At the request of the Committee appointed by the late town meeting in Easton, the Rev. Dr. MASON has furnished, for this paper, a copy of the Oration delivered on the 27th ult. before the citizens of this place, in commemoration of the sad event which removed from earth our late President and has clad a nation in mourning.

REV. DR. MASON'S

ORATION

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Fellow Citizens! Lovers of your Country! Christian Brethren!

This day, and in the passage of recent events, is that scripture fulfilled in your ears: *Them that honour me I will honour saith the Lord.* With a spontaneous and general impulse, a great and gallant people have sounded a solemn requiem for the dead, and have covered his memory, with the pall of a nations regard for departed merit. Varied, indeed, are the sources of human renown, and no less varied, the characters of those upon whom it has fallen. But the universal sympathy which has pervaded this broad empire, which has assembled together, men of different classes, different conditions, and different sentiments, to give expression to one common feeling, is of no questionable origin. It is not among those fluctuating and transitory effects, which may spring from an equally fluctuating and transitory cause It points significantly to a general law, whose base, like that of every other general law, is immutable truth. It points us to that unerring dispensation of the all-wise Ruler of the universe, which confirms to whatever is well pleasing in his sight the assurance of its certain and appropriate reward. To this dispensation, indeed which as such is God's own self-appointed rule of action, there may, in this sublunary sphere, arise particular and individual exceptions; because those exceptions are among the strongest evidences of another and future state of being. But, the establishment of the dispensation, involves for the encouragement of men, the display of examples under its operation, prominent by their character, and still more by their number.—And look we for examples prominent by their character; is it unmeet to enrol his name, to whom, a peoples funeral tokens of respect, these hearse clad walls, your solemn presence, patriot fellow citizens, bear their sad testimony? Or look we for examples prominent by their number; is it unmeet to call up the record of ages past, the history of nations, and the all stirring scenes, in which bodies of living men are actors? The subject rises spontaneous to our reflection. It speaks from the yet warm ashes of the dead, in unison with his office, who preaches of high heaven to his fellow sojourners upon earth, and with the warm hearts which beat for the welfare of their kind and of their country.

THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION IS DEPENDENT ON ITS PIETY. To this great truth is attestation found in the very condition of mankind, in the collective capacity of nations. Be there a God; as the Author and Father of the Universe he has not cast loose from his own hand the creatures he hath formed. To no power, apart from his special providence, hath he subjected them. Present with every atom and in every part, in the wide illimitable realm beneath his Almighty hand and his omniscient eye, chance hath no place. But, for the children of men hath he ordained a peculiar law, a law suitable to rational, free-acting and accountable beings; a law of moral government which determines in human actions their rectitude or guilt? Then must he have ordained, that happiness our beings end and aim, should in a conformity to that law, alone be found. But, we see that happiness is not always so found.—We see that individual men faithful in their generation, taste not, save in the secret and sweet fountains that lie deep in their own bosoms, save in their reliance of their strong souls stayed on a higher than human arm, taste not here, the rewards of their fidelity and service. And because we may boldly ask, shall a man, shall any man, serve God for nought, we reason of righteousness and a judgement to come, we reason of another state than this, of a sphere without the present, of realms above the earth, beyond the roll of time; we reason that there, every child of man, whatever his path of life, whatever the condition of his being; whatever his degree of given knowledge, let him but have walked with truth and faith his guide, shall read in that golden book whose pages are searched by seraph's eyes, though never watered with their tears, his own recorded name in testimony that for all verily there is a reward for the righteous doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth. But thus we reason not, we cannot reason thus, of nations. A general law must approve itself as general in its operations To the moral government of an all wise and all just being, assigning blessings or a curse to the good or evil doing of his creatures, there must be either no exceptions, or those exceptions reconcilable with his eternal justice. Reconcilable we know the exceptions to be in the case of individuals, by their proper summons to his presence, and their existence in a world to come. Not so in the case of nations. Did we consider them indeed as representing all mankind, they would in this sense represent the general law and demand in this world, for the majority of the human family, its vindication. But, apart from this consideration, their only being is here; they have no being hereafter. Made of one blood, masses of men, by limitary lines, by mountains interposed, by varying laws, and languages, and interests, and civil polity, are here made to differ. In that bright empyrean, these sublunary distinctions will all and forever be abolished. There the distinctions of Greek and barbarian, and dynasties, and commercial powers and agricultural, and monarchies, and aristocracies, and free republics, are unknown. Is then God unjust, or is he indeed the avenger of wickedness and wrong, the rewarder of righteousness and right? Then here, upon this earth, this finite field of being, where only they exist, must he with respect to nations, vindicate his ways to men. Here must his avenging arm, cast shadows on the path, or his benignant smile, brighten the progress of whatever people, according to their relation to his eternal laws of righteousness and truth. THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION IS DEPENDENT ON ITS PIETY!

The greatness of mens actions is proportioned to the greatness of their principles; and it is always so, if actions be estimated less by a temporary glare, than by their permanent and beneficial effects But, can there be any principles so great as those which are based upon designs and purposes of all others the most sublime? Shew me then the man whose burning desire is to fix on an immutable basis, the happiness of his species, and the true glory of his country—it is a lofty principle—but at the same time you shew me the man, who, knowing that each individual of his species must lie down in the dust of death, and that the glory of his country must at last perish in the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, would perpetuate the deathless name of his compatriots, and crown them with the diadem which adorns the brow of the fellow citizens with the saints and of the eternal household of God. Shew me the body politic, which seeks to lay broad and deep the foundations of its renown and the welfare of each component part—it is a lofty principle—but at the same time you shew me a nation trusting and stayed upon that power, which can sweep suns and planets from their systems, whose frown is woe, whose smile is bliss. Diffuse these sentiments through out a people, from such aspirations let their actions spring, then is all of greatness, for then is all of God. The consequences are as certain, as the effect must be in proportion to it's cause. The contemplation of infinite greatness, must create a correspondent greatness among men.

But no people can be great or happy, without a subjection to the restraints of moral law. Upon the observance of this law, depend the just subordination of society, the preservation of property, the establishment of order, the security of life. To the infraction of this law in its various ramifications, must be referred, the miseries which pervade communities of men, the crime bought curse that haunts around the scenes of prowling profligacy, and the unmentionable woes, precursors to the gibbet and the goal. But, whence the restraining moral law, or who gave this law its sanction? Is it dependent on the caprice of men, or has it no other basis than the fancies of its framers, the temporary convenience of society, or some accidental agreement as to the relationship of persons and of things? Then, where shall we find obedient subjects to this law? What bond so strong as to confine the appetites and passions of mankind, wherever exists the expectation of evading the human-ordained punishments for the infraction of that law? There is no stability, there is no certain observance of the laws which exist among societies of men, except in the conviction that they are the laws, or emanations from the laws, of God. Infuse but this conviction, infuse but the apprehension of an eye which never slumbers, of an arm which meeteth forth its rewards and punishments with unerring certainty and wisdom and that forever; and at once the authority of law acquires a new character and aspect, by its alliance with a principle of all others the most awing, soul inspiring and sublime. THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION IS DEPENDENT ON ITS PIETY.

But if this truth be apparent from the condition of mankind in the collective capacity of nations, from the great and lofty principles which it creates, and from the inseparable relationship it has to the restraints of moral law, no less pregnant with assurance and testimony, are the voice of history and of time honoured events. Look at the generations of old, and consult the ages that are past; or inquire of the nations that are now mighty upon earth; and with one voice will they preach the same truth, and sound forth the same lesson of instruction. Different ages will indeed present nations in different conditions. As the dispensations of God are developed, so are his requirements from man increased. The virtue and piety of nations pagan, are not indeed the virtue and piety of nations Christian.—But still, for either is the same law ordained; and as it will be so has it ever been fulfilled that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people. Why did a mighty flood overwhelm a populous world, and drown the whole race of man? Why were the people of God smitten with the rod of successive chastisements, till a carcass without a soul, the Roman eagle flew to the prey; and left their name a reproach and proverb upon the earth. Where is the Kingdom of the Pharoahs? Why cover the burning waters those cities of the plain? Why toppled to the dust, the empire of the mighty hunter, the proud Assyrian, the voluptuous Persian? Sages of Greece and Rome arise! and answer for these, as for your own once lordly states, how virtue made but an empty name, crimes multiplied, religion abused & scorned, provoked Gods wrath & wrought the overthrow. Or, shall we pass to a more recent and concerning scene, a people boasting the fairest clime and highest refinement of mankind? Philosophers of France! bring forth that black and bloody page, gloomy even among the records of a crime smitten world The streets of your Capital is slippery with the gore of the best and bravest hearts, your wide domain echoes the tocsin of death for those of the brightest and noblest name, and anarchy, and rapine, and wild misrule are lords of your beauteous land. Revolting picture! The measure of their crime was great. A people bought with the death of the crucified, have through their rulers, apostatized from God, and coerced the blood of the covenant wherewith they were sanctified an unholy thing.

In contrast to such deeds, and in equal contrast to their results, across the wide waves of the Atlantic a people struggle to be free. Embattled armies make their appeal to God, and wait for a nations rights. The combat is at hand. In yonder grove, I see a noble form. His face upturned, he pours forth prayer to God, It is our Washington. Not from the gory fields of Trenton, of Monmouth, and of York; not from his Fabian skill in war; but from that silent grave, I learn the true causes of the great result. He represents his people. Piety still dwells and has an abiding place among them. His prayer is heard, the people are made free. And by that throne of grace in heaven which he sought, and by that altar upon earth on which he paid his vows, let us preserve the legacy, let us enshrine it in our hearts, let it shine forth in our lives.

This day, my fellow-citizens, we may renew the lesson; this day is it well-fitting that it should make a more tender impression on our hearts. We are here to-day, to do honor to the man, and drop the patriot tear to his memory, who knew and walked in the same light with the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen And of this day, I have at all engaged your attention, it is from his faith and his example I have drawn my theme. From the cold lips of your dead President, methought I heard it spoken, from the shadowy hand which in life had so often struck for his country, methought I saw it written, THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION IS DEPENDENT ON ITS PIETY. And if this indeed be true, true of a nation, why not of him, an example by his prominence as a nation by its numbers? He was prosperous and he was pious. The history of his prosperity is a part of the history of his country. So late the theme of many a tongue, so widely diffused the record of his actions and his praise, their recapitulation at large, my fellow-citizens would be a topic, which it were vain on this occasion, for you to hear, or me to speak. The early purpose marking the decision of his character and changing his path of life from that of the civilian to the soldier, his firm endurance in the first years of youth of all the hardships known to the then uncultivated regions of the West, the rugged school of Indian and border war in which he served the noontide and brightest of his days, his rise in military rank from his first victory beneath another's guidance at the rapids of the Maumee to his own last achievments in the field of a just fight, the civil appointments and praise of his country's representatives which seemed to give a sanction to the honors of his sword, the common access which he made for the humblest citizen to the broad meads and hoary woods of the far West, his literary fame, his generous pleading for the reward of others merit, and his high souled effort in another land to preserve its falling liberties,—these are the topics, which have become familiar to our mouths as household words which even our children have learned from their parents, and which they perhaps will again transmit to theirs. But not the protection of our frontiers, not the check given to those wild hordes, not the defence of forts, nor battles won by night, nor captured armies, constitute the true glory of the man. His clay cold body lies in the silent tomb. The doubts and hopes of his fellow men to him are now alike in vain. Death, the universal conqueror, has claimed him as one of mortal race. His immortal part alone survives; and it was dressed for immortality. His piety gave grace to his prosperity.

True patriotism is closely allied to piety. It is a part of that divine charity, which should preside in all the ramifications of social life. He truly loved his country. Amidst the clash of politics, men may have different judgments, but he would have saved and served his native land with his best blood and life; nor is there the humblest citizen in this broad empire, be he an honest man, whom our dead hero would not have taken by the hand, and prest to his true and noble heart.

He that is pious cannot be other than humane. In him it was a striking trait of character. A soldier, bred in the roughest school of arms, inured to the scenes of blood, accustomed to fields of carnage, he felt, that however great to be a warrior it was more to be a man. The battle done, the blood which had coursed his veins, returned to its native source; and pity, hovering angel-eyed over the fearful scenes of earth—returned to a bosom, which sought to preserve her image amid the fiercest rage of war. He loved not the effusion of human blood, but spared it when he could.—Can we forget—we may forget, but God has not forgotten—what time, his mercy spared that wretch his justice might have smitten? The man worthless, of a despised race, hired by the foe, would have aimed at the breast of HARRISON, the knife of the assassin. Seized, tried, he was condemned. Had he been put to death, no man would have cared, no man would have wept for him. One only soul, the soul of his intended victim pitied him. The cause of his clemency, is told by the actor, with sweet simplicity. "The fact was, that I began to pity him; and could not bring myself to give the fatal order. If he had been "out of my sight, he would have been "executed. The poor wretch lay con-"fined before my fire, his face receiving "the rain that occasionally fell, and his "eyes constantly turned upon me as if "imploring mercy. I could not with-"stand the appeal, and I determined to "give him another chance for his life.." Illustrious man! great soul. It was in no earthly school, that thou did'st learn the godlike virtue of forgiveness. Before thy God in heaven, a book of remembrance is kept; and there shall this act be written down never to be effaced from the eternal archives.

But he has gone, and the place that hath known him, will know him no more. He hath met that stroke, which cometh alike to all, the lowliest or the mightiest of the sons of men. In battle had he proved that he could meet it as a brave man, on the calmer bed of death he met it as became the christian. For twenty years the student of a charter better than those of earth, the charter which conveys to man his right to heaven, its nightly study, "which was once a duty at last a pleasure" we may well believe, brought forth fruits wholesome as they were long in ripening. He read it, and loved it to the last. He held it in his failing hand. Was it an intimation from on high, was it a portent of the future, when he enquired of "*Watchman what of the night, watchman what of the night.* Hath not his spirit been answered in the dawn of a glorious morning? The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—In the light of that sun which never goeth down, in the smile of that God and Saviour whom he acknowledged and honored upon earth, let us trust, with the trust which becometh christian hearts, that he hath realized the brightness of that perfect day. Go then, widowed mourner, go in thy sad memory, to the last couch where lies the dead form of him you held so dear. There let the tears, warm from thy troubled hearts, still flow; but they are tears whose source may well be deemed from streams which make glad the city of our God. The earthly ties which knit your souls together are indeed dissolved. No more in the journey of life, chequered to us all, may his counsel guide, his sympathy cheer and console you. But there remaineth a rest for the people of God. He chose his lot among them. You will be re-united again.—May angels and ministers of grace complete your consolation! He died the death of the righteous may your last end be like his.

Fellow citizens, sons of this land of liberty, heirs let me deem you, of that better liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free; we are gathered around the bier of no common man Difficulties are the school in which men acquire greatness. Through that school he had passed to one of the highest stations, with which this world can crown a lawful ambition, if he were ambitious. In the height of that pride of fame, and of that pomp which so lately attended his elevation, the mandate goes forth. He is removed from among us. He is called to another world. The hopes which so many entertained from his principles and patriotism, he hath not disappointed.—But death hath disappointed them.—On that funeral banner, whose black folds are floating over this broad land in honor of the dead, and on every symbol of sorrow shadowing the emblamatic stars of this great union, death hath written in strong characters a nations warning; *Put not your trust in any child of man.* Seek we happiness on earth seek we prosperity, or seek we peace? We must look to heaven. These blessings come only from on high; come from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning, who hath ordained an eternal decree, engraven in the history of mankind, that the prosperity of a people shall be dependent on its piety. It was not the valor of our early heroes which achieved our liberties, it is not the wisdom of our successive councils which has preserved them. It is not from ourselves that we have derived, and have retained a name, not without honor among the potentates of the earth. God alone is great my brethren And would we still be great, ever must we refer to the source and centre of all greatness. Not a symbol of sorrow we have looked on to day, not a shadow from these trappings of woe, not a sign of that sympathy which has glanced from many an eye, but has been vocal of the weakness of man, and has called us to place our only reliance in God.

But from the buried ashes of the illustrious dead, comes there no other lesson of solemn and sacred import? From his bright spirit, which even now may hover over the land he loved, may we not hear his voice, and treasure up the admonition in our minds? My heaven-favored children, live like brethren, and be at peace. Yes, fellow citizens, let us receive the benignant legacy; and let its spirit spread from state to state and soul to soul. Over his honored and cold remains haply there is no need to pronounce war to our country's enemies; but let us vow, one and another, peace, and the kindly hand, and loving heart, to our countries friends. And where is there among us, the man that is *not* his countries friend? Sad as it is, the occasion which has brought us together this day, I hail as fruitful with omens of good. It dissipates the apprehensions of the pious and patriotic mind. It reveals, that the American heart, still beats true to the love of country, true to the fear of God. From many a seat of sacred morals and heaven born truth, from many a hall of learning and of legislative wisdom, the same chorus has come to our ears of reverence for the dead, honor to real merit, submission to the will of the Most High of Christian faith and hope. It is a moment fraught with the happiest consequences. It is the presage of a gracious and gladening future. In it I see the perpetuity, of lofty deeds, and generous and ennobling thoughts. I see its effects on other lands. I see new honours to our country, from the honours it has paid to its own pious christian hero. I see the altars of true patriotism and true religion laid broad and deep, and towering in majestic beauty to the skies; their columns rich with the names, to live not solely on the tablets of man's memory, but in the archives of Jehovah. I see, in distant ages, in long drawn generations, our children's children catching their father's flame and uniting in their regards for whatever is truly good and truly great—The grave of HARRISON shall never want the amaranthine wreath, shall never want a tear.

Freedom and virtue, shall awhile repair,
To dwell with men, as weeping hermits there.
For surely, he shall not be moved forever. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

From the Boston Times, April 20.

ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.—SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

The steam ship Columbia, Captain Judkins, arrived at her moorings in Boston harbor, on Monday evening the 19th instant, at 7 1-2 o'clock P. M. She left Liverpool on the 4th.

We find in our papers no news of great importance, in fact, the press of England appears to have been discussing for a long time, the McLeod question with great deal of ardor.

The arrival of the packet ship Patrick Henry, with Gen. Harrison's address, and the arrival of the steamer Britannia, with despatches for the British Government, tended to allay a most feverish excitement which had prevailed in all classes, and our last advices show a much better feeling towards this country, and a rapid advance in the money markets.

From the following it will be seen that the Great Western was not to sail till the 8th, and likewise that it was at first ordered to call at Halifax, from fear of difficulties arising between this country and England. It is extracted from the Liverpool Mail of the 3d.

Steam Ship Great Western.—The public will observe, on reference to our advertising columns, that the directors have altered the day of sailing of the above ship from the 3d to the 8th of the present month. The intention of calling at Halifax is also relinquished in consequence of the peaceable advices recently received from the United States.

The President.—This steamship which seems destined every trip she makes, to painfully keep a live public anxiety respecting her safety, has not yet made her appearance. The New York packet ship Virginian, which sailed on the 14th ult. three days after the President, arrived yesterday. The steamer has on board important despatches from our Minister at Washington, and her arrival must be as anxiously looked for by the Government as it is by the public.—[Liverpool Chronicle, 31.

Mr. Orr, one of the engineers on board of the Columbia informs us that it was supposed in England that she had either encountered an iceberg, or that she had gone into the Western Islands for coal The greatest anxiety prevailed in England at the time of the departure of the Columbia, at the non-arrival of the President: fearful anticipations were entertained that she had met with some serious accident.

The Britannia arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday the 31st ult. in 15 days from this port.

The packet ship Patrick Henry, Capt. Delano, arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday, after a remarkably rapid passage of 15 days and 10 hours. She left that city on the 8th inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M and took pilot off Liverpool on the morning of the 24th, at 5 A. M.—London Times.

The Times of the 2nd inst. says, "Goverment received despatches from Mr. Fox by the same steamer which brought our letters and papers, and these despatches leave no doubt of an amicable and immediate settlement between the United States and Great Britain as far as regards the question of M'Leod. Mr. Fox had received a communication to that effect from the American Goverment couched in the most conciliatory language. We think the public mind may be at rest on this point.

The Morning Chronicle of the same date says, "the news from the United States, by the Britannia steamer, may be looked upon in a two fold character—political and commercial. In regard to the first, the contents are considered very favorable, and the best evidence of that is, that the funds have risen in consequence 1 2 per cent. The only points considered to be at issue now are, the time and manner of M'Leod's liberation for all fears for his safety, or indeed conviction are at an end.

"The commercial intelligence from America is not so gratifying as the political. The Money Market was very much depressed; capitalists represented as desirous to limit their liabilities, and the masses as evincing an inclination to hoard. It must be kept in view, however, that when the Britannia sailed the Americans were not aware that the bills drawn upon the three London houses by the Bank of the United States had been accepted—we may reasonably look for some revival of confidence and appearance of better things when this shall have become known."

An extraordinary excitement appears to have prevailed previous to the arrival of the Brittania, but it will be seen by these extracts from the leading London papers, that this panic had ceased immediately after her news became known.

The Patrick Henry arrived at Liverpool on the 25th ult. with General Harrison's inaugural address. The London Globe thus speaks of the effect of the address: The inaugural address of the new President is considered decidely pacific No new *fact* connected with the disputes, is recorded, but it was generally believed in America that M'Leod would be given up, and thus the danger of an immediate rupture would be avoided.

A large meeting is announced to take place in Glasgow soon, which will embrace the broad general question of the duties on every description of goods and produce imported into the United Kingdom, including, of course the duties levied upon corn and provisions.

It is now stated that Sir William Parker will succeed Admiral Elliot in China.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN—FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamer Great Western arrived at New York on Saturday, at one P. M., having left Bristol on the 8th inst.—There is no news of importance.

We regret to say that there is no news yet of the arrival of the President. The Liverpool papers think it probable that she had gone Southward to the Azores for an additional supply of coal, If so she was scarcely due when the Western left.

The accounts from the wheat counties represent the state of the crops to promise a most abundant harvest. The arrivals of foreign wheat and flour were large, principally from this country and Canada.

The overland India mail had not arrived when the evening papers went to press on the 7th, but was due and hourly expected.

Public opinion seemed to have settled down with the belief that peace with this country will continue uninterrupted, and the papers are chiefly discussing other subjects.

The packet ship North America had reached Liverpool with the latest news from this country. The only comment we find relating to it, is the following:

"The news relative to Mr. McLeod, and the prospect of his liberation, cannot be considered satisfactory. The reports regarding his removal from Lockport to Albany are altogether untrue: there is now little doubt but that his trial will take place at Lockport. The Attorney General has set off to Lockport, so as to be present at the trial.

"He is provided with an authenticated copy of the despatches from our own government, and upon the ground of our avowal of the destruction of the Caroline, he will request Mr. McLeod's release.—The Attorney General of the State of New York has been sent to Washington with an explicit and decided answer as to what will be done by that State."

In the House of Commons, on the 7th inst. Mr Hume rose to move for a copy of the correspondence between the legation of the United States in London, and the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, in relation to the destruction of the steamboat Caroline.

Lord Palmerston requested him, in respect to the state of the house and the excited feelings prevailing on the subject, to postpone a discussion which might have a tendency to prevent the affair being brought to that amicable termination which both Governments desire.

Mr. Hume said that no man was more anxious than himself to avoid the evils of war; and that after what he had just heard, he would consent to postpone his motion till after the recess.

The House of Commons adjourned on the evening of the 7th till the 20th, for the Easter holidays.

The Count de Surveilliers, Joseph Bonaparte, has been alarmingly ill.

LONDON, April 7.

The President Steamer has not been heard of, and the greatest alarm prevails regarding her, yesterday insurances upon her were effected so high as 20 per cent. premium and more will probably be demanded to-day. Beyond the usual mails from the continent, we have no foreign arrivals, and nothing in the shape of news is stirring.

PARIS, April 5.—It seems certain that M. Guizot has offered the mediation of France to terminate the differences existing between Great Britain and the United States. We cannot, however, believe that Mr Guizot, not content with offering his services as mediator, has threatened the United States, as a journal affirms that he has, with an armed intervention—France invading the United States in favor of England! It is an idea too ridiculous to be entertained, even by the men who abandoned Egypt to the mercy of the powers.

[Le Courrier Francais, April 5.

This report of mediation seems to have been founded only upon a Paris letter in the London Globe. The armed intervention spoken of by the Courrier Francais was a bare invention of the French editor. The letter in the Globe intimated no such thing.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—We find the following account of a strange affair in the London Globe of the 12th of March, which, if true, furnishes another striking illustration of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and the terrors surpassing all of which imagination can conceive, that environ the miserable wretch doomed to a public execution:

"A French paper called the *Audience* contains a letter from a private correspondent, dated Gibraltar, the 23th ult. which states that an opulent British merchant, named *James Boxwell*, long resident there, had been tried and convicted of the murder of his daughter on circumstantial evidence, and that on his way to execution the convict saw in the crowd another Englishman named *John Keats*, who had been extremely active in collecting evidence against him. The convict expressed a desire to die in peace with all mankind, and to pardon this person, whom he had considered his greatest enemy. When the convict reached the scaffold, the executioner was preparing to execute the sentence of law, when a voice was heard in the crowd exclaiming —'It is I that am guilty, and not the convict.' This exclamation was made by John Keats. He confessed that it was he who had carried off James Boxwell's daughter; that he had cut off her hair

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