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Moderelluneous.

From the Louisville Journal. Choice of Occupation.

choice of a proper occupation, it is necessary that he shall understand the nature of his son. If the boy is dull and plodding, and manifests no decided aptitude for any profession, it is of but little mo-ment, perhaps, into what path his feet are directed. He will be dull everywhere, and can succeed eminently in no occupation. But if, on the contrary, he is a youth of high spirit and quick feelings and should early evince the possession of those faculties which qualify men for distinction in some one of the professions, it is clearly the duty of parents to do the bidding of nature in such a case, and place the boy in the pursuit wherein his excellence is al-ready foreshadowed.

Very many parents are extremely foolish in choosing occupations for their children .- Their own fancies. in tead of the boy's aptitudes, are consulted; in the great majority of the cases, where this occurs, incalculable injury is done those who thus become the victims of parental folly. It is but too true that many parents have very incom-plete ideas connected with this momentous subject. Their choice of occupations for their children is the result of accident rather than reflection. Such parents are eminently culpable of neglect towards those who are entrusted to their care. Every one who understands the weight of the responsibilities which devolve on him will sedulously strive to in-form himself of the wants and necessities of his children, and of the particular aptitudes which they indicate for the business of this world. To fail here is to fail in one of the most serious duties which Providence has imposed on us.

We have no doubt that unwise selections of occupations is a very prolific source of evil. Of course, nothing but evil-evil to the individual and evil to the community-can result from chaining men to ungenial pursuits. If a man does not find employment for all his faculties in the profession to which he has been consigned, it is pretty certain that he will seek excitement for those portions of his nature, that his pursuit cannot stimulate, elsewhere. Hence persons feel their pursuits to be irksome. They resort to seemes and places of excitement and there waste and contaminate the heaven derived energies of their souls. The racecourse, the gaming table, and other abodes of vice are visited, in order that the miserable member of an ungental profession may satisfy the cravings of be merely an agriculturist. He may have a conhis heart which his business fails to gratify any one look around him, and he will soon be convinced that such melancholy consequences flow from placing persons in pursuits in which they do not succeed, and against which their hearts rebel every day. If a demon had the arrangement of this world, he could not invent a scheme more gratifying to his wishes than connecting persons with occupations their souls abhor. It is the sure way of rendering man curses rather than blessings. It infallibly entails misery on the heart; and no more certain method can be devised of blotting out the great original features which the Divinity has stamped on the human soul, and utterly at nihilating all the inherent beneficient qualities wrapped up in the recesses of the mind of man.

We speak, of course of the vast majority of human beings, and not of the isolated individuals of strong hearts, indomitable minds, and inflexible wills. The few that are gifted by nature with unconquerable energies of heart and mind cannot be tied down to what is uncongenial by the packthreads of accident and circumstance. Place these firmly resolved men where you may, and the redeeming energies of their souls will insure their emancipation from occupations unsuitable to them. They borrow strength from the obstacles which are before them, and, moved by the gigantic impulses of their hearts, they soon throw down all opposition, and pursue the course for which they were designed. Such men throw uside the implements of ungenial crafts, enter pursuits more germain to-the wants of their souls, and success inevitably crowns their efforts. Such men were the Giffords, the Stones, the Arkwrights, and the Davys, of other lands; and such, too, were the Shermans, the Wilsons, and the Henrys, of our own country. The remark, that superior men will find their true fields of action, is just. Such men will make their influence tell on the common destinies of mankind, let their early conditions be what they may. Even if you should bind a Sampson with ropes, he will break them, and however, inveterate the shackles may be with which you attempt to confine a strong, original man, he will throw them off when he has awakened to a consciousness of his powers, as easily as "the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane." Many of the leading men in our country at the present time have shown that it is impossible to confine some men to ungenial occupations.

They, however, are the few. The many have not the power to redeem themselves from irksome pursaits. However heavy the chain may be, they must drag it; however bitter the cup, they must drain it to the very dregs.—The curse of slavery to a disagreeable and unfit pursuit is on them, and they have not the means of emancipating them-selves from it. Nothing is more common in this country than to see men changing their occupa-tions. Those selected by their fond parents not suiting them, they change them off for others bet-

mily must have a doctor, a lawyer, or a preacher,

in order that mankind may be sufficiently slaughter-ed, worried, and bored. Eminently good and skilful doctors, lawyers and preachers, are of service to the community; but poor specimens of these classes are so common that every one understands their worthlessness. A good tailor is infinitely a more creditable man than a poor doctora good shoemaker is worth a hundred pettifeggers and a decent hatter is of ten times more service to the community than a drowsy clergyman. We yield to no one in our admiration and regard for awyers who understand the principles which lie at the foundation of our system of jurisprudence, and lift up their voices in favor of the rights and liberties of mankind-for those members of the medical profession who mitigate the physical calamities called on to discharge is to choose occupations for their children. In order to enable a parent to make of the world, and rescue the victims of disease fruition beyond the grave-neither do we yield to any one in the solid contempt we entertain for pitiful lawyers, for miserable doctors, and for those reverend gentlemen who scatter poppies like snow. flakes over the drooping heads of somnolent congregations. These professions are generally chosen because parents fancy that they afford more facilities for becoming respectable and eminent than others; but it should ever be borne in mind that those occupations which offer extraordinary facilities for rising, also offer extraordinary facilities for sinking.-Inferiority in a profession which urnishes unusual opportunities for ascending to distinction, is hateful; and none but those on whom Nature has lavished her highest gifts, should embrace them. We suppose there is no cure for diseased judgments which induce parents to believe their children endowed with all the gifts of all the gods; but, when a person has tried a profession and failed in it, he ought by all means to abandon it, and betake himself to the fields, for, perhaps, he may be able to plough, though he can neither make a good speech, preach an unctuous sermon, nor-remove a perverse fever. If it should please heaven to bless us with as many sons as Priam had, we would be particularly careful that there should be neither a doctor, lawyer, or preacher among them, unless their native tendencies surpass- ship of the Commodores and Generals, whom the ed the strength of our aversion to crowding those

professions with common men. The mechanical orts have unhappily come to be considered too unaristocratic for us republicans; and, hence, there is a decided aversion generally felt towards placing boys in them. This is a rank and undemocratic prejudice, for these pursuits, abstractly considered are as respectable as any others,-To those, however, whose sensitive noses are greatly inclined to turn upwards at propositions to make artisans of their dear children, we would suggest that insernuch as the manufacturing and agricultural interests are beginning to be prominent in our country, they can find in them genteal and profitable occupations for their children. knowledge of the sciences, occupies a position which in respectability, prospects of profit and hap-piness, is unsurpassed by the inducements to enter any other pursuit. In agriculture, a man need not the seeds best adapted to them—he may be skilful of death. But they had done well in their day and in the exercise of all the attainments which are indispensable to money making in his pursuit-he may understand how to cultivate his acres in the very best advantage-but he is not of necessity confined to these branches of his great art. No other profession furnishes the mind with so many mentum tunem et decus, as Cicero would say, had inducements to expand its acquaintance with all not long disappeared; but it was by the slow prothe departments of knowledge.—The scenery around him; the trees, the landscape, the waving fields; the winds and the stars of heaven; the openmer, the sombre splendors of autumn and the frosts at night. In the morning he was dead. No friend ing beauties of spring, and the harvests of sumand roaring gales of winter; all appeal to the poetic qualities of his soul, awakening them to the life, beauty, and decay of things around him, and clay—the spirit gone! Save me from thus dying! filling him with emotions of pleasure with which the heated and hurried man of business in the dusty thoroughfares of the city, is scarcely acquainted. A love for the poetical does not disqualify him for success in his avocation, but, on the contrary, it binds him to it with the cords of affection and sentiment, and throws a charm around his daily duties. Each bird that constructs her nests in his trees, each insect that hums its melody in his ears, and every thing that lives and grows around him invites him to become a natural philosopher. Without particularizing farther, we hold that the more extended the horizon of his knowledge the more admirable, happy, and useful he will be as an agriculturist and a man. Science has already been vedded to agriculture, and, henceforth they cannot be divorced. Why are not more of the sons of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, directed to agriculture? The earth is wide and heaven is bountiful; and there is, therefore, room enough for all. In this country, where our unoccupied territory is almost without limit, and where the Braminical curse which confines every son to the caste and the creed of his father does not exist, we are amazed that so few youths are sent by their parents from the cities to addict themselves to the pursuits of agriculture, at once the noblest, the happiest, the most dignified and soul enlarging of all the professions of this earth.

Social INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his dunies, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep neterest in the welfare of general society whose deportment is upright and whose mind is intelligent without stopping to inquire whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the seluctant, the backward sympathy the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesita-ting compliance, which the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue they frequently sink into insignificance.—Daniel Webster.

in a few weeks the solemn sepulchral rites were PARTY STRIT.—How terrible are party fueds! how strange they should be allowed to exist where so little might render friends those who now appear deadly foes? How awful ter adapted to them. This proves how common the error is of subjecting boys to occupations they are not fitted to succeed in; but it does not prove that all persons who are unhappy in their pursuits abandon them for others that are more congenial.

The learned professions of law, divinity, and medicine, possess most potent fascinations for the foolish persons.—Every extensive fao behold self-styled Christians at war with each other on

From the New-York Journal of Commerce. Death in High Places.

Death! the great counsellor, who man inspires With every nobler thought and fairer deed; Death! the deliverer, who rescues man; Death! the rewarder, who the rescued crowns."

It is well occasionally to review the doings of this great leveller of the homan race, were it only to mark his impartiality. If ever he was partial, it has been in recent times to public functionaries of the United States. The frequency of death in high places of late is remarkable. To say nothing of the long list of official men, whose dust is now with the long line of low monuments in the Congressional burial ground, within the past two or bree years, the fatal wand of the great disenchanter has touched many of the sons of ambition and of fame, and turned them to lifeless clay. If this article should meet the eye of any of this class, let it not be passed too lightly over, since they are in the shambles and will soon have to go the same way. A little while since, Rogers sat at the head of the Navy Board and was enrolled at the head of the Navy List. His name has been transferred to the roll of Death, and the hardy sailor has cast his last anchor in the grave. He sleeps among the brave, the fair, the eloquent and the wise-as they were. In the same neighborhood lies Tingey, who for many years served under the government of his country. After sailing many years over the sea of life, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in the tempest, he too made fast near his comrade. Not far was he carried from his command at the Navy Yard to his lowly bed in the earth." " Earth to earth-dust to dust." Next followed Stevens, struck down from the same station by the unconquerable foe, the conqueror of all, who never strikes his flag to the boldest and the bravest. At night Stevens was in the midst of apparent health. In the morning, the spirit had departed! It was a time of sudden death among public men. He was joined unto the congregation of the dead. It was not long before Patterson followed. He that was brave and troublesome to the foe of New Orleans, rejoicing in the common victory over the armed nyrmidons of England, could not maintain the conflict with the old enemy, equally expert and dreadful on the land and on the sea. He struck his colors and was conveyed to the silent companion-Spoiler has delivered over to the guardianship of the grave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,

But if the power of arms does not avail with his foe, still less does he yield to the force of arguments or the eloquence of appeals. If the warrior must lay his faurels at his feet, the statesman and would be deemed very lady-like, but the writer can civilian cannot be expected to do less. On the 4th testify, from sad experience, that no cooking, of July, 1842, Samuel L. Southard, acting as Vice President of the United States, and Francis S. Key, an eminent lawyer, each delivered an eloquent and dress, as this same lady-like pursuit. Such address at the east lawn of the capitol, under the grateful shade of wide-spread trees, to a multitude of Sabbath school teachers and children. Before had both ceased from among the living, and were entombed with the lowly dead. Key, like Pickney, of Maryland, and Webster, of New Hampshire, died in the midst of action. Almost literally were they carried from the bar to the grave! from the high elevation of mental toil to the lifeless inanity generation, and left an untarnished name to their friends and country. Not only was the Senate, spot, broke forth in the following beautiful train of riends and country. Not only was the Senate, the House, the Bar and the Army visited by the Great Leveller, but the judicial Bench has received a summons: Marshall, its light and its glory, ornacess of disease, pre-admonishing his friends, that they must prepare their minds for the extinction of that illustrious light. But Philip Barbour, who sat on his left, had no warning. His spirits ran high was near to witness his last agony, to receive his pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the salast breath. He was found in his bed a mass of cred city of Heliopolis, the land of Goshen, the If kind Heaven will deign to answer that prayer, oh, may my eyes, as they grow dim in the last struggle, look on the faces of those that love me, see perhaps the startling tear, and read in the exression of the features of the living, that sympathy for the dying which is above all price. At the funeral of Judge Barbour, Rev. Geo. G. Cookman, then Chaplain to Congress, delivered an address in his usual style, which was distinguished for simplicity, pathos and power. He delivered his message to the great ones before him with fidelity, as well as feeling. "Be wise now, therefore," said he, "Oh ye Rulers, be instructed, ye Judges of the earth, kiss the Son, lest he be angry," &c. In a few weeks he went down into the depths of the ocean with all on board the President. The President! what a fatal name was that in 1841! Returning from the inauguration of Harrison, I met Cookman. He shook me by the hand, "Farewell," said he, " I am off to England, I am going to visit my aged father, and to drop a tear on the grave of my mother." Alas! he was neither to see the one, nor to weep over the dust of the other. Nor wife, nor friends, nor sacred home" was he again to sec. That tremendous catastrophe bereaved, in his case, a wife and six children of their husband and father. Oh Death! all modes, as well as "all seasons are thine own." In this way was the Conqueror dealing out his fatal shafts on the right hand and on the left, when as if to attract a degree of attention he had never commanded since the day that Washington obeyed his high behest, he struck at the loftiest victim he could find and the nation trembled under the blow. The inauguration of Harrison was sublime, but the funeral, who shall describe it? That was a day never to be forgotten. And who was that chief, that rode

paid to him! Such is life! Never did those lines of Gray appear more tru and impressive than after reviewing such a history : The boast of heraldry, the pump of power, And all that beauty, all that speatth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour, The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

at the head of the many brave men, tried in battle

on the land and the sea, who in full military dress

followed the mortal remains of the then Comman-

performed for him. He had when in health de-

the temb. The Major General's salute was soon

Macomb.

def-in-chief to that last resting place?

Edmund Burke not only exclaimed poetically, What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," but in homelier prose said, he "would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in the world." If this was his testimony in life, what must it have been in death? Shall not this nation see in all this the hand of Providence?

Female Labor.

Miss Beecher, in the excellent treaties on "Domestic Economy," says much in favor of domestic education. The following extract may be read with profit:

"The last method suggested for lessoning the evils peculiar to American women, is a decided effort to oppose the aristocratic feeling that labor is degrading; and to bring about the impression that it is refined and lady-like to engage in domestic pursuits. In past ages, and in aristocratic countries, leisure and indolence and frivolous pursuits have been deemed lady-like, and the refined countenanced such an opinion. But whenever ladies of refinement, as a general custom, patronize domestic purcuits, then these employments will be deemed lady-like. It may be urged, however, that it is impossible for a woman who cooks, washes or sweeps, to appear in the dress, or acquire the habits and manners of a lady; that the drudgery of the kitchen is dirty work, and that no one can appear delicate and refined while engaged in it. Now all this depends on circumstances. If a woman has a house, destitute of neat and convenient facilities; if she has no habits of order and system; if she is remiss and careless in person and dress; then all this may be true. But if a woman will make some sac. fices of costly ornaments in her parlor, in order to make her kitchen neat and tasteful; if she will sacrifice expensive dishes in order to secure such conveniences for labor as protect from exposures; if she will take pains to have the dresses in which she works made of suitable materials and in good taste; if she will rise early, and systemise and oversee the works of her family, so as to have it done thoroughly, neatly, and in the early part of the day; she will find no necessity for any such apprehension.

It is because such work has generally been done by vulgar people, and in a vulgar manner, that we have such associations, and when ladies manage such things as ladies should, then such associations will be removed. There are pursuits deemed very refined and genteel which involve quite as much exposure as kitchen employments. For example, to draw a large landscape in colored crayons, washing, sweeping, or any other domestic duty, ever left such deplorable traces on hands, faces, things depend entirely on custom and associations and every American woman, who values the institutions of her country and wishes to lend her influmay feel that she is doing this, whenever, by her example and influence she destroys the aristocratic association which would render domestic labor de-

Mount Sinal-President Durbin, after he had visited this renowned and thought, when contemplating the scene anew

with his pen in hand, to record the sentiment : "I have stood upon the Alps, in the middle of June, and looked abroad upon the snowy empire-I have stood upon the Appenines, and looked abroad upon the plains of beautiful, eventful Italy—I have stood upon the Albanian mount and beheld the scene of the Æneid from the Circean promontory over the Campagna, to the eternal city, and the mountains of Tivoli-I have sat down upon the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis where Moses and Aaron on the part of God and his people, contended with Pharoah and his servants, the death of whose "first born of man and beast in one night" filled the land with wailing; but I have never set my foot on any spot from whence was visible so much stern, gloomy grandeur, heightened by the silence and solitude that reigns around; but infinitely more heightened by the awful and sacred associations of the first great revelation in the form from God to man. I feel oppressed with the spirit that breathes around me. and seems to inhabit this holy place. I shall never sit down upon the summit of Sinai again, and look upon the silent and empty plains at its feet; but I shall go down a better man, and aim so to live, as to escape the thunders at the last day, which once reverberated through the mountains, but have long since given way to the gospel of peace. I can scarcely tear myself away from the summit, and I wished I too could linger here forty days in converse with the Lord."

Advice to a Dacuster.—Let me counsel you then, sever to utter an expression, or do an act, which even ooks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your past, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you any thing like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this is not so unformed to the commend to you any thing like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this is not so unformed to you are an excessive forwardness. While unate an extreme, as an excessive forwardness. While you so modestly accept any attentions which propriety, warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or at taking a man's heart by storm on the other. Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed, I had rather you would be almost any thing else, which does not involve gross moral obliquity, than this. It is the fate of most belies that they become foolishly vain, the fate of most belies that they become foolishly vain, think of nothing, and care for nothing beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a mad bargain, which involves their destinies for life. The more solid and enduring esteem you enjoy the better, and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means; but to be admired, caressed and flattered, for mere accidential application which involves pathing of intellectual cidential qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual, or moral worth, ought to render any girl who is the sub-ject of it an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance, but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a scribed the peculiar style of the military salute to the deceased President, as the body was borne to

blind admiration.

I will only add, that you ought to be on your guard
Relyon it, the man who against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the me flatters you, whatever he may profess, is not your friend. e, and a geal mark of friend. flatters you, whatever he that you have a real mark of friend.

It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet horiestly, of your faults.

If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself

If you ground; if you continue to yield, you are on dangerous ground; if you continue to yie not improbably undone.—Rev. W. E. Sprague.

Molitical.

From the Baltimore American Whig. Is Henry Clay a Federalist?

The reckless flippancy with which the por injuy politicians of the present day denounce Flenry Clay as a Federalist, is most ridiculous and disgusting. Do these men know any thing about federalism, or Mr. Clay's connection, when they make these unfounded assertions? or do they it tend, wilfully, and knowingly, to impose upon the public, by the palpable falsification of history ?--They are compelled to take one horn or the other of the dilemma; for, if federalism is what it used to be it has no more zealous opponent in the universe than Henry Clay. He came into public life, as every one knows, an ardent republican, and sustained with ardent enthusiasm, the republican administrations of Jefferson and Madison. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this fact, for there are too many proofs of it recorded on the pages of American history, for any one to doubt it. Was Henry Clay a federalist, when, near thirty years ago, on the floor of Congress, he defended the character and fame of Mr. Jefferson against the violent assaults made by Josiah Quincy, then the eader of the federal party in the House of Repreentatives? The following was the language of Mr. Clay on that occasion 4

" Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, carr exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. In 1801, he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation, the violated Constitution of his country, and that is his crime. He preserved that instrument in form, and substance, and spirit. a precious inheritance for generations to come, and for this he can never be forgotten. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man! When the gentleman, to whom I have been compelled to allude, shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors, the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory conored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs of American history
—an oasis in the midst of a sandy desert."

And this is the language of a man whom the upstart politicians of the present day-men who, at the time Henry Clay was thus boldly defending the political opinions of Thomas Jefferson, were 'puling and mewing in their nurse's arms"-are stigmatising as a federalist.

Again-we presume no grown man is so ignoant as not to know the part taken by Henry Clay in favor of the last war with England, and it is also known that never were the lines of party more distinctly drawn than immediately preceding and during the continuance of that war. At this critical period of our country's history-(to use the language of an eloquent writer)-when every artifice was resorted to for the purpose of alienating the confidence and affections of the people from Mr. Madison and his advisers-when Nullification and Secession were threatened in England-when the Hartford Convention endeavored to produce a dissolution of the Union-and when "Peace Candidates" for the Presidency were brought into the field, backed not only by New unessayed, to effect the overthrow of the Administration of Mr. Madison, and with it the republican doctrines of which it was the offspring and the champion-when even the "favorite son of New York" was leagued with those who declared it to be "unbecoming a moral and religious people" to refere at the success of our arms-who threw every obstacle in the way of the successful prosecution of a war waged in defence of the national rights and honor-preventing loans, checking enistments and denying the obligations of the militia to obey the requisition of the President-while we say, Mr. Van Buren occupied this position until he saw that the majority was fixed and immovable against him, when with his usual dexterity and treachery, he descrited his allies-Mr. Clay stood upon the floor of Congress, the main pillar of the Administration, cheering the country in the hour of darkest gloom and most imminent peril, infusing confidence into the timid, confirming the wavering, and repelling every assailant by the thunders of his eloquence and the lightning glance of his indignant eye. He thus depicts the conduct of the Federal party at that day : The course of opposition by which the admin-

istration of the government has been unremittingly impeded for the last 12 years is singular, and I believe unexampled in the history of any country. The administration has not been forgetful of its solemn obligations. No art has been left unassay. ed: no experiment, promising a favorable result, left untried, to maintain the peaceful relations of the country. No matter with what sincerity, with a what real effort, the administration cultivates peace, the opposition insists that it alone is culpable for every breach that is made between the two countries. Restriction after restriction has been tried-negotiation has been resorted to, until further negotiation would have been disgraceful. While these peaceful experiments are undergoing a trial, what is the conduct of the opposition ?-They are the champions of war-the proud, the spirited, the sole repository of the nation's honor, the men of exclusive vigor and energy. The administration on the contrary is weak, feeble and pusillanimous-" incapable of being kicked into a war." The maxim 'not'a cent for tribute, millions for defence,' is loudly proclaimed. Is the administration for negotiation; the opposition is tired, sick, disgusted with negotiation. They want to draw the sword and avenge the nation's wrongs. They are for war and no restrictions, when the administration is for peace. They are for peace and restrictions when the administration is for war. You will find them tacking with every gale, displaying the colors of every party, and of all nations, steady only in one unalterable purpose, to steer, if possible, into the haven of pow-

Is this the language of a federalist? But probably we shall be told that Mr. Clay has changed his opinions, that he has abandoned the republican party, and joined the federalists. Wherein has he changed? What single opinion does he entertain now, what measure does he advocate, inconsistent with his opinions at that day ? Search the annals of his life, and, with the exception of a