THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

[We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land-agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Mark—that of her second matrimonial partner. The perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he plead at the bar; until, at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.]

At an early hour, the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war-times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent in every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 8th of April, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy-pettifoggers dare not brave again the sharp wit of Pike, and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd situated behind the bar. At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously-twiching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infinite blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name's being on *your* rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a sort of fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed to appear *once* by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross-questions, which, with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had *caught a Tartar*; but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich rain of wit, and a hail-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order!" "order!" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence!

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and strait, and motionless in his seat, his pale smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain-cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long boney finger. With his eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of a magic incantation: while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melt a way at his touch as frost before the sun-beam. Every one looks surprised. His logic was at once so brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper; his sallow face kindled up; and eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasm of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the *forum* with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passion. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre!

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long boney arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts! He drew a picture of murder in such appalling collors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he fixed both potraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered *dead*, and described the sorrows of the widowed *living*—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely woman sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury and through them to the by-standers. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villian, Hopkins, but leave the punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict for fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death!

As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light!"

The crowd, of course, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng, and Bascom; but have never heard anything in the form of subline words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard that marvellous man.

WASHINGTON'S DAY AT MOUNT VERNON. A few weeks after Washington retired from the Presidency of the United States to the shades of Mount Vernon, he wrote a letter to James McHenry, Secretary of War, which reveals some traits in his character not often observed, while it also exhibits his mode of life in the quiet pursuits of his farm. We think that its publication at this season of the anniversary of his birth will afford real pleasure to many of our readers.

"MOUNT VERNON, May 29, 1797.

DEAR SIR: I am indebted to you for several unacknowledged letters, but never mind that; go on as if you had answers. You are at the source of information, and can find many things to relate, while I have nothing to say that could either inform or amuse a Secretary of War in Philadelphia.

I might tell him that I begin my diurnal course with the sun; that if my hirelings are not in their places at that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; that having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; that the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; that, by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast, (a little after seven o'clock, about the time I presume you are taking leave of Mrs. McHenry) is ready; that this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Pray, would not the word *curiosity* answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table, and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought, I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. This will account for your letter remaining so long unacknowledged; and having given you the history of the day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded you will not require a second edition of it. But it may strike you, that in this detail no mention is made of any portion of time allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home; nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen, probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in doomsday book. At present, I shall only add that I am always and affectionately yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

A vein of quiet humor pervades this letter that must be new to most of the world who have looked upon Washington as the personification of gravity. We scarcely remember of any thing in a great man more humorous than this practice of his sending messages of sorrow for their indisposition when his workmen were late at their work. He was always punctual, and when his cabinet were behind time, they met a reproof. But the idea of sending his condolence to his carpenters when they were tardy, as if he supposed as a matter of course that they must be sick, is decidedly pleasant, and shows that Washington loved a little pleasantry, as well as men of inferior mark.

Indeed, the whole letter is a beautiful picture of the Father of his Country in retirement, seeking pleasure in the genial occupations of the farm, and enjoying himself in the even tide of a well spent life. We shall not see the like of him very soon.

Presbyterian.

ANTHRACITE COAL IN LOCOMOTIVES .Gen. Roumfort reports to the State Canal Commissioners that Dehaven's movable fire box has been tested fairly since Oct. last, in the anthracite locomotive "Muhlenburg." That it removes the last obstacle hitherto in the way of using this coal, viz: the expense and the time consumed in taking out the burnt firebox and inserting a new one. This has always required four or six weeks, and 500 to 1,000 lbs. Dehaven's improvement consists in making the firebox movable, and having duplicates for each engine. It requires but a day, and very trifling cost to refit. The thing works admirably, saving from 30 to 50 per cent, in fuel by the substitution of hard coal for wood

Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT RAILROADS DO FOR LAND. The Wheeling Times says that land along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in Virginia, has increased, in the average 300 per cent., and the amount of land now being prepared for cultivation is greater than ever cultivated before. A farm in West Zanesville which had been offered for $12,000, has since the Railroad was located along its borders, been sold for $20,000. In Newark, Ohio, a tavern stand which had rented for $400, on the completion of the railroad, rented for $1,300.

[From Authur's Home Gazette.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MADISON.

BY ARTHUR J. STANSBURY.

And now I approach a period where I have enjoyed more of personal knowledge and observation than my situation afforded in regard to our earlier Presidents; though I wish it to be clearly understood that I pretend to no near or very intimate acquaintance with any of them; and in these loose and rambling sketches thrown together without much order, or attention to chronological succession, for the amusement of, now and then, a leisure evening, after the labors of the day in a public office, I profess to do no more than to tell, as simply as I can, what I happen to recollect when looking back on such personal intercourse with them as fell in my way. Would that others, so much more competent in every respect to the task, and whose positions brought them into daily contact with these distinguished men, would preserve for posterity what lives, at this day, in their memories alone, and must soon be lost forever.

I saw Mr. Madison, for the first time, at Richmond, where he attended as a member of a State Convention, assembled in 1829, for the revision of the Constitution of Virginia. You may imagine the intense curiosity with which I gazed on an individual so illustrious. Among a crowd of gentlemen who entered the hall of the old House of Burgesses, in the Capitol, where the Convention was about to open, I saw one, of lower stature than any of his compeers, slender and delicate in form—dressed in a suit of black, not new, and now dusty from travel, with a hat distinguished by the width of its brim, and its total estrangement from the fashionable block of the day; in aspect grave, yet mild; in air and carriage perfectly simple and unassuming; of light, elastic step, and possessing, altogether, what may be called a winning address. I observed that he was approached by every one with an instinctive respect, (though not with that expression of awe which was inspired by Washington,) and I soon learned from every mouth, that it was ex-President Madison. Many members of the Convention then saw him, like myself, for the first time. He looked to me like a gentleman farmer, emerging from retirement, to give his vote at some important election, and then purposing to return home.

He met his friends with courtesy, but with an unmoved calmness of manner, differing, as it seemed to me, from that warmth and cordiality which usually marks the intercourse of Viiginians, and of Southern people generally. Indeed, were I asked to point out Mr. Madison's distinguishing trait—I speak of his constitutional organization—I should say it was this very quality of dignified calmness. His tone of mind seemed pleasant, even cheerful, but totally undisturbed—ever self-possessed, self-balanced. Whenever I met him, afterward, this original impression remained unaltered. He was, in all situations, gentlemanly, modest, retiring, and for so distinguished a character, more silent than I had expected. He never assumed the lead in conversation, and appeared always more disposed to listen than to speak. Nothing can be conceived more remote from all assumption and display. During the whole duration of the Convention, (and it sat for sixteen weeks) although of all present, he was best entitled to speak on subjects such as those which occupied that body, he spoke but twice. When he did speak, however, the effect of such retiring merit was at once obvious. While other members of the body, even the most distinguished among the elite of Virginia, were listened to with respectful attention, but without any special outward demonstration of interest, no sooner was Mr. Madison upon his feet, then there was in one moment a simultaneous rush, from every part of the hall; the ordinary decorum of the body seemed forgotten; regardless of all obstacles, every man made a straight line to the spot, and he was at once, so completely hemmed in by the crowd that pressed around to hear, that his small figure could scarce be seen. There was, indeed, one reason for this movement besides the homage which his character commanded.

His voice, never strong, was then very slender, even feeble, (he was in his seventy-eighth year,) though his enunciation was perfectly distinct, and the universal eagerness not to lose a syllable that fell from him may have quickened the effort to be as near him as possible. My professional occupation opened an avenue to me, since it was my duty to take down the speech; but such was the interest I felt, in common with all around me, to hear the speech, that it was with difficulty I could prevent my attention from being drawn from my task, leaving me a listener merely. I have still the MS. notes of that speech, (the last he ever delivered) with corrections of it in his own hand, which I keep with a religious feeling of veneration. Connected with it is a little anecdote, characteristic in the highest degree of the meekness of wisdom which so eminently distinguished the illustrious author of "The Federalist." When I had finished writing out the speech, I left it with him for his revision. Next day, as there was a great call for it, and the report had not been returned for publication, I sent my son, with a respectful note, requesting the MS. My son was a lad of about sixteen, (whom I had taken with me to act as an amanuensis,) and on delivering my note he was received with the utmost politeness, and requested to come up into Mr. M.'s chamber, and wait while he ran his eye over the paper; as company had till that moment prevented his attending to it. He did so: and Mr. Madison, pen in hand, sat down to correct the report. The lad stood near him, so that his eye fell on the paper. Coming to a certain sentence in the speech, Mr. M. struck out a word, and substituted another: but hesitated, and not feeling quite satisfied with the second word, drew his pen through it also. My son was young, ignorant of the world, and unconscious of the solecism of which he was about to guilty, when, in all simplicity, he *suggested a word*. Yes; he ventured, boy that he was, to suggest to James Madison an improvement in his own speech! Probably no other individual then living would have taken such a liberty. But the sage, instead of regarding the intrusion with a frown, raised his eye to the boy's face with pleased surprise, and said "thank you sir—it is the very word!" and immediately inserted it. I saw him the next day, and he mentioned the circumstance, with a compliment on the young critic.

I was forcibly struck, while discharging my daily duty in the convention, at the deportment of Mr. Madison. Punctual and unfailing in his attendance, he always occupied the same seat, and I do not think that in that hall there was another individual who paid as uniform and unremitted attention to the proceedings of the body. Whoever occupied the floor, he was sure of at least one attentive listener. John Marshall, himself, did not listen with more steadiness and condescension to the argument of a young member of the bar, (and who that was ever a young member there, and did not feel with deepest gratitude that admirable trait in the character of the great jurist!) than did Mr. Madison to the speeches of every grade, from men of every calibre, on subjects of which none was so complete a master as himself Perhaps the habit might have been formed when he was himself a reporter in the convention which formed the Constitution. A reporter is a listener by profession: he is attentive *par force*; and, happily, in this case as in every other of involuntary and long-continued labor, the back, by a merciful provision of Providence, becomes fitted to the burden. He manifested a very kind interest, and some curiosity as to my mode of reporting, often made enquiries on the subject, and refered, with his accustomed modesty, to his own labors in the same department. "I observe," said he to me one morning, "that you often report the more important speeches in the first person; that is what I never ventured to attempt. I gave a narrative of speeches, endeavoring to preserve an outline of the arguments employed, but never professed to follow the speaker in the manner you do."

I endeavored to explain to him the manner, such as it was, in which I tried, very poorly and imperfectly, but with what fidelity I could, to give a picture of each speech as it was delivered; and he seemed much surprised to learn that I never used, or had never learned, indeed the stenographic character. I was, of course precluded by delicacy, and a sense of our relative positions, from making any enquiries as to the mode he had himself pursued; though, from this great modesty and simplicity, I have no doubt that he would have stated it with entire frankness and condescension.

He felt himself, in that body, after his long seclusion from public life, surrounded with comparative strangers. Many of its members he had never seen before. Among these, I rather think, was John Randolph: I am quite sure, for I heard him say so, that he had never heard him speak. He had to wait long for the opportunity: and when, at length, the eccentric orator of Roanoke got upon his feet, I noticed that Madison's usual quietness of manner gave place to every manifestation of the most intense curiosity. Like every other man, great or little, who ever heard John Randolph, he was at once transfixed by the originality of his style, and the almost magical charm of his voice, look and manner. But, Randolph, that monotype in intellectual humanity, I must reserve for a niche of his own: in the Richmond convention he formed but one in a group of men such as is rarely congregated in any country or on any occasion. I think I must give yon, at some future day, a chapter on that convention. It is a rich subject.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. The greater portion of this week is to be devoted to the examination of students (candidates for admission to practice,) at the Medical College in this city. The commencement exercises will take place on Thursday evening, after which time we shall be enabled to present our readers with a list of Graduates and their subjects. The faculty are accustomed to select, every year from the Theses, submitted by the class, one or two which may display remarkable proficiency for publication. Many of these have been of a high order of ability, and have created a spirit of emulation highly favorable to the Institution.

In point of professional ability and experience, as well as a dignified standard of preparation for the honors of the profession, our Medical College is acknowledged to bear a favorable comparison with any other in the Union. The Course of Lectures begins on the first Monday in November, and continues until March following, when the exercises are suspended for the intervening eight months, and the degrees conferred upon the Graduating Class.

The Faculty of the College is composed of gentlemen whose reputation for learning and scholarship, is by no means confined to the sphere indicated by the title above, and whose extensive and constantly increasing practice, with habits of close study and research, which many of their juniors would do well to emulate, identifies them with the onward march of the science in their respective departments. Several of them have filled positions of influence in other institutions; others are known to fame by their contributions to the treasury of scientific lore and polite literature.

The Chair of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine has been resumed by Professor Dickson, since his return to our city. The following are the Professorships now filled:

J. E. Holbrook, M. D., Professor of Anatomy; S. Henry Dickson, M. D., Professor of the Institute and Practice of Medicine; E. Geddings, M. D., Professor of Surgery; James Moultrie, M. D., Professor of Physiology; Henry R. Frost, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica; T. G. Prioleau, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics; C. U. Shepard, M. D., Professor of Chemistry; St. Julien Ravenel, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Dr. D. J. Cain, Physician to the Marine Hospital and Clinical Instructor, lectures twice a week on disease in that Institution.

Dr. E. B. Flagg, Physician at the Alms House, lectures twice a week on Diseases. Demonstrative Instruction in Medicine and Surgery, is given at the College Hospital.

The Anatomical Museum embraces a large and valuable collection of specimens carefully preserved, and numerous preparations in wax, casts and models, which are daily open for inspection. The chemical apparatus is very complete with all the latest improvements. On the square upon which the College is located, and immediately adjoining, are the Marine Hospital, Alms House, College Hospital and the New Roper Hospital in progress of erection, from the able Physicians of which, the students have the benefit of instruction in their several departments, and obtain access to opportunities for requiring a large store of medical and surgical knowledge. The Library, which is said to be the second best in the United States, embraces all the most modern medical works and periodical journals of any value, and its privileges are enjoyed by all by obtaining an order from one of the Faculty. The requirement for graduation are, that the candidate must be 21 years of age and of good moral character, and have studied three years with some respectable practioner, attended two full course of lectures, and a course of Dissections, under the demonstrator. Lectures are delivered by each of the Professors on their respective branches, from three to five times a week. The Faculty are desirous of bringing to the notice of the Southern and Western sections of our country the many advantages which this Institution offers for the education of medical men at home. We trust that their laborious and self-denying efforts to elevate the standard of medical education at the South may be justly appreciated by those for whose special benefit they are toiling, and the absurd and irrational idea, that a finished physician can be manufactured only at a Northern or foreign college became in course of time, one of the exploded sophisms of a bye-gone age.

Charleston Courier.

THE MODEL DAUGHTER. Constantly she comes down to breakfast before the tea things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She "practices" only when he is out. She does not have her letters addressed to the pastry cook, or make a postman of the housemaid. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head being crammed chuck full of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking or make a pudding. She looks most attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white wine whey, topioca, chicken broth, beef-tea, and the thousand delicacies of a sick room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leach, or faint at the sight of a black beetle. She does not spin poetry or devour it in any quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father in the evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"she would die sooner." She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool, and crying "one-two-three, one-two-three," continually. She studies house-keeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, and can tell pretty nearly how many "long sizes" go to the pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on Saturday. She is not continnally fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see Jenny Lind, nor does she care much about "love Mario." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with civility. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and backgammon—"anything to please her dear father." She does not send home "lovely" jewelry for her dear father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little fault. She never pouts when scolded, nor shuts herself up in a room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers on a winter's night, and lights the candle before going up to bed. She is her mama's "dear, good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being intrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is a terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the Model Daughter.

TO SALT BUTTER. Beat well up together in a marble mortar, half a pound of common salt with four ounces of powdered loaf-sugar; to every pound of newly made butter, the milk being well drawn off by beting, put an ounce of the milked powder, incorporate it well, put the butter into pots for keeping. In about a month, it will be fit to use, and then it will continue for ten years as good as butter newly salted.

The man who pays for his newspaper in advance was in our office yesterday. He and his family escaped the deluge, and we learn that the late frost didn't injure his cotton. So says the Nashville Whig.

COAL DEPOT. The Deep River Mining and Transportation Company have purchased the site where the Phoenix Steam Saw Mill lately stood, at south part of the town, for $10,500—to be used as a Coal yard for loading vessels. *Wil. Com.*

From the National Intelligencer.

Reports to the Senate--Boston Mob.

As Documents possessing general interest, we publish below two Reports, expressing the views of the Majority and Minority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, in response to the Message of the President of the United States, relative to the recent case of resistance to the fugitive slave law by a mob in the city of Boston. These Reports were laid before the Senate in the last hours of the session on Tuesday, too late to receive any consideration by that body.

Report of the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Bradbury, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the Message of the President of the United States in answer to a resolution of the Senate calling for information in relation to the recent disturbance in Boston, made the following report:

The committee being called upon near the close of the session to consider the subject involved in the Message of the President, deem it proper at this time to confine the expression of their opinion to one or two points presented in that document.

That the Executive officers of the Government should possess full and adequate power to enforce the execution of the laws will not be questioned; and the committee are of opinion that they possess such power now, without the aid of further legislation.

In the execution of judicial process, the marshals and their deputies have authority to call to their assistance, whenever it is necessary, the *posse comitatus* within their jurisdiction, and, to adopt the language of the President, "it is supposed not to be doubtful that all citizens, whether enrolled in the militia or not, may be summoned as members," and that it is their duty to obey such summons.

The committee are not aware of any reason that exempts the citizens who constitute the military and naval forces of the United States from like liabilities to this duty. Because men are soldiers or sailors, they cease not to be citizens; they possess all the rights and are bound by all the duties of other citizens; and while acting under the direction of the civil authority, they may act with more efficiency and without objection in an organized form, under appropriate subordinate command.

The Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress passed in pursuance thereof being paramount to State legislation, no State enactment in conflict with them can nullify them, or exonerate the citizen from his duty to render them obedience.

When occasions arise (which must necessarily be rare) when the civil power proves inadequate to maintain the laws, the President is authorized by the acts of Congress of 28th February, 1795, and March 3d, 1807, to call forth and employ, in the manner prescribed by these acts, the militia of the States, and the land and naval forces of the United Sttates, to suppress insurrections and to enforce the due execution of the laws.

A review of the powers possessed by the Executive by virtue of existing laws, to which we have barely alluded, and the experience of the past, have led the committee to the opinion that further legislation is not *essential* to enable the President to discharge, as we have confidence he is disposed to discharge with fidelity, his high constitutional duty, to see that the laws are faithfully executed. The committee, therefore, deem it inexpedient to recommend at this time further legislation; and ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Report of the Minority by Mr. Butler.

Mr. Butler, from the same committee, submitted the following minority report:

In submitting my views on the Message of the President referred to the Judiciary Committee, it is not my purpose to express my dissent from the general and unqualified conclusion of the majority of the committee, to wit, that it is unnecessary at this time, by further legislation, to give the President power over the militia and military forces of the Government for the purpose of suppressing insurrections and combinations to obstruct the execution of the laws.

There are some subjects of the Message presented to the consideration of Congress, and which address themselves specially to the consideration of the committee, upon which I feel it a duty to express an opinion, lest by silence there might be a tacit recognition of one of the assumptions, and an approbation of some of the recommendations of the message.

Previously to the act of 1807, it seems to have been the implied understanding of all the departments of the Government that the President was *confined* to the militia "to suppress insurrections against the State Government and to suppress combinations against the laws of the United States."

The act of 1795 indicates the occasions and prescribes the manner in which the militia shall be called out and employed. The President cannot order out the militia to suppress insurrection against the State Governments, without being called on to do so by the Legislative or Executive authority of the State concerned.

To suppress combinations against the laws of the United States, it is the duty of the President to judge of the occasion for calling out the militia. On all occasions for calling out and employing the militia, it was made the duty of the President, by the act refered to, to issue his proclamation as a warning to the employment of force. This provision was founded in usage, and has the sanction of time, trial, and experience. It is but the warning voice of a forbearing Government. There might be some occasions when the interval between such warning and the actual employment of force might be of some duration. Other occasions might be such as to require the force to follow in quick succession to the warning of a proclamation. The order to call out the militia and the proclamation might emanate at the same time.

It seems to have been in contemplation by the act of 1795 to put at the disposal of the President a *quasi military posse comitatus* of citizen soldiers, to maintain the dominion of the laws, in which they had the interest of citizens. It was to make use of one class of citizens to bring another to a sense of justice and a proper submission to the laws. I approve its wisdom. An insurrection would be much more easily quelled by the array of neighbors and fellow-citizens, than by the employment of a trained and organized army, whose only influence would be the employment of force. An overwhelming force might be employed in the first case, whilst the other might only be strong enough to provoke collision, and end in blood. Whatever might be the views of our ancestors, it is certain that until 1807 the militia was the only force put at the disposal of the President to suppress insurrection, &c.

The act of 1807 is in these words: "That, in 'case of insurrection or obstruction to the laws, either of the United States or of any individual State or 'Territory, where it is lawful for the President of the 'United States to call for the militia for suppressing 'such insurrection or causing the laws to be duly 'executed, it shall be lawful for him to employ for 'the same purpose such part of the land and naval 'force as shall be necessary, *having first observed all* '*the pre-requisites of the law in other respects.*"

So far as it regards the employment of the army and naval force, the President maintains that he is subject to no pre-requisites of the act refered to, but that they are absolutely at his command for the purpose indicated.

The words of the President are: "Congress, not 'probably adverting to the difference between the militia and the regular army by the act of March 3d, '1807, authorized the President to use the land and 'naval force of the United States for the same purpose 'for which he might call forth the militia, and subject to the same proclamation. But the power of 'the President under the constitution, as commander 'of the army and navy, is general, and his duty to 'see the laws executed is general and positive; and 'the act of 1807 ought not to be construed as evincing any disposition in Congress to limit or restrain 'any of his constitutional authority." The import of which is, that the President may use the army and navy as he may think proper, under the plenitude of his constitutional authority; and that he is not constrained by the act of 1807, nor can he be restrained by the act of Congress. Being *ex officio* commander, he can use the army in suppressing insurrections in a manner different from that in which he is required to use the militia.

For the specific and sometimes delicate purposes indicated, I think Congress has the direction of the President. When actually in command, for repelling invasion or for any other purpose, he must exercise his own judgment, under his constitutional discretion. In one sentence, I deny that the President has a right to employ the army and navy for suppressing insurrections, &c., without observing the same prerequisites prescribed for him in calling out the militia for the same purpose.

His suggestion in his message is, that he shall have a right to employ the militia, as he contends he has a right under the constitution to employ the regular military force; that is, without notice of a proclamation. I do not think he has the right to call out the military force of the Government without observing the pre-requisites of the act of 1795; and I am unwilling to give him such power in calling out the militia. I would regard it as a fearfully momentous occasion to see the army called out to shoot down insurgents without notice or proclamation.

The truth is, it must be regarded as a significant omen of the times to be told that a marshal, under his plenary power to call out the *posse comitatus*, cannot execute constitutional laws without resort to force, and that to be executed with the promptness of Executive will.

Justice and the occasion require me to say that I do not believe the power contended for would be abused by the present Executive. The precedent for the direction of a mild and just President may be the rod of a power for the military despot.

A. P. BUTLER.

February 28, 1851.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN CURRITUCK.

At a meeting of a portion of the Democratic party of Currituck County, held at the Court House, on Tuesday, the 25th February, 1851, Benjamin T. Simmons, Esq., was called to the Chair, and Solomon Ashbee appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was briefly explained by Dr. H. M. Shaw, who moved the appointment of a Committee of five to draft Resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon the Chair appointed the following gentlemen: Dr. H. M. Shaw, W. R. Gordon, B. M. Baxter, James Bell, and W. P. Forbes.

After a brief retirement, the Committee returned and reported through their Chairman the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The time is now rapidly approaching when it will become the duty of the citizens of this District to cast their suffrages for some suitable person to represent them in the next Congress of the United States; and whereas, we, a portion of the Democratic citizens of Currituck county, having full confidence in the principles of the great party to which we belong, believe that an early organization is all that is necessary to ensure our success at the approaching election; Therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That we most respectfully recommend to our Democratic fellow citizens of the other counties composing this Congressional District, the propriety of holding a District Convention, at some early period.

2. *Resolved*, That while we are perfectly willing to acquiesce in the wishes of our sister counties in the selection of the time and place, we would recommend that the Convention be held at the Town of Gatesville, on the 31st day of March next, that being the time of Superior Court.

3. *Resolved*, That the Chairman appoint two Delegates from each Captain's District to represent this county in said Convention.

The Chairman then appointed the following gentlemen under the third Resolution, to represent this county in said Convention:

Moyock—John L. Cox and T. L. Saunderson.
Tull's Dreek—Israel Fanshaw, and S. B. Dozier.
Indian Ridge—H. M. Shaw and W. B. Forbes.
Court House—E. Morton and James Williams.
Knott's Island—John B. Jones and J. J. Waterfield.
Coinjock—Thomas Lindsey and John Jarvis.
Narrow Shore—M. W. Parker and D. W. Dunston.
Poplar Branch—W. A. Jarvis and L. Poyner.
Powell's Point—C. T. Sawyer and James Bean.
North Banks—Hodges Gallop and Ivey Dowdy.
Roanoke Island—Spencer Daniel and Wm. Austin.

On motion of Dr. Shaw, the Chairman, Secretary, and B. M. Baxter, Esq., were added to the delegation.

William F. Martin, Esq., of Elizabeth City, being present and loudly callled for, responded in a brief but eloquent and pertinent speech.

On motion, it was ordered that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the Elizabeth City Democratic Pioneer, and North Carolina Standard.

And then, on motion, the meeting adjourned.

BENJ. T. SIMMONS, *Ch'n.*

SOLOMON ASHBEE, *Sec'y.*

MEETING IN NORTHAMPTON.

At a large and respectable meeting of the Democrats of Northampton county, held in the town of Jackson, on Thursday, the 6th of March, 1