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BIOGRAPHY. A SKETCH OF THE Life and Public Services OF HENRY CLAY.

In the month of December, 1842, Mr. Clay, having private business in New-Orleans...

On his return homeward from Louisiana about the middle of February, 1843, his progress was continuously impeded by vast assemblages of the people to meet and welcome him.

At Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, Mr. Clay was met and welcomed by the largest concourse ever assembled in the State.

Early in April he addressed a large body of his fellow citizens in the Court-House yard at Lexington...

In his reply to a committee of citizens of Raleigh, dated 10th July, 1843, he consents to pay a visit, some time in the course of the next spring to that State...

Several letters from Mr. Clay on the subject of the Tariff appeared, during the summer of 1843. Nothing could be more explicit and undisguised than the expression of his views.

The sum and substance of what I conceive to be the true policy of the United States, in respect to a Tariff, may be briefly stated.

I think there is no danger of a high Tariff being ever established; that of 1828 was eminently deserving that denomination.

After my return to Congress in 1831, my efforts were directed to the modification and reduction of the rates of duty contained in the act of 1828.

On the 25th February, Mr. Clay reached Mobile on his way to North Carolina.

ally, the duties which it imposes are lower than those in the act of 1828. And without intending to express any opinion upon every item of this last Tariff...

My opinion, that there is no danger here of a high Tariff, is founded on the gratifying fact that our manufactures have now taken deep root.

By this it will be seen that Mr. Clay is in favor of sustaining the present Tariff; and that, so far from contemplating higher and higher duties, he believes that the rapid and constant progress of our manufactures tends ever to diminish instead of increasing the necessity for protective duties.

Notwithstanding these clear and unequivocal declarations, the attempt is frequently made to misrepresent Mr. Clay's views in regard to the Tariff.

The Whigs of Fayette County, Virginia, some time in September, 1843, wrote to Mr. Clay requesting him to favor them with a visit on his way to or return from North Carolina.

Considering the youth of our Republic, and the virtuous and illustrious men who have filled the office of Chief Magistrate of the Union, it is painful in the extreme to behold such an example of utter abandonment of all the obligations of honor, of duty and of fidelity.

Against Mr. Tyler no exertion is necessary. He will soon retire with the contempt and amidst the scold of all honorable men.

In December, 1843, Mr. Clay's private affairs again required his presence in New-Orleans. He was welcomed on his route to that city by the same testimonials of popular attachment that had signalized his journey of the preceding year.

You call for a speech from me, my fellow-citizens: It is not proper that I should make a speech, and I will not make a speech.

On the 25th February, Mr. Clay reached Mobile on his way to North Carolina.

disembarked. On the next day he was to receive his fellow citizens at the Mansion House. The Advertiser of the 26th says: "Mr. Clay, we are pleased to say, is looking in fine health, and promises to live yet many years, the benefactor and the pride of his country."

On the 5th March, he left Mobile for Montgomery, Columbus, Ga., Macon and other intermediate cities on his route.

One of the most clearing evidences of the wide-spread reaction in the public mind in favor of Mr. Clay may be found in the letter of the Hon. William C. Rives, U. States Senator from Virginia, dated January 1st, 1844, and addressed to Colonel Edmund Fontaine, of Hanover County.

"Could any thing inflict a deeper wound on the cause of Republican Institutions than such a spectacle of levity and instability on the part of the constituent body as would be exhibited in the restoration of Mr. Van Buren, after the overwhelming condemnation of his Administration pronounced by the almost unanimous electoral voice of the country but three short years ago!"

"It is impossible for any reflecting man to contemplate the actual and prospective condition of the country without seeing in it already the germ of new difficulties and troubles, which may in their approaching development, agitate our glorious Union to its centre."

The worst and most dangerous aspect they present is, that all of them bring into immediate and opposing array, if not into angry and hostile collision, the sectional interests and feelings of the different geographical divisions of the Confederacy.

"You are not going again," said she, "how can you go—oh, do not leave me now—I know you never will return—I know you will not. I have had a dream, and if you go away I shall not see you again—I know I will not. Oh, will you not stay with me?"

To this very day, do I meditate upon the strange incident of that night, and frequently do I awake from a dreamy sleep, imagining that I hear her voice begging her husband not to leave her, and though her Henry never came back to relieve her disordered mind, she was soon called to join him in a better world.

The old lady of the cottage still dwells there, and to all her visitors repeats the sad story I have just related. She says often at twilight she imagines that the spirit of her Clara returns to her fireside; and the whistling of the winds through the crevices of her doors she turns into plaintive moans of grief.

"Did you ever go to the military ball?" asked a hisping maid the other night, of an old veteran of Jackson's army of 1815. "No, my dear," said the old soldier; "I once had a military ball to come to me—and what d'ye think? It took my leg off!"

An Irish counsellor, being questioned by a Judge, to know for whom he was concerned, replied, "I am concerned for the plaintiff, but an employed by the defendant."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Insane Mourner.

Twilight possesses charms for the lover of solitude—if a communion with one's own thoughts may be considered solitude—and I have ever made it the period of lonely rambles.

I had not sat long before the widow entered. She was beautiful, even though sorrow had driven from her cheeks the flush of the rose. But a few months had elapsed since she had given her affections to the man she now mourned.

"I thought you would come," said she, gazing wildly into my face; "they told me you would not—they said you had died in a distant land, but I did not believe! Why don't you speak to me? You have forgotten me! Oh! why did you go away and leave me?"

"Come closer to the fire, my husband—it is cold—very cold! You do not remember your Clara; but I am happy now—oh, yes, I am happy because you are with me again—you'll not leave me—I know you will not!"

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Portugal is a wise house: a guingette of the south; an ill-ordered cafe, with yellow visaged waiters, and nothing more. The house is kept by the same family, the same royal sign hangs over the door, and the wine is neither better nor worse.

Prussia is ploughing her sandy soil, navigating her shallow rivers, and speculating on being made a great commercial nation with but a single port in her dominions.

"Earth's blossoms thrive not in the shade, Unblest by gentle showers from heaven; But that sweet flow'ry, by kindness made To bud and bloom, will never fade, And freely are its odors given."

"I never was," said the Hoosier. "I hail from the State of Indiana myself, but I have lived six years in the Iowa Territory."

"Apollo strikes the lyre," as the vocalist said when he caned a lawyer.

From the London Britanni.

Europe in 1844.

The great approach of the session of Parliament gives a new interest to a glance at the general condition of Europe. It is remarkable that no national change of importance has occurred during the past year.

France is colonizing, talking of commercial treaties, frightening the Bay of Tunis, and marching and countermarching in Algiers. She was doing the same a twelve month ago.

Austria has slept. Her only sign of life is an occasional start in her sleep, a cry in which the name of Italy is distinguishable, a shudder when the Russian bear seems to walk across her dreams, and a smile when she murmurs the name Hungarian liberty.

Russia is hunting deserters, dungeoning smugglers and squeezing the Jews. But all this she has been doing for the last half century. She has been conquering deserts of rock, provinces of sand, and mountains of snow.

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There is touching sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye beholds without imbibing its influence.

Some of the Beauties of Tyranny. During the reign of Peter the First, Ozar of Russia, it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles who offended him, by an imperial order that they should become fools.

The Grave of Daniel Boone. The St. Louis New Era, in the course of a sensible article, suggesting to the people of Kentucky and Missouri the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of Daniel Boone.

Time.—When we play, or labor, or sleep, dance, or study, the sun posteth and the stars run. In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth.

My specter brother said a venerable looking prospector of the Ethiopian race, "Messed am do dat insecta dudda, for dey aint gaine to be disappointed."