To Josiah Bayly, Esq.,—Attorney General of Maryland—The able and accomplished Jurist, Orator and Scholar, this Oration is dedicated by his son,

JOSIAH BAYLY, Jr.

ORATION,

Delivered on the fourth of July last, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the town of Cambridge, before a numerous and crowded audience by

JOSIAH BAYLY, Jun'r.

We are assembled my fellow citizens, within this hallowed edifice, to commemorate the noble daring of our illustrious ancestors, who with a heroism unparalleled in the annals of history, in the face of the canon, and in view of the scaffold, threw off the galling yoke of British bondage, and established for their descendants, as an inheritance from them, a government of civil and religious freedom. Whilst we are here, animated with the liveliest emotions of exultation, of gratitude and of joy, millions of our fellow citizens, throughout this vast republic are simultaneously engaged in celebrating the events of this great and glorious day, This day, the birth-day of American Independence, ought never to be forgotten by American freemen. Its recurrence should be hailed forever by freemen, with acclamation, and songs of joy; for on this day the sceptre of the despot fell powerless from his hand, and the sun of Liberty which had so long been obscured in darkness, burst forth with splendor upon our land. To celebrate this day, then, with appropriate ceremonies, nay with bon-fires, with illuminations, and with shouts of joy, is the sacred duty of the American people. When the remembrance of the fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, shall fade from our minds, when we shall cease to remember the gratitude due to our revolutionary sires, when apathy shall take the place of patriotism in our breasts, we may then know that the vestal fire of liberty is extinguished in our land forever.

The pages of history inform us that it has been customary with all free nations, both ancient and modern, to celebrate great national festivals, those great days on which illustrious events have happened, and which resulted in their glory and happiness. The splendid feast of the Passover was instituted by the Jews to perpetuate the remembrance of their wonderful delivery from the iron bondage of Egypt.—And if we look to Rome, whilst breathing the atmosphere of freedom, we shall there find that she too had her festivals, commemorative of her victories, and the valor of her citizens. The birthdays also of distinguished individuals, who by their patriotism and noble deeds, have rendered great and signal services to mankind, have alike been deemed no less worthy of grateful remembrance.

These demonstrations of gratitude and respect on such occasions, are honorable to a nation. They are seen only in a land of freedom. Under a despotism the people dare not show them. The sentiments which occasion them are the guardian spirits of Republicks. They are the beautiful Corinthian pillars, which support and adorn the Temple of Liberty. And as long as these sentiments endure among us, so long our government will last, firm as the rock of ages,

Among the many chronicled events of the world, worthy to be commemorated, where can you find one to be compared in grandeur and sublimity to the era of American Independence. Examine the annals of mankind from the earliest ages. Search the records of every nation that ever existed on the earth, and where can you show me any such event as this, on the long line of history to which you look. We read of blood-stained battles fought in the holy cause of Liberty. We read of popular insurrections against imperial oppression, bursting forth like volcanic eruptions with terrific fury, of the outbreakings of whole nations in defence of their first born rights, of kings deposed, of thrones broken, of crowns and sceptres trodden in the dust, of cities destroyed, and their streets deluged in blood, and we admire the proud and lofty spirit of those who nobly died beneath freedom's banner, 'fighting in freedom's holy name.

But where are the results of these great and mighty achievements? Let the downfall of nations speak. Where is now the grandeur of Athens, the renowned city, the seat of Science, of Art, and of Elegance, the cradle of Philosophers, of Statesmen, and of Orators? Let her speak. She will say, my glory has departed. Go to proud Rome, the Queen of the Earth. Ask her to show you her many trophies, her boasted freedom, and her mighty power. She will tell you, they have vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision and are gone forever. Where too is beautiful Venice, once the pride of her citizens, and the admiration of the world? The light of her glory, too, has gone out in darkness. Barbarian triumph has demolished the grandeur of these illustrious abodes of liberty, and now stands grim upon their broken-down battlements, waving over their mighty ruins the imperial sceptre of relentless despotism. Look to France, who but a short time since, poured out legions of her citizens in the streets of Paris and in her other cities, shouting in the name of Liberty, defending themselves against the usurpations of their king and displaying on that occasion a valour even more than Roman.—Her king was hurled from his throne, and his crown torn from his head. The people cried out in triumph for the victory they had achieved. But behold her now. Instead of liberty and equal rights for which she fought and bled, France yet groans beneath the weight of despotism. Instead of a Republick, a monarchs crown yet governs her. And why did she not frame a government of civil and religious freedom when an opportunity so favorable was before her. When the God of battles had stretched forth his arm to aid her, why did she ignobly cease from the great work she had so gallantly begun. Her supineness has degraded her in the eyes of freemen. Her grovelling submission has thrown eternal spots upon her name.

You may search the records of history in vain. You may look to every age, and every clime. You may call up the mighty dead, who have slept for centuries in their graves, and they can tell you of no event since the first organization of a government upon the earth, equal in splendor and magnificence to the American Revolution. You may read of the valor and self-devotion of the Spartan Leonidas, who, with a band of but three hundred men, fought the powerful army of Xerxes, at the pass of Thermopylae. And you may read of the courage displayed by Miltiades and his Greek soldiers, on the far-famed plains of Marathon, But where can you show me an instance of the noble zeal and self devotion, of the incorruptible integrity, and enthusiastic love of liberty, displayed by the patriots of the American Revolution. Illustrious men! Their glory is immortal. The laurels which they gathered, will bloom with never-fading freshness. Their fame will be transmitted to the latest posterity with a lustre imperishable. Generations yet unborn will reverence their hallowed names. And their praises will be chanted to the remotest times.

Look back to the past. Contemplate the awful times when the great founders of our Republic proclaimed to the nations of the earth, that the Great God of Nature had created all men free, and that they would die, rather than live as slaves. Follow them through all their perils, their sufferings, their troubles, and their cares, and I ask you are you not overwhelmed with the loftiest emotions at so grand and magnificent a spectacle.

When our pilgrim fathers came over to this country, it was a vast and almost impenetrable wilderness, inhabited only by savages, and wild beasts as ferocious as the savages themselves. Driven by oppression from their native shores, they crossed the wide-spread seas to seek an asylum here. And lo! the desert smiled with joy at their approach. They brought with them the tree of Liberty, and planted it here amidst thorns and briars. And lo! it has lived, and flourished, and blossomed as the rose. Its summit has already pierced the lofty skies, and its mighty branches are seen in bold relief by all mankind.

They came, and across the ocean the spirit of chivalry followed them. On their arrival they looked abroad upon the wide-spread scene which lay before them. They beheld the dreary mountains, rearing up their rugged summits to the clouds, covered with the awful mould of innumerable ages. They saw the mighty forests, towering up before them. They heard the shrill hissing of the serpent, and the savage scream of the wild bird echoing among the trees. They looked upon the waters, and naught was seen but the wild man's canoe, sporting upon the waves. Clouds and darkness rested over them. But their proud spirits were not to be subdued. They had left their homes in search of Liberty. They had landed here to raise up freedom's banner on freedom's holy soil. And that they had resolved to do, live or die, survive or perish, for to them a grave even on the mountain's top, would have been sweet repose to the bondage they had endured from British tyranny, which with an iron-cruelty equal to the despotism of the Egyptian Pharoah, had trampled in the dust their heaven-born rights.

In a little time after the arrival of the pilgrims here, towns sprung up, churches were built and consecrated to the Most High God. Legislative bodies were formed, Courts of Justice were organized, commerce was established, and the colonies grew up into distinct and regular Governments. Their population increased with wonderful rapidity, and science triumphed over the downfall of the desert. At length however, jealousy, that green eyed monster, that arch-fiend of darkness, whispered in the ear of the mother country the immense and rapid growth of the colonies. Fired with anger and burning with resentment, she resolved to destroy in the bud their growing influence. She claimed dominion over them, and displayed towards them the bitterest feelings of hostility. Her attempt to impose taxation on the colonies kindled the flame of the Revolution. It was then our gallant fathers showed their dauntless valour. Their brilliant hopes were to be extinguished in disappointment. The hand of the destroyer was stretched forth to tear their hard earned laurels from their brows. The kingly sceptre was hanging over their heads. The lightnings were flashing in their eyes, and the thunders were roaring in the skies. It was a season to try men's souls. But the patriot band were not to be detered. That holy love of liberty, that lofty spirit of Independence, which had animated them, and which spurned resistance, was not to be subdued. The God of battles had promised them his aid, and they relied on him, for they knew that He rode on the whirlwind and could direct them in the storm. They knew that their cause was a righteous one, for it was the cause of freedom and of the rights of man.

The children of Israel saw their promised land from the summit of Mount Pisgah, and the patriots of the Revolution saw the grandeur of our Republic from the heights of Bunker's Hill. Great was the latter spectacle!—Sublime were the thoughts which it inspired! They saw it, and their souls were filled with joy. They saw it, and their hearts throbbed with exultation at the sight.

I cannot, my fellow-citizens, without trespassing improperly on your patience, recite the many incidents of those times which gave birth to our Republic. The short time allowed for an address like the present, necessarily forbids me. And moreover, I am confident they are as familiar to this audience as the well-known every-day scenes of life.—Some of them however, must not be passed by in silence on this occasion.

On the memorable fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy six, the immortal Declaration of Independence was sent forth from the Halls of Congress by the representatives of the American People. It was signed by Jefferson, by Hancock, by Adams, and a host of other worthies. It proclaimed that these States were, and of right ought to be free and independent; that all men were created equal; that they were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights, governments were instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government became destructive of these ends, it was the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as would seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, they mutually pledged to each other, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

I ask you, was there ever an assembly of men so great and august, whose objects were so grand, whose motives were so disinterested and pure, and whose moral courage so exalted? The grand truths they published were novel and astonishing, for they had previously been considered but as crude and undigested problems in political science. Although they had engaged the pens of Sidney, of Locke, and of Moore, yet even they in their most splendid visions never once dreamt to see them demonstrated by fact, or the practical example of an independent and sovereign people. The maxim that man was incapable of self-government, had long been an established political dogma, which tyrants had proclaimed from the mouth of the canon, and which the people had sanctioned with their submission and obedience.

But the patriots of the Revolution burst these bonds asunder. They taught that Nature's God created all men free, and they resolved to build a government, whose corner stone should be this sentiment. They broke asunder the iron chains which bound the human mind and set the captive prisoner free—rejoicing in its liberty. For this brave Warren fell. For this De Kalb bled and died.—For this great Washington bared his bosom to the storm. For this the canon's roar was heard at Monmouth and at Trenton, at Eutaw and at Camden, at Germantown and at Brandywine.

The war of the Revolution terminated at York-Town, where the invader was captured. There the bloody drama was ended, seven years after the sword was first drawn at Lexington. Covered with laurels, our gallant warriors returned to their homes, exulting in the glory their valour had achieved.

Among the distinguished individuals who battled in our revolution, there was a mighty chieftain, whose name I must not pass in silence. It was Lafayette—That son of valour—That heir of glory—That gallant warrior, who stood by Washington. He came from the ends of the earth, and joined us in the height of the storm. He heard from across the ocean the war trumpet sounding on our shores, and his soul was on fire at the sound. The splendour of a court could not restrain him, nor the pleasures of wealth, nor even the loveliness of a wife. He left them all, and crossed the ocean to battle for the rights of man in freedom's noble phalanx. His arrival here was at the gloomiest period of the Revolution, when the conquering army of Burgoyne was making advances into the heart of our country, when General Howe with an army far superior in number and discipline to that of Washington, was in possession of New York, was overrunning New Jersey, and was about seizing on Philadelphia, and when even the American army itself was revolting. He came, and his arrival was hailed with shouts of welcome. He landed in South Carolina, and immediately joined the army as a volunteer. During the war he was in some of the bloodiest battles that were fought, and was wounded at the memorable engagement on the banks of the Brandywine. When the war was concluded, he returned to his home, covered with glory. But he soon revisited our country, to participate in the triumph of American Independence. And it was then he uttered this never to be forgotten prayer, "May the immense temple which we have just raised to Liberty, ever offer a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind." On his return to Europe, he encountered innumerable hardships, and indescribable suffering, for his great spirit of independence had drawn down upon him the implacable wrath of Kings. But his love of Liberty in all his calamities, never abandoned him Even when the dungeon was his parlour, and when handcuffs and chains were his only company, he was still a philanthropist, and was ready to battle against oppression.

How magnificent was the spectacle before him, how grand were his emotions, when a few years ago he paid his farewell visit to the American people. How great was the elevation of his noble mind when he beheld the immense temple which he had assisted to raise to Liberty, offering a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind,—when he beheld the great field of his toils, his valour, and his glory. The nation rung with shouts of welcome on his approach. Hozannas burst forth from every mouth. The streets were lined with carpets for him, the learned decked their halls to greet him, the lovely went forth to meet him, the rulers of the land rose up to pay him homage. The old blessed him, the young shed tears to see him, and his name was echoed throughout the land. How his proud soul swelled to see the nation's gratitude! But his stay was short among us, and now the god-like friend of man is gone forever.

Illustrious chief! the world's sincerest friend,
We'll mourn thy loss till time itself shall end.

The war of the Revolution gave us Independence, but it was the last war with Great Britain that crowned that Independence with never fading laurels of national glory. It was then, the British Lion trembled when he saw the American Eagle soaring over him. It was then, our Republic took her station among the great nations of the earth. Whether upon the waters, or on the land, American valour rode triumphant in the battle. Look to the ocean. You behold the Guerrierre striking her colours to the Constitution, the Frolick yielding to the Wasp, the United States conquering the Macedonian, the Hornet sinking the Peacock, the Enterprize overcoming the Boxer, the gallant fleet under Perry capturing the British fleet on Lake Erie, and the victory of McDonough on Lake Champlain, either of them in skill and valor equalling even the great and far famed battle of Trafalgar. And if you look to the land, the victories of Chippewa, of the Thames, of North Point and New Orleans are before you, giving more eclat to the victors, and far greater in their results than even the splendid battles of Marengo or Austerlitz, of Lodi or of Waterloo.

And now, my fellow citizens, behold the grandeur of your Government. All men here, are free and equal. No imperial tyrant waves his blood-stained sceptre over you.—But equal rights and priviledges belong to all. Liberty of speech is yours. You can choose your rulers, and you can remove them too No church despotism chains the freedom of your thoughts, for conscience here is free. All the nations of the earth respect you.—Your ports are filled with foreign sail. Your cities are expanding hourly. The oppressed of every clime are daily flocking to your shores. Your commerce whitens every sea. Your navy thunders in the ear of every foreign port. Your rivers are filled with steam boats, and your country covered with rail roads for the comfort of the people. Your colleges and schools are flourishing. Your fields are rich with crops, and the shuttle and the loom are busy in the hands of Industry. Labour and art are adorning, and science is exalting the land which religion sanctified and liberty redeemed. When did a Government ever show such greatness?

May this immense Temple of Liberty never cease to offer a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind, until a voice shall proclaim, beyond the skies, that time shall be no more, until the arch angel upon the battlements of Heaven shall sound his trumpet to wake the sleeping dead, and until the nations of the earth shall all behold their God in grandeur and their world on fire.

"It is necessary that we should have a national bank to *regulate* exchanges," is the incessant cry of the whigs. With as much propriety might they urge a national bank to *regulate* the price of molasses throughout the country. *Regulate exchanges!* as if exchange would not regulate itself. How is exchange *regulated* between this country and Great Britain? How s exchange regulated between nations? How is exchange regulated between individuals? The cotton of the South yays for the merchandise of the North; the flour of the West for the manufactures of the East, without a national bank, or any other bank. Were there not an incorporated institution on the continent, and had there never been one, we should have been infinitely better off, so far as exchange is concerned. Our pernicious banking system, so far from *regulating*, has *un*-regulated all legitimate business. All trade resolves itself into exchange—an exchange of the products of one section of country, or of one country, for that of another. The cotton, the wool, the flour, the iron, &c. which we import, is not paid for in money, but in such manufactured and other products as we are enabled to give. It is a matter of trade, which, if left free, can always take care of itself. Because the banks have introduced a system by which they have *regulated* community out of a considerable per cent. of their earnings, there is a disposition on the part of the unthinking to be still further regulated. When the King or Japan was told that the Dutch had no king to govern them, he could not control his laughter at the absurdity. The idea was utterly preposterous to his Japanese majesty, and not less so, to a certain class among us, is the proposition to do away with incorporated banks. We have been so long governed and regulated by these tyrants, that some suppose it would be ruinous to have our liberty. 'We want a national bank to regulate exchange!' Who wants? Go over the country ask the freemen individually, who of them wants a national bank, for his own convenience. Not one in a thousand will be found in the affirmative, but that one will be noisy and abusive in proportion to his want of intelligence; and being a speculator, he bustles about in cities, gives parties to legislators, bestows money on presses, and really believes that the country and the laws should be made for his business. A hundred of these bustling fellows, crowding around legislatures, have more influence than a hundred thousand unobstrusive men in the country, who quietly pursue their occupation, trusting to the fidelity of their public agents, and asking for no in corporation to regulate their affairs, or to regulate exchanges.—*Hartford Times.*

To the Democratic Republicans of the counties.—The following from a Whig print in this city, sums up some of the principal duties which will devolve upon the approaching General Assembly of Maryland:

'The next session of the Legislature will be one of interest and importance. The derangement of the currency of the country—followed, as it has been, by the suspension of specie payments; has imposed new duties upon the Assembly, and greatly widened the sphere of its ordinary legislation. Important questions, relating to the Banking Institutions of the State, will arise for its consideration. How far it may be deemed expedient to legalise the suspension of specie payments, as has been done in N. York, Virginia and other States, what restrictions are to be imposed upon them in future operations; what guards against the abuse of their privileges it may be found advisable to provide; all these are questions which it will devolve upon the next Legislature to settle in a wise, liberal, yet firm and impartial temper.'

Your dearest privileges are interested in these matters. They touch vitally the every day interests of all classes. The interests of future generations are involved in the issue. This generation has felt, sorely felt the evils of a corrupt and irresponsible Banking-System imposed upon us by our fore fathers They (the Banks) have destroyed themselves. They will apply for a re-charter. Shall they dictate the terms of their charters? Or will the people, through their representatives, claim to themselves the right of prescribing the terms? The party in power is completely ruled by lobby members, in the pay of the Bank and the Merchants, and the Stock-Jobbers. The question is one purely between the people and the lobby members; the 'democracy of numbers' and the 'aristocracy of wealth'—Balt. Republican.

The poet turned Farmer.—A paragraph having appeared in the N. Y. Star, calculated to give the impression that N. P. Willis was a disappointed applicant for an office in a foreign embassy, Col. Morris sent a note to the editor contradicting the report, and added the following neat and off-hand description of Willis's present ambition and pursuits extracted from one of his private letters.—Baltimore Transcript.

'For the last month I have been running up and down the courses of four rivers—as *vide Mirror*. Pygmalion-like, however, in describing the Susquehannah, I have fallen in love with my theme, and (I am ashamed to confess to any thing so humdrum and sensible,) I have *bought a farm*. I am just now up to the lips in the respective merits of grain—land vs. pasture, hay vs. turnips, shade vs. sunshine—for the shadows which cool my eye, the farmer says, 'is darn'd bad for the corn!' Would you like an inventory of my dirty acres? First, and most valued, an island, say 30 acres, green as the wings of Thalaba's bird in the snow-desert, rimmed round with gigantic trees, and lying lovingly in the embrace of a divided tributary to the Susquehannah. Next, a meadow of some forty, acres, with here and there a gigantic tree, and a fringe of ash, willow and grape vines running along the river. Third, a long terrace of some twenty feet elevation, over which curves the road, and above this, rising in three noble terraces to the summit of the hill, the remainder of my territory—in all some two hundred of as lovely acres as ever were bought with lucre. Let me not forget two matters more, 'appertaining to said lots 1, 2 and 3,' viz: a wood of glorious trees on the summit of the hill, and a delicious brook emerging from the same and leaping with the grace of a bounding child over my three terraces to the river. What a droll sensation it is to own a brook or a tree! *Entre nous*, I am very much of the Indian's way of thinking, that a man has no more right to appropriate land than light or air. But we must take the world as we find it.

So here rest my household gods! And here (please God and my sometime calenture of travel,) I shall grow my potatoes and live in peace—(I had nearly written it pease.) There are woodcock on mine island, deer (in the winter) peeping from my wood, and, behind me, forests and 'antres vast,' where dwell—settlers, not Hamadryades. You will laugh at all this, but if there is faith or honor in man.

"Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow of people."

I have a growing disgust to towns, and a sneaking kindness hourly gaining on me, for hob-nailed shoes, a straw hat and a pony. Did I mention that I had a farm-house (buried in noble trees,) a man and his men, 'his wife and children three.' I have threatened to sacrifice one of these latter 'pledges' for every tree cut down without trial by jury—myself on the bench. A man is worth a tree—any day?

And so I am *a l'abri—des chose!* (By the way what a pretty name *A l'abri* would be for a farm! Cooper lives above me at the head waters of the river and mayhap will send me a flower of fancy by a Hindoo post, and below me eighty miles, is poetic Wyoming—what I call a pretty parenthesis. I would willingly take a chance for immortality *sandwiched* between Cooper and Campbell. * * * * Come to see me when I get my cottage built, and you shall have gun, pony and fishing rod, and a shake down of straw, and the hen shall lay an egg in your honor.'

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—It now requires fifty one votes to give the Whigs a majority in the next House of Representatives. The members elected before the President's proclamation stood, Whigs, 71; Van Buren, 105. The number chosen after the proclamation will be 66.

The foregoing extract is copied from the Nashville Banner. How are the Whigs to obtain FIFTY ONE out of the SIXTY-SIX members to be elected? It cannot be done. The administration will have a decided majority in the House of Representatives, and nearly two-thirds in the Senate at the next session. We have a queer set of politicians, however in this city. Having been affected themselves, and a few others affected, by the present revulsion, they have very sagely concluded they have "the world in a sling." "No compromise" is consequently their motto, and "down with the democracy of numbers" is their battle cry. Softly, gentleman; we ask no quarters. You are still on the weak side, and destined to be thrown into a more hopeless minority than ever.—Louisville Advertiser.

Fair of the Mechanic Association.—The time is fast approaching for the much talked about and much excited from exhibition of the mechanic skill and ingenuity of New England, which takes place at Fanuil Hall on the 18th September next, under the patronage of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association, who have appropriated a large sum to defray contingent expenses. The number of articles already registered on the "Entry Book" is quite large, and the notices of the Fair, which have been widely circulated, have created a spirit of emulation amongst manufacturers & mechanics which will produce an excellent effect, and concentrate the finest specimens of all the best and most useful products of New England Industry, at the Hall of Exhibition. The display of *Cloths* from our great manufacturing establishments, promises to be, and no doubt will be, the best ever witnessed in Boston.

The variety of machinery, curious and practical—models, in large and in miniature—specimens of good workmanship by all the mechanical crafts—will be numerous. The ingenuity of *woman*, too, will be exhibited in all that is effected by that little, but powerful instrument, the needle, and displayed in all the beauty of cunning workmanship. The ladies' department will be rich in fancy articles and works of utility, and we anticipate a grand show of needle work, embroidery, clothing, artificial flowers, wax work, and all that is produced by their plastic hands. This will add an interest to the exhibition, and where woman is not, or is not represented, where is the charm?—*Boston Trans.*

CAMBRIDGE:

MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1837

The late Elections.—From the partial accounts we have received, it seems Tennessee, Indiana, and Kentucky have gone against us, as they did in the late Presidential election. The state of Mississippi has gone in our favor. North Carolina stands about as it did, and the returns from Alabama are so far, quite favorable. We have already a large majority in the Senate of the U. States, and from the result of the elections in the various States, there is but little doubt that we shall have a commanding majority in the next House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States. We have done well in Maryland, and we stand fair throughout the wide extent of the Union, the great efforts of the schemy opposition to the contrary notwithstanding. If the whigs do not beat us in the midst of the existing squall and panic they have brought on, they might as well give it up, for they have now all canvass set to the breeze, with their agents, fore and aft the ship, pulling and pushing, with Nicholas Biddle and his sattelites midships, rowing in their best style. They have mutiny, however, on board, and if their vessel is not run ashore amid rocks and breakers, we have no doubt from the character of their crew, that they must squabble amongst themselves, and ultimately dismantle their barque. If they could possibly get into port safe and sound, they would then quarrel over the spoils, and thus dissolve partnership in a regular row.—Harrison, Clay, Webster, Calhoun & White all want to be captains, most assuredly.

The "Whig party.—If the whigs were candid and just in their opposition to the National Administration, denouncing it when its measures are obnoxious, and applauding it, when they are beneficial, some credit might be attached to their views. But it is so well known that their principle is an indiscriminate and exterminating condemnation of every thing proceeding from the National Councils, right or wrong, that but little importance is due to their suggestions, or adimadversion. They abused Gen. Jackson in the most billingsgate and unmeasured manner. They still abuse Mr. Van Buren without rhyme or reason, before the man is well saddled in his seat, and before the course of his policy is proved to be adverse or otherwise to the best interests of the Country. According to their accounts Gen. Jackson has so often ruined the country and suffocated all the National energies, that one would think that Mr. Van Buren could have nothing to operate upon, but the dead body, transmitted to him by his predecessor. Besides, the ordinary language of the whigs and their Editors, in speaking of the administration and its friends, is so indecent and intemperate that they cannot expect men who have a regard to propriety, will condescend to offer argument to persons whose minds are so illy constituted and whose tongues are so given to vituperation. The fact is, the opposition of the whigs is a factious one, because they condemn *right* or *wrong*; and it is no wonderr that commotion, strife and embarrassment exist in the country, when you find a powerful combination, composed of the particles, odds and ends of all parties, Anti-masons, Nullifiers, abolitionists, broken banks, insolvent merchants and restless office seekers, endeavoring to create as much difficulty as possible, and by force of panick and violent outrage, to break down the regular constituted authorities of the country. In order to effect this, all sorts of tales are told the people, and the grossest frauds & delusions are attempted to be practised. The whigs have many sins to answer for, in their gigantic efforts to produce distress, unsettle and unhinge the regular machinery of the Government, and throw every thing into a wide spread scene of chaos and confusion, calculating in the midst of the desolating uprooting of the established order of the land, they may find some means of coming into power. All their schemes will be fruitless. The people are proof against the wiles and wickedness of the opposition. They can well perceive, that the noise and bustle raised by them, is but a cheating humbug, by which they hope to gain the control of the administration. Charge distress in the country to the Van Buren party! Does not distress exist in Canada? Does it not exist in Great Britain? Does it not exist throughout the Commercial world? Did the Van Buren men occasion this? Do they control the operations of the terraqueous Globe? How ridiculous for the whigs, thus to attempt to deceive a patriotic community.

The Bucktown Convention.—Notwithstanding the summary manner in which the people of the District disposed of the Salisbury Convention, by blowing it sky high, and electing Mr. Dennis, the independent and anti caucus candidate, we still find the whigs of this county mustering their forces as of old, and endeavoring to rally them by a Buck-