*Stevens' Incident of travel.*—On the very "top of the mount," (Hor.) reverenced alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber. in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our church yards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and, in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went dow till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly, he had no materials with him.—He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descending to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I came out and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint. My curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it: and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored. Petra, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose.—I was in agony of despair, when I found myself grasping convulsively the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial ar, I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand. and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guardeu and reverenced as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm up to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol, like peals of crashing thunder: and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear struck criminal. Suddenly I head from the foot of the mountain a quick and irregular discharge of firearms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulmans should come upon me, and find me with my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and, tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give.

THE DESERT HORSES.—*Stevens' Incidents of Travel.*—It is a part of the historical account of the Bedouin's horses, that the mares are never sold. My Shiek would have sold his soul for a price; and as soon as he saw that I was pleased with his mare, he wanted to sell her to me; and it was singular and amusing, in chaffering for this animal, to mark how one of the habits of bargain making, peculiar to the horse-jockey with us, existed in full force among the Arabs; he said that he did not want to sell her: that at Cairo he had been offered and fifty dollars, a new dress and arms complete, and he would not sell her; but if I wanted her, there being nothing he would not to do for me, &c., I might have her.

The shiek's was an extraordinary animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and the sheik, himself a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain round our caravan, with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war-horse of Idumea, so finely described by Job—'His neck clothed with thunder. Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.'

Nothing showed the hardiness of these horses, more than their drinking. Several times we came to deposites of rainwater left in the hollow of a rock, so foul and dirty that I would not have given it to a dog; and while their sides were white with foam, the shiek would take the bits out of their mouths, and sit down with the bridle in his hands, and let them drink their fill; and I could not help thinking that a regular bred English groom, accustomed to insinuate a wet sponge in the mouth of a heated horse, would have been amazed and horrified at such a barbarian usage. These two horses were twelve and twenty years old, respectively; and the former was more like a colt in playfulness and spirit, and the other like a horse of ten with us; and the shiek told me that he could count upon the services of both until they were thirty five. Among all the recommendations of the Arabian horse, I know none greater than this; I have known a man, from long habit, conceive a liking for a vicious jade that no one else would mount: and one can imagine how warm must be the feeling, when, year after year, the best of his race is the companion of the wandering Arab, and the same animal may bear him from the time when he can first poise a spear until his aged frame can scarcely sustain itself in the saddle.

The following extract from a recent British publication shows the unlimited freedom with which the press may treat of private character as well as of political institutions.

CHARACTER OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The time is almost gone when people will talk of that regal reptile, George the Fourth, as of one who redeemed the faults of his heart by his exquisite graces of manner—the time is almost gone when people will be found to accede to the judgment contained in those very absurd lines of a very noble poet, that he was—

"——without alloy of fop or foe,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."

George the Fourth was not a gentleman in any sense of the word except that he was born to wear white kid gloves and do nothing. As to his ease of manner, it was nothing more than a beautiful and most cool assumption of the fact of his being immeasurably the superior of every one about him, and a most implicit belief that they were all made to do him pleasure, and to live for his service. A man who entertained this idea could not but be easy and unembarrassed. Embarrassment arises from a suspicion of a man's own inferiority, and such a thought never occurred for a moment to George the Fourth: In every thing beyond this assumption of superiority, which no man who is eternally surrounded by flatterers can avoid, George the Fourth was the meanest and most despicable of mankind. He had not a sentiment of patriotism, generosity, or virtue, to warm his breast; he was not, therefore a *real* gentleman. He had not either one spark of that honour which forms a very bad substitute for these where these are wanting, and furnishes forth the *conventional* gentleman. He was the most reckless reprobate, and the most unprincipled swindler upon town. He was the greatest blackguard that haunted the stews. There is not one among the lowest or the low blacklegs that infest the metropolis, who possesses so perfect a freedom from any thing like restraint, either religious, moral, or honorable, upon his will, as George the Fourth had. He would contrive the most deliberate schemes of plunder; he would make a man drunk, and then cheat him of his property, as he did the Duke of Devonshire * * * * No man ever trusted him as a friend, who was not betrayed: no man ever associated with him as a companion, who was not ruined.

From the Norfolk Beacon, April 22

As we anticipated, the Board recently sitting at Washington has determined to build steam frigates forthwith. This is decidedly a good move, not that there is any prospect of war, but that time, and money must be freely spent before the perfect model of the war steamer is attained. It is said that the Fulton is a dead failure; but in the event of a war, she would be worth double her cost in a little while. She moves through the waters at the rate of thirteen miles the hour, and if the whole American Navy were at Gosport, she could escort them all to a tea-party in the Roads from sun to sun. So far from censuring the constructors of the Fulton, we give them full credit for their work. They have written the first chapter in the history of our war steamers. They have broken the ice—they have not labored in vain. Our packet ships are equal, if not superior, to those of any nation, and shall it be said that we cannot compass the sea-steamer? Let it be kept in mind, that we are sometimes apt to undervalue what we possess and overvalue what we do not, and the British steamer Medea, now plying between Halifax, Bermuda, and Jamaica, which is so highly extolled in our prints, has been pronounced a dead failure by some eminent English constructors. The friends of war steam navigation in this country will have to encounter strong prejudices. Jack Tar will say that he never can get the smell of fresh water out of his nose when in a kettle-concern; but when Jack lessens his grog as he is doing every day, his nervous system will be much invigorated: he will become thrifty, his sense of smelling will not only be improved, but his other senses, will be brighter; and it may be safely inferred that the introduction of steam into our national ships, aided by the apprentice-ship system, will elevate the condition of the common sailor, as it will most assuredly multiply the numbers.

UNPRODUCTIVE LAND.—A New Jersey paper states that there are lands in that State which will not support three whippoorwills to an acre, any way you can fix it, under the best cultivation. He of the Boston Times says that these must be like some lands in New Hampshire, which the owners are obliged to fence, in order to keep their cows from going on and starving!

From the Charleston Courier.

HENRY CLAY.

Nothing can be more extraordinary and unaccountable than the present position of S. Carolina in reference to the Presidential question. Separated from her Southern sisters—standing aloof from her natural allies of the South West—she occupies a strange and awkward place among associates new and incongenial. Cutting asunder the ties of kindred opinion and ancient friendship, she has abandoned her attitude of proud indifference, to obey a leader in whom she has repeatedly declared that she has no trust. Confidence, which Chatham pronounced to be 'a plant of slow growth,' sprang up in her warm soil like the gourd of the Prophet Jonah, in a single night, destined probably to wither and die as soon.

No measure of any importance requires her advocacy; no principle is at stake to demand from her the sacrifices she is making. The sub-treasury scheme—specie clause and all—that palladium of 'deliverance and liberty'—is consigned to cold neglect and hopeless oblivion.

No coming event casts a shadow before' of such portentous menace as to introduce her to seek protection from the men whom she has professed to scorn and detest, the influential advisers of the Chief Magistrate, BLAIR, BENTON and KENDALL. Having long and loudly protested against the views which guided in his impetuous career the retired monarch of the Hermitage, she now, in peaceful submission, joins the servile train, headed by him whose greatest glory is to follow in the footsteps and carry out the views of the American Cœur de Lion.

Fellow citizens! can you be induced to pause for a moment, and reflect deliberately on the alternative presented to you. On the one hand, we offer for your suffrages, a candidate of distinguished fame, HENRY CLAY, the great and gifted son of Virginia—a son of whom she might have been proud in her proudest days, when there were giants in the land. Without a rival among our Statesmen, the first of our living Orators, the observed of all observers in the Senate Chamber—his reputation belongs to our common country, and sheds abroad glory on his Western foster mother.

Calm, considerate & forbearing, he has more than once been the umpire in hotly disputed questions, and restored peace by the weight of his character, and the wisdom of his counsels. He is so familiar from long experience, with all the interests of the republic, that the whole nation is prepared to look to him on all great occasions, and to confide fully in his sagacity and patriotism.

In conferring upon him the highest favor in our power, we, the people, shall do honor to ourselves. What lustre can the possession of office throw around the name of the noble Kentuckian?—Through four administrations he has retained his hold upon the enthusiastic affection of his fellow citizens—'first in peace—first in war—first in the hearts of his countrymen,' and has filled the largest space in every eye that from abroad gazed upon us across the Atlantic.

He is in every way entitled to the warmest esteem and sympathy of Carolineans. All those qualities belong to him, and form prominent points in his personal history, which we are fond to regard as the peculiar characteristics of our most valued public men. A lofty courage, a chivalrous sense of honor, a frank avowal of every sentiment and opinion, a generous self-abandonment to the glowing impulse of feeling have been always the most striking attributes of the great leader of the Whig party.

Contrasted with these traits, let us notice the moral and intellectual features of the present incumbent of the Presidential Chair. Let us inquire what are his deserts—what services has he rendered to the nation? An *unconfirmed* Ambassador—*a Senator voting under instructions*—how has he proved himself equal to the stations it has been his fortune, to fill? What impress has he stamped on the times? What important measure has he originated or carried through?

Let us notice the singular pledge he has given to carry on the plans of his Predecessor—a strong minded individual it is true, but perverse, peremptory and violent, always prompt to assume responsibility, and construe the Constitution by his own understanding. Let us think of his marked disposition—mingled, as I do not deny, with many amiable qualities and much gentlemanly courtesy—to surrender himself to the guidance of those who surround him—not only the vigorous and bold Ex-President, but the audacious Blair, the dark minded Kendall, the insolent and domineering Benton, and, most, wonderful of all, even the imbecile Woodbury. These men are thus indirectly our rulers. These are thy Gods O Israell

Unlike his obsequiously worshipped chief, who concentrated and wielded with easy effort, the power of the fierce and wild democracy, Mr. Van Buren has been its mere tool, its echo, its shadow; a faint shade, a waning sound, a dull instrument. The story of his public life is a continuous history of failures, (for he has succeeded in nothing,) followed by strange reverse and unexpected advancement. He rebounds well, as empty bodies may often do, and being caught after his first fall by the strong arm of his political progenitor, he has been thrown far aloft. His second descent is destined to be final. Our Southern Curtius thought to save him by his astounding interposition and headlong plunge, but the wide gaping gulf is still unclosed and bottomless, and will swallow up the adherents of both in one promiscuous ruin.

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