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From Chambers' Journal.

A Heroine of Burns.

The peasant poet of Scotland had many loves; but amongst them all there is none which has held forth images of purity and tenderness as his attachment to one on whom he has himself conferred the poetic appellative of Highland Mary. The love of the poet for this young woman was broken off by the event of her sudden death. She also appears, from his own descriptions, to have been a singularly gentle and affectionate creature. These circumstances, embalmed in the heart-touching strains of the poet himself, have excited, regarding her, an interest such as has rarely indeed befallen a maiden of her humble rank.

All that has hitherto been known or understood regarding Highland Mary may be expressed in a few sentences. Her name was Mary Campbell, and she had been a servant at Coilsfield House, in Burns's neighborhood, in Ayrshire, and likewise with his friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, in Mauchline. Burns himself places on record that she was "a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." He adds: "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." This is the bulk of her story. Mr. Cromek, who published "Reliques of Burns," had learned some more minute particulars. "The affair," he says, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.

There are, however, no memorials of this parting comparable to the verses in which Burns has recorded it. For example:—

"We sat my a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, Oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"On pale, pale now those rosy lips
I oft have kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!"

Or the still more affectionate verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which he composed several years after the death of their subject, under remarkable circumstances. Burns was now a farmer on the banks of the Nith—a husband, and the father of several children. He had passed through scenes of gay and elegant life in Edinburgh, and indulged in many passionate, though temporary attachments. Still, under all circumstances, the image of the simple Highland girl had remained deep in his heart, and he could never recall her melancholy fate without a pang. One harvest evening, in the year 1789, after he had been all day with his reapers, his wife observed him grow very sad about something. He had remembered that it was the anniversary of the death of Mary. He "at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses:"*—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blis-ful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear to transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

*Lockhart's Life of Burns.

It was impossible for any one to be the theme of such verses without becoming an object of profound interest to all who are capable of appreciating them. Accordingly it is not surprising that in later times particularly, everything which could be readily learned regarding Highland Mary has been brought before the public. It, after all, amounting to little apart from the love of Burns, was common-place enough. It was learned, for instance, that her father was a sailor belonging to a revenue cutter stationed at Campbeltown—that her relations lived at Greenock, where her mother died in poverty in 1828—and, strange to say, that her friends had entertained so strong a prejudice against her lover, as to burn his letters, and enjoin silence about his name. One memorial, however, of the love of Burns and Mary, made its appearance not long after the mother's death, and was hailed with a thrill of interest all over Scotland. This was the identical Bible which the poet had given to his mistress on the day of their parting. Passing to Canada, in the possession of a collateral relative of Mary, it was there redeemed for a large sum by an enthusiastic Scotsman, and sent home to be deposited in the poet's monument at Ayr. It was a plain and somewhat worn copy, in two volumes, containing the poet's name on a blank leaf of either, together with two texts marking the intense feeling of that memorable second Sunday of May—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord." Levit. xix. 12. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Matt. v. 33. This relic is, during the travelling season, viewed with deep emotion by thousands.

It was strange, all this time, that no biographer of Burns had undertaken to assign a date to the affair of Mary Campbell. Mr. Cromek had called her "the first object of the youthful poet's love;" and Professor Wilson, in his beautiful, generous "Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns," also spoke of the attachment as occurring at an early period of the poet's life. Burns himself, in sending a song written about her to Mr. Thomson, had said, "In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl;" the song was one beginning—

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

Language, by-the-bye, which does not look very like a farewell to a sweet-heart. He had said of still another song on the same person—one entitled, "The Highland Lassie—"This was a composition of mine in *my early life, before I was known at all in the world.*" These expressions, with the very character of the whole affair—invested, it seemed to be, with a purity bespeaking the unsullied morn of life—led all alike, writers and readers, to rest quietly in the assumption that Burns had courted Mary at some early period of his career, when contemplating a voyage to the West Indies to push his fortune there. Yet no notice of any such design could be pointed to in his life, or any letter or other document connected with him anterior to the summer of 1786, when matters had assumed such a posture between Jean Armour, his future wife, that he did arrange for such a voyage, from which, indeed, he was only withheld by the success of his poems, published at that crisis.

The mystery thus attached to the story of Mary at length attracted the attention of a gentleman whose name had hitherto been unconnected with the history and works of the Ayrshire bard. It occured to Mr. Wm. Douglas, of Edinburgh, that the idea of its being a juvenile attachment of Burns had hitherto been too easily acquiesced in. The Bible bore on its title page the date 1782, when Burns was in his twenty fourth year. It must have been later than that time. After the poet's name was inscribed that of his residence, "Mossgiel." He did not live there till the spring of 1784; it must have also have been later than that time, more particularly as Burns was not likely to be thinking of a voyage to the West Indies when just entering on a new farm, the fortunes of which were all to be proved. Mr. Douglas was less forcible in his objections to 1783; neither could he be considered as settling the event as not earlier than the spring of 1786, on the mere showing that Burns up to that time was accustomed to spell his name "Burness," whereas it is Burns on the Bible inscriptions—because the spelling of names is, in some degree, a matter of caprice, and it is certain that at least other people wrote his name "Burns" before 1786—so, indeed, it is entered in the register of his birth. It was, nevertheless, remarkable that we should be forced past 1784, when Burns could not be considered as very youthful, and brought into a period of his life of which the details are comparatively well known, there being amongst these no recognized or authoritative trace of Mary. In 1785, Burns was devotedly attached to Jean Armour. It was a year of great and brilliant literary exertion, being that in which the bulk of his poems was composed. There is no room here for the contemplated voyage to the West Indies, or the love of Highland Mary. In 1786, as has been mentioned, Burns was brought by evil fortune to prepare for such a voyage; but then his other circumstances were such as, at first sight, to preclude such an attachment. With Jean he had avowed a private marriage in the spring—not a moment too early, one would have said, for the young lady's peace; though strange to say, her father had forced her to disclaim Burns as her husband, and infinitely to the grief and resentment of the the unhappy poet. Was it now that Burns loved Mary Campbell? It could not be at any later time—that was quite clear; for Burns had no need to think of exile from his native land after October 1786, when his success as a poet was decided. Much reason was shown why it could not be earlier. Not without some hesitation, Mr. Douglas became convinced that, think as we might of it, it was in the May of 1786, little more than a month after he had been thrown off by Jean Armour, that he took that tender farewell of the simple Highland Lassie on the banks of the Ayr, to know her thenceforth no more as a living woman, but as an image of beauty, and tenderness, and truth, resting in his bosom forever.

On bringing his theory before a learned society in Edinburgh, the ingenuity and acuteness of his arguments were acknowledged; and many admitted that he had made it all but certain that 1786 was the true date. On that occasion a member said that, if each should prove to be the case, as seemed likely, he did not see how it should greatly affect our feelings regarding either Burns or the story of his attachment. The vacillating pulses of the heart are a great mystery. Burns, we know well, had been rendered half frantic in consequence of his repudiation by Jean. At such a crisis his soul would rush to a compensation in the affections of some more devoted fair one, especially if, as was not unlikely, he had felt favorably disposed toward that other person before. A month or six weeks was a long time in the Almanac of the heart, at least a Solway-tided heart like that of Burns. It often happens that, under a disappointment or rejection from one woman, a man will abruptly pay addresses to and marry another. Some other persons spoke on the occasion, but generally expressed themselves as inclined to regard the point as still greatly doubtful.

In a new biography of Burns which Mr Robert Chambers is preparing, upon a plan which will include his poems and letters, and involve greater accuracy and greater detail than any preceding one, it has been necessary of course to treat this question, and, if possible, to settle it. For this purpose the author made some personal investigations, which resulted in bringing such powerful documentary evidence in favor of Mr. Douglas's theory, that he has thought himself entitled to introduce the affair of Mary as occurring in 1786. The present paper may be completed by an extract from the work.

"Mary, we are to presume from the narration of the poet, had proceeded immediately after their parting to Campbeltown, where her parents then resided. She had spent the summer there; but whether she had taken any steps in arranging matters for a union with Burns seems doubtful, as it is the report of a very intelligent member of the family that her mother used to speak as if she had never been consulted on the subject. Another report in the family is, that while Mary resided with her parents, they became alarmed at her receiving a letter weekly from one whom they heard spoken of as 'a strange character,' and 'a great scoffer at the women.' Mary met the account of her lover's character with a smile, and thereafter was allowed to continue receiving his letters.

"A sister of Mary's mother was the wife of Peter Macpherson, a ship carpenter at Greenock. It being determined that her younger brother Robert should be entered with Macpherson as an apprentice, her father came to Greenock to make the proper arrangements, and Mary accompanied him. For this step on Mary's part we can well surmise further and private reasons of her own, since Burns has expressly said that she crossed the sea (the Firth of Clyde) to meet him. There was what is called a *brothering feast* at Macpherson's on Robert Campbell being admitted to the craft; and it is the distinct recollection of a daughter of Macpherson that Mary gave her assistance in serving the company. Next morning, according to the same person's recollection, the day Robert was so indisposed as to be unable to go to work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young men was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much after supper last night; and Macpherson, in a similar spirit of badinage, said, 'Oh, then, it is just as well, in case of the worst, that I have agreed to purchase that lair in the kirkyard'—referring to a place of sepulchre which he had just secured for his family—a very important matter in Greenock, as there was then no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by favor from a friend.

"The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great tenderness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but at the same time Mary drooped and became seriously unwell. Her friend believed and said that she suffered from the cast of an evil eye, and recommended her father to go to a cross burn—that is, a place where two burns meet—and select seven smooth stones from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink. It must be remembered that those were Highland people, and that the Highlanders are to this day full of superstitious notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary; but her illness was soon declared to be a fever, of a malignant species then prevalent in the town, and in a few days the poor girl died. She was buried in the *lair* which her uncle had so recently bought, being the first of the family who was placed in it.

"Such are the particulars derived from Macpherson's daughter, and from a male relative of the family,* who has often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. There seems to be no good reason for doubting them, or any of them.

* * * * * *

"Burns's reasons for maintaining a mystery on the subject as he has evidently done, can only be a matter of conjecture. He might have some sense of remorse about this simple girl—he might dread the world's knowing that, after the affair at Jean Armour in the midst of such calamitous circumstances, and facing a long exile in the West Indies, he had been so madly imprudent as to engage a poor girl to join him in wedlock, whether to go with him, or to wait for his return. Some remarks of Dr. Currie, in which this affair is touched upon, and which significantly occur immediately after the recital of the rencontre with the Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle, (an affair of summer, 1786) are here worthy of attention, as helping to verify a narration otherwise apt to appear a modern myth. 'The sensibility,' says he, 'of our bard's temper, and the force of his imagination, exposed him in a particular manner to the impressions of beauty; and these qualities, united to his impassioned eloquence, gave him in turn a powerful influence over the female heart. The banks of the Ayr formed the scene of youthful passions of a still tenderer nature, *the history of which it would be improper to record, if it were in our power; and the traces of which will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which they gave birth.* The song entitled 'Highland Mary' is known to relate to one of these attachments. 'It was written,' says our bard, 'on one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days.' The object of this passion died early in life, and the impression left on the mind of Burns seems to have been deep and lasting.' It seems not unlikely that Currie had got a hint of the affair from Gilbert Burns, but with injunctions to touch on it lightly."

*Mr. J. C. Douglas, clothier, Greenock

The Grave of Wordsworth.

A letter in the Concord (N. H.) Statesman, written from Grasmere, the former residence of the poet Wordsworth, thus describes the place of his interment:—

The church-yard in which Wordsworth is buried, is one quarter of a mile from our lodging, and was reached by a footpath through a cultivated field, and beside a mountain stream, made, by artificial arrangements, to assume most agreeable forms, without, in the least, violating the order in which nature disposes its works; and when we came near the ancient church around which repose the dead of many generations, our course was over one of these time-honored bridges. The rivulet flows along the Southern side of the church-yard, where a substantial wall resists the action of the water, and the earth is filled so as to admit a grass plot, extending to the water and as high as the wall. This is no new disposal of the grounds; for trees of large growth line the brink of the stream, and all the surrounding circumstances afford evidence that the grounds have been, as now, for a long course of years.

Wordsworth's remains are in that corner or side of the inclosure nearest the stream; beneath the trees and foliage there, and surrounded by all the objects which can possibly be combined to leave agreeable impressions when one has been among the resting places of the dead. Near his grave are the tombstones of two children of the poet of lake and mountain; in close connection is that of a nephew, and through the inclosure the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," gathered through the course of years within this repose place of what remains of man when mortal has put on immortality. His grave is designated by a slab at each end—of a material closely resembling Welsh slate—painted black, and no way differing from others in the inclosure. They are not so high by half as some slabs erected in our state for persons of adult age; but much thicker, and full a third wider; as is the case through the yard. The earth upon the grave was a gentle, not an abrupt rise, covered with thick, closely shorn, luxuriant grass, on which were laid, by some traveller recently there, or the hand of family friends, a few unwithered flowers. Upon the slab is merely, William Wordsworth.

From the New York Times.

Queen Victoria.

The English people, it must be confessed, are fond of *respectable* conduct, and therefore they admire the Queen, who, as a mother and a wife, is an ornament to her sex. There is not a more kind-hearted woman in the world, a better wife, nor a more affectionate mother. Her political tendencies are believed to be liberal, but she acts as if she belonged to no party; and her conduct as a ruler is wholly based upon the advice of her Ministry, who are responsible by law for what they make her do. I am persuaded that, in the revolutionary events of 1848, it was the personal character and popularity of Queen Victoria which preserved the country from a bold effort to establish a republic.

The personal habits of the Queen and her family are extremely simple and plain. Breakfast is over by nine; then a couple of hours are devoted to the perusal of letters and the despatch of business, which consists of reading abstracts of the public documents which she has to sign. Between twelve and two the Queen and her family usually walk in the private grounds of the palace, if it be fine; if the weather does not permit out-of-door exercise, Prince Albert and she apply themselves to drawing and etching. Both have acquired some skill in the use of the graver, and have a small press put up in one of the rooms of Buckingham Palace, at which they work with their own hands. A present of a set of royal etchings is considered a very special compliment, and prized as such. I know that the Duchess of Bedford's *boudoir* at Woburn Abbey is hung around with the royal etchings. Some of them are neatly done—most of them in good drawing. All of them are curiosities, as specimens of royal art and industry.

Between two and three the royal party lunch. This repast, which is in fact an early dinner, is a very private one. The Queen, Prince Albert, Prince Royal, and Prince of Wales, sit down to a single joint (usually a roast shoulder of mutton) and a few dishes. There is very little wine partaken of at this meal. When it is ended, Prince Albert goes into the garden (for the Queen allows no smoking within her walls) and disposes of a couple of cigars. While the royal luncheon is going on, the attendants at the palace, who are very numerous, take their dinner—a plain substantial meal, at which the liveried servants are allowed ale. For those of higher rank, the allowance is half a pint to each. I happen to know that when any artists are at work or in waiting at the palace at the hour of lunch, meat is served up to them, and half a pint of sherry is brought up for each. This is very different from the waste which did prevail in the royal household, and Queen Adelaide was the first to put a check to it. She too got indignant at the female servants wearing silks and satins, and caused a mental revolt by ordering them to wear muslins and stuffs. The economy of the household now allows the Queen to save about half the money annually voted for its maintenance.

These savings are considerable, and, being duly invested, are rapidly accumulating. Then, in addition to his £30,000 a year allowance as consort, as much more has been given to Prince Albert in various appointments; he has £16 a day as field marshal; and as he does not spend £10,000 a year, his savings must be great. There is a fond hope that he and the Queen mean to appropriate this money to the future pension of their children, and not to ask the people to support them.

Manners of the Presidents.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Mirror gives the following account of the manners of our late Presidents:

Mr. Fillmore is in fine health and spirits, and I think it will be conceded by everybody, that he is the best looking of all the Presidents who have occupied the national mansion. I have seen the greater part of them, but certainly for an unaffectedly polite and courteous gentleman none could compare with the present occupant. John Quincy Adams, with whom my presidential remembrances commence, was chillingly cold, still and ungenial in his manner of receiving visitors; he made you keep your distance and feel it, too.

Gen. Jackson was frank and dignified, but not very cordial; his successor, who gloried in walking in his footsteps, but didn't, was smirkingly civil and politely gracious; Gen. Harrison, poor old man, hardly had any manner of his own, after he entered the white house; he was kind-hearted but feeble, and was soon worried out of his existence. As for Mr. Tyler, it is hardly possible to carry away any other impression of him than that made by his very prominent nose. Mr. Polk was a very civil president, and easy in his manners, but he always appeared like an over-worked machine; his feeble frame and cold grey eyes did not leave a very pleasant feeling on his visitors. General Taylor, heaven rest his honest soul! received you as a grandfather does his grand-children, and you left his presence forgetting that you had seen the President, and only feeling that you had been talking to one of the kindest old souls in existence.

President Fillmore differs essentially from them all; he is a man among men in appearance, overtopping in his height the majority of men of the human family; finely formed, in good health, with a bright eye, clear complexion, erect in carriage, and sufficiently stout without being corpulent, he is a representative of the American gentleman whom his countrymen may take pride in. He is exceedingly winning in his manner of receiving his guests, takes them kindly by the hand, says an appropriate word to every one, smiles graciously to the ladies, and moves about the room with an ease and an air of a gentleman receiving his friends in his own house.

Mr. Fillmore cannot fail to be personally popular with the people, let them think of him as they may politically.

The President's Letter to Robert Collins, on the Subject of Crafts, the Fugitive Slave Case.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1850.
STATE DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT COLLINS, Macon, Ga.

SIR:—I am instructed by the President to inform you that your letter of the 2d instant, addressed to him, enclosing several slips from newspapers in reference to the proceedings of a portion of the community of Boston on the subject of the Fugitive Slave law, was received by him yesterday, and that he has given to the letter and its enclosures careful perusal. You state in substance that you are owner of Crafts, one of the fugitive slaves for whom warrants of arrest were issued in Boston, and call the President's attention to the enclosed slips, taken mostly from northern papers, by which he will perceive the manner in which your agents were received and treated, for merely asking that the slaves be returned according to the laws of the United States—that they have been arrested under various warrants, and on other frivolous pretences, and unreasonable bail demanded, and that your friends have become their sureties for more than $20,000. You also say that many cases in which officers have not done their duty, will appear by the slips, and that the warrants now lie dead in Marshal's office. You then speak of the pernicious effect of such proceedings, and of their tendency to disturb the harmony of the Union, and of the great importance of having the law faithfully executed; and you finally enquire whether it is not in the power, and is not the intention, of the Executive of the United States to cause that law to be faithfully and properly enforced.

To this, the President directs me to reply, that you cannot be more deeply impressed than he is with the importance of having every law faithfully executed. Every statute in this country, passed in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, must be presumed to embody the will of a majority of the people of the Union, and as such is entitled to the respect and obedience of every true American citizen,—and the Constitution which the President has sworn to support has made it his especial duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. He has no thought of shrinking from his duty in this or any other case, but will, to the utmost of his ability, firmly and faithfully perform it; but how is he to cause the laws to be executed? First, by appointing proper officers to fill the various offices, and discharge their various functions with diligence and fidelity,—and if any shall be found incompetent or unfaithful, by removing them, where he has the power of removal, and appointing more competent and faithful officers in their places—and secondly, in extreme cases, whenever the laws of the United States shall be opposed, or the execution thereof be obstructed, in any State, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by powers vested in civil officers, with powers which the law authorizes and requires them to call to their aid, it would be his duty to call forth the Militia, and use the Army and Navy, for the purpose of overcoming such forcible combinations against the laws—but, in either case, prudence and justice require that there should be more satisfactory evidence of official delinquency or forcible resistance than mere rumor or newspaper statements, and yet these are all which have been furnished in this case. If any Marshal neglects to perform his duty, the law gives the right of action to the aggrieved party for the injury which he may sustain; and if he refuse or wilfully neglect to perform it, when this shall be satisfactorily made to appear to the President, then, in addition to his liability to the aggrieved party, it would doubtless be the duty of the Executive to remove him from office and appoint another in his place. But your letter contains no proof of this kind, and, therefore, seems to require no action.

It is equally clear that no case is presented justifying a call upon the militia or the use of the army to execute the laws; and the President has so much confidence in the patriotism and devotion to the laws which has always characterized a large majority of the people of Boston, that he cannot for a moment believe that it will ever be necessary to call in any extraordinary aid to execute the laws in that city. Individuals may become excited, and may, in the heat of the moment, offer resistance to the laws, but he has no doubt that in such an event, so much to be regretted, the good sense of the community would soon rally to support the civil authorities, and that those sustaining the law would triumph;—but he directs me to assure you, that if unfortunately he should find himself mistaken in this, and the painful necessity should arise, he should perform his duty by employing all the means which the Constitution and Congress have placed at his disposal to enforce the law.

As to the complaint that your agents were unjustly persecuted, and held to bail in unreasonable amounts, for pretended offences—the President directs me to say, that however he may regret any such injustice and incivility, he is not aware that he has power to remedy the evil. If the complaints against your agents be unfounded, the defendants will, doubtless, be acquitted; and if malicious, they have their remedy in an action for a malicious prosecution. But all these are judicial questions, over which the Executive can exercise no control, and the evil complained of results from the acknowledged right of every individual to prosecute any one for an alleged offence or violation of right.

The President feels the importance of avoiding, as far as practicable, all causes of irritation between the North and South, and especially on the exciting subject of slavery. Were he permitted to advise, he would suggest to all the importance of permitting the laws to take their usual course, and that everything relating to intimidation or illegal or unjust annoyance should be scrupulously avoided. Every effort should be made to cultivate a fraternal feeling. We should be a people of one interest and one sentiment—knowing no legal division and tolerating no sectional injustice. Our Union, so dear to the heart of every true American, can only be preserved by a strict observance of the Constitution and impartial administration of the laws.

I am, sir, respectfully,
your obedient servant,
W. S. DERRICK, Acting Secretary.

AN EXPRESSIVE OBITUARY.—The following, which we copy from an Eastern paper, is one of the most concentrated obituary notices we have read for a long time. With the exception of the name, occupation and residence of the deceased, the article is copied entire:

"He was a native of Massachusetts, and weighed 250 pounds."—*N. Y. Com.*

A BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED THOUGHT.—It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful, than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

CIDER.—Here is a receipt worth to farmers the price of our paper for a year: Take a pint of pulverized charcoal and put it in a small cotton bag, then put it in a barrel of new cider, and the cider will never ferment—never contain any intoxicating quality, and the longer it is kept the more palatable it becomes.

☞ "One fountain is there," says Miss Bremer, "whose deep lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silvery drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the foundation of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a spirit of sweet repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon feel thyself rich! Thou mayst go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate thyself in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the rainbow and music records, offer to thy soul equal hospitality."

☞ There is a boy down east who is accustomed to go out on a railroad track and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly as to deceive the officer at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful; the depot master came out and *switched him off.*

☞ A city buck visiting the Shakers at Lebanon, some time since, as he was wandering through the village, encountered a stout, hearty specimen of the sect, and thus accosted him:—

"Well, broad-brim, are you much of a *Shaker?*"

"Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way."

So he seized the astonished man by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.

REPUTED CURE FOR MADNESS.—An account is given in the continental papers of Europe of a great congress of medical men which it is proposed to hold in France, for the purpose of testing by experiment the virtue of a newly discovered cure for madness, and for the bite of venomous serpents, by means of the "*Cedrone*" seed. Several of the faculty have already made experiments on different animals, and hope, by means of the Cedrone seed, to arrive at the cure of mental disorders and epilepsy. Two subjects have offered themselves, one a professor of mathematics, to be operated upon.

INTERESTING FACT.—The New York Courier states that a surgeon in the U. S. Army, recently desired to know the most common cause of enlistments. By permission of the captain of a company, containing fifty-five, on a pledge never to disclose the name of any officer or private except as a physical or meta-