



AUSTRALIAN YOUTHS' SONG.

BY H. PARKES.

We live in hope—we live in hope!
Forget the day that's gone;
Or dim or bright, the Future's light,
Is all to guide us on.

We live in hope—we have no past,
Our glory's to be won!
And come it will, in spite of ill,
Sure as to-morrow's sun.

Australian young, Australian strong!
Give us thy good right hand:
We drain no cup, but stand we up,
To bless our native land.

The thriftless sons of English lords,
With white hands come to bed,
Great Kings of sheep, where sow and reap
The yellow corn should we.

And let them come—ay, let them come,
If learn to toil they will;
But we dispute their title to't,
Unless the soil they till.

Stand firm, my sons! take courage, boys!
In young Australia's cause;
Our souls we'll strain, for her to gain,
Free homes and equal laws.

July, 1847.

SONG.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Oh, who would barter wedlock's joys
For dissipation's transient pleasure—
For sickly sweets, which fade and cloy,
Ere scarce we've pluck'd the bootless treasure?
Let others bask in fashion's bowers,
Expos'd to all its cares and strife;
Give me those dear domestic flowers—
A happy home and loving wife!

Some vaunt of mighty deeds they've done,
By plotting schemes for virtue's ruin:
Some vainly boast of conquests won,
Where war with blood the plain's imbuing;
But from such scenes still keep me free,
I love a calm, domestic life;
I ask but two bright gems—give me
A happy home and loving wife!

Australian Sketches. By THOMAS M'COMBIE, author of *Arabia; or, the Adventures of a Colonist in New Wales.* Melbourne: 1847.

As we have not yet had an opportunity of perusing the contents of this little volume, we cannot do more at the present time than quote that portion of the author's preface which refers to the time the sketches were written, and the subjects contained in the volume before us, hoping on a future occasion to be able to give a more lengthy notice of this colonial production:—

The author embraces the present opportunity to state, that several of these Sketches may be looked upon as belonging to a phase of the country already past. The whole aspect of our Society is rapidly changing, and a great improvement is already visible. The reader will bear in mind that they were written several years ago: and then he is welcome to criticise their humble merits. A letter to the British Government, on a most important subject, has been added. This formed a portion of a work on "The Mangement of the Colonies," which the author has had no opportunity of concluding in consequence of the want of books of reference.

The Statesmen of America in 1846. By SARAH MYTON MAURY. Longman and Co.

We are not of the tomahawk school of criticism. We think decency of language and statement as desirable in literature as in other callings, and have as little taste for what is called a "slashing" article as for anything else that is vulgar or ill-mannered. But Mrs. Sarah Myton Maury has written a book much too astonishing and extravagant to be described in ordinary critical language. It shall therefore describe itself, in a series of extracts from the delectation of the curious.

We must preface them by stating that Mrs. Maury is an Englishwoman, who, having been married for nineteen years to an American merchant residing in Liverpool (we derive these facts from the book), and proposing that her family of sons and daughters eight in number, shall one day make their fortunes in the Republic, not only goes for the entire Oregon, but has alighted on the reasonable conclusion that America slogs England altogether "in all the essential advantages of life." With this belief she travelled through the States during the first nine months of last year, accompanied by one of her sons, a lad whom she calls "the Doctor." Lord Sandon procured her letters of introduction from Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Pakenham, and she found Mr. Pakenham civil, and Mr. Pakenham made an offer of his services. "But I was in high hands, and required them not." Independence finds its way to every American heart. "The President himself, the Secretary of State, and every American took care of me."

She has returned the compliment in her book. Not that she meant to write a book on going out. It was an impromptu notion, and occurred in this way. She was at a ball given by John Quincy Adams:

Mrs. Gouverneur (this lady is the grand-daughter of President Monroe) reproached me playfully for having omitted to call upon her. I replied that "I spent all day, and every day, at the capitol, hearing and seeing the distinguished men assembled there."

"And then," said she, laughing, "you will go home to England and write a book, and abuse them, and all the rest of the Americans."

"Never," said Buchanan, on whose arm I leaned, "never; I answer for her. If she puts pen to paper it will be to do us justice."

It was then my turn to speak, and to attend to this generous challenge.

"And to show," I quickly added, "that an Englishwoman has the sense to appreciate your virtues, to admire your greatness, and to return with gratitude your affection—permit me to offer to you, Mr. Buchanan, the dedication of such a book?"

"Beautifully said," returned the secretary, "and I accept it with the greatest pleasure as a proof of your regard; but what will become of your dear friends, Calhoun and Ingersoll?"

"Mr. Buchanan," I replied, "the Secretary of State is the Representative of the Americans in foreign nations, and therefore my guardian and my friend will both approve my choice."

This was the first time that the actual conviction ever suggested itself to my mind that I should write a book, and during the rest of the evening I was somewhat startled.

Beginning by startling herself, it is not unnatural that she should end by startling everybody else. In her native country we mean. In her adopted country, the land of hope and promise, every one will be satisfied. The book is a kind of enormous Twelfth Cake, of which, "in the name of the American people," she makes a present to Mr. Buchanan. Its plums are of the largest and richest kind; its characters of the finest gingerbread, overlaid with gilt; and the most glittering master piece by Gunter never equalled it, for the excessive sweetness and marvellous strength of its ingredients.

Mrs. Maury's peculiar opinions (we shall do her most justice by leaving herself to describe them) have enabled her to lay down the lion and the lamb together. She thus contrasts herself with the Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard:

He is a Puritan,—I am a Puseyite;—he is a frequenter of the meeting-house,—I worship in cathedrals;—he respects the Independent preacher,—at home I recognise the Hierarchy of the Church of England; while in America I have fallen in love with the virtues and good works of the Jesuit fathers;—he is a Whig,—I am an ultra Democrat; he is a strict protectionist,—I am a free trader;—he abhors slavery,—I hold it but a name; he condemns dancing,—I hop about like a French grandmother;—he is quite natural,—I am quite artificial;—he despises the pomps and vanities, while I, alas! am their loving, faithful votary.

And yet—nothing can surpass her admiration of Hubbard! In like manner Polk and Van Buren, Haywood and Benton, Calhoun and Clay, Seward and Hannegan, Quincy Adams and Buchanan, Webster and Ingersoll, are exhibited in her loving and rapturous embrace.

It is very curious. Mr. Ingersoll charged Mr. Webster some few months since with crimes which, in England, if proved, would have driven the unhappy offender from society; or disproved, would have branded with infamy the convicted slanderer. But they manage these things better in the Republic. Mr. Webster made a triumphant answer to his accuser, and his accuser was returned at the next election by a triumphant majority. It was a tribute to his "smartness." It seems from Mrs. Maury's account that Mr. Ingersoll is a wit. "Amiable, sensible, brilliant, and witty," she tells us, "Ingersoll is charming at sixty-three." "He is the only witty man that I have conversed with in America." He facetiously constituted himself, being Chairman of Foreign Relations, her guardian. She describes him in his habits and tastes fastidious to a curious degree, and quite disgusted and irritated "by the slightest departure from the moralities and proprieties of educated society." The charges against poor Mr. Webster, therefore, must clearly have been a mere sally of wit:

To me he accorded his constant, unreserved, and most intimate confidence; and I declare, and solemnly as I hope for mercy, that the breast of Ingersoll is guiltless of all wilful malice, and free from all vindictive passions; but happier would he be had he more cunning to be more discreet. This much I trust he will permit from me, in all the sincerity of affection and respect. So gentle, so easily affected is he, that I have sometimes invented a pathetic story that I might see my guardian weep; and on a public occasion, one of the most interesting of my life, the emotion which he who sat at my side displayed, was among the most touching events of that proud and happy day.

The proud and happy day was when the Washington ladies gave Mrs. Maury a dinner. But proud and happy emotions seem everywhere to wait on Ingersoll the polite. Hear the jokes he makes:

At a ball, after keeping him at least an hour during which time nobody asked me to dance, I observed, "that for his sake I was sorry that I had had no offers." "Madam," rejoined he, "I should instantly have repudiated them." It must be remarked that the witty member is the representative of Pennsylvania.

"Do tell me," said I, "what you think of slavery?" "As I think of mosquitoes, and other visitations of Providence," said he, "the less said about them the better! besides, they are always the most intolerable in the hottest places."

I received a letter from Mr. Smith, the Attorney General of the Canadas, dated Montreal, in the middle of January, 1845; the snow was then fifteen feet at Quebec.

Ingersoll was present when I received the letter, and I read it aloud to him, as the most suitable person to give a reply.

"When," said Mr. Smith, "when are the Americans coming to take Canada?" "Whenever it's thawed," carelessly returned the chairman of foreign relations, taking up his hat and gloves to go away, as if for the purpose.

But Mr. Punch will grow jealous, and perhaps embroil the countries, if we quote more of these dazzling mots, these "sparking sallies." A portrait of the wit may on the other hand restore good humour. In his old black shovel, Ingersoll must be irresistible as well as unmanageable:

Ingersoll wears his hair closely cut to his head, as short before as it is behind; a most unusual fashion in America; it is of lively brown, and I do not think there are ten grey hairs in the whole. He has a peculiar taste in hats; sometimes he wore an old black shovel; sometimes I have seen his head enveloped up to the eyes in a huge fur cap of villainous form and figure; sometimes the crown is just touched by a straw broad brim of gigantic dimensions; sometimes a dust-coloured chapeau, shaven and shapeless, like a Yankee stage driver's in the Prairies. In vain I remonstrated against each of these varieties; in hats he was perfectly unmanageable, and resisted most triumphantly the "dominion of the Foreign Petticoat." I doubt not that while he is reading this history he has one or other of the offending articles on his head.

But let us not forget Mr. Buchanan, who has the honour of the dedication of the marvellous book. It seems he looks like an "English nobleman"—not of the present day; we have nothing of that sort now—but "of thirty or forty years ago."

In the power of self sacrifice, however, Buchanan hangs all the noblemen and statesmen that ever lived: for what do you think this noble-minded man did—*twice*?

Cautious and deliberating, thoroughly appreciating the extent of his power, and the responsibility of his position, this noble-minded man twice tendered his resignation when his opinions conscientiously differed from those of the administration.

More than that, Buchanan, "to his honour be it spoken,"—but let Mrs. Maury tell:

Religion, to his honour be it spoken, is the frequent subject of this statesman's meditation. In his private cabinet at home, on the small table in daily use, and within arm's reach, are placed two volumes:—the one Jay's Devout Exercises, the other the New Testament.

Amazing as this is, hardly less surprising is Ex-Governor Seward of New York. It was from him Mrs. Maury learned the astounding circumstance that the worst criminal may yet be human, "sometimes."

I regard his perception of the springs of action as intuitive, and have, on more than one occasion, listened to his delineation of the criminals progressive course in vice, with gratified and curious interest; he has sometimes shown me that even in the perpetration of the most hideous crimes, the offender may yet be human.

With the honourable Mr. Haywood, however, we seem to go higher and higher:

His deportment and address are very distinguished, and he is perfect in all the recognised conventionalisms of polished life.... He speaks excellent English, his enunciation is fluent, the liquids being fully articulated, and he possesses one of those musical voices so usually heard in southern climates..... Without knowing that such is the fact, I should imagine Mr. Haywood to be descended from the blood of the cavaliers; his handsome features, his scrupulous attention to dress, and especially the natural (perhaps somewhat negligent) though graceful ease of his manners combined with his chivalrous devotion to the fair sex, and success in the drawing room, all remind me of the descriptions we read of those high-bred spirits.

—We are still ascending with Mr. Benton (who called Mr. Clay a liar, by the bye, a few years ago in the Senate):

Mr. Benton possesses great acquirements: the various studies of language, history, philosophy, and the belles lettres he has made doubly his own by acquirement and by use.

—Into remoter altitudes yet, with Martin Van Buren:

His conversation is like a strain of varied music, now grave, now gay, now learned, now simple; generally new and original, but sometimes blending in its harmonies the chords of other minstrels; and by this union, imparting to their sounds a grace transcending their own.

—Getting wonderfully near the clouds in the "Attic Nights" of Quincy Adams:

I was as much gratified when admitted to these "Attic Nights" as the intellectual Governor had predicted; and listened with delight to those instructive and fascinating lectures, in which learning and taste were so eloquently combined; poetry, painting, music, history, criticism, all in turn were the themes of his discourse; each Muse attended at his call. The question was one evening discussed, whether it is easier to render sculpture and painting into poetry, or poetry into sculpture and painting?—assuming each to be perfect in its kind; that is, the poetry rendered into sculpture or painting must become material, and the sculpture or painting rendered into poetry must become spiritual. The subject expanded, and I was amazed at the range of knowledge displayed by Mr. Adams, and the perfect system with which it was hived and stored for seasonal use. Languages, metaphysics, philosophy, the nature of essence and of matter, mechanical art, with many more incidental subjects, were all handled by him with the same ease and familiarity that Euclid would demonstrate two halves to be equal to the whole.

—And at last fairly in them, when we arrive at the gallant Hannegan!

The West has found a devoted lover in her Hannegan, and many a fervent vow he made to win for her the Oregon, nor will these vows remain unanswered; so sure as rivers run into the sea, so sure as mountains hide their heads in clouds, so surely will Oregon become the inheritance of the Americans, for it is theirs by right as well as by inevitable necessity.

Alas, poor England! But who can resist a Hannegan?

Show me a gentler, a more affectionate nature than Edward Hannegan you cannot; and, believe me, the Western men in general resemble him. Shall I relate some anecdotes of this, my friend?

Certainly. By all means.

When Mr. H. made his speech on the Oregon question, he alluded, in terms of graceful approval, to Mr. Calhoun, and, after differing from the policy of that Senator, he apostrophized, in terms of generous and manly eulogy, his genius and his virtues. I was in the gallery immediately above with a large party of ladies, for the wives and friends of those Members who spoke always took great interest in their success; these ladies ever regarded me as one of themselves, and I shared in their anxious hopes and fears that our many favorites should go through the ordeal with honor. We always went together to the Supreme Court, the Senate, or the House, to listen to their speeches, and to cheer them by our presence; to walk home with them, to sympathise in their disappointments and their victories, and to congratulate them when the trial was over. The intercourse between the statesmen and politicians of all parties and the ladies was of the most agreeable kind, and to the latter it was a source of great instruction and improvement, for nothing elevates and corrects the female mind more than the friendship and confidence of distinguished men. On the occasion above alluded to, the party in the gallery were highly gratified, for Calhoun is precious in the sight of all; to me these words of praise were delightful for the sake of both the Senators. In the excitement of the moment I threw down my glove to the Speaker; it fell at his side. The chivalrous Hannegan instantly picked it up, pressed it to his lips, looked gratefully up to the gallery, bowed, and placed it in his bosom. The fortunate glove was transmitted by the next day's post to the Lady of the Senator, then in Indiana. I preserve the less happy fellow to it. When the speech was ended and the Senate adjourned, the ladies went down to the floor. I accompanied Mr. Hannegan to shake hands with Calhoun, and expressed my wish to publish that speech in England. So much for the gallantry of the Senator from Indiana to an Englishwoman.

Who will talk of the rudeness of Western men after that? Let us hope the picturesqueness of the scene may recommend it to pictorial treatment. It would be a noble subject for Mr. Leech.

Here is another; the only parallel to which that we can immediately recollect, being our recent but very excellent friend Captain Cuttle, perhaps the ingenious Phiz might be inclined to treat it graphically. Captain Cuttle was never in any circumstances seen without his glazed hat; and hence a not unreasonable inference that he wears it in all conceivable circumstances. But General Gaines openly goes to bed with his military collar on, taking care that his friends shall know it. It would be a good picture, we think: nor would the General in full military equipment fanning Mrs. Maury, be by any means a bad companion sketch.

This gallant officer is eighty-three; he is pale and white haired, tall and emaciated; but his habits are punctual and early, and so strict is his adherence to discipline, that a gentleman told me that having heard General Gaines was indisposed, he went to see him, and found him lying on the bed with his military collar on, and his sword by his side; he was with difficulty prevailed on to resign the badges of a soldier even while suffering. He is the mirror of courtesy to the fair sex, and no gentleman handles a lady's fan with greater dexterity; either sitting or standing he never forgets to relieve her from the onerous task of fanning herself.

To which Mrs. M. appends this note:

I remember, with shame, an appointment to accompany the General to the cupola of the St. Charles, one morning at five o'clock, to see the sun rise. The Doctor and I both overslept ourselves.

Mrs. Maury met several judges, of whom Mr. M'Lean appears to have been the favorite—if we can apportion in definable degrees, the resistless torrents of affection which sweep through every page:

"If you Whigs make a President, in 1848," said I one day to a friend, "let it be Judge M'Lean." "Do not wish that, Mrs. Maury," was the reply. "Judge M'Lean is canonized; if he were taken away from the Supreme Court, where is the guardian of the Constitution?"

We shall exhibit this American Protector in a series of Tableaux:

JUDGE M'LEAN BOWING TO MRS. M. FROM THE BENCH.

My little son was, on general occasions, my only escort; he attended me to my seat, and then took leave, generally returning every hour to inquire if I was ready to retire. I was thus alone in the Court, and might probably have felt somewhat embarrassed, being unknown, and in the midst of strangers; but Judge M'Lean entering at once into the delicacy of my position, always bowed to me from the Bench, as well on my departure as on my entrance. The compliment was the more gratifying, because M'Lean was usually at that time the presiding Judge on the Bench. Immediately, by this recognition, I felt myself in the society and under the protection of the graceful and benignant Judge, and no words can express the relief afforded me by this most delicate and refined attention; the impulse of a heart filled with that charity which surpasses comprehension.

HOW JUDGE M'LEAN LOOKS ON THE BENCH.

Judge M'Lean is remarkably handsome; his person is tall and dignified, and the sweep of his black silk gown is quite graceful; he is fifty-seven, of fair complexion, light blue eyes, somewhat bald (Judges in America are wise, and look so too without the help of wigs), and with a profile of admirable proportions, the forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, being perfect in their outline; the expression is of the noblest moral character, mingled with somewhat of playfulness. The Judge possesses the advantage of a very harmonious voice; his manners on the Bench are perfectly affable and respectful, both to the Judges and the Advocates, and I have never, even in the most wearisome causes seen him betray one symptom of impatience.

JUDGE M'LEAN AT HIS PRAYERS.

The Methodist Church has the honor of numbering Judge M'Lean among her votaries. I accompanied him twice to church, for having seen him in the most exalted, as well as in the most endearing, of human relations, I wished (and I hope with no idle curiosity) to see him in the presence of his God. The Judge knelt reverently before the altar of the Almighty, for it was the time of prayer; his eyes were closed, but his fine countenance became impressed with mental devotion, and when the preacher entered upon his eloquent discourse, for truly eloquent it was, and described the blessed effects of brotherly love, tears flowed down his cheeks, and the motion of his lips informed me, though his voice was inaudible, that he was in communion with his Creator. Need I say with what reverence I looked upon him.

In something of the same "reverence" of spirit, Mrs. Maury proposes a series of charming Tableaux Vivants for Thanksgiving Day. It is in her notice of Mr. Winthrop of Boston: I have traced, with curious interest, a likeness in Mr. Winthrop to the features of John Winthrop (the first Governor), in a portrait painted by Vandyke; and should I revisit America, as I hope, I shall be strangely tempted to ask his permission to try how becomingly he would look in a starched lace ruffle, such as adorns the neck of the Pilgrim Governor. The landing of these interesting adventurers, the kindred of our own forefathers, in their new and unknown home, is the subject of many efforts on the canvass; but what charming *tableaux vivants* for Thanksgiving Day might be constructed from the history of their progress; the actors in the imaginative scene being the actual descendants of the heroic men and women who performed so important a drama on the theatre of the world. What mingled pictures of the sublime, the heroic, the pathetic, the amusing, nay, of the ludicrous, might be conjured up from these spirited narratives; and it would be so delightful thus to dramatise the past, and to annihilate the space of two centuries. The ladies of the family of Endicott, of Salem, Massachusetts, bear also a striking resemblance to the handsome features of their magnanimous and intrepid predecessor. I shall never forget their sweet faces.

But let us not forget the main merit (in Mrs. Maury's eyes) of another Judge, "the idol of Washington," Judge Mason.

The south of Virginia is his home; he is the father of a numerous family, and the owner of slaves, who are happy in his service, and would not change it for their freedom.

Happy slaves! Mrs. Maury, the reader must know, is such a determined anti-monopolist, that she is for free trade in humanity as in everything else:

I am the daughter, wife, and mother, the sister and friend of merchants; in the atmosphere of commerce I was born and nurtured; in the principles of free trade I was instructed from my youth upwards; and I rejoice, though a woman, to see them at last triumphant, beyond the power of tariffs, and prohibitions, and imposts, which a few years more must consign to the grave of all the Capulets.

Thus, therefore, she talks, in her notice of Mr. Calhoun, of

Mr. Calhoun's "faithful, affectionate, born, hereditary, Slave and friend."

He would not yield his faithful, affectionate, born, hereditary Slave and friend to the tender mercies of either American or English Abolitionists. And here let me say a few words on the merits of the Slaveholder, in general; of him whom the abolitionists would sweep away from the face of nations, because he is the guardian of more rights and feelings than they can understand, the source of more happiness to a greater number of men, women, and children, than all their pharisaical sentiment could imagine. He watches his slaves in their sickness, provides for their hunger, thirst, and age: protects their wives, and nourishes their children; addresses them with kindness, reproves their faults, and punishes their vices; like the patriarchs of old, he is the father as well as the master of his people; and I candidly and boldly say, that I have never seen the masters of free white men behave towards them so justly or so mercifully, so familiarly, so confidently, as the slave owner behaves to those who are his property. The fanatics (I beg their pardon, the philanthropists) who preach emancipation, would they succour the liberated slave? would they share with him, his wife, and children, the growth of their fields, the produce of their farms? They shrink from the responsibility of providing for him, though not from the responsibility of ruining him.

Bid such fanatics, pursues this enthusiastic, liberty-loving, ultra-democratic, Puseyite, English-woman, wife, and mother—bid them—

Bid them return to Ireland, and to England, and to London, *the famishing and enslaved abode of a Queen*, and let them there learn and practise the Christian and rational charity that begins at home.

Really, Mrs. Maury bids for a statue (let it be in the most lady-like brass) in the Model Republic. She has discovered that the art of government lies in the institution of slavery. She is still talking of her dear Calhoun.

An hereditary slave owner, he was born and educated a ruler; he sways his people with justice and mercy, and the habitual possession of power has revealed to him the secrets of the heart of government. His gracious, princely nature, accustomed to give command without appeal, is equally accustomed to receive submission without reserve; hence his gentleness; hence his indulgence; hence his compassion; no vulgar upstart display of authority is traced in his intercourse with those who own him for their lord; "he saith to one man come, and he cometh; and to another, go, and he goeth;" and he is served with the perfect love that casteth out fear.

And to this education in the art of government, as slaveholders, at home, and from their birth, it is mainly owing that the Statesmen of the Southern Sections display such rare, such excellent wisdom in their discharge of the Republic.

And yet how should such a creature have needed any instruction? There is nothing so great as Calhoun's greatness, and Mrs. Maury is its prophet.

Inflexible, self-sacrificing, and proud, this extraordinary personage is akin to the great names of antiquity; his sentiments are proverbs; his forecast is prophecy. He is self-made.

Here was her first glimpse of him. The italics are her own:

The first time I saw Mr. Calhoun was in the Senate. A western member was urging war for Oregon; Calhoun sat silent, but was visibly chafed. The first time I heard him speak, the words were words of peace and praise for England. This was the only time during the space of a month that the name of my country had been uttered except in anger—and the voice of Calhoun was as the voice of an angel;—and for many minutes I wept, overcome by feelings which it were a vain attempt to describe. His appearance is unlike that of other men. His person is tall and thin, and I have always seen him dressed in black. His action is quick, and both in society and in the Senate very expressive. He speaks with the utmost rapidity, as if no words could convey his speed of thought; his face is all intellect with eyes so dazzling, black, and piercing, that none can stand their gaze. Sixty-four years have left their dark centre yet undimmed, and the surrounding blue liquid and pure as the eye of childhood. I have seen but one alone with eyes so beautiful. Sometimes their intense look is reading each thought of your bosom; sometimes they are beaming with the inspirations of his own. *I believe they give out light in the dark.* And I have often beheld them suffused with emotion, when the feeling of that ingenuous breast have been excited by honest praise or moved by sympathy. Mr. Calhoun's general expression is that of unceasing mental activity and great decision. His forehead is broad and full; a deep furrow extends quite across, and above the eyebrows there is considerable fulness. His hair is thick, and long, and straight, and grey, and is thrown back from his face; the eyebrows are very near to the eye, and the cheeks are denuded of flesh. The mouth is thin, and somewhat inclined downwards at the corners; it is the proud and melancholy lip of Dante. His complexion is bronzed by the sun of the South.

Again—let her Eulogy roar again! Here is Mr. Calhoun, both *eso-* and *exo-teric*:

The champion of Free Trade; a Slaveholder and Cotton Planter; the vindicator of State Rights, and yet a firm believer in the indestructibility of the Federal Union; now the advocate of war, and now of peace; now claimed as a Whig; now revered as a Democrat; now branded as a traitor; now worshipped as a Patriot; now assailed as a Demon; now invoked as a Demi-god; now withstanding Power, and now the People; now proudly accepting office, now as proudly spurning it; now goading the Administration, now resisting it; now counselling, now defying the Executive; but in all changes of circumstance, all trials of patience, in smiling or in adverse fortune, ever forgetful of self, and faithful only to the inspirations of the genius and the virtue of which the name is the symbol. No vice, no folly, no frailty, has soiled his nature, consumed his life, or extorted his remorse; his country has been his sole engrossing passion; loved with the devotion of a Brutus, and served with the fidelity of a Regulus; he has never wasted time; each moment has been and is employed in usefulness; his public hours in the advancement of just and wise measures of policy, and his moments of solitude in the study of all subjects which tend to elucidate those measures.

We had forgotten Mr. Webster, and everything must be a little tame after this; nevertheless, to be greater than Demosthenes, though less than Calhoun, is something. Mrs. M. professes to give us nothing more than a very—

Faint conception of his overpowering influence, when in the full tide of argument and feeling he pours forth that irresistible volume of words, which, by many, has been said to rival, and by some, to excel, the torrent of Demosthenes.

Ulysses, too, and his famous watch-dog, furnish their quota to the marvellous parts of this astonishing man:

His English, pure, and bold, and massive, is moulded by severe and classic taste, to convey the conceptions of a mind of vast proportions. In the knowledge and comprehension of all subjects connected with the sciences of law and government, he is a master, and has attained the distinguished appellation of "expounder of the constitution." Instinctively perceiving at a glance the bearings of a doctrine, the results of a principle, the future power of a precedent, nay, even the value of a word, a syllable, a letter, Mr. Webster, like the watch-dog, is ever awake, and listening for the sounds of trespass; he observes, with scrutinising eye, the perpetual variations and their effects which inevitably spring up in the progressive development of a youthful government, the forms of which are, as yet experimental, though the elements are fixed and incapable of change. The examination of the existing powers and limits of the constitution of the republic, and of the future influences of these powers and limits upon extended territory and increased population, does now, and must continue to form, a highly important subject of inquiry. To enlarge and adapt according to the successive requirements of the country, the original model so admirably propounded by the founders of the republic, is a study demanding the prophetic wisdom of Ulysses; and in this great purpose the mighty energies of Webster find their appointed mission.

What will Mr. Ingersoll say?

We shall now cull some beauties at random.

RUFUS CHOAT.

Rufus Choat, of Boston, was pleading against a sister state for Massachusetts. Rhode Island contested her boundary line, and each state sent forth her ablest champions to defend her rights. For two successive days Mr. Choat vindicated the claims of Massachusetts in the Supreme Court of the United States. I have no words to describe the extraordinary effort of this remarkable man. The fluency, rapidity, and beauty of his language, his earnest manner, his excited action, and his whole being, conflicting with the most intense emotion; he was all nerve, each sense, each faculty was absorbed in the great duty of the day; and sometimes it seemed that tears alone could relieve the uncontrollable agitation which thrilled through his frame, and quivered on his lip, and trembled in his voice; the strong nerve of a man alone enabled him to command his struggling feelings; for an instant he paused, and then again gushed forth his words clothed in each form of argument and persuasion, that the reach of mind and knowledge can suggest or use. His memory supplied quotations, learned and to the point; his imagination called each poetic fancy quick to his aid; and his voice of music attuned itself to all the varied tones of his discourse, awakening in every breast the sentiments and impressions of his own. He is the Proteus of Eloquence. Nor are his legal knowledge and research less remarkable than his natural talents; his study of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island case must have been most laborious and most profound; he spoke for four hours on two successive days. The subject was magnificent—the boundary line of rival states.

WHAT CALHOUN THINKS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL AND ENGLISH LIBERTY.

"Sir Robert Peel," observes Mr. Calhoun, "is the great Minister of Transition."

"I fear his Income Tax will render England a more extreme Oligarchy than she already is," said I.

"Very probably; still, there is much Freedom in your England."

HOW CALHOUN LOVES HIS STATE.

Never was man so adored as Calhoun by his State, "South Carolina alone stood by me." "She is my dear and honoured State." "South Carolina has never mistrusted nor forsaken me." "Mine she faithfully has ever been." And as he hung upon her memory and her devotion, her Statesman evinced the tenderness and pride with which a lover dwells upon the constancy of his mistress. His breath came quick and short, his proud head was flung back, and his voice was subdued by emotion.

CALHOUN'S DEFINITION OF AMERICAN SPORT.

"We Americans are the most excitable people on earth: we have plenty to eat and to drink, so we seek war for sport, that we may exhaust ourselves and our exuberance."

CALHOUNIANA.

"I like balls, they are beautiful things; but now I have a cough (which I caught at the Convention of Memphis), and I fear the evening air."

"Ladies should always be dressed in white, and wear a girdle."

THE AMERICAN FOREHEAD.

The American forehead is almost always well formed, and that of Mr. Lawrence clearly denotes the immense superiority of the intellectual over the physical nature.

TWO ADMIRABLE MEN.

During a recent visit to the metropolis I had the pleasure of seeing the distinguished namesake of Mr. Lawrence of Boston, William Lawrence, Esq., of Whitehall Place, London. We spoke of our mutual friend across the Atlantic. "He is indeed," said he, "a most remarkable man: one who would be striking in all companies; I recal with the greatest pleasure his visit to Ealing, when he and his family were in London." Certainly if these two admirable men are not related to each other they ought to be.

But Henry Clay? We must not pass him, though having a true respect for him, we doubt if we shall properly show it by blowing Mrs. Maury's trumpet.

Mr. Clay is the most popular man in the United States; his very name is a spell, and no sooner is it heard than all mankind rise up to praise it; nor all mankind only—but all womankind; for, as in England, ladies *par mérit* are Conservatives, so they are in America, for the same reasons, doubtless, generally attached to the Whig standard; a lovely and graceful ornament, the ladies of America are the chaplet of roses in which is wreathed the name of Henry Clay. "You cannot go back to your country without going to Ashland." "You never heard such a voice, you never knew such a man in England, as our Mr. Clay." All the children born in 1845-6, are, I believe, called after him; there is a little generation of two year old Henry Clays. Some ladies at Ithaca had lavished upon me every sort of hospitality and kindness, "How," said I on parting, "shall I repay you for so much goodness?" "You are going to see Mr. Clay, ask him for an autograph, and send it to us; you will have done much more for us than we have done for you." I mentioned my pledge to Mr. Clay, who at once redeemed it, and with interest; adding besides, on the same page, a most graceful message to my husband and myself. I have seen men of firm and manly minds weep at the recollection of Mr. Clay's defeat. If it were possible, that circumstance has increased his popularity, and has won for him the most universal and extraordinary attachment throughout the Union, that probably ever fell to the lot of any man, except the revered Washington.

Yet how comes it that if Mr. Clay, unquestionably the greatest statesman of America, is also the most popular—how