

cast into the opposite scale all the bayonets and cannon, not only of France and England, but of Europe entire, how would it kick the beam against the simple solid weight of the two hundred

and fifty, or three hundred millions—and American millions—destined to gather beneath the flutter of the stripes and stars, in the fast hastening year of the Lord 1945!

BLAIR, OF THE GLOBE.

With a fine mezzotint Portrait.

MR BLAIR'S name has been so long identified with that of the journal which, under his editorship, for fourteen years played so important a part in the politics of this country, that they can scarcely yet be dissociated, notwithstanding the rule of law that death dissolves partnership. He still occurs to the mind as "Blair of the Globe," even though the Globe has passed out of existence, and the editor has turned his pen into a plough-share, his scissors into a pruning-hook, and his double cylinder Napier into a big wheel, revolving to the tinkling persuasion of a "Silver Spring." Blair of the Globe he is still, and Blair of the Globe he will remain to the end of the chapter, even though the place that once knew him knows him no more, and the famous "fiscal partner"—like Othello's, his occupation gone—has taken of late to making mysterious speeches, and burying them deep in the bowels of the earth. And we know of no portrait among the Democratic celebrities of the day, which the main bulk of our readers will see with greater satisfaction in the Democratic Review, than that of "Blair of the Globe." So long at the head of the political newspaper press of our party—and in that capacity, honorably distinguished by some of the most valuable characteristics of the political editor—this is a mark of our respect peculiarly due to him on his withdrawal from the press and from public affairs; and peculiarly acceptable to the countless numbers of friends, whose regrets and best wishes accompany him in his retirement. The accompanying engraving is from an admirable painting recently executed by Sully for Mr. Blair's children, finely copied in mezzotint by Sartain. We abstain from adding any biographical memoir, having determined to abandon,

for the future, our past practice in that respect, in regard to living characters. It is time enough to write out men's lives when they have themselves fully acted them out.

There seems to be a natural fitness and correspondence in the termination of Mr. Blair's editorial career, about simultaneously with General Jackson's departure from the stage of public affairs, and of life. It is only a matter of regret that it had not followed, instead of preceding, the latter event; since it is well known that it was an occasion of deep chagrin to the last days of the good and great old man, that it had become necessary to discontinue the Globe. Originally established under his auspices, and because he felt the necessity, to his administration, of the existence, at Washington, of a paper fully in possession of his confidence, and directed by that incorruptible and indomitable honesty, which he knew to characterize Mr. Blair, it became, in the course of the fierce political conflicts that ensued, thoroughly imbued with his spirit, and identified with what we may call his political system. There was probably no man, among all whom circumstances placed around General Jackson, deeper in his confidence, higher in his respect, nearer to his heart, than Mr. Blair. This relation took its rise in the earlier period of the memorable contest with the Bank of the United States, when the Editor's unflinching fearlessness, and uncompromising boldness and openness, at a time when corruption did not shrink from entering the very doors of Cabinet Councils, and when the timidity of even well-meaning weakness left the old Chief but few around him to be trusted for effective support and sympathy, proved well these qualities most needed