

Political Portraits.

We met, some weeks ago, and marked for inscription, at some convenient time, which has not arrived until now, the subject of brief and piquant outline sketches, drawn to the life, of several leading public characters, with whose names the public ear is familiar, but with whose moral and mental traits the general body of the people are not so intimately conversant. The truth is, that men, who are seen by the people only when beset by their friends—the effusions of their pens heralded abroad as the most brilliant emanations of human genius, and every flash of their eloquence as of more than Demosthenian or Ciceroan power and beauty—

If this be, indeed, a faithful delineation of the mental and moral features of the men in power, well may it be explained, in the trite language of Chancellor Exequer to his son, "See with how little wisdom the world is governed!" But it might be just as truly added, that in this view of wisdom may be fairly attributed all the evils under which the nation groans, and which have thrown it almost into the agonies of convulsion to east off the incompetent men by whom those evils have been caused. We shall soon know whether even these efforts, strenuous and unremitting as they have been, were adequate to the great object.

Our second portrait is that of a single individual, who deserves to stand alone upon canvass as he does in character and position—a man whose eccentric course, like that of the comet, has puzzled and confounded alike the ignorant and the wise—the profound astronomer and the simple shepherd who vacantly watches the stars by night—a man, who, whatever may be his mental power, can point to no act, in a long career of public service—to no system—to no policy—with which his name will be identified, or upon which his future fame may rest as upon a sure and firm pedestal, mocking alike the tooth of envy and the decay of time. We must be permitted to say, too, that, in our humble opinion, never were the prominent intellectual traits of any man more graphically sketched, than have been those of the eminent individual referred to; nor will this be considered remarkable when we learn that it is from the pencil of no less distinguished an artist than Hugh S. Legare, Esq. of South Carolina—a gentleman of rare genius and of ripe scholarship, and who has long studied the character and conduct of the subject of his sketch, who, the reader need hardly be told, after these introductory remarks, is no less a man than the great South Carolinian,

JOHN C. CALHOUN. When Mr. Legare thus beautifully delineates, with a pencil which always borrows its colors from the rainbow:— This Senator is a subtle disputer, quick of perception, ready in reply, bold in paradox, specious in apology, intrepid to affirm, and skilled in all the little artifices of verbal distinction. But he wants some of the most essential attributes of a deep and philosophical thinker. His head is French, for his love of preconceived system, and German for its tendency to transcendental metaphysics; but he has neither the practical sense of the former, nor the large, round about, catholic and comprehensive views, and especially the vast and diversified knowledge, of the latter. His is very limited. He would have been a most formidable champion of a scholastic

theory; the God of Justice, the same Providence that gave victory to our fathers on the hallowed battle-fields of the Revolution, has vouchsafed his protection to us, and crowned our exertions with triumph, and never was a victory more decisive, heart-cheering and brilliant. Gained without the pomp of arms unheralded by the stormy voice of war, it is full of moral grandeur and deathless sublimity. Two great parties, one led on by the giant of corruption—the demon of agrarianism, the other the sworn enemy of all misuse, have met; how the battle has gone, let the sons of New England, the West, and the South answer. We hear their thrilling reply; we hear its mighty tones, sweeping, like thunder-blasts from the rock of Plymouth to the palm groves of the South; we look to our beloved country, and, no longer whispering in deep unmitigated sorrow—

"Shrine of the mighty, can it be That this is all remains of thee?" we can exultingly exclaim— "Clime of the unforgetting brave! Thou art from plain to mountain-peak, Still Freedom's home or Glory's grave!" We expected victory, it is true; we knew that the iron chain was trembling on the cogwheel's limbs, but we were unprepared for a triumph so complete, so glorious. We knew that the people were aroused; but we dared not suffer ourselves to believe that the storm breath of their indignation would be so tremendous in its effects. We saw the lightning flashing in the horizon, we heard the ominous rattling of the new-born hurricane; but who expected that the bolt would so completely shiver the mountain oak of power?—No one! The people were unconscious of their might, yet its effect has not been less tremendous. They have spoken, and the spoilers are crushed. The foreigner, aware of the vast funds at the disposal of the Executive, of the army of office holders under its despotic control, of the desperate means brought into operation, and of the log and unrebuked course of misrule and tyranny, must look upon our triumph with a little less than a miracle. The enemies of Republicanism will hear of our success with dismay; it has added another jewel to the blood bought wreath of Liberty.

THE LOG CABIN.

Some of the Locos sneer at the Log Cabin, and attempt to be witty—and if we regard such exhibitions as mere mockery, we should not care how severely they censured them; but let it never be forgotten that the sentiment represented by the Log Cabin is of thrilling interest, and of vital importance to the cultivators of the soil, and every poor man in the country—for the design of the Van Buren press in applying the term to General Harrison was to show contempt, to honest poverty—that was the design, and the more sensible and candid of the party deeply regret the imprudence of the Baltimore Republican—but it is too late—the tyren is working—the moral influence of the sneer is vibrating upon the heart of the poor man from Maine to Louisiana, and the term "Log Cabin" is likely to become as popular as were the "Draper" letters, in the days of Swift, 147 years ago. Already it has become a sign—it is woven on handkerchiefs, a ruck on medals—stamped on buttons, and the eyes of the whole nation are turned to a symbol which reminds them of the plain abode of the industrious farmer whose Log Cabin is silently contrasted with the palaces of the spoilers which have risen up like exhalations from the public pander.

Genius of Liberty.

From the Cincinnati Republican.

GEN. HARRISON returned to the city last evening, accompanied by General Van Rensselaer of New York, and Major Carson and Col. Todd. The meeting of Generals Harrison and Van Rensselaer, at Columbus, was deeply affecting. They had been Captains under Wayne; they fought together at the memorable victory of the Maumee, and throughout a long and eventful life have been devoted friends.

ROYAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

That a reformed Parliament, at the request of a liberal ministry—who prate much of economy and retrenchment—granted the enormous sum of seventy thousand pounds to build a new riding house for Queen Victoria, in Windsor park, is well known to every one. That this sum will not answer, however, is nearly finished. The riding house will be thirty-eight feet high, fifty-two wide and 170 feet long. The whole frontage facing the Home Park is 300 feet high. This includes stables, Over the riding house are several rooms for the Queen's grooms and stable boys—little nest, some ten feet long by nine feet wide! The row of windows, lighting them, runs immediately under the whole length of the roof, and, however the building may be viewed, gives it a very mean appearance. The edifice would have been finished some time ago, but that Prince Albert (who, with the Queen, has repeatedly visited the work as they were progressing,) took a fancy to have the building unroofed and reduced three feet in height! So much for the freaks of royalty.

MEMEHET ALI.

MEMEHET ALI has now a regular army of 150,000 troops, commanded mostly by Christian officers. S. Jyman Pasba, whose name so often appears in the papers, is a Frenchman, once an aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney. He has been of great service to Mehemet by training officers for his army. Mehemet has also sent some young men to Paris, Vienna and London to be educated for artillery officers. The effects of this effort to introduce into the Egyptian army the military discipline and tactics of Christian Europe have been very happy.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

Encouraging prospect. We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from the headquarters of the army in Florida, dated October 23, 1840, which holds out the most encouraging prospects for a termination of the Florida war. The first conference of the Indians with Gen. Aristed led to the terms which he had to propose to them, to all of which they

MAJ. JACK DOWNING'S LAST.

FROM THE LOG CABIN, NORTH BEND.

To my fellow-citizens from New Orleans to Downingville, and from Salt Water to the Lake. Waters, up and down the country and cross-wise.

Fellow Citizens: Ever since the world began all the hunts and chases tell'd on in all parts of creation have been only a mere flea hunt to the real fox chase: that has just been completed in these United States by the grace of God free and independent at last.

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