accept for yourselves individually, the assurances of my sincere regard.

M. VAN BUREN.

To Messrs. R. Patterson, &c.

From the Boston Recorder.

CASPAR HAUSER.

The reader may remember an account published in the newspapers some years ago, of an individual found in the streets of Nuremberg, in a state, and in circumstances which threw a strange mystery over his previous life: he was sixteen or seventeen years old: had never learned to speak: had never seen the light of day or the face of any human being: and was as ignorant as a child. He had been always kept in a dungeon and fed on bread and water. Who he is and why he was thus confined, no one has been able to tell to this day. An authentic account of this singular individual has just been published by Allen and Ticknor. It is a translation, by Dr. Linberg, of a small volume which appeared in Germany last year under the title of "Caspar Hauser: an Instance of a Crime against the Life of the Soul of Man." The author, Von Feuerbach, is president of one of the Bavarian courts of appeal, and well known as a distinguished jurist.

It was on the 26th of May, 1828, that Caspar Hauser was observed near one of the gates of Nuremberg, in a peasant's dress, in a very singular posture, endeavoring to move forward without being fully able either to stand upright or to govern the movements of his legs, and holding in his hand a letter addressed to a military gentleman of the city. The letter purported to be "from a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless," and from the style and orthography was evidently intended to pass for the production of some ignorant peasant. The writer does not give Caspar's name: says he was left at his house in 1812: and had never been out of it since: that he [Caspar] knows nothing about the place of his residence: that the writer does not sign his name because he might be punished, &c. and concludes with saying: "If you do not keep him, you may get rid of him, or let him be scrambled for." His appearance at this time is thus described:—

"The structure of his body, which was stout and broad shouldered, showed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His skin was fine and very fair; his complexion was not florid, but neither was it of a sickly hue; his limbs were delicately built; his small hands were beautifully formed; and his feet, which showed no marks of ever having been confined or pressed by a shoe, were equally so. The soles of his feet, which were without any horny skin, were as soft as the palms of his hands; and they were covered all over with blood blisters, the marks of which were some months later still visible. Both his arms showed the scars of innoculation; and on his right arm, a wound still covered with a fresh scab was observable, which, as Caspar afterwards related, was occasioned by a blow given him with a stick or piece of wood, by the man "with whom he had always been," because he had made rather too much noise. His face was at that time very vulgar; when in a state of tranquillity it was almost without any expression; and its lower features, being somewhat prominent, gave a brutish appearance. The staring look of his blue but clear and bright eyes had also an expression of brutish obtuseness. The formation of his face altered in a few months almost entirely; his countenance gained expression and animation, the prominent lower features of his face receded more and more, and his early physiognomy could scarcely any longer be recognized. His weeping was at first only an ugly contortion of his mouth; but, if any thing pleasant affected his mind, a lovely, smiling, heart-winning sweetness diffused over all his features the irresistible charm that lies concealed in the joys of an innocent child. He scarcely at all knew how to use his hands and fingers. He stretched out his fingers, stiff and straight, and far asunder, with the exception of his first finger and thumb, whose tips he commonly held together so as to form a circle. Where others applied but a few fingers he used his whole hand in the most uncouth and awkward manner imaginable. He gait, like that of an infant making its first essays in leading strings, was, properly speaking, not a walk, but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of the way,—a painful medium between the motion of falling and the endeavor to stand upright. In attempting to walk, instead of first treading firmly on his heel, he placed his heels and the balls of his feet at once to the ground, and raising both feet simultaneously with an inclination of the upper part of his body, he stumbled slowly and heavily forward, with outstretched arms, which he seemed to use as balance poles. The slightest impediment in his way caused him often, in his little chamber, to fall flat on the floor."

He showed the greatest aversion to all kinds of food and drink except dry bread and water. The least drop of wine, coffee, or the like, affected him severely,—occasioning cold sweats, vomiting, or violent headache. In respect to external objects, he acted like an infant. When he for the first time saw a lighted candle he was delighted with the shining flame, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into it,—and then drew them back, crying out and weeping. He endeavored to lay hold on every glittering object that he saw; and when he could not reach it, or was forbidden to touch it, he cried. The account which he gives of his preceding life is as follows:—

He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world.* Here he first learned that beside himself and "the man with whom he had always been," there existed other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect he had always lived in a hole, [a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage,] where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, clothed only with a shirt and a pair of breeches. In his apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, or by an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening [daylight] such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight of the beautiful light in the heavens. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread & a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste; whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep;† and when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink. In his hole he had two wooden horses and several ribbons. With these horses he had always amused himself as long as he was awake; and his only occupation was, to make them run by his side and to fix or tie the ribbons about them in different positions. Thus one day passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of any thing; had never been sick; and, once only excepted, had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole, he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation he knew not; for he had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than in that place. The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly before he was taken away, when he had been running his horse too hard, & had made too much noise, the man came and struck him upon his arm with a stick, or with a piece of wood; this caused the wound which he brought with him to Nuremberg. Another time the man came again, lifted him on his feet, and endeavored to teach him to stand. This he repeated at several different times. The manner in which he effected this was the following: he seized him firmly round the breast, from behind, placed his feet behind Caspar's feet and lifted these, as in stepping forward.

Finally the man appeared once again, placed Caspar's hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and thus carried him on his back out of the prison. He was carried up (or down) a hill.‡ He knows not how he felt: all became night, and he was laid upon his back. This "becoming night," as appeared on many different occasions at Nuremburg, signified, in Caspar's language, "to faint away." The account given of the continuation of his journey, is principally confined to the following particulars:—"that he had often lain with his face to the ground, in which cases it became night; that he had several times eaten bread and drunk water; that the man, 'with whom he had always been,' had often taken pains to teach him to walk, which always gave him great pain, he [Caspar] never saw the face of the man either on his journey or ever before in prison. Whenever he led him, he directed him to look down upon the ground and at his feet, an injunction which he always strictly obeyed; partly from fear, and partly because his attention was sufficiently occupied with his own person and the position of his feet. Not long before he was observed at Nuremberg, the man had put the clothes upon him which he then wore.

With his life in the world he appeared to be by no means satisfied; he longed to go back to the man with whom he had always been. At home, [in his hole,] he said, he had never suffered so much from headache, and had never been so much teazed as since he was in the world. By this he alluded to the unpleasant and painful sensations which were occasioned by the many new impressions to which he was totally unaccustomed, and by a great variety of smells which were disagreeable to him, &c. as well as to the numerous visits of those who came to see him from curiosity, to their incessant questioning of him, and to some of their inconsiderate and not very humane experiments. He had therefore no fault to find with the man with whom he had always been, except that he had not yet come to take him back again, & that he had never shown him or told him any thing of so many beautiful things which are in the world. He is willing to remain in Nuremburg until he has learned what the burghermaster and the professor (Daumer) know; but then, the burghermaster must take him home; and then he will show the man what he has learnt in the meantime. When I expressed my surprise that he should wish to return to that abominable bad man, he replied, with mild indignation, "Man not bad, man me no bad done." Of his astonishing memory, which is as quick as it is tenacious, he gave us the most striking proofs. In noticing any of the numerous things, whether small or great, which were in his possession, he was able to mention the name, the title of the person who had given it to him; and if several persons were to be mentioned, whose surnames were alike, he distinguished them accurately, by their Christian names, or by other marks of distinction. About an hour after we had seen him, we met him again in the street, it being about the time when he was conducted to the burghermaster's. We addressed him; and when we asked him whether he could recollect our names, he mentioned, without the least hesitation, the full name of every one of the company, together with our titles, which must, nevertheless, have appeared to him as unintelligible nonsense.

That the burghermaster, or the professor, had said so, was to him a reason for doing, or omitting to do any thing, which was final and totally exclusive of all farther questions and considerations. When once I asked him, why he thought himself obliged always to yield such punctual obedience, he replied, "The man with whom I always was, taught me that I must do as I am bidden." Yet, in his opinion, this submission to the authority of others, referred only to what he was to do, or not to do, and it had no connection whatever with his knowing, believing, and opining. Before he could acknowledge any thing to be certain and true, it was necessary that he should be convinced; and, indeed, that he should be convinced, either by the intuition of his senses, or by some reasoning adapted to his powers of comprehension, and to the scanty acquirements of his almost vacant mind, as to appear to him to be striking. Whenever it was impossible to reach his understanding by any of these ways, he did not indeed contradict the assertion made, but he would leave the matter undecided, until, as he used to say, he had learned more. I spoke to him, among other things, of the impending winter, and I told him that the roofs of the houses, and all the streets of the city, would then be all white—as white as the walls of his chamber. He said, that this would be very pretty; but he plainly insinuated that he should not believe it before he had seen it. The next winter, when the first snow fell, he expressed great joy that the streets, the roofs, and the trees had now been so well painted; and he went quickly down into the yard, to fetch some of the white paint; but he soon ran to his preceptor with all his fingers stretched out, crying, and blubbering, and bawling out, "that the white paint had bit his hand."

I directed Casper to look out of the window, pointing to the wide and extensive prospect of a beautiful landscape that presented itself to us in all the glory of summer; and I asked him, whether what he saw was not very beautiful. He obeyed; but he instantly drew back, with visible horror, exclaiming, "Ugly! ugly!" and then pointing to the white wall of his chamber, he said, "There not ugly." To my question, why it was ugly, no other reply was made, but ugly! ugly! and thus, nothing remained for the present for me to do, but to take care to preserve this circumstance in my memory, and to expect its explanation from the time when Casper should be better able to express what he meant to say.

When Casper afterward, in 1831, spent some weeks with me at my own house, where I had continued opportunities of observing him accurately, and of completing and correcting the results of former observations, I took an opportunity of conversing with him respecting this occurrence. He said, "When I looked at the window, it always appeared to me as if a window shutter had been placed close before my eyes, upon which a wall painter had spattered the contents of his different brushes, filled with white, blue, green, yellow and red paint, all mingled together. Single things, as I now see things, I could not at that time recognize and distinguish from each other. This was shocking to look at; and beside, it made me feel anxious and uneasy; because it appeared to me as if my window had been closed up with this parti-colored shutter, in order to prevent me from looking out into the open air. That, what I then saw, were fields, hills, and houses; that many things which at that time appeared to me much larger, were in fact much smaller, while many other things that appeared smaller, were in reality larger than other things, is a fact, of which I was afterward convinced by the experience gained during my walks. At length, I no longer saw any thing more of the shutter." To other questions he replied, that, in the beginning, he could not distinguish between what was really round or triangular, and what was only painted as round or triangular. The men and horses, represented on sheets of pictures, appeared to him precisely as the men and horses that were carved in wood; the first as round as the latter, or these as flat as those.

It required no little pains and patience to teach him the difference between organized and unorganized, animate and inanimate things, and between voluntary and mechanical motion. He expressed great indignation against a statue in the garden, because, although it was so dirty, it did not wash itself. If a sheet of paper was blown down by the wind, he thought it had run away from the table. And if a child's wagon was rolling down hill, it was, in his opinion, making an excursion for its own amusement. He distinguished other animals from man, only by their external form.

He was angry with a cat, for taking its food only with its mouth, without ever using its hands for that purpose. He wished to teach it to use its paws, and to sit upright. He spoke to it as to a being like himself, and expressed great indignation at its unwillingness to attend to what he said, and to learn from him. On the contrary, he once highly commended the obedience of a certain dog. Seeing a gray cat, he asked why she did not wash herself, that she might become white. When he saw oxen lying down on the pavement of the street he wondered why they did not go home and lie down there. If it was replied, that such things could not be expected from animals, because they were unable to act thus, his answer was immediately ready: "Then they ought to learn it; there were so many things, which he also was obliged to learn."

To the beauties of nature he was insensible, but was often asking the question, Who made such a thing? One remarkable incident in gradual development of his mental life is particularly mentioned:

"It was in the month of August, 1829, when on a fine summer evening, his instructor showed him for the first time, the starry heavens. His astonishment and [illegible] surpassed all description. He could not be satisfied with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it, at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the differences of their respective color.—'That,' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful light that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? Who lights them? Who puts them out? When he was told, that like the sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again, 'Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light?' At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollections, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. He (Caspar) had never done any harm. He then broke out into a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed, and said that the man with whom he had always been, may now also be locked up for a few days, that he may learn to know how hard it is to be treated so. Before seeing this beautiful celestial display, Caspar had never shown any thing like indignation against that man, much less had he ever been willing to hear that he ought to be punished. Only weariness and slumber were able to quiet his sensations, and he did not fall asleep, a thing that had never happened to him before, until it was about eleven o'clock.—Indeed it was in Mr. Daumer's family that he began more and more to reflect on his unhappy fate, and to become painfully sensible of what had been withheld and taken from him. It was only there that the ideas of relationship, of friendship, of those human ties that bind parents and children, and brothers and sisters to each other, were brought home to his feelings; it was only there that the names mother, sister and brother were rendered intelligible to him, when he saw how mother, sister and brother were reciprocally united to each other by mutual affection, and by mutual endeavors to make each other happy. He would often ask for an explanation of what was meant by mother, by brother, and by sister; and endeavors were made to satisfy him by appropriate answers. Soon after, he was found sitting in his chair, apparently immersed in deep meditation.—When he was asked, what was now again the matter with him, he replied, with tears, he had been thinking about what was the reason why he had not a mother, a brother, and a sister; for it was so very pretty a thing to have them."

It was at length rumoured, that Caspar was writing an account of his own life; and soon after an attempt was made to assassinate him; the villain having left him, doubtless, with the impression, that his tongue and pen had been silenced for ever. Von Fuerbach concludes his account of the attempt, and of the investigations to which it led, as follows:—

"But, if the reader's curiosity, or love of knowledge should inspire him with a wish to learn still more; if he should ask me, what were the results of the judicial inquiries which were instituted; if he should desire to know, to what tracks they have led; what spots were actually struck by the divining rod; and what was afterward done,—I shall be under the necessity of answering, that the laws, as well as the nature of the case, forbid the author to speak publicly of things which, only the servant of the state can be permitted to know or to conjecture. Yet I may permit myself to pronounce the assurance, that the judicial authorities have, with a faithfulness at once unwearied and regardless of consequences, endeavored to prosecute their inquiries concerning the case, by the aid of every, even the most extraordinary means, which were at their disposal; and that their inquiries have not been altogether unsuccessful.

"But not all heights, depths, and distances, are accessible to the reach of civil justice. And, in respect to many places, in which justice might have reason to seek the giant perpetrator of such a crime, it would be necessary, in order to penetrate into them, to be in possession of Joshua's ram's horns, or, at least of Oberon's horn, iff order, for some time at least, to suspend the action of the powerful enchanted Colossus that guards the golden gates of certain castles.

'But what is veiled in blackest shades of night,
Must, when the morning dawns, be brought to light.'

Caspar Hauser is now at Ansbach, under the patronage of the Earl of Stanhope, who has adopted him as his foster son, and who intends to remove him some time hence, under safe conduct, to England, there to await the dispersion of the darkness which still hangs over his mysterious history.

*An expression which he often uses to designate his exposure in Nuremberg, and his first awakening to the consciousness of mental life.

†That this water was mixed with opium may well be supposed, and, the certainty that this was really the fact, was fully proved on the following occasion:—After he had lived for some time with Professor Daumer, his physician attempted to administer to him a drop of opium in a glass of water. Caspar had scarcely swallowed a mouthful of this water, when he said, "that water is nasty, it tastes exactly like the water I was sometimes obliged to drink in my cage."

‡ It is evident, and other circumstances prove it to be a fact, that Casper could not at that time, distinguish the motion of ascending from that of descending, or height from depth, even as to the impressions made upon his own feelings, and that he was consequently still less able to designate this difference correctly by means of words. What Casper calls a hill, must in all probability have been a pair of stairs. Caspar also thinks he can recollect, that, in being carried, he brushed against something by his side.

"Pulling to Rights."—Is any one fond of variety! let him marry—I speak it oracularly, and in full defiance of the generally received opinion of the dull monotony of the marriage life. I affirm it to be neither dull nor monotonous, but on the contrary, a source of infinite variety, and as such I can recommend it—though to say the truth, were I obliged to write my school copies over again, it would go against my conscience to say, that "Variety is charming."

The fact is, I am a literary man, and get my living by my pen. I am a household drudge to editors of magazines, booksellers, and gentlemen who wish to have a literary reputation, without the trouble of writing books. You may therefore suppose, that quietude and domestic comfort is essential to my success. Now my wife does not think so, or at least her ideas of domestic comfort differ so materially from mine, as to render it much the same thing. She is never happy but when the house is a perfect chaos with scouring, dusting, and above all "putting to rights." She would be delighted if a troop of soldiers were quartered on her for the pleasure of putting things to "rights" afterwards. If she walked in her sleep, it would be with a duster in her hand. If she were ever tempted to purloin, it would be yellow soap. The very paint of my doors and wainscoat is giving way in picturesque streaks to the original deal by repeated scourings—and there is more bread consumed in rubbing the paper on my parlour walls than would keep my family. Thank God, it will be rubbed off soon. I have not a chair or a table in my house but what is ricketty with continued polishing: that is what my wife calls "*taking care of the furniture.*" But oh! that "putting to rights." Paper, paint, chairs and tables, might all go, if I could be spared the horror. If I die, the verdict of the coroner's jury will surely be died of "putting to rights."

I have a good sized table to myself—a writing table—on this is spread my various notes and papers, whether preparing an article for the magazine, correcting a manuscript for a publisher, or writing a book for an author. To an ordinary eye every thing may appear in confusion there, but to me it is in perfect order. I can place my finger upon every thing I want. But no, that will not do for my wife. Things must be "put to rights." The moment my back is turned, therefore, the process commences. The table is rubbed and polished till the joints creak again—the draws are all turned topsy-turvey, and the papers bundled up and crammed away in places where it will take a month to find them again. When I return I'm at my wits end—I am like a man going to sleep with flowing curls, waking and finding himself in a trim crop wig!

Never shall I forget the hubbub we were in for a whole week, when the child exhibited symptoms of a flea bite. The house was scrubbed from garret to cellar, blankets were scoured, carpets beat, windows and doors open day and night, until she caught—a violent cold, and I—the rheumatism. But in order that you may have a more vivid sense of my enjoyments, I will give you my diary for a day.

March 13.—Rose at 8 o'clock—very cold, a little snow upon the ground—my wife rises an hour earlier; she, careful creature, is determined the servant shall have no opportunity for making tea and toast for the policeman—got out of bed on the cold bare floor, my wife says, that carpets harbour dust, and not healthful in bed rooms—shave with cold water, teeth chattering with cold, and cut myself—can't get hot water, my wife says, cold water's bracing—Come down at last, stiff as an icicle, and blue as the cholera—find windows and doors all wide open—my wife says, a well ventilated house makes things sweet and wholesome, and keeps dust from settling! find a little green smoke instead of fire, straggling through a host of cinders—walk briskly up and down the room blowing my fingers—no sign of breakfast, can't get the kettle to boil—servant employed in whitening the door steps; street door open, of course, a cutting north east wind finding its way into one's very marrow. Enter, at last, a bright tea-kettle, placed at a respectable distance from the green smoke—bit of bread singed here and there, and called toast—tea made with luke warm water, better that tea should be weak, than the bright teakettle be blacked, so my wife says—try in vain to get on my boots, find a scrubbing brush in one, and a duster in the other!

About 11 o'clock find my way out, and toil all day among publishers, editors, &c. without success, return hungry and dispirited, hoping, though with some misgiving, to find comfort at home—turn the corner of the street where I live and view with dismay a volume of dust, the downy residue of bed room sweepings, and tea leaves flying with the velocity of light, through the street door of my domicile—not my house on fire, and a dozen of engines p'aying upon it, could convey to my senses a more appaling image—heard half a dozen children in the street, squalling—"Home, sweet home, *there's no place like home,*" joined in the chorus. My mind made up to the worst, by the sight of the airing process, I rush onwards and knock at the door. They know my knock inside, and therefore in no hurry to come—cutting north-east wind with sleet—the door opened at last, and back door, being of course wide open, am saluted with a blast of wind, stormy enough to spring the fore-topmast of a man of [illegible] hat flies into the middle of the [illegible]—striving to save it, my umbrella after it—and I, struggling for my ing, am covered in a twinkling with a cloud of feathers, dust, and tea [illegible] the contents of a dust pan at the [illegible] the stairs!

Regain my equilibrium together my beaver and umbrella, though infinite difficulty—not so my [illegible] Enter my parlour—good heavens! am I doomed to behold? Is it a [illegible] tion room, or a place distressed rent?—Chairs and tables piled [illegible] the centre of the room; carpets [illegible] up all round; the flooring just [illegible] windows and doors all open, [illegible] fire raked out and grate black [illegible] hearth-rug covering the chairs [illegible] and fire irons upon my writing [illegible] and my paper—where! dusted [illegible] "put to rights!"—"put to rights [illegible] Oh! what retrospective agonies does [illegible] that most expressive of horrors [illegible] up! to those who have suffered [illegible] the discipline embraced in that double phrase, it is needless to explain; to those who have not, no words can convey an adequate meaning.

To sum up—nothing in the house to eat, and no fire to cook any thing by, a chair to rest myself upon—not a room fit to go into—hunger and ague stare me in the face. Receive a note from the taxgatherer demanding immediate payment—recollected having paid it, and having stuck the memorandum behind the chimney glass, look for it, and find it—gone! burnt or blown out of the window!—Boy waiting for article for a magazine, faithfully promised by the night—papers all dusted and carefully put "to rights," consequently impossible to be found. Wife scolding; [illegible] screaming; servant crying, and I [illegible] ing in an agony of rage, and mortification, rush out of the house, intending to take a passage for Swan river, or New Zealand—Think better of it, and starve at home than be eaten up by [illegible] ages, so return to my yoke.

From the Globe of March 6.

Yesterday, the Diplomatic representatives of the different foreign governments waited upon the President to offer their congratulations on his re-election, and to assure him of the friendly disposition of their own countries towards the United States. They were received and introduced to the President, by the Secretary of State, in the presence of the Heads of Departments at one o'clock, and Mr. Serrurier, Minister Plenipotentiary of France made the following address on their behalf:

Mr. PRESIDENT,

The Diplomatic Body accredited to the Government of this Republic, hastens to offer to your Excellency their respectful felicitations on your second inauguration as President of the United States. They feel assured that this new and flattering proof of the confidence of your fellow-citizens cannot but greatly contribute to confirm the friendly relations which already exist between this Republic and the Governments represented at Washington—relations which your Excellency has so happily preserved and extended during the four years of your first Presidency.

I esteem it, Mr. President, at once a happiness and an honor to be, on an occasion so interesting, the interpreter of the sentiments which animate the Diplomatic Body towards you, personally, and to offer you, in their name, the sincere wishes which every one of them truly entertains for the increasing prosperity of this Republic, for the firmness of its union, and especially, Mr. President, for every thing that can contribute to your own personal glory and happiness.

To this Address the President made the following reply:

It gives me great pleasure, gentlemen, to receive by the organ of the eldest and highly respected member of the Diplomatic Body near the government of the United States the congratulations you are pleased to offer on my re-election, and, above all, the assurances for my country of the friendly disposition of those which you represent.

It has been a principal object with me, to cultivate that disposition by the sincerest desire to cherish kindly feelings, extend the advantages of commerce, promote the interchange of every discovery in arts & science, peace, and lessen by humane stipulations the evils of war, when, unfortunately, the scourge of the human race becomes inevitable.

Repeat these assurances, gentlemen, to the several governments you represent, as the invariable rule of my conduct towards them; and, for yourselves, accept the offer of the high respect and regard for you individually, with which your conduct during your residence here has inspired me.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Saturday, March 2.

A number of bills were passed.

Mr. Clay rose to call the attention of the Senate to some offensive remarks made by the Senator from Mississippi in relation to the Senator from Massachusetts, in reference to an important bill then pending. He presumed that they were the result of misconception, and were to be attributed solely to that zeal which each of these Senators felt, on the subject before them. He hoped therefore means would be found to remove this momentary interruption of good feeling.

After a few remarks from Mr. Poindexter and Mr. Webster, a good understanding was restored.

EVENING SESSION.

The Senate re-assembled, when Mr. Poindexter moved, that when the Senate adjourns, it adjourn to meet at 10 o'clock to-morrow, and asked for the yeas and nays. The motion was negatived 23 votes to 12.

After passing on all the business before them, about half past 4 o'clock in the morning, an unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the President *pro tem.*, a committee was appointed to wait on the President, and inform him that the two Houses were ready to ad-