THE STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1838. VOL. XXIX NO. 43

THOMAS J. LEMAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION, three dollars per annum—on half in advance.

☞ Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the *whole* amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every square (not exceeding 16 lines this size type) first insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

☞ The advertisements of Clerks and Sheriffs will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices for advertisers by the year.

Letters to the Editor must be post-paid.

State of North Carolina.
Wake County.

Superior Court of Law—Spring Term, 1838.

Ann Neighbors vs. William Neighbors—Petition for Divorce.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant, William Neighbors, cannot be found, and proclamation having been made at the Court House door, for the party to appear and answer according to Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; it is therefore ordered that publication be made for three months, in the Raleigh Register and Star, newspapers printed in the City of Raleigh, that unless the said William Neighbors appear at the next Term of said Court, to be held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of September next, and plead, answer or demur to the Plaintiff's petition, it will be heard ex parte, and judgment *pro confesso* entered against him.

H. B. HAYES, C. S. C.
(Price adv. $7 50) 35 3m

☞ Register.

State of North Carolina,
NASH COUNTY.

In Equity—March Term, 1838.

Charity Collins, vs. David Collins and Bennet Collins. } Petition for divorce and Alimony.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, David Collins, is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Raleigh Star and Roanoke Advocate for three months, with leave to take testimony; and it is ordered by the Court that advertisement be further made, that notice left at the last residence of the defendant David Collins, be sufficent notice as to him of taking deposition.

34 3m. JNO. H DRAKE, Jr C. M. E.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

The Subscriber has now on hand, at his Mills, (late Blake's) 17 miles East of Raleigh, 100,000 feet of choice Lumber, of every description, sawed out of Long Leaf Pine, the peculiar excellence of which is too well known to need any puff. Persons desiring to purchase will please make application to Mr. William Peck, Raleigh, or to Henry Horton, at the Mills.

The price at the Mills will be $1 per hundred; but, if a large quantity be bought, even less than that will be taken.

PETER FOSTER.

Wake co., May 21, 1838 22 tf

Commission Business
AT HENDERSON.

The subscriber having permanently located at Henderson Depot, on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, two miles south of Chalk Level, will attend to the receiving, forwarding, and selling all kinds of produce that may be consigned to him, and will pay for the produce that may be entrusted to his care, at his office at Henderson, as soon as a return can be had; or will make liberal advances on its reception when required. He will also attend to the forwarding of merchandize that may leave the Railroad at Henderson.

From his extensive acquaintance in both the country and Northern markets, he flatters himself that his advantages in business will not be transcended. His particular and undivided attention may be relied on.

D. E. YOUNG.

References. { STEPHEN MOORE, Hillsboro'. RICHARD I. SMITH, Milton. STEPHEN M. DICKENS, Roxboro'.

Henderson, Granville Co. N. C. July 25, 1838. 38 tf

Raleigh Register till forbid. D. E. Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The impossibility of carrying on the Watchman as it ought to be conducted while absent on collecting expeditions, and the impossibility of longer doing without the large amount due me for six years of labor, have determined me to sell the establishment at the end of the present year. The subscription list is about 800, and on the increase, and the job printing and advertising good for at least five hundred dollars a year. A gentleman of talents and a sound whig shall have the paper on the most liberal terms. I would not willingly let it go into any other service. An early application is requested.

H. C. JONES, Ed. & Proprietor.

July, 1838. 28

BECKWITH'S PILLS. ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

The great popularity and established demand for this valuable medicine, renders the continuation of a lengthy advertisement unnecessary. Numerous testimonials of their value (lately received) from gentlemen of the highest respectability, in addition to those accompanying each box, may be seen on application to any of the agents. The pills are put up in a superior style, in tin boxes containing 40 pills, with full directions. Price 50 cents per box. To agents or purchasers, the terms of commission and discount are liberal. All communications will be promptly attended to, by

THOMAS L. JUMP, Gen'l Agent.

☞ Office, Morgan St. Raleigh, 1st door west of the Presbyterian Church

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE
NEAR RALEIGH.

The undersigned offers for sale a very valuable tract of land, lying five miles west of Raleigh, containing about 500 acres, the greater part of which is uncleared, well timbered, well watered, and a portion of it equal in fertility to any in the county. It has on it a dwelling and other buildings, with springs of excellent water convenient. The situation is remarkably healthy and beautiful, and would make a very desirable residence to any person wishing to locate near the City.—A further description is deemed unnecessary, as persons desiring to purchase will no doubt first view the premises. A great bargain may be had, if early application be made.

JANE WILLIAMS.

Raleigh, Sept. 20, 1838 40 tf

WILLIAM NEAL & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
LOOKING GLASSES,
NO. 27,
North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, back of Merchants' Hotel

The only establishment in the City devoted exclusively to this business.

COUNTRY Merchants are supplied at Manufacturers' prices, and their Glasses insured from breaking to any part of the Union, without extra charge.

Those who may have orders for large Glasses, would do well to inform us by letter, previous to their coming on, of the size of the plate, and the kind of frame they may want, (whether of Gilt, Mahogany or Marble,) that the article may be manufactured expressly for the occasion.

Merchants should give their orders for Looking Glasses the first thing on their arrival, to ensure them well put up.

September 1, 1838 40 9w

DR. W. W. MARSHALL'S
Ointment for the Blind Piles.

This invaluable remedy has been several years before the public; its virtue and efficacy have been well tested, and, in numerous instances, in the most aggravated forms of the disease. In not a solitary case has it been known to fail in effecting a cure. Many very respectable persons have borne testimony to its efficacy; among whom is the Rev. Wm. A. Smith, of the M. E. Church, and Editor of the Conference Journal, who, from his own experience, confidently recommends it to the public as "A SAFE, AGREEABLE, AND EFFICIENT REMEDY."

It may be had at the Store of R. TUCKER, Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.
Sign of the Golden Mortar.

WM. M. MASON & CO.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs T. S. Beckwith & Co. have commenced the APOTHECARY business at the stand formerly occupied by them on Fayetteville Street, second door north of W. & A. Stith, where they have just received a further supply of

Drugs, Medicines, Glass, Oil, Paints, Dye Stuffs and Perfumery, together with a general assortment of
FANCY ARTICLES.

which they will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

Merchants and others can be furnished with patent and other medicines on as reasonable terms as they can be got south of the Potomac. Persons would do well to call and examine for themselves. Physicians at a distance, who may favor us with their orders, will have them promptly attended to. No pains will be spared in selecting Chemicals and Pharmaceutical preparations, as they are determined that no medicines but such as are genuine, shall be sold by them. One of the Firm having been brought up to the business, to which he will give his undivided attention, thereby avoiding those fatal mistakes that too often occur through incompetency or carelessness, they hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of the public patronage.

February, 1838. 10 tf

A TEACHER WANTED.

The Trustees of the Sunsbury Academy wish to employ a competent gentleman to take charge of the Institution on the 1st. Monday in Oct.

A gentleman intending to pursue the profession a number of years would be preferred, and would do well to make application. A salary of $400 will be given the 1st year.

RICH. H. PARKER, Sec'y
of the Board of Trustees of S. A.

Sunsbury, Gates co, Aug. 12, 1838 35 2m

THE DEATH WARRANT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near. At Alesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil—not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor toward the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane, in some closed up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursling was heard, betokening that in general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands, or mayhap here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home, the whole village presented a picture of desertion and silence, that had forever been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew near the ponderous cliffs, in the midts of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things, that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village was crowded to overflowing, long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of the inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamor of the thong, was sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was the greeting of old and long parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonry of half intoxicated men; the clatter of women: the crying and hallowing of children and boys, and the barking and quarelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, would lead to satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him on the threshold of the grave—they met, and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the jailor as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together and chaunting the beautiful hymn:

It is the lord should I distrust
Or contradict his will?

almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voice of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child.

The brief and to be final interview had passed however—those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted—he, to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they as they said to return by journeys to their sorrowful home; the convict worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was John Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at the county town some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne his company from the lakes, who was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which he slept, at a country inn, near Redcliffe, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep, but the circumstances were against him, and though the money was not found on him he was sentenced to be hung and was moved to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county prison being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place—the scaffold was already erected—the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay—the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with the information that all was ready without, and bid him hasten to his execution—they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up toward heaven in astonishment, as one new born, only said, the "dream the dream." "And what of the dream, Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff. "You would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this cursed scrape" "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us in a grey dress, with a white hat and whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sung distinctly—this is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.

The officers and jailor held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharp after the man in grey, with the white hat—accompanied with many hints of resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency—the prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand, and a mein of all meekness and humility was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams—and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase—he looked and looked again, then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described, stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "there is Lewis the murderer of the traveller," and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a man out of his senses, from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed—Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband—that she had assumed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction: that he had given her the money which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her; she was again set at liberty and neither her nor the husband was heard of again.

[*Translated from De Lamartine, for the Atlas.*]

ARABIAN HORSES.—One must see the stable of Damascus, or those of the emir Beschir to have a correct idea of an Arabian Horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness and his picturesque figure, when he is taken from his native and his accustomed haunts, and brought to our cold climate, and the shade and solitude of our stables. He must be seen at the door of the tent of the Arab of the desert, his head between his legs, tossing his long black mane, and brushing his sides, shining like copper or silver, with his long tail, whose extremity is always tinged with henna: he must be seen decked with brilliant housings trimmed with gold and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of blue or red silk, woven with gold or silver, and edged with tinkling points which fall from his forehead over his nostrils, and with which he conceals or shows at each movement of his neck, his fiery, large and intelligent eye-ball: he must be seen above all in numbers of two or three hundred, some lying in the dust of the court, others fettered by iron rings and fastened to long cords which cross these courts, others free upon the sands and leaping with one bound over the rows of camels which stand in their path; some held by young black slaves, clothed in scarlet vests, the horses affectionately putting their heads upon the shoulders of these children: and some playing together as free and unconfined as the wild colts of a prairie, standing around, rubbing their heads together, or mutually licking each other's shining and silvery hair; all looking at us with an uneasy and curious scrutiny on account of our European dress and strange language, but soon becoming familiar and coming gently, holding out their necks for us to stroke. The restless expression of the physiognomy of these horses, are perfectly incredible till one has seen it for himself. All their feelings are expressed in their eyes and in the nervous movement of their mouths and nostrils as distinctly and expressively as upon the countenance of a child.

When we approached them for the first time, they exhibited as much dislike and curiosity as a man would feel at the sight of an unexpected and disagreeable object. Our language especially astonished them, and their ears pricked up and bent backward, or thrown forward, showed their surprise and uneasiness. I admired especially several valuable mares, reserved for the emir himself. I offered by my interpreter 10,000 piasters for one of the handsomest; but an Arab would not sell at any price a mare of the best breed; I therefore was unsuccessful.

An ex-Sheriff's Reminiscences.—Called out by allusions to tricks resorted to in Massachusetts, the editor of the N. Y. Star relates some amusing reminiscences respecting the period of his public services as Sheriff:

When Sheriff of this city, the limits were only one hundred and fifty acres. Houses on the limits commanded a higher rent for those who could pay, and for those who could not pay their sufferings were intolerable. To mechanics it was peculiarly distressing, and the whole system worked bad for debtor and creditor. Enticing persons off the limits confined for heavy sums and with good bail was an organized system. Watchers were specially employed, and large sums promised if they could find the debtor off his guard and over the lines, or could decoy him in any manner from the bounds. I have know women engaged to stop a debtor and interest him in her story by a modest address, a tale of woe, and lead step by step; until unconsciously he had passed the fatal boundary in sight of the scout who lodged information against him. Again, all the arts of beauty and fascination were employed and bountifully paid for to lure the debtor beyond the line and thus entrap him. Girls have pretended to fall in fits on one side of the pavement that the unfortunate debtor's humanity might be aroused, and he cross from the other side to aid them. In short the abuses were so numerous, and the benefits so doubtful by this 150 acre limit system, that I went to work to make this manifest to the Legislature, and they made the whole city the limits.

Under the new system many amusing things occurred. The ex-Sheriff was accustomed never to lock up a debtor "if he could procure any animal in the shape of bail." One man used to go bail for all his countrymen, among the Sheriff's "particular and valued political friends the Irish."

They had a Connaught man amongst them—a bad man, a tall, handsome, genteel fellow, full of fun and impudence—whenever they wanted security, they would dress him up in a neat black coat and ruffled shirt, give him a good watch, a cane and a pair of gloves, and thus disguised he would strut into the office with the air of an Alderman. "I come to bail Terrence O'Flynn, sir," "What is the amount?" "Only twenty dollars, sir—a trifle, your honor; but we must not let our countrymen suffer, you know." So saying he would pull out the gold watch, which he would look at long enough for all the deputies in the office to see the article; adjust his ruffles, take a pinch out of old Hays snuff box, sign the bond, and strut out. This fellow was bail for the whole Five Points which was in the limits, and so often as I saw him clanking his iron heeled boots over the marble pavement of the City Hall, twirling his cane, and imitating, and very cleverly too, the air of a man of wealth and importance; I used to say to him, "Well Rory who are you going to bail now?"

But the last of the Star stories is the best:

One day I threw open the jail for public inspection. I had cleared out all the debtors, some by compromise, some by bail, and a very few by consent of creditors—it was the old Provost during the revolutionary war—a terrible looking place, now transformed into the beautiful Hall of records, but as the devil would have it, before night an officer brought in a wild young Frenchman, arrested for a small sum. His mother, well known and respected in the city, called by my house, full of grief and politeness, & smiling through her tears, having by the hand a handsome, modest looking girl, scarcely sixteen. "Ah mon cher Monsieur Scheriff, you ave locked up my son in de prison—here is his beautiful wife—vill you let her sleep by herself all-night?" There was no resisting such a pathetic appeal, and the wife carried the release to jail, and old Mr. Roome let him out to roam about and be again caught by Baron Nab'em.

Refined Barbarity in a Negro Woman.—A black woman named Sarah Fullerton, jealous of her husband, went to a house in Wooster street, to the supposed cause of her trouble, a young mulatto girl, who resided there as a servant, and immediately on encountering her, took from her pocket a bottle of oil of vitrol and poured it over the girl's face, producing the utmost agony, and in a few minutes literally separating all the flesh from the bones. The demon who did this act was immediately committed. A similar case happened in Paris some years since, and made much talk.

A melancholy case of domestic affliction is related of a highly respectable lady, who for the last two years has become so perfect a sot, that she has violently beat her children, and finally separated from her husband, and become a wanderer in the streets. She was taken up a few days since for an assault, but soon after set at liberty.

It is a pity there is no House of Refuge for adult as well as Juvenile delinquents of this description, where by a little salutary restraint and mild conciliatory conduct, they might be redeemed from moral shipwreck.

New York Commercial.

From the Knickerbocker.

The following striking passages are from the "Journal of the late Mrs. Sophia Manning Phillips," a charming writer and poetess, who died several months' since, in Louisville, Kentucky:

"Home—beloved and early home—I bid thee hail again! Changed as thou art from constant cheerfulness to the shadow of sorrow; lost, blessed scene! as is thy sound of blithe voices, and laughter, and music, and harmless, kindly mirth, my very heart is glad—glad, though the tear is in my eye—to return among thy still and dear familiar things. God! how they rise up, and speak to me, as with a voice! I hear the echo of my childhood's laughter! I see the gleaming faces of my happy childhood's mates! I hail anew the wonder of the waters! I chase the startled wings of fleeing butterflies. Dear, holy home! might I but die with, in thy well known sight! But if I am to leave thee, I will tear from my bosom, for the sake of him that loveth me, all wild and haunting memories.—Not once hereafter will I seek the dark corner, to gather up thy vanished blessedness, to count thy hoarded hours of merry times and fresh—to see thee as thou *wert*, my home, and weep!

"I know not wherefore, but this Sunday afternoon reminds me more strongly and strangely than common, of olden words and days. The warm air is abroad, mocking the reign of dismal February; the snow patters from the eaves in twinkling drops; the sun—just like the sun of other days!—is on my head; I think of thee, my lost and sainted——! of the heaven spread out in peace and love above mine eyes; of the earth, with all its vanished or forth-coming tribunes, or ties, or trials, stretching beside and beyond me. So the winter is rolling onward and away. The Spring! Perchance she even now seeketh her buds, to awaken their slumber, and her breezes to attune them to melody. She looketh, perchance, to her skies, that their tint be forever unmatched!—to her floods, that they bound undelaying, ere long at her call! There shall be spread over the sweet earth a pathway of greenness, and we that live on its bosom, shall watch along its valleys for feet which come not, and listen among its pleasant sounds for voices which arise not. And this is the cup we all must drink, and in our turn be mourned for a day, and missed for a day, and go down to the dust and the grave!—Who will weep and stay for me, when my hour cometh? Perhaps none! This is a bitter and sad thought now, were I to dwell upon it; but when the time indeed is at hand, when the breath is going away, and the eyes can no more lift up themselves to earth or heaven, and the memories or scenes of the life that is leaving us are blotted and unrecognized, it matters little, I ween, whose hand is on our head, or whose yet glowing lip is pressed to ours—the fading and the cold! It matters not!

'Thy latest beam, descending sun,
Falls to my page from yonder heaven;
I gaze—I yearn—'t is vaidly done!
Nor sound nor signal thence is given.
The souls of those we lose and love,
May spread their holy wings around
Earth's whispers—but above,
Beck'neth no finger, breaks no sound.
I see the summoned stars alone,
Gathering in silence round the throne."

From the Correspondent of the Chas. Courier.

MR. CLAY AT HOME.

Constant and rapid change of scene, since my departure from Lexington to Cincinnati, and during my journey back to this State, has literally disabled me, until now, from resuming my correspondence. Before narrating the particulars and incidents of my tour, it may not prove uninteresting to recur to Lexington and its vicinity, and some of the incidents of my brief but agreeable sojourn there. The elegant courtesies of the place continued to be extended to our entire Southern party, to almost the moment of our departure. We were scarcely suffered to do more than break our fast at our hotel. We partook of sumptuous entertainments at the houses of Mr. Clay, Mr. Robert Wickliffe, Chief Justice Robertson, Mr. H. Johnson, and Mr. E. Johnson, which, together with the Barbacue, and a Ball at Mrs. Brand's where a lovely throng responded, with lively and graceful motion, to the music of the dance, furnished full occupation for our leisure; and impressed us all with a grateful and abiding sense of the elegance and cordiality of Kentucky hospitality. Indeed, the citizens seemed to vie with each other in lavishing attention upon us, and nothing but the shortness of our stay prevented us from receiving a much larger dispensation of their warmhearted kindness.

It was a source of no small gratification to me to meet the celebrated "Harry of the West" at his own generous table, and behold him dispensing, with unaffected grace, the substantials and courtesies of the feast; enlivened with frank and easy conversation, and spiced with frequent anecdote. His conversation turned chiefly on ordinary topics, and scarcely ever glanced at politics. After dinner, our distinguished host conducted us in a pleasant walk through the shady groves and green pastures of his favorite Ashland, and exhibited to us his fine stock of cattle—perhaps the finest in the State—to the improvement of which he has given, and continues to give, uncommon attention, setting an example which has tended largely to give Kentucky the noble herds of which she boasts and profits. His cattle are chiefly, I believe, of the Durham breed, although he has some of various other foreign stocks. A two year old Durham heifer seem to be his favorite—a beautiful gentle creature—estimated to weigh about eight hundred pounds, and valued at one thousand dollars.

Ashland, the residence of Mr. Clay, is situated about a mile from Lexington, and is a beautiful and well cultivated farm, adorned with a handsome and commodious mansion, set off with spacious lawns or pastures, and shaded with the foliage of noble trees. In the back ground stretches out a landscape, rich in rural and agricultural beauty. It must be quite a relief to the distinguished owner of this lovely rural retreat, to seek it as a periodical refuge from the storms and cares of political life—forgetting ambition, with all its agitating hopes and fears, in the peaceful occupations of the farmer, and the sweet and hallowed communion of family and friends.

The description given of Mr. Clay, by Prentice his biographer, some years since, is very correct, and I here transcribe it:

"The person of Mr. Clay exhibits a perfect combination of suavity, dignity, and power. He is tall and somewhat slender; and his carriage and deportment he manly and prepossessing. His mouth is large, but bland and energetic in its expression. His forehead is high and broad. The contour of his head is remarkably fine. A disciple of the school of Gall and Spurzheim would find much to admire in its an-