From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Mercury, July 10.

WOODBURY'S EULOGY ON JACKSON.

The cold, wet, uncomfortable weather of Wednesday evening, the 2d instant, did not prevent a large and highly respectable audience from filling the church, on the occasion of the Hon. Levi Woodbury's oration in memory of our deceased ex-President. Well, indeed, were they rewarded. A more profound, unbroken, and gratified attention was never yielded by any audience to any speaker. Political opponents, as well as friends, expressed themselves delighted. While the ear was enchained by the power of a lofty and sustained eloquence, worthy of the immortal subject, the mind was instructed by truth and reason, and the heart was expanded by noble sentiments. Nor did the orator abandon himself to the sway of political and personal partiality, and lavish indiscriminate panegyric on the statesman and warrior with whom he had served the country in its councils, and the friend with whom he had enjoyed the sweets of fireside communion. "Indiscriminate praise," he exclaimed, "is not worth the breath that utters it;" and, while he praised, and praised highly, because praise was highly due, the judgment and the hearts of the auditory were the more deeply impressed, because he spoke the language of historical impartiality, showing that, with reference to him we mourn, history and eulogy are one. In treating of a personage, the events of whose life are so familiarly known to all—whose life, in fact, had become matter of history long before he died—the orator was remarkably successful in avoiding the triteness of common-place, which, in ordinary hands, had been sure to degrade the subject. He dwelt on the great lines of character, throwing luminous beams on everything he touched; until the portraiture seemed to rear its form aloft, with the grandeur and distinctness of a colossus carved in marble. They who had studied Mr. Woodbury's senatorial efforts, and learned to admire the depth of thought, solidity of judgment, and the unsurpassed power of argumentation, for which they are distinguished, learned, on this occasion, to recognise, moreover, a pure and elevated rhetoric, equal to the greatness of the theme; and they who had always admired the character of Andrew Jackson, and been grateful for his public services, were sensible, while they listened, that they had not heretofore admired all that was truly admirable in him, and were led to feel how great, indeed, is the loss which has shrouded the land in mourning.

EULOGY

On the life and character of Gen. Andrew Jackson, pronounced by the Hon. Levi Woodbury, in the Universalist church, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the evening of the 2d inst.

My fellow-citizens: This is no ordinary occasion, when a whole nation is in mourning. The solemn toll of the bell—the funeral dirge—the shroud—the crape—and the minute gun—all, over every hill and valley of our wide republic, bespeak some great public loss as well as public grief. We come together this evening to express in language, still stronger, if possible, than these melancholy tokens, our own deep sense of the bereavement the country has sustained in the death of one of the noblest of her children.

It is no overstrained eulogy to add, that so many testimonials of respect and real love from a whole people would be offered, at this time, to the memory of but a single man on the western continent. That man, the history of all around tells us, was the hero of New Orleans. He is no more. The victor in a *hundred battles* has at last fallen. The pilot, *who weathered the storm* in the fiercest hurricanes of political strife, looks no longer to the compass or the clouds to guide us; and the Christian as well as sage and patriot of the Hermitage—who still prayed for his country, after the power to do aught else had ceased—has gone to his great and glorious reward, while we linger a little longer to offer, it is hoped, some deserved tribute to his memory, and try to profit by his bright example.

How can we do this best, in the few mournful moments now allotted to that object?

Most of the incidents in a life so distinguished as that of Gen. Jackson, are too familiar to make a repetition of them either necessary or useful.

We all—from lisping childhood to palsied age—know that he was one of the survivors of those who bled in our glorious revolution, and that his character was one of that strong cast—run in that iron mould formed amidst its trials and dangers. We have all heard, when not seen, of the hardy habits, and almost heroic powers, which belonged to that great struggle, and which, so strikingly embodied in the majestic form of our patriot chief, lived to bless a later age, and aid our country in other trials of the cabinet as well as the camp. Statuary and painting and history, no less than the school-room, the humble fireside, the village husting, and every anniversary of the independence he helped to win and defend, have all vied in making us acquainted with the principal outlines of his figure, his mind, and those signal victories both in peace and war, that have enrolled him so high among the warriors and statesmen of the era he adorned.

We all know, also, that, retiring from the public stage, covered with the plaudits and honors of a grateful people, he has for years pursued the peaceful employment of a planter, shedding a benign influence by his example on all around him; and though not mingling in the turmoil of politics, still lending an anxious eye and heart to advance his country's greatness—till the lamp of life at last burnt out in its socket; and in sight of the grave of her he loved best, his spirit departed to join hers, as he hoped, in a happier and a holier abode. Thus did the patriarch sink to his last rest.

But, after the close of such a life, all is not over with it, even here. Though the cold clay sleeps as insensible to our praise and grief as the veteran's sword in its scabbard—though

> "He knows not—he heeds not"—and
> "No sound can awake him to glory again"—

yet such a life is still powerful; it continues to speak to the world. And a fit, a grateful, and a beneficial inquiry is, what does it speak? What lessons do its thrilling trials teach? What were its great characteristics, tendencies, and example? What do we derive from it of good, and what are the private and public obligations to its memory, both of ourselves and our posterity?

Whether we look to his early years, or to their meridian splendor or their beautiful close, they seem to me equally full of instruction. Without the wealth or powerful connexions, which even in republics are sometimes passports to fame, he first appeared on the theatre of public action as an orphan. However inauspicious this may have seemed for that brilliant destiny which afterwards awaited him, he soon displayed an energy and perseverance in laying the foundations of an education, which are full of encouragement to the most lowly and unfriended. How much was his condition at that time emblematic of his country's—both surrounded by privations and perils—and both, by the exercise of those vigorous efforts which deserve success, soon enabled to emerge, and, through many adverse gales of fortune, advance to those high honors and greatness which have since crowded their career?

After a hurried preparation for the bar, he soon becomes launched into the breakers and storms of professional life.

Only a few years, spent in the agitating scenes of business, were necessary to develop his integrity and genius in such bold relief, as to attract that general confidence which paved the path to so many responsible trusts.

His companions at that time have mostly gone before him to a better world; but I have frequently heard the late Judge Anderson describe the early appearance at the bar of the future hero and President.

Prominent among his characteristics, were the same inflexible fidelity to the interests intrusted to his care, as since—the same watchful preparation and modest courage, which marked him in the discharge of all duties till the close of his eventful career.

But the teachings of his meridian life were more conspicuous. As the conqueror of the Creeks, the defender of the Mississippi valley, the chief magistrate of a great people, the sun of his fame ere long lighted the whole horizon. New scenes constantly developed new traits of character; new trials elevated him still higher in popular favor; new victories, in the cabinet as well as the field, crowned him with new laurels from Europe no less than America; and, if any man, left among us till the present age, can be said to possess a European reputation as a warrior or executive officer, it is he who, with raw militia, vanquished veterans flushed by foreign triumphs, and who piloted the ship of state safely through political storms, that made the stoutest heart quail.

These tests of his maturer years were useful, if not necessary, to fix his character for patriotism above all suspicion. And the labors performed in these—often so Herculean—and all the sacrifices made, and tribulations endured, evinced such devotedness in duty, and were accompanied by such tried honesty of purpose, that many of every party and sect over our wide republic now hasten to bestow grateful commendation for those high qualities, however differing from him while alive on many points of public policy or private belief. How beautifully, in some cases, did the chequered scenes of his middle age ripen what were only natural impulses in youth, and mature them into settled principles of action, and impart to them a modified, softened, and moral tone, calculated to render them useful guides to future generations, and leave a deep impress behind on our national character and national institutions!

But, in some respects, still more attractive were the features in the last period of his career. The closing scenes of the drama show (office and pomp voluntarily relinquished) domestic pleasures and deeds of humble usefulness sought for; all the tender charities of life and neighborly friendship cherished; religion illustrated in his daily walk, as well as professed at the altar; his country still near and dear, and her welfare watched over with parental solitude; acknowledgments and memorials of respect for benefits conferred, a daily solace in his retirement; and troops of friends spared to the end, to soften the pillow of declining health; and all brightened still higher in his departing moments, by the richest hopes beyond the grave.

What a beautiful progress in improvement and usefulness in true glory, from the dawn of life to its close! What a happy destiny and example! And how admirably does the grave, thus closed, bury in its bosom most of the enmities and jealousies of a turbid life, and tend to harmonize his countrymen in paying just tributes to his memory, and in feeling a pride in those high qualities which have reflected no less honor on the land of his birth than on himself!

But there are other aspects of his character very impressive.

Viewed in some prominent capacities or pursuits, rather than in the different stages of life, his destiny has been no less interesting, and is more familiar to the minds of most of us. Some have been accustomed to contemplate him as a soldier, others as a statesman, and a few as a man, without regard to station. Though little is usually said of private character in connexion with public benefactors, I have no doubt, from a long acquaintance with General Jackson, that he felt much more solicitude as to his independence, worth, and standing as a man, than for all the honors ever lavished on him by a grateful people. Yet such is the structure of society—such the eclipsing tendency of public life, that he has long been known over most of the globe as a successful soldier, and appreciated highly by millions as a statesman, without much inquiry as to those great principles which he had nourished in retirement, and which fitted him so ably for public usefulness. But it was those principles, and the habits formed by those—and not, as many suppose, accident or fortune—which afterwards ensured to him victories in the field, and wreathed his brow with civic laurels. Hence his example is so much more to be venerated and transmitted to coming generations for emulation and encouragement. Starting in life with a few strong natural endowments, everything beside was, with him, self-made. It was he himself, that improved what God had bestowed or placed near him. It was his practical sense that seized on all the opportunities which occurred for instruction, however few and fleeting, and made the most of the agitating circumstances amidst which his lot in life was cast. It was his idea of moral obligation, that made him patiently study his duties, till inspired with confidence in himself; and then be so firm in their performance, as to inspire confidence in others; and, in short, after being indefatigable to ascertain what was right, to feel no less bound to *enforce* it, and "*dare do all which may become a* MAN," whether for himself, his friends, or his country. A character thus formed, is of course subject to human frailties, and, in some respects more so than one nurtured in early life amidst superior advantages from education and associates, who had also enjoyed and improved such advantages. I say this, because indiscriminate eulogy is not worth the breath that utters it. But, at the same time, a man, when reared like him, amidst the agitation and perils of a revolution, sooner learns to buffet well the tempests of life, and, like a tree blown upon by violent wind, strikes root deeper, and is better braced to encounter responsibility and danger of every kind, and his opinions are stronger, as well as adhered to with greater tenacity.

Another trait in his private character, not unusual in vigorous intellects, though apparently so opposite to the current of their ordinary feelings, was respect and attachment to female worth. This was doubtless increased in him, from early dependence on a widowed mother, and from endearing associations connected with her watchfulness and devotion to the improvement of his youth. This watchfulness is a most salutary restraint, often substituted by Providence in the place of a father's hardier power; and, when it is not always successful in preventing excesses or errors amidst the numerous temptations of early life, it often excites remorseful remembrances, and wins back to duty an erring child.

His wife, while dead as well as living, he regarded almost as a guardian angel. Her miniature was worn near his heart in health, and reposed with his bible by his sick couch. Well do I remember, while walking with him once among the tombs of the distinguished dead in the congressional burying ground, whither we had gone to pay the last obsequies to another of their number, he said: "One solemn request I now urge on you: should I die in this city, remove my ashes to Tennessee, and let them sleep beside my beloved wife."

Thank God! his fond wishes on this subject have been realized: and they do sleep together under the shades of the Hermitage, as they hoped to rise together at the resurrection of the just.

His tenderness of sentiment extended to her relatives, and, being without children to absorb a portion of it, all his friends came in for a larger share. When once satisfied of their worth, he clung to them with an iron grasp; and it became almost a passion of his life to reward their attachment. If at times he was thus betrayed into kindness unmerited, the disposition on his part was always noble—not only seeking to repay obligations with his purse and pen, but earnest, on any fit emergency, even to lay down his life for his friends.

In performing that, or any other supposed duty, it would be too feeble to say he was brave. *He was the bravest of the brave.* Whether in the horrors of Indian warfare, to which he was in some degree inured from childhood, or in conflict with the disciplined troops of Europe, or in personal jeopardy from the assassin's ball, or in scenes of civil strife, the same dauntless intrepidity marked his course, often accompanied by what is less rare on such occasions—coolness of judgment and great self-possession.

I stood once by his side, when his life was assailed; and scarce a pulse would beat after the attack was perceived, before he rushed on his foe, alike regardless of danger, and mindful of the means best suited to punish the aggressor.

With whatever correctness he may, at times, have been charged with rashness, under the feverish impulses of youth, it is certain that his judgment seldom forsook the helm in advanced life, and under the highest provocation; *in the very tempest of his passion*, he was remarkably wary and watchful. And, however ardent, or even vehement, in what he deemed a good cause, his faculties were usually collected, and his bearing firm. Mingled with this true courage, he possessed, at the same moment, rare modesty and sensibility. Singular as the combination may seem, yet it is not new in history.

When existing, it shows, in a more elevated light, that strong conviction of duty which is able to impel men, even of retired habits and delicate feelings, to overcome them all, and hazard life itself in defence of what is considered right. One illustration occurs to me, which, at the time, astonished some of the less observing, as to the mysterious workings of our common nature. When Congress caused swords to be presented to several officers, who had signally distinguished themselves in the last war with England, some received them with coolness, and replied to the addresses made on the occasion without emotion. But the great captain, who had saved a city from being sacked, and its daughters from pollution, and who had never blenched nor trembled before an enemy, shook like an aspen leaf, though surrounded by friends, and could with difficulty give utterance to his gratitude. We all remember, also, that in the heat and bitterness of party strife, reproaches were sometimes cast on him for a supposed want of proper sympathies for the rest of mankind.

But, in truth, men possessed more humane feelings. In the privations of war, he divided with the famishing soldier his last loaf; the decrepid beggar never left his roof hungry; his domestics shared his attention in sickness and health, weeping loudest around his bier; and he was always found a neighbor to the needy, and a succor to the oppressed. The elements were all kindly mingled in his breast, and the scenes he most longed for, and enjoyed with the highest relish, were those of quiet and well-ordered industry among attached friends in rural employment, and amidst deeds of humble usefulness and unostentatious benevolence. How often, when surrounded by all the splendid honors of public life, have I heard him sigh for the Hermitage, and plan improvements and enjoyments to be carried out amidst its tranquil scenes!

I am aware, likewise, that both friends and foes have bestowed on him another characteristic—of being a man of iron will. When this is meant to imply hardness of heart, nothing could be further from the truth; since no child at the sight of suffering overflowed quicker with the milk of human kindness, than the stern-visaged warrior. But when it means that his sense of duty was strong, and stronger even than his feelings, the term may not have been misapplied.

His iron will was mere firmness or inflexibility in the cause he deemed right. It was an indomitable resolution to carry out what conscience dictated. Judgment and the fruits of it, opinion and corresponding conduct, it seemed to him, ought to be inseparable. He knew of no compromise or tampering, or half-way measures, with what was wrong. This high moral tone—the very highest in the annals of reformers and martyrs the world over—though often imputed to him as a fault, was, in fact, the crowning glory of his character, whether as a man, or a warrior, or a politician. So far from its having proved inconsistent with seeking full advice, and weighing contradictory reasons, and adopting measures of conciliation, where justifiable and wise, it was generally preceded by the amplest inquiries and the most careful deliberation. But a conclusion having been once formed in this manner, the whole powers of his mind and heart were flung into its execution with almost resistless energy; and, then, in fortitude to resist opposition, and in courage to brave all difficulties, and inflexible perseverance to carry out measures deemed right, he may well have been called a man of iron—a man of destiny, or the hero of the iron will. Nor did this habit, as some have imagined, make him implacable or unforgiving. For, though like others of a warm temperament, making good haters, as well as good lovers and friends, he often forgave his bitterest enemies, and reconciled differences, by many deemed insuperable. His custom of assuming responsibility in doubtful cases, has been another topic of criticism; but was only a branch of this energetic trait of character. Blessed with clear perceptions, and careful habits of research, he came to more decisive conclusions, and in less time than most other men; and hence it became his duty, under these stronger convictions, to follow them out, and, with a manly daring in behalf of what seemed to him right, to act for that right, and act with energy and without fear, whoever else might falter. This, instead of being culpable, seemed at times, amidst fainting and doubting hearts around him, heroic; and if evil was ever connected with it, such a result usually sprung from a defect in forming some opinion, and not in exhibiting the courage and want of hypocrisy to stand by it chivalrously to the last, when not conscious of error.

His whole walk in private life having been grounded upon principles and habits like these, it is not strange that, in obedience to his country's summons, entering on the great theatre of public action, he should carry with him what had chiefly qualified him for public usefulness. There, to many previously not familiar with him, those principles and habits became first unfolded; and as he was there, ere long, "the observed of all observers"—there let us follow the further development and application of them during the few moments that remain to dwell on his virtues and glories.

His first public duty in behalf of his country was as a youthful soldier—unknown to fame—to defend her liberties in the field. His last one was to lay down her highest honors, and withdraw to the shades of private life, with the blessings of millions for his toils and sacrifices. His earliest efforts took a military direction—probably more from the necessities and perils of the times, than from any taste for it, which then inspired him. Continuing after peace to live somewhat exposed in a frontier life to Indian hostilities, military habits were formed, and traits of character developed, in feats of arms which, in other conditions of society, might have appeared only in conquering professional difficulties, or a stubborn soil. The qualities of mind to insure success in either may be much the same; and yet accident or necessity may make one possessed of them merely a successful farmer, and another a military chieftain. But at no period of his life was General Jackson a soldier of fortune, or trained in the regular schools of war. Hence, in the busiest portions of his service in the field, he was still, at heart and in grain, the citizen, the planter, the lawyer, bred in courts rather than camps, fond of agriculture and politics, and never considered a life in arms either as a profession or a choice. Whatever gorgons, then, jealousy or rivalship may ever have conjured up, as to the danger of his becoming a military despot, and turning his sword, like Cæsar, or Cromwell, or Napoleon, against the liberties of his country, there was no foundation in his education or tastes for fears like these. The instruments which he had been accustomed to employ were also alike unfit to accomplish such perfidy. So far from being disciplined legions, whose trade was war, or mere pretorian bands, to sell the people to the highest bidder, they also were citizen soldiers. They were farmers and mechanics, with their sons, fresh from the plough and the workshop—accustomed to the rifle chiefly as hunters, and taught to wield them to defend, not destroy, liberty; and, as an armed people, to punish, rather than encourage, usurpation. Another consequence, bordering almost on the marvellous, results from these circumstances. Considering his original pursuits to have been in civil life—considering his want of scientific education in military affairs—considering he never made arms a profession, and that his troops consisted usually of militia, his skill and success as a soldier seem to have been much the more remarkable and more productive of the general admiration he excited. At the Horse Shoe bend, he forced breastworks as intrepidly as Charles the Twelfth or Suwarow. In several other Indian campaigns, he surmounted obstacles, endured privations, and fed on acorns with his men, as patiently as Hannibal.

Afterwards, little as had been his experience with disciplined armies or the science of war, he defended New Orleans with skill beyond the ablest engineers, and in all his campaigns exhibited vigilance equal to his bravery; and was as tireless as vigilant, and never hesitated at what the public safety seemed to demand, on account of any risk or danger to himself, however great. His private fortune was more than once pledged to raise public supplies, and he faced both imprisonment and fines rather than leave any opening, in the absence of martial law, for an enemy still lingering on our shores, to succeed either by perfidy or surprise.

It was a most grateful solace in his declining years to receive back from the government of his country the penalty then extorted from him. And the more so, as, like a good citizen, he had paid it peacefully in compliance with judicial forms, though surrounded by a victorious army and thousands of munificent and faithful friends. But the danger being over, and the time past for the laws to be silent among arms—*leges silent inter arma*—instead of crossing the Rubicon against his country like Cæsar, or instead of driving out, like Cromwell and Napoleon, the members of the halls of legislation at the point of the bayonet, he soothed popular excitement, exhorted to obedience, and himself stood forward, foremost, to preserve the reign of order and law. The pencil and the canvass are yet to do justice to that great scene. If less brilliant than the victories which preceded it, nothing in his whole splendid career transcends it in true grandeur or salutary influence.

In a hurried allusion to some of his military excellencies, we ought not to overlook the rapidity and suddenness, no less than the boldness of his movements. I have often heard him say that the unexpected attack made on the 23d of December, contributed greatly to the triumph of the glorious 8th of January.

In the former, as in some of his forced marches on the Indians, he fell among the enemy almost literally as the thunderbolt of war; and if a complete panic was not the result, there were fearful disheartening, confused councils, fatal procrastination, and a foreboding of disaster, that helped much to produce what it dreaded.

Again: his vigilance, and care, and industry in preparing for action, were unequalled, and did much to command the success which they so richly deserved. He acted as if nothing was done, while anything useful remained undone. He not only directed everything, but, if possible, watched its execution. His physician, when we were once together examining the battle-field near New Orleans, observed that the general, though laboring under disease on the night before the 8th, and a fit subject for the hospital, refused medicine, and visited almost every portion of the line in person, to insure the most perfect preparation for the coming conflict.

Thus, while many supposed that mere animal courage won his victories, or that personal bravery did all to turn the scales, it will be seen that conduct as much as courage—that preparation, foresight, care, were, under Providence, his constant reliance; and that, without these, he never confided in mere impulses or naked force.

He was also fertile in resources, and his breastworks of cotton-bags will be as durable in history as the rocks of the Alps scaled by the bold Carthaginian.

But, in all these observations, it will be seen that I dwell more on the capabilities he discovered to become a great military chieftain, than on acquirements he never claimed, or acts he never aspired to.

A long training in the art of war—like Wellington, for instance—he had not enjoyed, nor many thousands, like Frederick the Great, seen slaughtered in numerous pitched battles; nor sieges of walled cities, frequently prosecuted till sacked like Constantinople, or buried in their ruins like Tyre. He himself wished to wear no laurels but those he won.

In wearing those, he wore enough to satisfy the true ambition of any one. He wore, the world over, the renown of defeating British veterans with raw militia. He wore, from home, the gratitude of thousands of frontier settlers, for the cradles of their children rescued from the scalping-knife. He wore the heartfelt blessings of millions west of the Alleganies, secured from ruthless foreign invasion by his energy, and skill, and indomitable courage. He wore, in fine, the richest rewards of a whole country saved from disgrace, and a whole country elevated and honored by his heroism and glory. Who that recalls the vivid scenes of those days gone-by, near a third of a century ago, when millions of aching eyes, with aching hearts, looked in almost breathless silence for the next advices from New Orleans, but must feel with renovated force, since his decease, all we then felt at the first joyful tidings of his great victory? Patriotic age then shed tears of exultation, as when American liberties were sealed and secured by the surrender at Yorktown, to the great chieftain of the revolution. Youth, ardent and impulsive, then cheered his name as a second Washington, a second saviour of their country; and female thankfulness, under almost every roof, however lowly, invoked blessings on his head, or, like the nuns of St. Ursula, moved in solemn procession, to offer in public a *Te Deum* for both the victory and the victor.

When, in later years, some have expressed surprise at such a strong popular feeling, as usually attended his progress through the country, and at the almost boundless empire his opinion exercised over the masses, and at the demonstration of mourning over the whole nation, exhibited since his death, showing how strongly and long he lived in the hearts of the people, they can hardly have recalled the stirring scenes of the close of the last war, and the deep, deep impress on the whole country, made by them no less than his subsequent career in political life. The tide became resistless in favor of his pure patriotism, his honesty of purpose, and more than Roman devotedness to the honor and welfare of his country.

Passing over further allusions to his military character, a few additional words in relation to that political life, and my imperfect review of his services will be closed. Some, who concede to him almost unmeasured praise as a soldier, have been loth to admit he possessed any great superiority as a statesman. Nor is this extraordinary, when the occupations of the camp in a country like this, are, or ought to be, in a great measure, disconnected with party strife, while the politician lives in that strife as one of his most exciting elements. Another reason is, that friends in such struggles are apt to be as much too lavish in commendation, as enemies are too stringent and unyielding.

But when, as now, the curtain of life has fallen on one, who kept up a thrilling interest in the public mind to the last, and was considered by the great author of the Declaration of Independence to have filled the measure of his country's glory near a third of a century ago—it is time that the prejudices of party should soften. The death of so much greatness and glory, warning us with new force—

> "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,"

should induce human charity to revise any harsh opinions formed under circumstances less auspicious.

In taking the dimensions of any statesman among us, it is to be remembered, in the outset, that we have no separate education or training for that career of public life. The equality of our means, as well as rights and institutions, tends likewise to forbid much of that signal superiority in a few individuals, which may sometimes occur elsewhere amidst inherited rank and inherited wealth. But that any man could here start early in a profession, could be advanced to its first honors at the bar, and, next, to the bench itself, could ere long represent his district in the halls of Congress, and next, the growing State itself, which knew his worth best—that such a man could finally be promoted to the very highest station in the gift of a great people, and, after one trial, again be elected almost by acclamation, can hardly be reconciled with the idea of his not possessing some of the very best materials which exist here to form a useful statesman. But, in saying this, who of his discreet admirers ever wished to claim for him—what he himself was the last man to tolerate as deserved—any deep researches into the writings of political economists, or that wide range of historical reading which sometimes instructs, no less than it adorns. Could his dust speak from the grave to the thousands now engaged in drawing the leading traits of his character, his sturdy honesty would say, as Cromwell did to Lely, the artist: "Paint me as I am;" leave not "out the scars or the wrinkles."

Looking, then, to his real worth in political life, and bringing him to the standard which will ever prevail in a government like ours, all must admit that he ranks high, independent of the trappings of office, and was in many qualities among the very foremost. And why should he not have been? What was there in his genius or habits which unfitted him for usefulness in the public councils? He had been endowed, by nature, with a strong intellect. Active habits were formed on this early in life. He began his career when all the great principles of government and human rights were the theme of every tongue, and the subject of much thought and study, as well as discussion. He entered the arena, not only as a citizen, ardent in the cause of securing those principles and rights, but ere long as an officer, to expound, and aid in the administration of, the very government he had fought to defend.

He helped to develop all the great questions then in controversy, and establish necessary guards in forming and adopting some of the new constitutions. Rapidly he is advanced, and enters on a more enlarged sphere, to witness and participate in some of the struggles of principle under the elder Adams, in which were involved several of the most difficult questions of power and construction that ever arose between a free people and their representatives, and between sovereign States and their own confederacy.

Indeed, his whole life may be considered as spent in a practical school of politics; the intervals devoted to arms being brief and rare, and often mingled somewhat with the political agitations of the day. Beyond all this experience in such matters, aided by some current reading on the questions involved, he was a man of most observing habits, not skimming the surface, but probing everything around him to the bottom, and, with an eagle-gaze, looking quite through the deeds of men. He was also a patient listener till his opinions were formed. Counsel was invited from all proper quarters; and instead of acting in difficulties *headlong*, or without reflection, he gave many hours to retired thought, when the crisis would permit, and was sagacious in detecting fallacies, shrewd in respect to consequences, and familiar with the bearing of most measures on the real affairs of life. Added to this, he was a most thorough and constant reader of our great political bible—the constitution of the Union. It was his faithful companion by night and by day.

But, surpassing many of these excellencies for usefulness in the chair of state, he possessed, beyond most other men that ever graced high stations, decision of character. In the multitude of doubts and questions, which must be adjudged in such a position, and the difficult selection of agents, obliged to be made to execute the laws, vacillation and indecision are often fatal. Besides this controlling quality, his long intercourse with men in active life had enabled him to discriminate and judge exceedingly well of character; and though at times misled by too great confidence in his friends, he never failed to correct mistakes when discovered, however painful to his sensibilities, and however it might rupture the attachments cherished for many years. Indeed, in the chair of state, under the solemnities of his official oath, and the instructions of the people and the States, through the constitution, he felt bound to let the public interests ride over every other consideration. He carried also with him into that high post the same sleepless vigilance he had practised in the camp—the same stirring assiduity in preparation in every emergency.

In addition to this, he had an abhorrence of all fraud and hypocrisy. It seemed in him instinctive and unconquerable. All was manly, aboveboard, straightforward, as well in his negotiations abroad, as in the domestic dissensions he encountered at home; and this disposition, cultivated and practised long in private life, was found to be no less honorable to himself and his country through his long public career. This it was that won for him so much respect and such remarkable success in his foreign intercourse—aided, to be sure, by a knowledge of his high decision of character, and great fearlessness in the discharge of every duty. The indemnities he thus obtained—under a resolution neither to take, nor do wrong—not only poured many millions of wealth into the country, of which it had long been pillaged, but strengthened the government, and inspired forbearance abroad in future. The most signal instance of the force of these qualities at home, and the devotedness of all of them to the welfare of his country, was that great occasion when all his energies were summoned to execute the laws, under anticipated resistance, even against his native State, and the most devoted friends of his maturer life. But he no more hesitated in that crisis to tread what seemed to him the path of duty, than did the Roman Brutus in respect to his own son.

The country became more and more confiding, under such trials, in his high moral sense of duty, no less than his patriotism and courage; and the success with which he encountered and defeated difficulties in the cabinet, scarcely less than what he had exhibited in the field, gave one of the best assurances that he possessed in an eminent degree some of the highest qualities of a statesman. His labors and triumphs in civil contests, seemed almost equal, in arduousness and number, to some we read of in classical mythology. But, instead of being dismayed by their thickening force, he gathered new strength and confidence from the people at large, under every struggle. But the people no more strongly placed their trust in him, than he in them. And it was often a maxim on his lips, no less than a guide to his administration, that, under our system of government, no abiding trust could be placed except in the people. If they had not virtue and intelligence and firmness enough to meet any emergency, nothing was safe; but if they, being the source of all political power, justified and stood by him, all was safe; and, when thus supported, he carried through vetoes triumphantly against the interests and opinions of many friends, no less than foes; he sustained force-bills against the voices of States most devoted to his election; he strangled formidable coalitions, and foiled or crushed, with unsurpassed firmness, the worst political panics, and the most monopolizing combinations.

In all these struggles of civil life, a much higher species of courage is necessary than on the battle-field, as no trumpet, drum, or cannon stirs the blood, no standard floats in the breeze to animate the drooping spirit; but it is a moral firmness, a martyr's devotion to duty, which must usually sustain, encourage, and triumph. Besides that, he had another ally in every crisis. It seemed almost peculiar to his physical as well as intellectual organization, that excitement became one of its elements, and exertion often appeared to invigorate rather than weary.

A mind like his frequently serves to wear out the body; or, like a canker, to eat into the heart, and cause premature decay. But with him it seemed a necessary stimulant to preserve the body, to rouse its enfeebled or fatigued forces, and keep up action enough to continue life. He hardly appeared even to desire any more than need relaxation. Though not insensible to the calls and charms of social intercourse, he could scarcely be said to indulge in any pleasures. And it is a remarkable fact, that, while on his northern tour, in the summer of 1833—when festivities, and joy, and triumphal processions, awaited on his progress over half the Union—he spent many laborious hours, stolen from company, and sleep, and sickness, in some of the most complex and difficult business that ever engrossed his public attention. It will readily be seen that no station, near such a man, was a sinecure. He justly held that a public servant owed all his time, as well as energies, to the public. He tolerated, as to this, no plausible excuses or compromises, or metaphysical distinctions. While anything useful remained to be done, his motto was,—onward—onward—work—work—work.

Though it was no holyday affair to fill office as he filled it, whether looking to himself or those around him—though requiring, as well as practising, all the watchfulness of an Indian ambuscade, all the vigor, at times, of a forced march to surprise an enemy, all the zeal of a missionary of the cross, yet his active temperament or military training, apparently so inconvenient to others, was mixed up with a courtesy of manner and kindly consideration of what was due to real infirmity; so that in nothing was he more striking than in all the feelings of a gentleman. He had been formed in that revolutionary school of politics which added the politeness of the French to the solidity of the English, or the manner of the Lafayettes and Rochambeaus to the strength and intelligence of the Burgoynes and Cornwallises. He exacted nothing which he did not reciprocate; he respected in others all that he asked for himself; and every candid observer soon felt that, however severe his course may at times have seemed at first, yet, in the end, he carried out only that Chesterfieldian as well as Christian injunction, *to do to others as you would be done by.*

Such was his ease in general society, and so delicate his attentions to female excellence, that many, who never met him elsewhere, concluded at once he was more of a courtier, or man of the world, than suited for the conflicts of camps, and parties, and affairs of state. But nothing was farther from truth. The moment over, that had been demanded by social usages or the forms of fashion, his whole soul was in his business; and nothing personal or amusing could ever tempt him into the slighest neglect or abandonment of public duty. Never was he bigoted or exclusive in anything. He was public spirited in all; nor did any vandal spirit, however imputed, ever mark his opinions or deeds, even in the fiercest ravages of war or the bitterest excitements of politics; and however the great exigencies of public life may have forced him at times into action and responsibility when others doubted or halted, all his risks were for his country; all the dangers braved were intended to protect the people and the public safety.

That he should have been infallible in all this, none pretend; but that he meant well, and, in the main, did well, and as a whole performed noble service to his country, none can deny. If to err is human, then, if the light of the sun itself be not without some shades intermingled—can we, taking him all in all, be otherwise than proud of his rank as a man, a soldier, and a statesman? Whether on the Thames or the Ganges—under the tent of the Arab or in marble palaces, it is a distinction to be known as one of his countrymen. Compared with the renowned of other ages and other continents, all America may justly boast of him as a production creditable to the New World. Humanity itself becomes dignified, when man lives up to the height of his powers and his destiny. Though some have regarded him as only a meteor in our horizon; yet so far from that, he will live as a fixed star in history—one of the master minds of the age, carefully formed and practical in his efforts, and worthy the pages of future Plutarchs for many generations to come. The justice of this conclusion will strike us more forcibly, if we notice the contrast between his course and that of many inscribed high on the rolls of past ages; his whole life devoted to defend the liberties of his country, rather than like others to break them down; the passion of his heart to uphold rather than to overturn its constitution and laws, friends and power risked to preserve unimpaired the sacred ties of its union, the sceptre of state relinquished, and, like the humblest citizen, retiring to his farm, instead of striving, like many, to usurp authority, or prolong the pomp and pageantry of office.

In fine, he neither enriched himself by plunder or peculation, nor engrossed office for his family, nor waged a moment's war for ambition or conquest; nor exercised a single new power, nor betrayed an old one, nor filled station an hour but from the will of the people, or in conformity to the charter of their liberties. What to such a man, in sterling worth, are the Cæsars and Napoleons and Santa Anas of history? and what is the value of their bad example, contrasted with the fidelity and patriotism of his, to guide the youth of all coming ages in the cause of public liberty and public virtue? How admirably were his qualities suited to render him a fit statesman for the stormy and responsible dangers of a republic! and how the instinct of our people detected, and appreciated, and honored such qualities while living, and lament them when departed. Who can say that such a man was not raised up by a kind Providence for our national security in peace, no less than war? and while a nation bedews with tears the green turf where he sleeps, it is not sorrow without hope; for who can doubt that the same guardian power which has shielded us heretofore through the Washingtons and Jacksons, the Jeffersons and Franklins, that crowd the bright galaxy of our history, will raise up other worthies, and train them suitably to meet every peril which may menace us?

Whatever may be the combinations of civil thrones abroad, or whatever the jealousy and injustice sometimes excited at home against those who are true to the cause of popular rights and free governments, as opposed to despotisms and monopolies and arbitrary dominion of all kinds—the past is full of hope for the future, and inspires the same confidence concerning the salvation of the republic, as was felt by him about his own in the shades of the Hermitage, when his purified spirit bade his countrymen its last farewell. When, in that solemn hour, all his trophies were laid lowly at the foot of the cross, how joyful, even more than solemn, was such a close to the great drama of his existence on earth! Hallowed by what lofty consolations! Animated by what near reunions to all he had loved most in life! Sustained by what trusts on high! Grateful to what millions, for what confidence and honors below! Charmed by what prospects of enlarged and enlarging greatness to the country that gave him birth, and glory, and rest to his ashes! His last words were said to have been—

"I have finished my destiny on the earth; and it is better that this worn-out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with my Redeemer."

If a good close of life be its crowning excellence, his was one of the most fortunate that has fallen to the lot of humanity. Long will the memory of such a man be cherished by an admiring world; and long, very long, may it live in the hearts of his countrymen, and shed a genial influence over their character and institutions. Age and youth, in grateful crowds, till the evening of time, will gather around his tomb, recount his patriotism and glories with tearful eyes, venerate his virtues, and grow wiser and better by the salutary lessons his life inculcates.

PIANOS.—Just received, two extra fine Vienna instruments, six and three-quarters octaves, with patent leather hammers. A rare chance is now offered to purchasers who want a genuine article, as the importer (who is, by-the-by, considered a first-rate judge) is now on the spot—to wit, Vienna, the emporium of music—to select, and, when selected with care, to send them over.

This manufactory is now entirely renewed and remodelled, and in such high repute, that their instruments meet with rapid sales, not alone in Germany, but also in France and Italy, and are not always easily procured. As for lasting, they will be as good in twenty years as now.

Good violins, with bows, in cases; and violin and guitar strings, always on hand.

F. A. WAGLER,
Piano wareroom, on H street.

P. S. Good second-hand pianos for sale or hire; some very low.

July 10—3tif

THE GREAT INDIAN COUNCIL.

The Great Indian Council, which met in the Creek Nation in May last, adjourned on the 16th, after an harmonious session of two or three days. A correspondent of the "Arkansas Intelligencer" gives the subjoined account of their proceedings:

Grand Council Ground,
Creek Nation, May 15, 1845.

The council is in full blast; everything is in full tide of motion. The following tribes are represented as follows:

Muscogees 730 in number; Seminoles 52; Chickasaws 13; Choctaws 11; Shawnees 6; Delawares 1; Piankeshaws 1; Osages 12; Kickapoos 4; Quapaws 6; Peorias 3; Caddoes, 8.

Governor Butler and Colonel Logan, United States agents for the Cherokees and Creeks, are in attendance, with Lieutenant Flint, United States army. A number of spectators from the surrounding country are also present. Speaking, smoking, slumbering, and embracing, is the order. The habit of the Muscogees is to shake hands; of the Osages, to grasp as high as the elbow; of the Caddoes, to *embrace* with an old-fashioned country *hug*. Quite an amusing scene took place to-day, while the ceremony of embracing was going on betwixt the Osages and Caddoes. One of the Osages, who is a "doctor," and is said to be invulnerable to all poisonous animals or insects, (he at least showed himself indifferent to them,) had, besides the usual ornamental embellishments of painting, &c., plaited in his hair a *living snake*, about one foot long, fastened by the middle of his body, leaving the extremities to move at will. This man's head was the cynosure of the crowd, who gazed with curious eyes at the snake in its plays, first about the man's forehead, and then his neck, to the entire indifference of the Osage doctor. At length, the ceremony of "hugging" commenced; but the Osage was so much taller than most of his embracers, that the snake did not interfere with the ceremony until the "doctor" encountered a "tall son of York," a stalwart Caddo chief. As their heads came in contact, Mr. Snake presented the graceful bow of his neck, to the astonishment and utter confusion of his co-hugger, who drew back, exclaiming, "Booh!" and has, I fear, for a season, put an end to this time-honored custom of his race. * * * * *

Tuck-a-batchie-mico is the detailed speaker of the Muscogees, the war chief who "talks" by "authority." He is a sensible speaker, but neither graceful as an orator, nor fine-looking as a warrior. At the risk of being thought light upon a grave subject, I give an anecdote of this chief, which I cannot withhold. He is a great favorite of the fair sex, and has, it is said, no less than four wives. It is, moreover, said to be one of the retained traditions of the females of his tribe, that whoever of the wives can dash, unobserved, the last pail of cold water upon her husband, he will surely love her last and best. The consequence is, that this fortunate husband is kept in a constant attitude of dodging—four wives being upon the look-out all the time to deluge him. Laughing, he generally retires from their exertions unwet.

This spokesman chief repeated to the council the "talks" sent by their three northern brothers through the wampum—the Chippeways, the Menomonies, and Ottawas—which was exceedingly interesting. The Great Spirit has blessed these people with a memory which is almost incredibly retentive.

Of all the tribes present, the Seminoles are the finest and the most striking and handsome men. The Osages are the most *natural*, and, if you will excuse me, the most democratic.

Creek Nation, May 17, 1845.

The show is over—all adjourned yesterday evening, and are this morning departing in a hurry. The change and manner of these people are apparent in and out of council. While there, they are grave and dignified; when out, easy and facetious.

All the "heads of departments" (each tribe) made speeches through their chief, all concurring in the object of this council—to clear the path, and make all white where it had been spotted and darkened with blood, and to extend the "white path" far away over the wide stretch of the prairies, to the very doors of their brothers, the Camanches and Pawnee Mahas—a blessing of light which they never yet enjoyed; an exertion of friendship which would greatly cement their amity, &c. The usual token—a plug of tobacco—was prepared, attached to which were white beads. A deputation of the Caddoes bore the first, and of Osages the latter.

Should a favorable answer be returned to these friendly manifestations of the Creeks by the Camanches and Pawnee Mahas, it is contemplated by the king of the Muscogees to call another much more grand and extensive affair, at the Great Salt Plains, during the summer or fall.

Some of these sons of the forest are striking in their appearance, manners, and demeanor—fine specimens of *native men*. Gen. Mackintosh, chief of the Muscogees, is the best of men—plain, dignified, and just, in an eminent degree.

The Caddo chief is a man of remarkable beauty; his features evincing a high degree of intellect and an ardent spirit. He made a very sensible speech.

Black Dog, the Osage chief, is a man of great stature—about seven feet—powerful frame, with a voice attractive and commanding. He spoke about five and a half minutes, to this effect:

"Brothers, your talk is good, *but your beef is better!*"

He and *each* of his party consumed the first four days TWELVE pounds of beef, falling then to eight; which rate they maintained throughout the time they remained.

"Wild Cat" only got in the day of adjournment; he was very quiet, and has been for weeks very ill.

All have departed, and the camp is quiet.

Fine Arts.—A statue of a Greek slave, by an American artist, exhibiting at the rooms of Mr. Graves, in Pall Mall, has attracted deserved attention. Mrs. Trollope found Mr. Hiram Powers modelling wax figures at Cincinnati, many years ago; subsequently saw him in Florence, somewhat further advanced on his way to fame; and with so much heartiness did her best to help him in the struggle, that when her account with America is finally settled, the incident will outweigh some sins. Not that America has taken much of a national interest in Mr. Powers, as yet. The present work is a commission from an Englishman, Mr. Grant, who returns to Florence, it is said, with solid proofs of the success of his generous desire to diffuse, in as practical a way as was possible, the fame of the artist, and the knowledge of what he can do.

The figure is entirely naked, and represents a Greek female slave, standing erect, as exposed for sale in a Turkish market. Chains are on her wrists, and her right hand rests on the column where her dress has been flung. These incidents, and the subdued sense of shame which looks sorrowfully from her face, suffice to tell the story. But the merit of the work is less in the sentiment it displays, than in its marvellous execution and modelling.

And we must very decidedly limit our praise, even here. In short, the figure is so remarkably unequal, that we best describe the effect it produced upon us by saying, we found it difficult to believe its front and back to be the modelling of the same hand. A writer in the "Times" has been called to account for comparing it to a Venus; and he probably did not know why he had made the comparison. The truth is, that the left, or standing leg of the figure, is an exact copy of the same limb in the Venus de Medicis. And exquisite as some of the finishing is, in even this aspect of the statue, there is no part of it to which we can give unreserved praise. The hands are curiously ill formed. Compare the unequal lines where the fingers join the palm in any living hand, with these clumsy terminations, across which a straight line would run; and our meaning will be perceived. So with the foot, the set of the wrist, and the shape of the bosom. It seems to us, also, that the figure from the hips is decidedly short. It may have been so in the nature copied: but there is no part of the female form in which a certain ideal treatment is so necessary as in this.

With these defects before us, we were grieving that we could not cordially assent to the praise the work had elicited, when the figure was turned round. The effect seemed to us wonderful. It would be impossible to exaggerate it. The fullness and massive beauty of the form; the exquisite articulation of every part; the delicate movement of the shoulders; the perfect distribution of the shape; the solid simplicity and ease of position;—everything, to such nice minutiæ as the points of the elbows and the muscles at the back of the knee, we thought as fine as they could possibly have been made. It would be difficult to carry the art farther; few have carried it so far. Objections may admit the merit, and question whether, masterly as it is, it belongs to the antique. We do not discuss that; but we call it a merit older than the antique. It is the thing itself. It is what the ancients were inspired by; and it still remains to work new wonders with.

Every one interested in art will find this statue well worthy of a visit. We can only counsel them to look as little in the direct front of it as may be. We cannot account for its amazing inequalities, except by supposing something similar in the living model, and the failure of Mr. Powers's imagination where he had lost his guide.—*London paper.*

WHITE LEAD! VERY CHEAP!

PURE WHITE LEAD (warranted) $200 keg

Extra do	do	do	2 87½ do
Do No. 1	do	do	1 75 do

For sale by
CHARLES STOTT,
Corner 7th street and Pennsylvania avenue.
July 9—6tif

By A. Green, Auctioneer.

SPLENDID HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE AT AUCTION.—On Tuesday, the 22d instant, I shall sell, at the residence of Major G. W. Cambloss, on 4½ street, near Pennsylvania avenue, at 10 o'clock a. m., his entire household and kitchen furniture, all of the latest patterns and of the best quality. I enumerate, in part—

Fine mahogany hair-seat sofas, lounges, and ottomans
Fine mahogany hair-seat parlor and rocking chairs
Fine mahogany Egyptian marble-top sideboard, pier and centre tables; washstands
Fine mahogany workstand; dressing and other bureaus
Fine mahogany dining, breakfast, and card tables
Fine mahogany damask and hair-covered Boston rocking chairs and ottomans
Fine mahogany hat-rack, with glass; French bedsteads, &c.
Fine gilt pier glasses, mantel vases, and flowers
Fine gilt girandoles and plated candelabras
Fine gilt mantel clock—a first rate timepiece
Fine gilt-frame engravings and paintings
Fine feather beds, bedding, and mattresses
Fine scarlet, moreen, and other window curtains, with ornaments complete
Fine high and low-post bedsteads, Venetian window blinds, &c.
Fine brass andirons and fenders, shovels, tongs
China, glass and crockery ware
Parlor, chamber, passage, and step carpets
Cooking and other stoves, grates, &c.
A first-rate patent refrigerator
A large lot of kitchen utensils, not necessary to enumerate
Also a splendid toned rosewood piano-forte, made by Chickering, extra finish, with extra keys, selected by Dielman, and entirely new.

Terms of sale: All sums of and under $25, cash; over $25, a credit of four and six months, for notes satisfactorily endorsed, bearing interest.

☞ The house is for rent.

July 9—eod&ds A. GREEN, Auctioneer.

Department of State,
Washington, 23d June, 1845.

UNDER the provisions of the act of 3d March last, "reducing the rates of postage," &c., all letters, packages, and other matter properly transmittible by mail, received by officers of the general government, after the 1st proximo, will be charged with postage at the rates therein established. With a view to economy in the disbursement of the funds of the Department of State, it is therefore desirable that officers connected with it, in preparing the despatches, letters, reports, &c., they may have occasion to forward to the Secretary of State, should bear in mind the provisions of the act referred to, and take care to confine their communications to one sheet, when their extent and character will admit of such restriction without injury to the public service.

All applications addressed to the Department of State for passports, certificates, information relative to claims, appointments to office, or any other matters involving private or personal interests merely, *ought to be prepaid.*

Postages accruing on letters or communications to the Secretary on public or official business, will be paid by the department; but the postage on private letters will be chargeable to him personally.

June 26—d&swt1A

Office of Transportation, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company,
Washington Branch,
July 12, 1845.

Reduction of Fare.

THE PUBLIC are respectfully informed that, on and after Monday next, the 14th inst., the fare in either direction between Washington and Baltimore will be $2, until otherwise ordered.

Tickets for the *round trip* can be procured on application at this office for $2, which will be good for twenty-four hours. If not procured before the departure of the cars, the regular fare will be charged.

Tickets for the round trip will also be issued to the intermediate points of the road, at the following reduced rates, viz:

To Bladensburg and returning......	30 cents.
Beltsville...."......"........	60.."
Laurel......"......"........	90.."
Savage......"......"........	1 00.."
Annapolis junction.."........	1 10.."

By order:
SAM'L STETTINIUS, Agent.
July 11—6t

PLEASURE EXCURSION
To Norfolk, Old Point, and Cape Charles.

THE STEAMER OSEOLA will make an excursion to the above places on Tuesday, July 15th instant, leaving Washington at 9 o'clock, a. m., and Alexandria at half-past 9, arriving early next morning at Norfolk; leave again at 8 o'clock for Cape Charles, touching at Old Point, going and returning.

Cape Charles is on the extreme end of the Chesapeake bay, and affords a fine harbor, which can be approached without going to sea. There is a fine sand beach for bathing in the surf; and hog fish, sheepshead, clams, crabs, &c., can be procured in abundance.

The Oscola will remain at the Cape, or go over to Old Point and spend the night, returning to Norfolk next morning, and leave again the same evening at 6 o'clock for Washington.

Passage and fare, $6; servants and children under 12 years, half price.

The marine band will be in attendance.

JAS. MITCHELL, Captain.
July 7

NOTICE.—THE UNION LOTTERY progresses in public favor. The liberality of the schemes, as compared with those of its contemporaries, must command the preference; and no doubt will be entertained of their integrity. The undersigned refer, with pride, to the fact, that, during the number of years they have conducted business, they have paid a vast amount of capital and other prizes; and they stand ready to pay all claims in southern funds at one per cent. premium, or in specie funds at par, on presentation. Brokers and others are directed to notice this advertisement; and their attention is requested to the programme of the Union Schemes; which, notwithstanding the rancor of its opponents, must command success.

CHAS. McINTYRE & CO.
July 3—6t

NEW BOOKS AT FRANCK TAYLORS.—No. 14th of Harper's edition of "Wandering Jew;" New Facts in Mesmerism; the Seeress of Prevost—being revelations concerning the inner-life of man, and the inter-diffusion of a world of spirits, in the one we inhabit—communicated by Justinus Kerner, chief physician at Weinsberg.

Two new volumes of Library of Choice Reading: "Tales; by Edgar A. Poe;" "The Indicator, by Leigh Hunt;" the North American Review, for July.

July 14

By A. Green, Auctioneer.

HOUSES AND LOTS, WAGON, CARRIAGE, AND CART, AT AUCTION.—On Tuesday, the 15th inst., at 6 o'clock, p. m., I shall sell, in front of the premises, part of lot No. 5, in square No. 425, situate on 8th, between L and M streets, with the improvements, which are two new, neat, well-built, two-story frame houses, with back buildings. Also, part of lot No. 5, in square No. 401, situated on 9th, between L and M streets, with improvements, which are a good and nearly new two-story frame house, with back basement and back building.

Terms of sale: One-fourth cash; the balance a credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months, for notes bearing interest—a deed given and a deed of trust taken. Persons wishing to make an investment, will do well to attend the sale.

Also, in front of the last named premises, I shall sell a new one-horse wagon, a one-horse carriage and harness, and a new horse cart.

July 11—3t A. GREEN, Auctioneer.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—For sale, the two-story brick house and lot, situated on the corner of Maryland avenue and Twelfth street, now occupied by Mr. Barnhill. It contains eleven rooms with fire-places; has a good dry cellar; and is, in all respects, a most desirable residence for a private family. For further particulars, inquire of William B. Todd.

July 10—2aw3wif

NEW LUMBER-YARD.

AT the corner of 12th street and the mall, south. The subscribers are now receiving their stock of lumber, and will keep a general assortment of good lumber, which will be sold low for cash or to punctual customers. Orders will also be received at the wood and coal yard of J. S. Harvey & Co., corner of 10th and E streets, and at their store, Potomac bridge.

HARVEY, LLOYD, & CO.
July 3—1aw6w