to obstruct the prospect; where a person may mount his horse and gallop for a mile or two, with Carolina at his feet on one side, and Tennessee on the other, and a green ocean of Mountains raised into tremendous billows immediately about him. It is the Elysium of a Southern botanist, as a number of plants are found growing in this cold and humid atmosphere, which are not seen again till we have gone some hundreds of miles farther north. It is the pasture ground for the young horses of the whole country about it, during the summer. We found the Strawberry here in the greatest abundance and of the finest quality, in regard to both size and flavor, on the 30th of July. The elevation of this Mountain was twice taken, on the 22nd and 30th July—with a difference of 28 feet in the results—5,042 and 5,070 above Morganton. Of these measurements, the latter was made with the greatest care and in the most favorable weather. The height assigned to the other Mountains was also rudely verified from this, by means of a water level.

The Black Mountain, lying mostly in Yancy, but forming through a part of its course the boundary between Yancy and Buncombe, is a long ridge at a medium distance of about 30 miles from Morganton. It has some Peaks of greater elevation than any point that has hitherto been measured in North-America, East of the Rocky Mountains, and is believed to be the highest Mountain in the United States. It is a matter of considerably difficulty, in the case of a long ridge like this, that swells here and there into a knob two or three hundred feet higher than its neighbors, to ascertain which it is that overtops the rest, from our inability to determine how much of the apparent elevation of one, amongst a number, is due to its nearness, and how much to height. The Black Mountain cost nearly a week's labor in fixing upon the Peak to be measured and the measurement. We ascended first the summit nearest the road leading from Morganton to Burnsville, and found it 92 feet lower than the Roan, with Peaks considerably more elevated farther South. Yeates's Knob, between the waters of Caney River and Ivey, was next represented as over-topping every thing in that part of the country. Though higher than the Grandfather, it proved to be considerably lower than the Roan, but from its summit we had a fine view of the Black Mountain Ridge sweeping round in a sort of circle, at the distance of 8 or 10 miles, and were able to distinguish the highest Knobs. Two were very nearly equal, but the one at the head of the ridge between the North and middle forks of Caney River, was finally fixed upon as the highest. On its top the Barometer stood at 23,807 inches; and it has an elevation of 5,507 feet above Morganton, or 6,476 above the level of the Sea.

The mean elevation of Yancy county above Burke, is about 1,600 feet; so that it is about 2,500 above the level of the Sea. The Ford of Toe River, near Thomas Young's, is 1,308, and Burnsville 1,633 above Morganton. The ascent of the Blue Ridge from Turkey Cove Creek to the Gap, is 1,665 feet.

For the sake of comparison the following heights are given. The first five are copied from Worcester's Gazetteer:

Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, hitherto accounted the highest Mountain in the United States—highest Peak,	6,234
Mansfield Mountain—Vermont,	4,279
Saddle Mountain—Massachusetts,	4,000
Round Top—highest of the Catskills,	3,804
Peaks of Otter—Virginia,	3,955
Table Mountain—Burke, North Carolina,	3,421
Grandfather,	5,556
Yeates's Knob,	5,895
Black, at Thomas Young's,	5,946
Roan,	6,038
Highest Peak of the Black,	6,476

There are other high Mountains at no great distance from those that were measured, as the Bald Mountain in the Western part of Yancy, and the White Top in Virginia, which are nearly, if not quite, as high as the Roan. In the South-eastern part of Haywood county, near the South Carolina line, there is a tremendous pile, and between the counties of Haywood and Macon and the State of Tennessee, the Unikee Mountain swells to a great elevation. But these appear to the eye to be lower than the Black.

As the Western Mountains, now that their respectability in regard to height and interest is ascertained, are likely to attract an occasional visiter from below the Ridge, and perhaps from the neighborhood of the Coast, a few directions answering the purpose of a "Guide to the Mountains," are added.

The Pilot has not unfrequently been the *Ultima Thule*, or rather the *Columna Herculis*, by which the excursions of such as have travelled heretofore in search of Mountain scenery have been limited. It is a remarkable mountain, but after having been for a time amongst the giants of the West, one cannot help feeling some contempt for the Pilot as he passes it on his return. Its height is just about that of the low gaps in the Blue Ridge.

By such as would see more of the Mountains, the first point to be reached is Morganton. From this place the Table Mountain is frequently visited; is easy of access, and will hardly be neglected by any one who is in search of beautiful and romantic views and prospects. The Falls of Linville are not far distant from the Table, and though not at present a place to be visited by the softer, will repay one of the harder sex, for the fatigue of finding his way by a rough road over the ridges to Linville Cove; of clambering the yet rougher hills that still intervene between him and the object of his travels, and of wading the river two or three hundred yards for the purpose of reaching the finest point of view. It is perhaps the wildest and most picturesque scene in North Carolina, with a splendid description of which, if we had room, leisure, and the inclination, we might embellish this communication to the Register. But he is a churl that will insist upon plucking all the flowers that adorn his path, and not leave a pink or rose for those who are to come after him. Passing by the Old Fields of Toe, and the Forge, where Iron little inferior to the best, if it be not absolutely the best made in the United States, is manufactured, he may reach the summit of the Roan by this route, over the top of the Yellow. His fare and accommodation will not however be of the best, and although the Poet declares that

> A Summer night in green-wood spent,
> Were but to-morrow's merriment,

we think a good house and comfortable bed very much to be preferred.

The other route is by the way of the Pleasant Gardens and Turkey Cove, or, (if the Burke county Court will have the road above McKinney's put in repair,) over Linville Mountain to Cane Creek, where he will find himself in the Baker settlement, amongst a kind and worthy people. From this place, if there be ladies in the company, they may ride without danger or much fatigue, quite to the top of the Roan—a distance of 4 or 5 miles.

It is most desirable to have a clear day for the excursion, and it is worth waiting for, if our visit happen to be made at a time when the Mountains are wrapped in clouds. Such a condition of things is by no means improbable. The rain falling annually about the head of Toe River may be estimated at double of that descending upon the same area below the ridge and at some distance from it. It was part of our scheme to collect materials for giving greater precision and accuracy to the Map of this part of the State, nor was it through a want of zeal or faithful labor (it requires very little of either knowledge or skill) that we failed; but during the whole term of our stay about the Mountains, there were but two days that they had not clouds resting upon them, a large part of the time.

But even under such circumstances, there is no want of objects of attention. Often, especially in the morning, the Mountains lift their heads into a serene sky above a sea of mist and cloud that girdles their sides. They may be ascended then, if for no other object, for the sake of the prospect which awakened the slumbering fire in the bosom of Beattie, and inspired one of the finest passages in the Minstrel:—

> "And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb
> When all in mist the world below was lost.
> What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
> Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
> And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
> In billows lengthening to the horizon round,
> Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now embost'd.
> And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound;
> Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hoar profound."

Or, without going above the clouds, he may find in the streams below, an humble but not less agreeable amusement, in the capture of the speckled Trout with which they abound. It is a luxury to feel him bite: he takes hold with such earnestness, zeal, and hearty good-will, and this luxury is exchanged for another not less alluring, when, after having been prepared by the cunning hand of a comely "hieland" maiden, the biter is bitten in his turn. [See Doughty's Cabinet of Natural History, Vol. I., p. 145–90.] Or, instead of the Trout, he may catch the amiable quadruped with the many names that is associated with him (called, in Yancy, the Crocodile or water Puppy,) who is not found except in the tributaries of the Ohio, and, we believe, is confined to the clear cool streams that flow down the Western declivities of the Alleghanies—cook him and shew the Yancy people that the dislike generally entertained for him is a prejudice, and that he is in fact excellent eating.

The roughness of the sides and top of the Black Mountain is likely to prevent his being often ascended from motives of curiosity and pleasure. A route, very much better than that pursued by us, is not likely to be discovered, and *that* can be accomplished only on foot; and for between one and two miles, it is through thick laurels and along a bear trail. What these are, must be learned by experience, as description alone will not convey an accurate idea of them to the mind of a lowlander. The laurels are so closely set, and their strong branches so interwoven, that a path cannot be forced by pushing them aside; and the hunters have no method of advancing, when they happen to fall in with the worst of them, but that of crawling along their tops. The Bear, in passing up and down the Mountain, finds it wisest to keep the ridges, and trampling down the young laurels as they spring up, breaking the limbs from the old ones and pushing them aside, he forms at last a sort of burrow above ground, through this bed of vegetation, along which he passes without difficulty. This is a bear trail; which though an excellent kind of turnpike probably in the view of the animal that formed it, is much less highly approved by the two-legged animal who tries it after him, and who submits with some degree of shame and indignation to the fashion of the place in regard to the attitude he assumes as he travels up and down the mountain. From such an expedition, he is likely to return thoroughly fatigued at night. The top is covered with the Balsam Fir, from the dark and sombre shade of whose foliage it doubtless received the name of the Black Mountain. The growth of the tree is such on these high summits, that it is easy to climb to the top and taking hold of the highest branch look abroad upon the prospect. At the time of our visit, the Mountain was enveloped in mist, which prevented our seeing more than a couple of hundred yards, and we were so uncomfortable from cold, that some of the company urged a return with the least possible delay, and this when it was clear weather, at a small distance below the ridge and the Termometer at 80.

The temperature of a few Wells and Springs is subjoined. The finest iced water is a vapid drink, in comparison with the pure element that gushes from the sides of these Western Mountains.

Wells on Chapel-Hill, Oct. 17,		59 deg.
Wells in Lincolnton, July 6,		61 deg.
	Morganton, July 16,	58 deg.
Spring	Keller's field,	58 deg.
"	Daniel Moore's, Globe Settlement,	57 deg.
"	James Riddle's,	54 deg.
"	Near the top of the Grandfather,	53 deg.
"	Ascent of the Roan,	52 deg.
"	North side of the Black Mountain,	50 deg.
"	Another, same Mountain,	48 deg.

A Joint Snake was, a few days since, killed in this county, and is now in possession of Messrs. Williams, Haywood & Co., Druggist, of this city, in a state of preservation. It is about three feet in length, and a little larger in circumference than a man's thumb. It is of varriegated colors, running longitudinally on the body. It is separated into a dozen or fifteen pieces, and appears susceptible of being divided into parts not more than the fourth of an inch in length, so numerous are the joints.

The existence of the joint Snake has been doubted by many; but a sight of this we should think would remove all skepticism in relation to this fact in natural history.—*Raleigh Standard.*

THE COMET.

The Philadelphia Gazette, remarks: "It is impossible to look at a comet like that which is now visible, without experiencing a sensation of indescribable amazement at the mighty Power which regulates its motion and preserves it in its eccentric orbit. To see a great ball of fire, so large as to be visible with the naked eye at the distance of twenty-five millions of miles, flying through space at the rate of fourteen hundred miles in a minute for five and thirty years, without retracing its steps, conveys such an idea of the infinity of space and of the Power of the Almighty, as almost to lose the mind in the vastness of the contemplation.

POLITICAL.

From the Jonesborough (Tenn.) Journal.

UNPARALLELED INSOLENCE AND AUDACITY.

Amongst the many daring attempts to subvert the liberties of a free people, which the monster Party Spirit never fails to engender, we recollect of none, which for its base profligacy and insulting audacity, can be compared with the insolent denunciation by the spoils party as anti-republican of all that portion of the American People who will not bow with degrading subserviency to their insolent mandates. To a man who calmly and dispassionately contemplates the machinations of the Spoils Party, if any freeman can so contemplate them, it must appear to be a matter of astonishment, that even party audacity should induce a band of mercenary office holders, office hunters, and profligate political aspirants, so far to presume on the ignorance and debasement of the American People, as to dare, in the face of day, openly and publicly to assume to themselves exclusively the appellation of Democratic Republicans, and, insolently to denounce as hostile to Republicanism, all who will not co-operate with them in their nefarious attempts to destroy the freedom and purity of the Elective Franchise, and to filch from the people their indubitable right to elect their own public servants. For ourselves, we are amazed to find that there is a single freeborn American citizen, of ordinary intelligence, whose indignation is not aroused to the highest pitch at so gross an insult to his understanding and to his patriotism. Martin Van Buren! Richard M. Johnson! the Rucker Caucus, and their minions and parasites, the only Republicans in this land of freedom!—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

If Mr. Van Buren possesses any merits which entitle him to the suffrages of the American People, in preference to Judge White, why do not his friends proclaim them! Why are General Jackson—The Bank—The unconstitutional Expunging Benton Resolutions, &c. &c., continually thundered in our ears, until the people are sickened with the disgusting clamor, about matter and things which have nothing to do with the merits or qualifications of Mr. Van Buren? Why was the vile Rucker Caucus gotten up, for the purpose of falsely proclaiming to the American People that he was the choice of the Republican Party? And why, above all, are the freemen of the United States insulted, by the insolent denunciation of all those who refuse to be dragooned into his support, as being no Republicans!—Why do not the tools of the Spoils Party openly and manfully come out and point us to the acts and doings of Mr. Van Buren, which demonstrate his talents, integrity, and patriotism? Why all this skulking behind Gen. Jackson, as if they were ashamed to show their master in person?—People of the United States! can you fail to perceive that these tricks and devices are practiced, for the two-fold purpose of concealing the true character of their candidate, and of deterring you, by insolent menaces of denunciation, from acting in conformity to the dictates of your own judgments? You are not to be permitted to think for yourselves, but are to be driven, like a gang of slaves, into obedience to the mandates of the Rucker Caucus, and this, too, by the fear of being denounced as anti-republican, by a set of mercenary trading politicians, who audaciously insult you, by arrogating to themselves exclusively the title of Republicans.

Judge White and Mr. Van Buren have differed, widely differed from each other, on more than one occasion, on subjects of great importance. For instance: some years ago, Mr. Van Buren was appointed to office by General Jackson, and when about to exchange his station for another, with the servility of an Eastern slave, he declared that it was honor enough for him, to have served under such a chief. Judge White, too, was repeatedly solicited to accept office under the same chief.—But he thought it more honorable to serve the people of his own State, by remaining in the Senate to guard and defend their rights and privileges, and those of the whole Union. Mr. Van Buren has openly and shamelessly avowed to the whole nation that, so great was his veneration and respect for the Rucker Caucus, that its nomination was the only contingency which could have induced him to become a candidate for the Presidency. Judge White, on the contrary, has uniformly proclaimed his conviction that the whole caucus system was one inconsistent with the purity of the Elective Franchise, and calculated to subvert the liberties of the country. Mr. Van Buren is in favor of the widest extent of Executive Patronage, without check or control. Judge White considers its abridgment and limitation as indispensable to the preservation of liberty. If Mr. Van Buren is right, and Judge White wrong, on these vitally important subjects, why do not the advocates of the Spoils Party, instead of skulking behind Gen. Jackson, come forth like men, and boldly and fearlessly defend their champion before the People?

The very attempt of his partizans to foist Mr. Van Buren into the Presidency, through the popularity of General Jackson, and by the intimidation of the people, through the fear of Caucus denunciation, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate the want of confidence in his partizans, in the intrinsic value of his pretensions. Such an attempt should of itself be sufficent, not only to arouse the jealousies of a free people, as to the real designs of the actors, but to fire them with a noble indignation at the insult offered to their understandings and their patriotism, by the insolent and audacious supposition, that they can be deterred and intimidated into an abandonment of the sacred right of free suffrage, by the insolent and impotent menaces of a combination composed of corrupt and mercenary bands of political aspirants, office-holders, and office-hunters, seeking their own aggrandizement, and the opportunity of feeding from the public crib, at the expense of the total destruction of the freedom and purity of the Elective Franchise, and the consequent overthrow of the liberties of the country.

People of the United States! arise, awake, or be forever fallen! a crisis in your affairs has arisen, which calls for and imperiously demands the exertion of all your intelligence, and of all your patriotism and independence. Be not deceived, the contest is between White and the Constitution, and Van Buren and caucus dictation, yield to the latter now, and your fate is sealed—your liberties, your honor, and your happiness will be prostrated forever. For a few fleeting years, your masters may insult you with the form of free government, but the substance will be gone—and even the form will not long continue—pure, unmixed, and unmitigated despotism will be the inheritance bequathed to your children, who contrasting you with your fathers, will be compelled to award to you their scorn, their contempt and their execration! But you will never yield—honor, duty, and patriotism, all forbid, and you will not be deaf to their remonstrances.

From the Farmers' Register.

AN EXPERIMENT OF EMANCIPATING NEGROES, UNDER VERY FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

The reader will observe that the following statement is not made by a slave holder, nor was it written or published in a slave holding state. The source from which it proceeds leaves no ground whatever for the suspicion that might otherwise exist, that the facts had been exaggerated by the prejudices or self-interest of the holders of slaves. Such results as are here presented, of this experiment made in the free state of Ohio, have been also found in more than one instance in Virginia, when negroes were emancipated, and provided by their former owners with sufficient means for present subsistence, and future accumulation of property. We should be glad to be furnished by some of our Prince Edward subscribers, with a particular account of the descendents of the emancipated negroes in that county, which formerly belonged to Randolph's estate. That experiment has been in operation for some generations. The results, if correctly and minutely stated, would throw much light on this subject.

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From the Cincinatti Gazette.

Some forty miles from Cincinnati, to the east, are two settlements of free negroes—probably near a thousand—men, women, and children, of the true ebony color, with a very little mixture of the mahogany or lighter shades. The negroes own the lands occupied by them; but without the power to sell. Each family has a small farm. They are emancipated slaves, and these lands were purchased *expressly for them*, and parcelled out among them about fifteen years ago.

Their lands are not of the best quality of Ohio lands; but, by good management, could be made very good—they are particularly well adapted to grass, either meadow or pasture.

Having been formerly slaves and compelled to work, one would suppose they ought to have *industrious* habits. They have had every inducement to industry and good conduct held out to them.—The experiment was to test the merits of the negro race, under most favorable circumstances for success.

Has this experiment succeeded? *No, it has not.* In all Ohio, can any white settlement be found equally *wretched*—equally *unproductive?*

Farms given to them fifteen years ago, instead of being well improved, and timber preserved for farming, have been sadly managed—small, awkard clearings, and those not in grass, but exhausted and worn out in corn crops—the timber greatly destroyed—wretched log houses, with mud floors, with chimnies of mud and wood—with little timber for further farming.

They are so excessively lazy and stupid, that the people of Georgetown (near by their 'camps,') and the neighboring farmers will not employ them as work hands to any extent. They do not raise produce enough on their lands to feed their families, much less do they have a surplus for sale abroad. They pass most of their time in their little smoky cabins, too listless even to fiddle and dance. One may ride through the 'negro camps,' as they are called, passing a dozen straggling cabins with smoke issuing out of the ends, in the middle of little clearings, without seeing a soul, either at work or at play. The fear of starvation makes them work the least possible quantity, while they are much too lazy to play.

Why do not the zealous abolitionists go there and see the experiment in all its beauty! The slave changed into a free, but wretched savage! Why not make something of these thousand negroes! There are not more than two or three families out of the whole who are improved by the change from slavery to freedom.

The two negro settlements are a dead weight upon Brown County, as to any productive benefit from the negro lands, or from negro labor, and that space of country might as well, to this day, have remained in possession of the Indians.

If southern wealth can be applied to buy and colonize among us such worthless population, what farmer in Ohio is safe? Has he any guarantee that a black colony will not be established in his neighborhood?

Let any one who wishes to learn the operations of emancipated negroes, visit the Brown County *camps* As they sink in laziness, poverty, and filth, they increase in numbers—their only produce is children. They want nothing but *courries* to make them equal to the negroes of the Niger.

From the Raleigh Star.

JUDGE WHITE AT HOME.

The Washington Globe has devoted at least forty columns to the abuse of Judge White—with what effect, let the honors recently conferred upon the Judge by his own State tell.

1. He has been unanimously re-elected to the Senate of the United States.

2. He has been nominated for the Presidency by both branches of the Tennessee Legislature. The resolutions passed the House of Representatives, on the 16th ultimo, by a vote of 60 to 12; and the Senate, on the 17th, by a vote of 23 to 2.

3. He has received marks of respect which no other man in Tennessee ever received. The honor paid to the Judge, by the citizens of Nashville, on the 8th ultimo, speaks volumes in his favor. The military turned out to escort him, the inhabitants thronged to welcome him, and his entrance into the city seems to have resembled a triumphal procession. In the afternoon he dined with his fellow cifizens, a splendid dinner having been prepared for the occasion. The Nashville Republican states, that five tables were spread, each more than 100 feet long, and they were insufficient to accommodate the crowds that thronged the apartments. Many of the distinguished citizens of the State were present; among them, the new Governor, Col. Cannon, and a portion of the delegation to Congress. Such honors were never before bestowed by the citizens of Nashville on any individual, except the great and good Lafayette.

4. In addition to all this, the Legislature has sustained and approved the course of Judge White, in the United States Senate, in relation to Benton's Resolution, by rejecting, by an overwhelming majority, resolutions instructing the Senators from that State to vote for the *expunging* resolution.

These proceedings do honor to the State of Tennessee, and fully vindicate Judge White from all the vile slanders of the Globe and its adjuncts.

They speak terror to the WOULD-BE-PRESIDENT-MAKERS.

They vindicate the right and capability of the people to govern themselves and to choose their own public servants.

They discountenance Executive interference with the freedom of elections.

They spurn all CAUCUS DICTATION.

They set the seal of reprobation upon a mercenary and licentious press.

They respond to the sentiments of all true republicans throughout the Union.

And they nail to the counter the pittiful attempt of the Regency presses to gull the people into the belief that Judge White is "the candidate of the Bank and Nullifying party."

A Picture.—The Note-Book of an English Traveller in America contains the following. How much of it is literally true, we leave our readers to determine:

"Every Political object in America is effected by art and duplicity. Politicians proceed upon the principle that the people are fools, that they are a great huge mass of ignorance and stupidity, and can be moulded to any purpose, however weak or wicked, that is calculated to promote their selfish views: and it is a melancholy reflection that there is too much truth in the estimate they have put upon the intelligence of this people. For the illustration of the foregoing, let Mr. Van Buren's acceptance of the Baltimore nomination be duly considered. Weak indeed must be that mind—lost to every thing like common discernment—destitute of the slightest sense of self-respect, if it does not discover, in the very commencement of the article, the most shallow witted, servile, and contemptible dissimulation that ever passed the lips of man. I put it to the candor of the best friend Van Buren has, whether he believes that the nomination of him by a convention of the Democratic Republicans of the Union was the *only contingency* upon which he would *consent* to become a candidate for the high office of President! Such a barefaced instance of insincerity, to call it by no worse name, admits of no argument. It strikes the senses without the aid of reason; and yet the weak and deluded part of this great community, who never think for themselves, but are entirely directed by the outcry of "Hozza for Jackson"—will gulph it down and march up to the polls and vote for Van Buren, as if he were as sincere as Washington, and as virtuous as Wirt. Every man that can read will perceive that Van Buren relies upon no merit of his own, but is vaulting upon the back of Jackson's popularity, full well knowing that among a blind unthinking people this is enough for his purpose; and hence he so meanly talks about his being the "honored instrument selected by the friends of the present administration to carry out its principles and policy, and that, as well from inclination as from duty I shall, if honored with the choice of the American people, *endeavor to tread generally in the footsteps of President Jackson*, happy if I shall be able to perfect the work which he has so gloriously begun." Can language be more degrading, can sentiments be more menial! Would Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or Monroe, have been guilty of such humiliating sycophancy, for the sake of an office! Would any high minded man? Especially for the office of President of the United States, which implies every thing that is noble, magnanimous, and virtuous. Mean, low, and abject, however, as this is, with shame be it spoken, it is addressed to a people, a great portion of whom will swallow the whole of it, and thereby subject the morality and discernment of themselves, and country, to the worst of imputations. Depend upon it that government is approaching a crisis of fearful portent, when such open and flagrant duplicity on the part of politicians is not considered too gross for either the credulity or integrity of the people. If they are too ignorant to discover that they are the dupes of a crafty "ambition," that they are the daily subjects of imposition; bad indeed is their condition; but infinitely worse, if understanding the vile game, they are nevertheless willing to become the instruments of its hollow hearted purpose. Without comment, I leave the American people to reflect on these remarks."

Mr. Van Buren.—The Editor of the New-York Star, in an article upon the Presidency, makes the following sensible enquiries:

"And, now, tell us the services of Martin Van Buren. What battles has he fought—what laws has he originated—what great projects formed—what services rendered!! where has his country been benefitted by his labors? Point to any branch of science, literature, or the arts, national enterprise or national industry in which he has committed himself. Show what he has done for his country, for which that country should make him its Chief Magistrate. Spread forth his claims to that office, and let his election rest on a more pure, republican, and firm basis than the mere will and preference of Andrew Jackson."

Signs of the Times.—These are ominous times for that heterogeneous compound of all parties 'yclept "*the party.*" The Bank, that "*monstrum horrendum*" of the Globe, is effectually dead, and can no longer be used as a *bugbear* to scare silly people into the ranks of Van Buren. Mr. Blair, it is true, is "ever and anon" thrusting away at his prostrate enemy, exclaiming, "curse this gunpowder Percy, I'll kill thee though thou be dead." But, alas! it is but a premonitory symptom of the downfall of the Kitchen dynasty. Thrust away, most valorous gentleman; take thy revenge and thy treasury pap whilst thou may, for *the fire in the Kitchen is fast going out.* What a pity the Bank could not live until the Presidential election was over. What *will* become of Messrs. Blair & Co. now?

The elections in Maryland prove that the people spurn the dictum of the Globe, and reject the pretensions of the "heir apparent;" and Pennsylvania, the "Key Stone" to the Presidency, and, next to New York, the head quarters of "*the party,*" has delivered herself from political thraldom. The people of that State have emphatically denied the right of the Baltimore Convention (alias humbug) to palm the little Kinderhook upon them for President, and have separated the abolitionists from apparently a neutral position in politics, and assigned them to their proper place, the ranks of Van Buren. Ah! Messrs. Blair & Co., the sceptre is departing from Judah; the day of thy humiliation is near at hand. Truly, truly may it be said, *the fire in the Kitchen is fast going out.*—*Raleigh Star.*