tist, the greatest captain of his day, yet a dishonest man, faithless to his sovereign, a traitor to his country, and a robber of the brave soldiers whose strong arms gave him victory. He pictured in glowing language the beauty and the grandeur of "Blenheim," the seat which national gratitude or kingly extravagance had given to the great bad man, naming it after that famous victory. After all, "Blenheim," with its storied urn and animated bust, its pompous eulogy and lying praise, could only serve to perpetuate the shame and infamy of John Churchill. But away on the banks of the calm Potomac, there rose an humble mansion, bought with no money wrested from the hands of an oppressed and reluctant people, a mansion in which the Father of his Country lived quietly and well with his beloved Martha, and from which he passed away peacefully to the bosom of his God. Around that humble mansion clustered hallowed recollections unstained by aught that could dim their purity. That home the women of America sought to secure, that they might guard it as a sacred trust, restore it to the pristine beauty and simplicity in which its great owner had left it, and transmit it as a sacred heritage to their children forever.

In the course of his oration, Mr. Everett alluded very feelingly to Washington's last and most emphatic advice to his countrymen, to preserve the Union of the States. He drew himself a most painful picture of the probable effect of disunion.

The audience was the fullest we have ever seen in Wilmington. We should think the receipts will not vary much from a thousand dollars. We believe all were pleased, many delighted, none dissatisfied, although some, perhaps, looked for a rather different style of speaking, more, perhaps, of what is generally regarded as oratory, more stirring, more declamatory. The address was highly polished, beautiful in conception, chaste, yet magnificent in execution, the work of a scholar, a rhetorician, faultlessly delivered, too faultlessly for an orator, perhaps, for oratory is never finished, it suggests more than it directly conveys, its apparent failures are sometimes its most effective points, its seeming, mayhaps its real forgetfulness, makes us, too, forget, carries us away, leads our feelings captive; we cease to mark gesture or tone, we feel but do not analyze our feelings. Mr. Everett may be, perhaps is, something more or higher than an orator, but he is also something different.

RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

In April, 1850, one of the most remarkable demonstrations in the history of Wilmington occurred on the occasion of the death of the illustrious John C. Calhoun. The following excerpts from the local newspapers of that date indicate the profound emotion which stirred the hearts of our people:

Another of the master spirits of the country has passed from time to eternity. John C. Calhoun died in the City of Washington on Sunday morning last. The sad intelligence of his death was to some extent anticipated from recent reports of his dangerous sickness, yet it will strike with heavy force upon the public mind.

The following telegraphic dispatch, dated Washington, March 31st, we copy from the *Charleston Mercury* of Monday: "Mr. Calhoun died this morning at a quarter past seven o'clock in the full possession of his faculties. A few hours previous he directed his son, Dr. John C. Calhoun, to lock up his manuscripts, and just before his death he beckoned him to his bedside and, with his eyes fixed upon him, expired. He died without the slightest symptom of pain, and to the last his eyes retained their brilliancy. With his son, there were at his bedside, Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, and Messrs. Orr and Wallace, of South Carolina. Mr. Venable has been devoted in his attentions to him for weeks, and is entitled to the deepest gratitude. The body will be placed in a metallic coffin and deposited in the Congressional Burial Ground until the wishes of his family are ascertained.

"The Governor of South Carolina has appointed a committee of twenty-five, consisting of citizens of Charleston, to proceed to Washington to receive and convey to his native State the remains of John C. Calhoun."

Wilmington Chronicle.

Wednesday, April 24, 1850.

REMAINS OF MR. CALHOUN.

It is expected that the remains of Mr. Calhoun will reach Wilmington today about 12 o'clock. The Committee of Arrangements publish the following: