

and report is not worth the chase; and that should be captured, he is likely to be one thing but a previous prize. Let the pastor work as much of his Master's great work on his hands, that he cannot find anything to find definition, and so much of his Master's spirit towards the rest of them, that he shall love to pray for and bless them. If he will take care of his Master's work, his Master will take care of his character. He need not divide his time between them. Good care of the high post committed to his hands, will secure for him all the reputation he needs, to shine as a light in this world and to shine in the everlasting beauty and holiness of heaven.—Boston Recorder.

EXTRACTS

From a speech delivered in the Whig Convention, held at Clayton, Alabama, by Rev. Mr. Carey, and published at the request of the Convention.

"I have inquired, sir, that the Temple of Liberty has been shaken to its very base, by the genius of this thing called Democracy. And who doubts it? Who has forgotten the scenes of 1831-2, when the sound of the battle drum was heard in Carolina, her plains covered with the armies of Andrew the Great, and her coast lined with his frigates-of-war. What patriot heart but not with painful anxiety, when the issue was suspended on an appeal to Congress? The appeal was made—it was rejected—the genius of democracy reigned within the temple of liberty, and in stead of an armistice the bloody Force Bill was passed. The toxin of war reigned throughout the capital, and the armies of the government were commanded to howl 'the traitors' or exterminate them from the home of their fathers. Sir, it was an eventful hour, the old Lion of Democracy howling for the blood of freedom's sons, and the Goddess of Liberty weeping o'er the scene! It was indeed an eventful hour—the full blow, and a conflict ensued which dissolve the Union and spread desolation through the land. In that eventful moment, the visage of an ever-worn majestic being appeared, on whose breast seemed to be suspended the ponderous worth of Liberty and the Union, when lo! a voice as from the ghost of Washington, exclaimed—'save the Union! was purchased with the tears and blood of your fathers!'—'Twas CLAY, sir! that matchless statesman, CLAY! bearing in one hand the olive branch of peace, and in the other the sword of truth and of liberty, he approached the altar consecrated to liberty—there he laid his offering, and there, with that burning, impassioned eloquence, congenial with his exalted nature—in the name of Liberty, and in the name of the blood stained spirits who purchased it, he bade the daring sons of democracy sheathe the swords and not wreak them in the blood of their brethren. His mandate was obeyed—the old Lion of Democracy crouched in his lair—peace was restored and the Union saved.

Mr. President, my heart recurs to the scenes of that eventful hour with emotions unutterable, and when it shall cease to beat with the warmest pulsations of mortal approbation for the matchless act—by that great drama of my country's liberty, let me receive the execrations of my country, and the curse of my country's God. I said it then, sir, and I say it now, fearless of contradiction, that such an instance of the power of mind over the dazing passions of despotism, was never before exhibited to the world. The edict was passed—the blood warrant signed—the old Lion of Democracy grasped it in his paw—but one stroke of that overpowering eloquence, before which Kings tremble and Despotism bow, made the Heron of New Orleans quail on his throne, and restore to the polluted altar of liberty the blood stained edict which he had seized with delight. I repeat it sir—such an instance of the power of mind over the dazing passions of despotism had never before been exhibited to the world. There was a wreath of civic renown—a halo of immortal glory around the brow of Henry Clay in that hour, which presided him in bold relief, as the great orator, the purest patriot, and the most magnanimous statesman in the universe. T. B. of Calhoun sir, as the great Hercules of mind and spirit—great indeed are the powers of Hercules, but great as Hercules is, the old Lion of Democracy had him bound in bonds of Heap—and whoring his bloody fangs, he was ready to tear the Herculean giant into a thousand atoms. Talk of Webster, as the great master spirit of the age—great indeed is Webster, but Webster was there sir, and great as Webster is, he had not the heart to approach the open jaws and bloody fangs of the howling lion, and bid him stay his wrath. 'Twas reserved for the noble soul of Clay to do the deed, and it was done.

Mr. President, if no other deed than that which has excited the admiration of an admiring world, had marked the political career of that illustrious statesman, it is enough to place him first in the hearts and first in the affections of the Whigs—but sir, his deeds of magnanimity in the council hall of his country—in the cabinet at home—and abroad as an ambassador of liberty, are engraven in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the bosom of his country.

Mr. President, it is a lamentable fact, that our government for the past ten years has been approaching a despotic monarchy. Our rulers have dared, under the hollowed garb of democracy, to perpetuate deeds in defiance of law, and contrary to the expressed will of the people, which no crowned head in Europe could have done, but at the risk of life. It is time for the people to rise in the majesty of their rights and arrest a spirit which

desires to jeopardize all that is dear to the genius of liberty. I have said sir, that the genius of despotism which under the hollowed name of democracy, pervades our country, originated at the seat of government; and if the incidents to which I have referred, do not prove it, there is no despotism on earth. It is too late to recall the past and mourn over the folly of placing in the highest offices within the gift of freemen, men of the most despotic principles and notorious exaltation. It only remains for us to profit by the past, and adhere more closely to the spirit and precepts of our illustrious ancestors, in the selection of our chief officers. It was said by Washington—'there is never was a bad man who had ability for great and good services.' Let this sentiment be engraven in the hearts of Whigs as the criterion by which they are to be governed in the selection of their rulers; let it be recorded for posterity, let it be proclaimed to the world, that in the face of this sentiment they hold Mr. Calhoun responsible for his biography of Mr. Van Buren—and in the face of this sentiment they place Mr. Clay as far above the great political associates, as honesty and consistency are above prevarication and chicanery. Mr. Calhoun told the Whigs, sir, when they were his only friends, and when they were determined to see him triumph or be suspended by the same halter with which his neck was threatened, he told us then, sir, that Mr. Van Buren was a bad man; just as bad a Washington assured us was incapable of great and good services. He told us that he was 'the chief adviser of the act which pointed the guns of the Naheez at wharves of Charleston'—that 'he was destitute of honesty as a man, without principle, without patriotism, a man in whose soul a noble manly principle could not exist.' He told us all this, and we believed it; the whole world either believed or could not deny the charge, for his whole life exhibited him as a political weathercock, turning to every point of the popular breeze, and vacillating for and against every principle of political economy, from the commencement of his political career. That bad man, sir, with all the evidences of his want of honesty and of patriotism, was taken in the arms of Mr. Calhoun as his bosom friend, worthy of his confidence and worthy of the suffrages of the Whigs for the highest office within their gift. Here, sir, was the separation of Mr. Calhoun and the Whigs, except those of South Carolina, who, at the bidding of their illustrious leader, became as suddenly converted as St. Paul on his journey to Damascus; not, however, like the Apostle, from the principles of a false to a righteous faith, but to the faith of Van Buren Democracy, and the science of Van Buren TWISTIFICATION. As my old friend Peter Porcupine calls it, Here sir, I hold the integrity of Mr. Calhoun—here I hold the integrity of the Whigs—let the world decide between us.

But Mr. President, I beg leave to place Mr. Calhoun in the face of another precept of Washington, for Whigs place a high value on all the precepts of that mission spirit of liberty. 'No man,' said he, 'ever knowingly employed a bad man but to accomplish some selfish or evil purpose.' Sir, I will cherish this sentiment with my last breath, and I affirm that it has been literally verified by the judgment of John C. Calhoun and Martin Van Buren. Such an amalgamation of mind and spirit was never before exhibited to the world, nor did it ever enter the mind of the physiologist to conceive a union of converse spirits possible. I grant, sir, there may be circumstances in which a bad man may be employed in a subordinate capacity, but to confide the destiny of such a country as ours, in the hands of such a vacillating, designing, cunning fox as we were assured was the character of Mr. Van Buren, is more than can be attributed to a disinterested patriot. Here, I repeat, I hold Mr. Calhoun; and I presenting his claims in this point of view, I will not detract one item from his merits. I will cheerfully award him all the honor of past deeds; his arduous and meritorious services in the councils of the country; his Herculean powers of mind; his depth of thought; his vast and boundless researches; his extensive and accomplished erudition; to which I will add that which constitutes the chief glory and dignity of men a moral character of the highest order, I will cheerfully award him all this, and ask, why the amalgamation of such a man as his with the 'little grovelling scoundrel' whose soul he assured us was not large enough to contain one noble manly principle? In the name of consistency and moral honesty, I ask, why should a statesman of Mr. Calhoun's exalted character, select such a man to preside over the destiny of his country? Sir, the answer is at hand—Washington was right, it was to accomplish a selfish purpose—Mr. Calhoun had discovered that Mr. Clay was the favorite of the Whigs, that he had either to cease aspiring to the Presidency or seek new friends, and the friends of his 'little grovelling scoundrel' were to become his friends—and his friends they may continue to be, until

Like Van, Van, He becomes a used up man."

So much for his selfish purpose, Mr. President, but what shall we say on the evil purpose which Washington assures as a bad man is ever employed to accomplish. Why sir, that 'bad man Van' was to wage an eternal war against the currency of the United States Bank which Mr. Calhoun assured us but a short time before, was 'the very best currency in the world,' and which I am happy to say the people now believe to be one of the most sound truths he ever uttered. That bad

man was to push his conquest against an institution which for forty years had sustained the credit and honor of the nation throughout the commercial world, affording at the same time a currency equal to gold and silver, both for the government and the people, and which currency Mr. Calhoun assured us was torn from the sons of liberty, by 'the daring hand of despotism.' That bad man was to extend his opposition against the currency which Mr. Calhoun assured us had brought the comforts of agriculture, commerce and trade to the door of the poor man's cabin, until that very poor man should be compelled to pay from 20 to 50 per cent for 'the best' currency, 'promised him ten years ago, and which has betrayed the foundation of no other being on earth, but the brokers and shavers of this infamous age. These are some of the evil purposes which were commenced and were to be continued by that 'bad man Van,' which have been accomplished by the rotten-hearted traitor now in office—which are to be more perfectly accomplished by the election of Mr. Calhoun, and which can be only counteracted by the election of that high souled, illustrious statesman, Henry Clay.

Mr. President, I have inadvertently touched the name of a man who has been the pitiful tool in the hands of Democracy, of accomplishing what Democracy itself could not accomplish. Shameless Traitor! to dare in the name of a Whig, to place his own might with a Whig, against the will of millions—to dare in the face of his own voluntary pledges to support the measures of the Whigs who elected him, and then to excuse himself for not doing so, because his extreme tender conscience would not permit him to follow the examples of his illustrious predecessors, Washington and Madison. His extremely tender conscience! Sir, he who places his conscience and his patriotism above the conscience and patriotism of Washington, deserves the execrations of his country, and the execrations of his country he will receive. The scenes of distress which his tender conscience has permitted him to produce, are beginning to act upon the people. The thousands and tens of thousands of honest debtors who have been reduced to poverty and wretchedness for the want of a better currency, indeed, which his tender conscience would not permit him to sustain, are beginning to tell their tales of woe in peals of vengeful thunder. Ah! how the wail rung with thrilling plaudits when he commenced the career which has produced so much distress in the land. 'Veto Tyler—Veto Tyler' echoed through the ranks of Democracy from the mountains to the sea, but having now discovered that the measures of Veto Tyler which they so highly applauded are about to rebound on their own heads as the measures of Democracy itself, all is hushed—a death-like silence pervades their ranks, and poor Veto Tyler is doomed to occupy the humble position of the Dutchman's wife—'O my Cot, my Cot'—and the Dutchman, 'I ish had trevies. De good one above give me two; but who de deketen give me de tree, I cannot tell; for oridair Cot nor de Tree will have her.' Now Sir, this is just the position of Veto Tyler—either Whigs nor Democrats will have him.

But to return to Mr. Calhoun—I should consume too much of the time allotted to this meeting, Mr. President, to pursue the point in all his inconsistencies. But hold! what am I talking about—the inconsistencies of Mr. Calhoun! the inconsistencies of the patriot who assures us he never was inconsistent—he has uniformly supported the same measures and the same principles; the inconsistencies of the patriot who is now associated with Benton, Tappan, Dunson, Van depot, Amos, Slater, Levi Blair, et cetera hoc genus, whom he once assured us were 'the most corrupt and unprincipled politicians of the age'—'bless the marriage knot—no man is so true to his political creed. Will it be so, Mr. President, and it may be said by some of the political skeptics of Democracy, that Solomon was wrong to say in the face of Mr. Calhoun's consistency, that he toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith; and he that upbraideth an evil doer shall be like unto him. It may be possible, sir, that the fingers of Mr. Calhoun had not been the least defiled by the 'pitch and slime of corruption' of which we have been assured the very soul of his little woe-2 I evil doer was composed; it may be possible that he has imbibed none of the evil notions of that little woe-2 I evil doer of his, since he determined to uphold him in his evil notions, which he once assured us, were truly evil indeed—it may be possible that the proverb of the wise man has not been verified by Mr. Calhoun's consistency; but, sir, I hold myself responsible to place that scrap of prophetic truth in contrast with the past and present position of Mr. Calhoun, as one of the many incontrovertible proofs of the truth of the Bible—in the most true, however, I will award the patron one great honor—he honor of being the great prophet of the age, Miller not excepted.

Yes, Mr. President—a great prophet he is; for when the old lion of Democracy seized the treasures of the nation and distributed them to party pits for the special purpose of electing his little woe-2 I evil doer, Mr. Calhoun to come in the Senate Hall of his country and exhibited with the prevalence and moral intrepidity of a prophet of Israel, there was a STORM ahead and I advised the advocates of this despotic measure to look out. The outrageous measures of the administration against the bank of the United States will produce no converse effect. The people will rise in the majesty of their rights and compel for the currency with which they have prospered beyond parallel as a na-

tion and without which agriculture, commerce and trade cannot be sustained. Here is his prophecy—these his words—and however these words will accord with the consistency and patriotism of Mr. Calhoun in now denouncing as a curse to the people the very currency on which the prosperity of agriculture, commerce and trade are suspended, I will not say that they justify place him above all the prophets of the age. That agriculture, commerce and trade have been literally blighted since the destruction of that currency, the world knows—and what mean those dismal murky clouds which are gathering over the head of the great prophet and those rumbling peals of distant thunder which are falling on the ears of Democrats like the death knell of Democracy? Ah! sir, they are the fore-dreadings of that mighty storm of public indignation which John C., the prophet, foretold, in the days of his high-souled integrity, and which alas! is about to burst in all its vengeful fury on the head of the great prophet himself. Every word of his prophecy is about to be fulfilled; the people are about to rise in the majesty of their right, as he told us, to contend for the currency which spread the comforts of agriculture, commerce and trade through the land. They are only waiting till we unfurl our banner of 'Clay and the good old currency of Washington and Madison' to the breeze—when we nail that banner to the mast head of our old ship State Rights, with Clay at the helm and Preston at the bow, I shall have but one foe, Mr. President—not that Mr. Calhoun will then be proved a false prophet—no, no—or that he will not stick it as his little woe-2 I evil doer did when he saw the banner of old Tyler waving on the pole of liberty—my only fear is, when we announce to the world that our old ship is about to weigh anchor, and embark for her old Port of Prosperity and Independence with a rich cargo of Old-Nick's Bills for the wants of the Government and the wants of the people, there will be such a rush of the noble fellows who intend to see her safely moored or sunk by the hull, there will not be room enough on the quarter deck to hold them—but Sir, we'll stick the brave fellows on the boom and bowsprit, and yard-arms, and shrouds, and halyard—'we'll string them from stem to stern, and then clear away the hatchets, and saw them sea deep as the post holes, that all may see how majestically she will mount over the breakers of hard times and Tylerism, and come to anchor in her destined port.

And now, Mr. President, if the Democrats are for battle let them spread their banner to the breeze; let them man up their Sub-Treasury with the Bankers and Shavers of Van Buren Democracy—let them stick Capt. John C. at the helm with Benton, or Amos, or Levi, or some other one of his woe-2 I evil doer tribe at the bow on the look out for Spicie Shoals; let them bear away from their old hekyory shoals of 'experiment and responsibility'—let them square their main sail of better currency to the Cape of Van Buren prosperity (that blessed Cape)—let them haul their job sheets of rag money and shin plasters to the breeze of 'Goodtimes a-bye!' and if we don't strand their speckled on the breakers of hard times and Tylerism, we have no millions to pay for Van Buren Democracy.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention, with my cordial thanks for your courtesy, I will respond on your patience but a moment longer. I have responded to your call, Gentlemen, not to render myself conspicuous, but to evoke the generosity of a substitute in your ranks. I aspire to no office, gentlemen, I am too old and too poor to be personally benefited by the success of your cause, and to be torn from the peaceful retirement of my humble home by feelings of ambition, fame or honor, is a thought which has never entered my heart. But Gentlemen, though I have more to induce me to prepare for my exit from the world than to seek its honors, I cannot forget my duty to my country. Your cause is dear to my heart; and though I cannot be elevated above the humble station of the stump, there will I commend for the liberty of freemen; for come woe or woe-prosperity or adversity; while I live I must be a patriot; while I breathe I must be a Whig.

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INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

In the Chambersburg Whig of Thursday we find a letter, elegant and strong, from the 'Chambersburg Whig Club' to the Hon. HENRY CLAY, with his letter in reply. The Committee introduce with the following passage a graphic sketch of the progress of intemperance in the country for a long period past:

Why is it, Sir, that with a Convention of Government so admirably adapted to human welfare—with resources so multiplied and exuberant—entirely so vigorous—means of intercourse so rapid and commodious, and letters so cheap and abundant, we are not now, as formerly, a prosperous and happy nation, proud of our retrospect, and exulting in the promise of the future? Why is it that the great branches of our national industry are in a state of prostration or ruin? Our soil and climate have undergone no change for the worse; our machinery for abridging labor and perfecting its product has not deteriorated; our active population has lost nothing in point of energy and skill. Whence is it then that our prosperity has been thrown into abeyance, that the capitalist finds no outlet for his means, and the laborer remains with out employment?

The length of the Committee's letter forbids its insertion entire. It is written with great force and spirit. Mr. CLAY replies as follows:

MR. CLAY'S REPLY.

Chambersburg, 25th July 1841.

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the communication which, in behalf of the Whig Club of Chambersburg, you addressed to me, informing me of the organization of that association, and of its determination to cooperate with similar institutions, and out Whig fellow citizens generally, in disseminating and establishing sound principles of Government in the United States. You are also pleased, gentlemen, at the instance of the Club, to request my acquiescence in the various nominations which have been made of me for the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States. I hope the success of the Club, in the propagation and establishment of correct principles, may be commensurate with its laudable and patriotic aims. And I tender my cordial thanks and grateful acknowledgments for the friendly sentiments and wishes which it entertains towards myself. I am infinitely obliged to my fellow citizens for the numerous testimonies of their confidence and attachment, in nominating their desire that I should fill the highest office in their gift; and whatever may be the final result my heart will ever be animated by feelings of the liveliest gratitude. The time has not yet arrived, I think, when I ought to decide whether I shall give my consent or not to the use of my name, as a candidate for the office of President of the U. States. When it does I shall give to all the considerations which should influence my judgment—full weight, and, among them, the friendly wishes of the Whig Club of Chambersburg.

I concur with you, Gentlemen, generally, in the retrospect which you have presented of the administration of public affairs, during late years, and in the measures of policy which ought to guide it. It was not until recently in the theory of free Government, the people of the United States ought all along to have been and should now be, the happiest and most prosperous people upon the earth, but our condition has been, and continues to be, far otherwise. It is impossible to contemplate the Administration of the Government, during nearly the last twenty years, without feelings of the deepest regret and bitter mortification. That long period has been marked by relentless proscriptive, similar in spirit, if not attended with the same effusion of blood, as that which is recorded in Roman history to have been perpetrated by Marius and Sylla; by reckless experiments and the overthrow of valuable institutions; by the destruction of the best currency in the world, and consequent derangement in all the business of society; by extensive and scandalous profligation on the part of public functionaries; by extravagant and profligate expenditure of the public money; by attempts to subvert the long cherished policy of the country, under which it had eminently flourished and prospered; by relaxation in the respect and authority due to the law and constitution; by widespread and alarming demoralization; by a fearful growth and corrupt use of the power of the Executive branch of the Government; and, finally, by a degree of perfidy in the heart of that branch, of which no equal example can be found in this or any other country, in this or any other age. At the commencement of the administration of the present acting Chief Magistrate, the leaders of our political opponents, with a few honorable exceptions, assiduously courted and craved him; flattering and praising him for his violation of the just expectations of a well-feeding people. They marched up, in solemn column, to an altar, along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Presidential Mansion to thank and congratulate him, for exercising a Roy of prerogative, to defeat the wishes of a large majority of the people, under the abused name of Democracy, loudly exulted in the failure of a measure demanded by the urgent wants and voice, and essential to the promotion of the interests of the people; exulted in the perverse and corrupt will of one man, overruling the will of a large majority of the nation! In the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, retributive justice is sure to come sooner or later. The acting President, so much wooed by political leaders, in the beginning of his administration, now, as it is now approaches, in his own, and very much to their annoyance, exercises all his blunders upon their party. Nor is their danger or regret, diminished by the fact that whilst their instruments of seduction were honeyed words, his are the lucrative offices of Government.

The great political event of 1840 had so many of its more elevated and important than that of a mere change in the high functions of the Nation. It was to bring about a radical improvement in public policy. And what that event was, was the manly, liberal, and patriotic course which the debilitated party should have pursued? It was to be cheerfully acquiesced in the will of the People, proclaimed by an unexampled and overwhelming majority. They should have said: 'The people disapprove of our system. They require a sound currency of uniform value. They are opposed to the Sub-Treasury. They insist upon an honest and economical administration of their public affairs. They are opposed to the encroachments of the Executive department, and require salutary restraints upon its power. We shall continue, by free discussion and fair arguments, to recommend our measures, and to expose those of our political opponents; but they are entitled to a fair trial of their system of policy, and we will in no factious or opposition, nor throw any unreasonable obstacles in their way. Above all, we solemnly employ any arts to reduce, from the path of his duty, the man who has reached his elevated station, in spite of

strange expectations as to his conduct, by the confidence which they generally reposed in his honor and fidelity.' How far the leaders of the other party have conformed to this upright and straight forward course, passed and daily passing events sufficiently testify. They praise that the acting President, and the party which has assumed the name Democracy, without the least color of title to it, are now completely identified, closely associated, and indivisible. If, in the sequel, they should find that an honest man associated, they have nobody but themselves to reproach.

The last war with Great Britain taught the patriotic lesson that, during a contest with a foreign power, it is the duty of all parties cordially to unite and to give our arms the great at possible effect and vigor; and that any party, which violates that principle, is sure to lose the public confidence. Our experience in a season of peace will, I trust, inculcate another important lesson that to a party and party are alike detestable, at all times, and will demonstrate, still more clearly, that inevitable but too often neglected truth, in public affairs, that honesty is the best policy.

It is painful even to gaze on the picture of the Administration of the General Government which I have faithfully sketched. It would have been happy for the people of the United States, if it were a mere fancy pure to survey. But the wrong, general and intense embarrassment have unfortunately too severely assured them of its actual reality. It would have been a much more agreeable task to me to portray the purity, disinterestedness, honor, probity and fidelity of all in the charge of our public concerns; the wisdom of their measures, and the consequent general prosperity of the country. But we now know the nature, extent and cause of the public disorders, and what is no less important, their remedy. That remedy is in the hands of the People. Under other forms of Government, where public affairs are entirely crushed by arbitrary power, the People would long since have sought redress by violent and convulsive means. It is our peculiar good fortune to have in the ballot box a remedy which supercedes a necessity of resorting to them, and which is quite as efficacious, and more certain, as well as more peaceful, than the use of the bayonet. And it affords me inexpressible pleasure to say to you that it is my firm belief, from all the signs of the times, from all the information which I derive from every quarter of the Union, that a great and glorious deliverance awaits us; and that the People will, in 1844, nobly vindicate their rights, and manifest anew their capacity for Self-Government, by a triumph more brilliant, more decisive, and I hope, more auspicious than that of 1840. That accomplished, most of the evils of public policy, which you suggest, will be cured, and we shall once more behold our country honored and respected abroad, beloved and prosperous at home, and a sadly advancing in the path which leads to greatness and grandeur.

I am, with high respect, your friend and obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

Meems: Samuel S. Robert, Thomas J. Early, Jos. Calhoun, and Geo. A. Madena

EXTRACT FROM MR. CALHOUN'S SPEECH IN 1834.

I am mortified (said Mr. Calhoun) that in this country, blessing of its Anglo-Saxon descent, that any one of respect able standing, much less the President of the United States, should be found to entertain principles leading to such monstrous results; and I can scarcely believe myself to be breathing the air of our country, and to be within the walls of the Senate Chamber, when I hear such doctrines undauntedly exulted in the failure of a measure demanded by the urgent wants and voice, and essential to the promotion of the interests of the people; exulted in the perverse and corrupt will of one man, overruling the will of a large majority of the nation! In the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, retributive justice is sure to come sooner or later. The acting President, so much wooed by political leaders, in the beginning of his administration, now, as it is now approaches, in his own, and very much to their annoyance, exercises all his blunders upon their party. Nor is their danger or regret, diminished by the fact that whilst their instruments of seduction were honeyed words, his are the lucrative offices of Government.

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