

"My fair friend," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "make another visit here, or at Mr. Snagsby's, and you shall learn."

"In that case you will send Me to the prison perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

It would be contradictory for one in Mademoiselle's state of agreeable jocularly to foam at the mouth, otherwise a tigerish expansion thereabouts might look as if a very little more would make her do it.

"In a word, Mistress," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "I am sorry to be unpolite, but if you ever present yourself uninvited here—or there—again, I will give you over to the police. Their gallantry is great, but they carry troublesome people through the streets in an ignominious manner: strapped down on a board, my good wench."

"I will prove you," whispers Mademoiselle, stretching out her hand, "I will try if you dare to do it!"

"And if," pursues the lawyer, without minding her, "I place you in that good condition of being locked up in jail, it will be some time before you find yourself at liberty again."

"I will prove you," repeats Mademoiselle in her former whisper.

"And now," proceeds the lawyer, still without minding her, "you had better go. Think twice, before you come here again."

"Think you," she answers, "twice two hundred times!"

"You were dismissed by your lady, you know," Mr. Tulkinghorn observes, following her out upon the staircase, "as the most implacable and unmanageable of women. Now turn over a new leaf, and take warning by what I say to you. For what I say, I mean; and what I threaten, I will do, Mistress."

She goes down without answering or looking behind her. When she is gone, he goes down too; and returning with his cobweb-covered bottle, devotes himself to a leisurely enjoyment of its contents: now and then, as he throws his head back in his chair, catching sight of the pertinacious Roman pointing from the ceiling.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST; OR, NEVER DESPAIR.

"WHAT a terrible incident!" said I, laying down a letter just received from the north.

"What is it?" asked my aunt Eleanor, without raising her eyes from the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember a Mr. Logan whom we met last year in Scotland?"

"Oh yes;—a tall, handsome man, with a very fine expression of face. I remember him well."

"And I think, aunt, you will be as much shocked and surprised at what has occurred as I am. You know that Mr. Logan was one of the managers of a bank. It appears that he has of late been speculating in railroad shares, and that to meet the calls made upon him he appro-

priated money not his own, hoping to repay it before any discovery could be made. However, it was found that there must be a mistake somewhere—that there was some error—and this was easily traced to Mr. Logan. I believe at the time there was no blame or even suspicion attached to him, but it was deemed desirable to send a clerk with him to his own house, where, he said, he could produce documents which would clear up the whole affair. He left the bank with this man, and they proceeded together through the town and toward his house, which is about two miles beyond the bridge. I dare say you remember that bridge, built so high up because of the swollen stream that rushes through it in the spring; and the rocky bed of the river, which may be seen quite clearly at low water. Well, they reached the bridge, and as they were passing over it Mr. Logan said, 'This is rather a high parapet, is it not? and yet I should not wonder that with one leg on this side I could rest my other foot on the outer ledge of it.'

"I should not wonder, sir," answered the clerk; 'you are so very tall.'

"I will try," said he; and in an instant his foot rested on the outer ledge. Just one spring, scarcely time for the man to start forward, and there was a splash in the water below, and the body of a man rose to the surface and floated down with the stream. He had struck his head upon a rock, and instant death followed."

"What an awful thing!" said Aunt Eleanor. "And to think that a man should thus enter into the presence of his Creator, and cut off from himself also all chance of repairing the wrong which he had inflicted on his fellow-creatures."

"Well, yes," I answered; "but still one can not help looking with a kind of respect on the man who holds his good name dearer than his life, and thinks that this last is but the setting of a noble stone—valueless when the jewel is gone."

"I don't know what you mean by those fine words," said Aunt Eleanor, rather sharply—at least sharply for one who was always so gentle. "Surely the 'good name' you speak of is only an outer and visible sign, and if the latter is wanting the other is valueless. A man is content to lose his honesty and integrity—the foundation of his good name; but he can not bear that his fellow-men should point at him the finger of scorn and of reproach. God and his own conscience speak to him in vain, but a single whisper from mortal lips is more than he can bear. I should not have thought," she added after a pause, "that Mr. Logan had been one of the worldlings, there was so much of manly courage in his whole bearing; I had believed him capable of higher things."

"Perhaps," said I, "it was a momentary despair which seized him, and then the place, the opportunity—"

"Perhaps it was," she answered; "God knows our own strength is but very feebleness. Yet how much nobler, when a man has fallen into temptation, to seek by God's aid to recover him-

self than to yield thus to rash despair. Let me tell you, however, as a case in point, a passage in the early history of one whom you well know—your uncle Alfred.”

“My uncle Alfred!” I exclaimed; “why, he is the most noble man I ever knew, and the very greatest physician, I should think, in all England, I really don’t think he ever could have been guilty of a fault.”

“Yes,” said Eleanor, “and of one which might have embittered the life of any man of so sensitive a nature as himself. You know that he began his career as apprentice to a chemist in the City, but he was far too active and intelligent to be content with merely mixing drugs and standing behind a counter from morning till night to retail them. He soon busied himself in trying to ascertain the nature of every drug and chemical in the shop, and the effect that was produced by their combination; and then he turned to the customers: he was so quick to understand, so willing to help, and showed such ready sympathy with all trouble and affliction, that he was soon beloved and trusted by all the poor of the neighborhood. There was one policeman in particular, who said not only that he was cleverer than his master, but that he would much rather trust him than Dr. Squills, who lived in a large house in the next street. And yet neither the policeman, his wife, nor one of his children, had ever entered the shop of Alfred’s master when he made this assertion; but the boy had shown that he possessed a brave and tender spirit, and our good policeman took all the rest on trust. I will tell you how this happened. In the middle of one night there was a cry of ‘Fire.’ Alfred jumped out of bed, and saw the flames rising from a house in an adjacent street. He was quickly dressed and out of doors. Arrived at the scene of the fire, he found there was no chance of saving the house in which it originated, and scarcely any hope for the one adjoining it. This latter belonged to a poor widow woman, who was standing at some little distance: her frightened children were crying round her, while she gazed vacantly at the flames, which would soon destroy all that she had to depend on for the maintenance of her family and herself. Alfred said a few words to her, but she only shook her head, and turned again to watch the fire. He made his way through the crowd, and asked a fireman whom he knew, what chance there was of saving Mrs. Thompson’s house.

“Well!” said the man, “it ain’t caught yet, but you see it is so hot you can’t stand on the roof, else with wet blankets and buckets of water I don’t wonder we should save it. But there’s ever so many tried, and they can’t keep their heads up nohow.”

“Let me pass,” said Alfred, “and I’ll try.”

“Sir,” said the policeman at the door, “I don’t think you’ll stand it.”

“I mean to try,” answered your uncle, and he spoke in such a determined manner that the man took courage and caught him by the arm.

“Just wait a minute and I’ll go with you, for really it makes my heart ache to see the poor missus there at the corner.”

“So they went together, and Alfred proved himself a perfect salamander; but then I do believe the clothes might be burnt off his back before he would move, when he has determined to do a thing and believes it right. At first the heat was most oppressive, and the burning embers fell in showers; but he spread out wet blankets, and poured over them the water which was handed up in buckets; then the policeman came to his assistance: they worked a great part of the night, and by their exertion the house was saved. And it was because of this incident that Williams—that was the name of the policeman—said he would rather any day trust Alfred than his master, or even Dr. Squills. Mrs. Williams was of the same opinion; so, after that, she always went to him for advice and medicine whenever her children were ill; and, what with stomach complaints in the summer, and coughs and colds throughout the winter, he had a good deal of experience with the whole family.

“A few weeks before the time of which I am about to speak, I went to see him, and could not understand the change that seemed to have come over him. He had grown careless and indifferent, and several times I heard him reprimanded by his master for mistakes and omissions; so I said, ‘Alfred, life and death are serious matters.’ ‘Oh,’ he answered, ‘you girls always make a fuss about every thing. If you had made up as many doses of medicine as I have, you would not think so much about them; you are frightened just because you know nothing.’

“‘It may be so,’ I replied; ‘but it seems to me that there is great responsibility attached to your position, and all the more because you are so young.’

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘I had just the same feeling until quite lately, but now it has entirely worn off.’

“You may be sure that I was much grieved at the change indicated by this conversation, and the more so because it was decided that Alfred was to be a surgeon instead of a chemist, and my father was trying to make arrangements for canceling the indentures which bound him to his master for five years. However, to proceed with my story: a few weeks after this time Mrs. Williams came into the shop, crying and in great trouble. Her youngest child, a baby of eight or ten months old, who, she said, between her sobs, had never known a day’s illness, was now very bad. He was the joy of her heart, and of her husband’s, too, and all the neighbors said they never remembered to have seen such a beauty; and what she should do if he pined away, and grew weak and sickly like the others, she didn’t know. Alfred listened, or half-listened, to her story, for he owned he was thinking of something else at the time, and then he mixed an opiate, and told Mrs. Williams to give the child a teaspoonful every two hours. After the

first dose he fell asleep, and looked so calm and pretty that the mother's heart was set quite at ease, and she thought, as the medicine seemed so good for him, he should have another dose in an hour and a half. She continued administering it, until baby had taken seven or eight teaspoonfuls, and then she found it impossible to rouse him to take more. She grew alarmed at this, and began tossing him in her arms, and talking and singing to him; but the little limbs were weak and powerless, and the half-opened eyes had no life in them. The poor mother was half-dead with fright. She was alone, for it was near eleven o'clock at night, and her husband was out on his beat, and would not be home till morning; so she ran to fetch one of her neighbors, and then, crying bitterly, went to tell Alfred that she thought her child was dying. The chemist himself always went to bed at ten, but your uncle was sitting up to read; and when Mrs. Williams had told her tale, he took the door-key and went out with her. His heart misgave him sadly; and when he saw the baby, his worst fears were realized, and he knew there was very little chance that it could live.

"Mrs. Williams," he said, "the medicine I gave you was an opiate, and it was too powerful. You must carry the child about while I run for Dr. Pearson; he may be able to save its life."

"But Dr. Pearson shook his head when he saw the baby, and the poor mother's tears burst out afresh. They tried all remedies, and used every means of arousing him to consciousness; but, at first, in vain. Toward morning, however, their efforts seemed to be succeeding; for he opened his eyes and looked about, and had regained the use of one side. So Dr. Pearson took his leave, and Alfred, who did not wish his master to know that he had been out all night, went with him. On their way home he begged the doctor to visit the child frequently, and do every thing for him that lay in his power; adding, 'This is the only reparation I can make for what they must suffer through my carelessness.'

"Poor boy! It was on the evening of the third day from this that he wrote to me, saying he was in great trouble, and that I must go to him. I shall never forget his pale and wretched face. He had been up every night watching with the mother by her child's bedside, and had had no sleep since the day on which she had fetched the fatal medicine; and this, together with the anxiety and remorse to which he had been a prey, was enough to blanch his cheek and make his eyes so hollow and sunken. I have told you that the child rallied; but it was only for a few hours. It died on the morning of the day on which I saw him.

"O, Nelly!" he said, "if you had been there, that scene would haunt you as it will do me all my life long. All the time little Tom was alive, Mrs. Williams sat sobbing and rocking herself backward and forward by his side; but when he died, she was quite still, and did not utter even one moan; but Williams, who had stood watching by the child's side for an hour, fell down

upon his face on the floor—fell straight down and never moved."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Jones (Alfred's master), taking me aside; "he lays it very much to heart; certainly he is to blame, but this may be a lesson of so great value to him, that in time, perhaps, his friends will not regret it. I suppose you know that there is to be a coroner's inquest the day after to-morrow, and, of course, I am anxious about the decision they will come to. Mrs. Williams was here this afternoon, but I sent Alfred away; he ought not to see her until that is over."

"Did she say any thing about him?" I asked,

"Yes; she wanted to tell him that, now her child was dead, and she should never see it again, she could not turn against the young gentleman who had been so kind to her in all her trouble; she was quite sure that he would have done any thing in the world to save little Tom, and she couldn't have the heart to stand up and say he'd poisoned him."

"I told her," continued Mr. Jones, "that she must tell the truth, and that would serve him better than any thing else; but I am rather afraid of what she may do, for she talks a good deal about one Mrs. Taylor, who says Alfred will certainly be ruined, if not imprisoned or hanged, were the whole truth to come out."

"I was anxious and nervous after this conversation, fearing that these two women, with their mistaken notions of the means of doing good to Alfred, might greatly injure his cause; and I was glad enough when the day came which would decide all. As to him, he seemed indifferent both to the jury and their verdict. 'They can not,' he said, 'inflict greater pain on me than I have already suffered, and sometimes I think it would be a relief to have a definite punishment assigned me for the crime I have committed,' for in that light his carelessness appeared to him. The inquest was to be held at seven o'clock in the evening, and at half-past six Mr. Jones and I were making our way through narrow dirty streets and alleys, till we came to a court-yard, which we entered, and, turning to the left, we passed down a dark passage and entered a long low room, lighted only at one end. I think it must have been some kind of school-room, for I remember there were raised forms in one part of it. There was also a long deal table, with chairs placed round it; and the room was so narrow that these had to be ranged on each side against the wall.

"After a while voices were heard; there was a great shuffling of feet in the passage; one by one the 'gentlemen of the jury' entered; and last of all came Dr. Pearson, who was honored with a chair at the top of the table, and placed by the side of the coroner. As soon as the names were called over and they were all seated, something was said about the 'body,' and they rose and left the room. Mr. Jones told me they had gone to view the body of the dead child, and would not be back for half an hour. 'And now,' he said, 'I shall leave you; for, as I am one of the

witnesses, I must not be in the room till I am called for.'

"So I was left alone, save for the presence of one man, who sat on a low form, with his clasped hands between his knees, and his head bent down upon his breast; he raised it once, so that I caught sight of his haggard face, and then I knew that he was little Tom's father. Every now and then a woman or a dirty child peeped into the half-lighted room, and cautiously retreated again; and at last there was once more the sound of voices and of feet; the jurymen returned to their seats, the coroner and Dr. Pearson were at the head of the table, and the first witness was called. This was Mrs. Taylor, the neighbor who had been with Mrs. Williams nearly all the time of her child's illness. She seemed to have a very wild idea of the kind of information she was required to give, and would insist on entering into details of her own domestic life, not at all interesting to the jury. And it was wonderful how, in answering questions that were put to her relative to the deceased child, she managed to introduce an account of the death of her own Mary Ann, and the birth of Sarah Jane, which events took place within three weeks of each other, and not more than two months before the birth of Mrs. Williams's little boy. Then her statement as to the illness of the child was the most incoherent possible.

"I was with him," she said, "on Thursday, and about an hour before he died there came a lump out on the top of his head that fluttered up and down just like a bird, and I said to Mrs. Williams on Tuesday morning, says I, 'You may depend upon it, he'll never get over it, for my Mary Ann—'

"But," interrupted one of the jurymen, 'I thought you said the child died on Thursday!'

"So he did, sir; but I was speaking of Tuesday, likewise of Wednesday evening, when it seemed to me as how he was sinking fast; but then again, on Monday afternoon, he slept like a lamb; and says I to Mrs. Williams, 'Why, that medicine's a real blessing, and I wish I had a little of it for my Sarah Jane, who's fractious both day and night.'

"Some questions were put to her with respect to the medicine; she said it was in a vial which was about three parts full, and that when she saw it, it was not half empty, and that the child had never had any more after Mrs. Williams had fetched her, but she believed it had taken altogether about six or eight teaspoonfuls.

"I am making a long story," said Aunt Eleanor; "but the whole scene is so distinctly before me, and I hear that woman's voice so plainly, that I do believe I could repeat every word of her evidence. Besides that, I have never spoken of the events of that night to any one save yourself, and I suppose that is the reason why I dwell so long upon, and describe so minutely, circumstances which you think perhaps might be omitted altogether, or at least passed hurriedly over. But they were all burnt in upon my brain, because I knew that the decision of

that night might be a matter of life and death to your poor grandfather, and could not fail to influence the whole after-life of your uncle."

"Go on, Aunt Eleanor," I said; "I am interested in all that you describe. Tell me about the other witnesses."

"The next witness called," continued she, "was Mrs. Williams. She was crying bitterly, and very few questions were put to her, except as to the quantity of medicine in the vial, and the number of times she had given it to the child; and to these she made such strange and contradictory answers, that the coroner shook his head, and looked first at one jurymen, and then at another, and finally said that they would not trouble Mrs. Williams any longer.

"Then came a woman who deposed that two of Mrs. Williams's children had died of water on the brain, and that little Tom had a very large head, but then he had a large body also. And after that Dr. Pearson was called, and he explained how he had been called up late on Monday night to see the child, and had attended it until the day of its death. He had not seen the medicine which was administered to it on Monday morning, but should think it had contained some kind of opiate, in a large enough proportion to prove fatal to the child.

"Did he know what that proportion was?"

"Yes, he had been told by the young man who mixed it, and believed his information was correct."

"Did he believe it would have proved fatal to any child?"

"No, but he would be sorry to prescribe it for any child—though he knew it was often done—more especially for a child he had never seen."

"What quantity did he suppose the child must have taken?"

"Certainly almost the whole contents of the vial. It was all but impossible that a smaller quantity could have caused death."

"There are two witnesses who say that the child did not take one-third part of the contents of the bottle. What are we to understand by this?"

"I can not say. Mrs. Williams told me she had given the child all that was in the vial."

"After a few more questions, Mr. Jones, the chemist, was called, and then it was ascertained that he had not mixed the medicine, and knew nothing about it; so his apprentice was sent for. How my heart beat when your uncle's name was spoken, and during the few minutes that elapsed before he came! The jurymen leaned across the table and whispered to each other, while the coroner, seen dimly at the far end of the room, sat silently back in his wooden arm-chair. Williams the policeman, who, as I have said, was seated on a low form near me, took up his hat, and began nervously twitching at the brim of it. I scarce remember Alfred's entering the room, as it was the sound of his clear firm voice that first aroused me and dispersed the fears that were crowding thick upon me. I was sure from the quiet determination of his voice and manner,

that he had heard how the two women had wished to shield him from blame by giving a confused statement about the medicine. He was only sixteen at that time, and not tall for his age; but his face wore a frank honesty of expression which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on him, and always caused him to be more trusted than those far beyond him in years.

"And now he stood up, telling the truth, and the whole truth; and as I looked round the room, I felt that there was not one man who doubted his word. But when he began to speak of the medicine, I saw great drops of perspiration bursting from the forehead of Williams; and when in answer to a question, Alfred said, 'The bottle was quite full when I gave it to Mrs. Williams; and when I next saw her the child had taken all, except one dose, which was spilled in her attempt to rouse him,' the poor man started forward, and evidently with difficulty refrained from interrupting the witness. The only thing that Alfred did not tell was, that he had been up with the mother every night of little Tom's illness. For the rest, he gave his evidence in a clear, straightforward manner, with no attempt either to blame or to exculpate himself.

"When he retired, it was found that there was no further witness to be called; therefore, the 'gentlemen of the jury' were required to deliberate, and return a verdict according to the merits of the case. So they once more began to whisper together, and then Dr. Pearson stood up and said, there was one thing that he thought they ought to be acquainted with, and that was, that the youth whom they had last seen had expressed to him on the Monday previous his intention of defraying the whole expense of his (Dr. Pearson's) attendance on the child, and also that every night after his work at Mr. Jones's was ended, he had gone to Mrs. Williams and staid with the child until morning. 'Yes, gentlemen,' said Williams, starting up from his seat, 'and I can tell you, and my wife would tell you if she was only here, what a comfort and a blessing that young gentleman has been to us; and my poor missus says she shall never hold up her head again if harm comes to him through us.' But the coroner shook his head at this interruption, and it was intimated to Williams that he must leave the room, which he did, very reluctantly. As for me, I was sitting in a dark corner, and could not be seen; so I waited, watching anxiously the breaking-up and assembling of little groups of three or four jurymen, and the frequent conferences held with Dr. Pearson, and the way in which he stood up with his hand thrust into the front of his waistcoat, and turned first to one and then to another, answering the same question over and over again, without the least show of impatience.

"At length, the jury had come to a decision,

and the coroner delivered his verdict. I forget the exact words of it, but something about a 'natural death,' and I know that it ended with a caution to Alfred, who was in the room, given in the very kindest possible manner, and accompanied by words of praise for his after conduct. It appeared, I believe, that the child had some tendency to disease, irrespective of the medicine, Alfred had not expected this result, and his lips quivered, while his face was quite pale. Dr. Pearson came forward and shook him kindly by the hand, and I found myself standing, I scarce know how, by his side, with one hand clasped in both of mine.

"'You are his sister,' said Dr. Pearson, turning to me, 'and I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing to you my satisfaction at the way in which this affair has terminated, and the very high esteem in which I hold your brother. It is warm here; we can all walk home together, if you have no objection.' So we went with him to his house, and sat there talking for two or three hours; and it was from the manner in which he pointed out to Alfred the future that lay before him, and the possibility of his so living that his life should be a blessing to all who knew him, that I learned what is the real lesson we ought to learn from the failures or mistakes into which we may be betrayed. They ought to lead us earnestly to beg forgiveness from God, and serve as beacon-lights to warn us against future dangers."

"You have, indeed, convinced me, dear aunt, of the error under which I labored when I began this conversation. And I am sure if ever, humanly speaking, the past has been repaired by a course of noble action and untiring energy, it has been done by my Uncle Alfred. Now I understand how it is that he shows so much gentleness and tenderness toward every sick person whom he sees; and why, though he has seen death in all its most terrible forms, he has never become hardened to the appearance of suffering, but has as much true pity and sympathy for those who are in pain as the most delicate woman, and the very deepest possible feeling of the value and the importance of life; indeed, that is scarcely so much what I mean, as that he seems to look upon all life as sacred."

"My dear," said Aunt Eleanor, "he does not look upon it as sacred; it is sacred. But you are right in supposing that he learnt this lesson in his youth, and that it was written in such indelible characters, that after impressions have but strengthened it. So that his early mistake, instead of being the dark spot and the curse of his life, to be brooded over in every hour of depression, and to drag him down whenever he dared to hope, has, by the goodness of God, been changed into a positive blessing. Those who despair are ever false to themselves and to their truest interests."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE advent to power of a new Administration in the Federal Government, has been the main feature of domestic interest during the month. President PIERCE was inaugurated on the 4th of March, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions. His Address was of less than the ordinary length, and has attracted general attention by the frankness of its tone, and the important indication it affords of the spirit and general policy of the new government. Acknowledging his indebtedness to the people for elevating him to a high place which he had not sought, and declaring his reliance upon their support in the discharge of its duties and responsibilities, he refers to the rapid growth and wonderful expansion of our territories within the last few years, and to the discussions which have grown out of it on both sides of the ocean. Our country, he said, has spoken hitherto, and will continue to speak, not only by its words but by its acts, the language of sympathy, encouragement, and hope, to those who earnestly listen for tones which pronounce for the largest rational liberty. But, after all, our most powerful influence for freedom rests in our example; and that, to be useful, must rest upon eternal principles of right and justice. Experience has proved the apprehension originally entertained of danger from extended territory, multiplied States, accumulated wealth, and augmented population, to be unfounded. With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, says the President, "the policy of my administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for our preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strictest observance of national faith." The policy of our country ought to be eminently peaceful, and with the neighboring nations upon our continent we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. If we should open new channels of commerce, the benefits of them will be enjoyed by all. With the politics of Europe we can have no immediate or direct concern; but the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind. With these views firmly carried out, we shall always require prompt reciprocity. Not only are our national rights to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home or abroad, must be sacredly maintained. We must realize that upon every sea and on every soil, where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And in this connection, it is declared, that "the rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy, reject the idea of interference or colonization, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible." In the administration of domestic affairs, the people will expect a devoted integrity in the public service, and an observance of rigid economy in all departments, so marked, as never to be justly questioned. Offices can only be regarded as aids for the accomplishment of these objects; and as occupancy can confer no

prerogative, nor importunate desire for preferment any claim, the public interest demands that they be considered with sole reference to the duties to be performed. While persons can not be retained known to be under the influence of political hostility and partisan prejudice, no motive will be admitted in making appointments which does not contemplate an efficient discharge of duty, and the best interests of the country. Special care is to be exercised to prevent the encroachment of the Federal Government upon the rights of the States: and in thus preserving the just line of separation, in the President's opinion, is to be sought the basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquillity. If the Federal Government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their right to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people. The President declares that to every theory of society, or of government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, he will oppose a ready and stern resistance. He believes that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this Confederacy, is recognized by the Constitution: that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. He holds the Compromise measures of 1850 to be strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect—that they are to be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs.—The Senate met in Extra Session immediately, and on the 7th the President nominated the following gentlemen as members of the Cabinet, the nominations being immediately confirmed:

Secretary of State.....	WILLIAM L. MARCY, of N.Y.
Secretary of the Treasury.....	JAMES GUTHRIE, Ky.
Secretary of the Interior.....	ROBERT MCCLLELAND, Mich.
Secretary of War.....	JEFFERSON DAVIS, Miss.
Secretary of the Navy.....	JAMES C. DOBBIN, N. C.
Postmaster General.....	JAMES CAMPBELL, Penn.
Attorney General.....	CALEB CUSHING, Mass.

The closing proceedings of Congress were not marked by special interest. In the Senate, on the 11th of February, Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted a Report upon the doubt that had been thrown over the stipulations of the treaty with Great Britain concerning Central America, so far as they related to the maintenance of the jurisdiction already established by the British Government in that quarter. After reciting at length the history of the negotiation, the Report closes by expressing the opinion that the treaty recognizes the existing British colonial establishments in Central America, but precludes her from establishing new ones. No further action on the subject was considered necessary on the part of this Government. On the same day the President's nomination of Senator Badger, of North Carolina, to fill the vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Court created by the death of Judge McKinley, was indefinitely postponed, by a vote of 26 to 25.—On the 14th, Senator Douglas addressed the Senate upon the resolutions intro-