EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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☞ All communications to insure attention hould be *post paid.*

POETRY.

A PARODY.

The girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in seven.

And false the flash of Beauty's eye,
As fading hues of even,
And love, and laughter, all's a lie,
And hope's awakened but to die,
There's not one true in seven.

Poor mushroons of a sunny day,
Yet bloom, and be forgiven,
For life's at best a dream away
Dull drowsy thought, I'll join the gay,
And romp with all the seven.

From the Transcript.

SONG.

Wilt thou think of me love,
When thou'rt on the deep
Thought shall turn to thee love,
When alone I weep.
Trembling for thy fate my dearest,
On the wind and stormy sea;
Smiling only when thou'rt nearest—
Think of me—Oh! think of me.

Will thou think of me love,
When the dark-eyed maid
That used to sing to thee, love,
Breathes her serenade!
She can lure with syren-numbers,
She has winning smiles for thee,
When her music charms thy slumbers,
Think of me—Oh think of me.

Wilt thou think of me love,
When the dazzling hall
Shakes with melody, love,
And the giddy ball?
Name the one left lone and weeping,
Far away across the sea;
Keep her image, walking—sleeping—
Think of me—Oh! think of me.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES PASSED AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH CONGRESS FIRST SESSION.

[PUBLIC.—No. 20]

AN ACT providing for the salaries of certain officers therein named, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the translator of foreign languages and the librarian in the Department of State, shall receive a salary of sixteen hundred dollars.

That the disbursing agent in said Department be allowed a salary of fourteen hundred and fifty dollars.

That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorised to employ two additional clerks, to enable him to carry into effect the provisions of the second section of the act of the third of March, eighteen hundred and thirty five, one at a salary of one thousand dollars.

That the assistant messenger in said Department be allowed the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars.

That the assistant messenger in the First Comptroller's office be allowed the annual compensation of five hundred dollars.

For the emolument of clerks and messengers for the office of the Commissioner of Pensions, in addition to those authorized by law, twelve thousand two hundred dollars.

That the annual compensation of the messenger in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, be seven hundred dollars.

That the Commissioners of the Navy Board be authorised to employ a clerk in addition to those authorised by law, at the sum of nine hundred dollars.

That the Surveyor General of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, be authorised to employ two clerks at a sum not exceeding twenty three hundred dollars, and that he be allowed the further sum of four thousand dollars for additional clerk hire.

That the Surveyor General of Illinois and Missouri be authorised to employ clerks at a sum not exceeding three thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars.

That the Surveyor General of Arkansas be allowed the sum of two thousand eight hundred dollars, for clerk hire in his office.

That the Surveyor of Louisiana be allowed the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars for clerk hire in his office

That the Surveyor General of Mississippi be allowed the sum of five thousand dollars for clerk hire in his office.

That the Surveyor General of Alabama be allowed the sum of two thousand dollars for clerk hire in his office.

That the Surveyor General of Florida, be allowed the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars, for clerks in his office.

That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby authorised to employ, for the discharge of the various duties of the Department, the following clerks and messengers; one clerk at sixteen hundred dollars, and one clerk at fourteen hundred dollars; to be employed in the business of reservations and grants under Indian treaties: *Provided,* That the said clerks shall not be employed for a longer term than four years. Three clerks for the Pension office, at one thousand dollars each, to be continued only during the present year.

Six clerks and one messenger, in the Quartermaster General's Office, whose compensation shall be as follows; one clerk at sixteen hundred dollars, one clerk at twelve hundred dollars, four clerks at one thousand dollars each and one messenger at five hundred dollars, one clerk for the Ordnance Office, at twelve hundred dollars, and four clerks at one thousand dollars each. One clerk for the Adjutant General's Office, at twelve hundred dollars, and three clerks at one thousand dollars each. One clerk for the Adjutant General's Office, at twelve hundred dollars, and three clerks at one thousand dollars each. One clerk in the Engineer office at twelve hundred dollars, and one clerk at one thousand dollars. One clerk in the Commanding General's office at one thousand dollars. Six clerks and one messenger in the Emigrating Indian Bureau attached to the Subsistence Department, whose compensation shall be as follows: one clerk at sixteen hundred dollars, one clerk at fourteen hundred dollars, one clerk at twelve hundred dollars, three clerks at one thousand dollars each, and one messenger at five hundred dollars *Provided,* That the authority claimed under the acts approved March twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and twelve, and May twenty second, eighteen hundred and twelve, or by any other act for the employment of non-commissioned officers, or the appointment of extra clerks in any of the offices of the War Department be, and the same are hereby repealed: *Provided, however,* That where express appropriations are made by law, for the employment of clerks, such employment shall not be deemed to be extra, within the meaning of the above act.

For one clerk in the Topographical Bureau, one thousand dollars.

That the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis be authorized to employ two clerks in his office, and no more, one of which shall receive a compensation of one thousand, and the other of eight hundred dollars.

That the Superintendent of Indian Affairs south of the Missouri river, be authorized to employ one clerk in his office who shall receive a compensation *who it is further enacted,* That the salaries provided for in this act, and payable for the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, shall be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

APPROVED 9th May, 1836.

(RESOLUTION—No. 3.)

RESOLUTION to suspend the sale of a part of the public lands acquired by the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That so much of the public lands acquired by the treaty concluded with the Choctaw nation of Indians, at Dancing Rabbit Creek, on the twenty eighth day of September, eighteen hundred and thirty, as has been conditionally, or otherwise located by the locating agent of the United States to persons claiming reservations under the fourteenth article of said treaty, be withheld from public sale until the first day of December next: Provided, that nothing herein contained, shall be taken or construed as indicating any intention on the part of Congress to confirm said claims.

APPROVED, May 9th, 1836.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT LIPS.

I love a wholesome lip. People are too much in the habit of regarding lips as mere appendages to the 'human face divine'—ornaments to set off its beauty. This is to detract from their use and excellence. They serve other purposes; and when properly regarded are *indicia*—indexes of character.

I think in the general, people are disposed to consider their noses of more importance than their lips, and many saucy noses seem to be of the same way of thinking—as we see them turning up with an expression of scorn as if the lips were far their inferiors. No sensible nose is ever guilty of such dastardly effrontery. Such an one it is true, may occasionally flap its nostrils, and crow lastily over its neighbor, as if it were cock of the walk,' but the lip with a soft insinuation, will soon tame the insolent down to a mere republican.

What I mean by a wholesome lip, is one of the color of a morello cherry, and which pouts like a rose-bud—one which might lead a bee astray by its promise of sweetness. I understand that in the olden-time when kissing was in its prime—sorry am I that it should ever have gotten out of it—gallants of taste used to manifest an especial preference for lips of this kind. There was rich flavour about such, which no shrivelled lip, pout as it might, could ever aspire to. Plato must have worn such, for we are told that the bees used to hover about his lips when he was an infant, and in theses things the judgments of bees are only inferior to those of bachelors.

I knew an old negro once, who had a magnificent gift of underlip. It was without model, although not without shadow. It poured down, a real cataract of lip. It was of the shape and size of a half-grown greyhound's ear. He had no chin—and his lip, which had swallowed it up, circled over his jaw-bone, in ample apology. At a distance you would have mistaken it for a tongue, too large for the capacity of his mouth—or a red banner hung out to tell which way the wind blew. I was a shaver in those days, and well do I recollect sundry provocations which I gave him touching his lip, and then he would shiver it at me, and give chase, while at every leap he took, I could see the lip flapping the lower jaw like a huge wing Poor fellow, he's dead now,—he died not exactly of a broken heart, but of overmuch lip.

My aunt Sally—*pax manes!*—wore a lip of another kind.—It was a mere streak along the horizon—an ashy margin along an ocean of mouth—a strip to tell you where her teeth were. My aunt never married—and had she gone to the altar, it would have been an interesting spectacle when she gave the bridal kiss. I remember a salutation she gave me once, when, like Fanny, I was younger than I am now—and 'prettier—of course!' Instead of the delightful sensation which arises from an application of soft, spongy elastic lips, it was quite the reverse, and it seemed to me that she was touching my cheek with iron bound bite of flesh, or her teeth. When she would gather the lips of her mouth together with a slight pucker, it was the inevitable harbinger of a coming storm. In the choice of a wife, I mean to avoid your thin, blush, starved to death stripes of flesh, which people miscall lips.

There are two sorts of lips—the nectarine and the vinegar—deserving of especial notice. The nectarine swell out in beautiful round curvature, while the vinegar are very sharp, and make you smack your mouth when you look at them. The first belonging to the animal, the latter to those of acid tempers—Everlasting spring lives in the blossoms of a nectarine lip—its fragrance is perenial—and, falling in love with the owner of such a blessing, you have nothing to fear from acid humor. Eternal winter dwells upon a vinegar lip, and no stray rill of blood ever spreads the hue of health over it.

There are lips which are locked up in one unswerving purpose. They belong to the resolute and decisive. There are others which are everlastingly apart, as if there had been a civil war, and they had agreed upon continual separation. These, it is suspected, generally appertain to heads whose wits, to say the most of them, are quite fathomable.

Some lips are poetical. Smiles fling a light like a morning ray upon them, and they are glorious in their brightness. You feel as if your were born to worship, an appropriate shrine was before you. Your eyes are fixed in admiration, whose spell you would never break. Every word which their fair possessor utters, only serves to heighten their magic, and display some new form which you dream, the voice of your destiny must come. You may talk of their influences, but vainly would you attempt to describe them. Imagination can conceive of nothing more delicious than kissing such lips. I am overwhelmed at the thought of such bliss.

THE ST. GEORGE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

It stood in the artist's studio: all Florence came to look at it: all examined it with curiosity, all admired it with eagerness; all pronounced it the *capo d'opera* of Donatello. The whole town were in raptures; and lovely ladies as they hoard huge sandal jaunts, instead of the common-place trivolities of fashion, said, Have you seen the new statue by Donatello?

Is there an art like that of sculpture? Painting is a brillant illusion—a lovely cheat. Sculpture, while it represents a reality, is itself a reality. The pencil pours its fervid hues upon perishable canvass, and they fade with the passing air; but the chisel works an eternal marble, and strikes out a creation, immortal as the globe, and beautiful as the soul.

"I told thee, Donatello," said Porenzo, "thou would'st excell all thy rivals."

"Fling by the chisel, now," cried another thou canst add nothing to that."

"I shall cease, hereafter my devotion to the antique," cried a third.

"The power of Phidias!" exclaimed one.

"The execution of Praxiteless!" said another.

"You will draw votaries from the Venus," whispered a soft Italian girl, as she turned her melting eyes on the old man.

"The Apollo will hereafter bend his bow unheeded," cried an artist, whom many the best of his day.

Among the crowds who flocked to the studio of Donatello, was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said, that, with intense study, he might one day make his name be heard beyond the Alps, and some went so far as to hint, that in time he might tread close on the heels, even of Donatello himself; but these were sanguine and great friends of the young man; besides, they spoke at random.—They called this student Michael Angelo.

He had stood a long time, regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another; measured it, with his keen glances, from head to foot; regarded it before, behind, and studied its profiles from various points. The venerable Donatello saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination with the flattered pride of an artist, and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length Michael Angelo stopped once more before it, inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifty boy.

"Tell me," cried the successful artist, "what it wants. This is the first censure which my Saint George has elicited. Can I improve. Can I alter? Is it in the modeling or the marble? Tell me?

But the critick had disappeared.

Donatello knew the mighty genius of Michael Angelo. He had beheld the flashes of the sacred fire, and watched the developement of the "God within him."

"*Diavolo!*" cried the old man; "Michael Angelo gone to Rome and not a word of advice about my statue. The scapegrace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the eternal city. His opinion is worth that of all the world. "But one thing!" He looked at it again,—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a placid smile settled on his face—"but one thing!" what can it be?

Years rolled by. Michael Angelo remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet returned to Florence. Wherever he had been, men regarded him as a comet—something fiery—terrible—tremendous—sublime. His fame spread over the globe. What his chisel touched, it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely-brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. Michael Angelo was a name to worship—a spell in the arts—an honor to Italy—to the world. What he praised, lived—what he condemned, perished.

Donatello grew old, his anxiety grew powerful to know what the inspired eyes of wonderful Buonarotti had detected in him.

At length the immortal Florentine turned his eyes to his native republic, and, as he rested the summit of the hill which rises on the of Porta Romana, he beheld the magnificent and glorious dome, and the slender Campanilo shining in the soft golden radiance of setting sun, with the broad-topped towers of the Palazzo Vecchio lifted in the yellow light even as to-day it stands.

"death! can no worth ward thee? Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as cold as the clay he models? Yes, Donatello stretched on his last couch, and the light of passing from his eyes. Yet, even in the awful hour, his thoughts ran on the wishes of past years, and he sent for Buonarotti.

The friend came instantly.

"I am going, Michael. My chisel is idle. My sight is dim; but I feel thy hand, noble boy, and I hear thy kind breast sob. I glory in thy renown.—I predicted it, and I bless my God that I have lived to see it, but, before I sink to the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, answer my question truly."

"I am a man, I will."

"Then tell me, without equivocation, what is wanting in my Saint George wants?"

"The gift of speech," was the reply.

A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after they were cold as the marble upon which he had often stamped the conceptions of his genius.

The statue remains—the admiration of posterity and adorns the exterior of the Chiesald d'Orsan Michele, in Florence.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

A Court of Justice in North Carolina

A bundles disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court: May it please your worships, you gentlemen of the jury, since it is my fortune (good or bad I will not stop to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, never before befallen me to be obliged to witness a breach of the peace so enormous and unscending as the one claiming your attention. A more barbarous, direful, marked and atrocious battery, and finally, a more direful breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has been your duty to pass upon one set of witnesses bearing sworn two or three were called, deposed—one, that he heard the noise but not see the light—another, that he saw the light but he don't know who struck the blow—third, that he was [illegible] Lawyer Chops, [illegible] gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arose, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case and who was able to make himself clearly and intelligibly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience.—Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

Somewhat comes the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, a "leetle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops.—Mr. Harris we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rices, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish it to be as compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—"Edzactly," giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—"Captain Rice, he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over our house and axed me if my wife, she mought'nt go—I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly being as how she had a touch at the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever as it was she mought; cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose, he moughn'd go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, he was the foeman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard Mose, he mought go.

Chops—In the name of common sense Mr. Harris what do you mean by this rigmarole.

Witness,—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moughtd't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—Stop sir, if you please; we dont want to hear any thing about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well Captain Rice he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dilliard, came over to our house and axed me if my wife moughtn't go.—go,—

Chops—There it is again—witness, witness I say witness please to stop.

Witness—Well sir what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight and you must not proceeds in this impertinent story—do you know any thing about the matter now before the court?

Witness—Too be sure I do

Chops. Wil you go on and tell it and nothing—else—

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable! May it please the court—I move that this witness be committed for a contempt—he seems to me to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness you are now before a court of justice, and less you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you known about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness—(alarmed) Well gentlemen, Capt Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard.

Chops—I hope that the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court, (after deliberation.) Mr. Attorney the court is of opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on his own way Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes gentlemen; well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house, and axed me if my moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and big run was up; but howsomever as it was she cousin Sally Dilliard my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose, he mought'nt go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop and the crop was smartly in grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard Mose, he mought go. So on they goes, together, Mose my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to the big swamp and the big swamp was up, as I was telling you, but being as how there was a bridge and also a log across the swamp, Sally Dilliard, and Mose like genteel folks, they walks the bridge, but my wife like, a fool, to show her skill, walks on the log, the log turned and wallop she came into the water; and gentlemen, that's the hight of what I know about it.

From the Chambersburg Repository.

Yesterday week, the little daughter of Mr. SCIARA, the Italian equilibrist, aged about nine years, performed the astonishing and perilous feat of walking a rope stretched across the public square of this borough. One end of the rope was fastened to a poplar tree on the east side of the square, and the other secured through a dormer window in the garret of the Franklin Hotel, a three story building, on the west side. She walked the whole length of the rope, a distance of about 160 feet, into the window! It was a thrilling spectacle. The breathless stillness which prevailed during her passage, and the spontaneous burst of joy when she entered the arms of a gentleman at the window, fully evinced the intense anxiety of the assembled multitude for the safety of the interesting little creature. We understand that from 90 to 100 dollars were collected for her on the occasion.

BREACH OF PROMISE—EXTRA.—The Bangor Commercial Advertiser tells us of a young follow who, having been for some two or three years "engaged," to a young lady of that neighborhood, became suddenly enamored of her elder sister, and shortly after made her honourable proposals of matrimony—not, however, without much hesitation as to which was his true lover, nor perhaps without many secret regrets that the laws of the State would not permit him to act the part of Labans son-in-law. His proposals having been accepted, the contract was soon consumated by the kind intervention of the village parson, who pronounced them "husband and wife, married folks." The former lover is understood to have been entirely mistaken her if he presumed to suppose that she should sacrifice her love for him, unless she was paid for it. Whereupon the lover proposed to leave the matter out to mutual friends; she consenting, the referees awarded the young lady $63.50 damages. Both parties were satisfied with this decision—the lover paid the bill—and they became mutual friends.

A FORTUNATE NEGRO.

An old Negro slave who for several years past had been employed in the different gold mines of Habersham county, Geo., some time since discovered a solid lump which contained about five pounds of pure gold. He secreted his prize for several months; but at last concluded to trust his secret to a white man, as the gold could not benefit him while it remained buried in the earth. He therefore communicated the fact to a stranger from the north, who, with several friends, happened to be on a visit to the mines. The negro entracted with tears in his eyes, to have it coverted into money for the purchase of his freedom—he said.

"Soon as I'm ole nigger, den massa say go long 'bout yer business Ned—don't arn sale in de rice yer eat. Dad's er way ole Phillis and granter Ike was sarved. In Philadelphia, nigger hab no massa to git his money—dare ware I go."

This negro was owned by a speculating individual in the neighborhood who received about one dollar a day for his labor. The poor fellow was very fortunate in making known his treasure to the gentleman above mentioned, for as soon as the latter had secured it in his valise, immediately purchased, old Ned's freedom, brought him to Philadelphia, where the gold produced upwards of $1500! These circumstances were related to us by a brother of the individual in question, who resides at Troy. He left $1000 from the proceeds of the gold, with a Philadelphia house, who are to pay old Ned the interest as he may want it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

DEBATE ON THE DISTRIBUTION LAND BILL.

IN SENATE, April, 27, 1836.

The bill to appropriate for a limited time the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, and to grant lands to certian States, was taking up as the order of the day.

Mr. BENTON moved to postpone the bill, for the purpose of taking up the bill making appropriations for fortifications.

Mr. B. would take the sense of the Senate in the most formal manner on this mode of proceeding with the business of the country. It was now the end of the fifth month of the session, and scarcely a bill for the service of the country had yet been passed. He had been fifteen years a member of the Senate, and had never seen the parallel of it before. Not to go into the enumeration of the immense number of bills lying upon the tables, and not acted upon, here was the fortification bill, reported in January from the Military Committee, and not yet acted upon, although there was no appropriations for fortifications last years The senate and the House had both engaged in ample discussions, to show who occasioned the virtual defeat of it this year. Mr. B. considered the fortification bills for the present year as virtually defeated! The year would be half out before the appropriations would be ready; and by that time the season for work in the south would be gone by; and in the middle and north, workmen and laborers would be engaged for the season; and the United States would find it difficult to obtain laborers, and be under the necessity of paying enhanced pric for them.

His present motion was intended to bring things to an issue; it was to have the sense of the Senate formerly taken upon the question of proceeding with the fortification bill; and therefore he should move, and should ask the yeas and nays upon it, to postpone the land distribution bill for a week, and in the meantime to proceed with the fortification bill, and afterwards with all the bills for appropriations and for the defence of the country. The distribution bill was now the antagonist, not of fortifications only, but of every bill for the service of the country. It was the antagonist of every bill that tended to diminish the mass of money for distribution.—Many were the bills which had already suffered under it; too many to be enumerated; but the fate of one, that of the Cumberland road bill, was too striking in itself and too clearly characteristic of the distribution policy, and its effects upon the country, to be overlooked. This bill was to carry on the oldest and best established work of internal improvement in the country; one resting upon compact, and sanctioned by every administration from Mr. Jefferson's time to the present day

This road was to go to the Mississippi, at the least, and appropriations for it were brought in early in the session. What was the fate of that appropriation? A sacrifice to the distribution scheme! It was resisted for many weeks the amount reduced, and a determination openly announced to discontinue the only thing that could give it any value, that of making it permanent by McAdamizing or gravelling. Thus the Cumberland road has fallen a victim and a sacrifice to the distribution spirit; and the fate of that bill is to be the fate of many more. At present the fortifications are to suffer, and may be considered as defeated for this year. Thus far nothing has been done; all bills for the service of the country have been delayed and postponed; all the heavy appropriations have been kept back, and for a purpose which is perfectly understood in this chamber, and ought to be understood by the country. It is to make a surplus! It is to make a fictitious, delusive, and unreal surplus, to excite the cupidity of distributees, and to form the new rallying point of the same party which has had the career of so many new projects and changes in a few years past. They now proclaim a surplus of thirty millions in the Treasury; and how have they got it there? By stopping the appropriations; by delaying every bill that they can; by cutting down every appropriation to the lowest dollar. By these tactics, they have succeeded in damming up the money in the Treasury, while the business of the country has stopped for want of that money. Every branch of service is suffing for want of the money now in the Treasury, and which is ridiculously called surplus, while the officers of the Government are in vain calling for it. Mr. B. said that every person knew, or might, that officers were borrowing money, on account, [illegible] MONEY to carry on the public business, [illegible] here are proclaiming a surplus of thirty millions, and absolutely refusing to go on with appropriation bills, and giving all their time and all their pathetic eloquence to the miseries of an overburthened Treasury. More than that, salaried officers, with pay due them, are borrowing money at usury, for the support of their families, while we sit here refusing to vote their pay, and indulging in sorrowful lamentations over the impossibility of ever getting rid of the public money, except by dividing it out. They are shedding real tears over their empty pockets, while we are shedding fictitious and crocodile tears over the fulness of the Treasury. Such were the first fruits of this most fatal and ruinous policy of distribution. It would soon manifest its hideous spirit in the defeat of the most important and the most necessary bills; and he, (Mr. B.) without treading upon forbidden ground might allude to what was publicly known, that a treaty had been made with the Cherokees last year, requiring five and a half millions, and another with Indians in Michigan, for a million and three quarters; and that now at the end of five months, neither of these treaties were acted upon and could not be passed without putting an end to this lamentation about the surplus. Every thing had to be kept back to swell a surplus, to make an ostensible amount in the Treasury; and then everything that could be defeated would have to be defeated, in order to save that ostensible surplus for distribution. Hence a new and fell spirit was brought into our legislation; a spirit wholly intent upon getting at the money in the Treasury, and pushing aside, trampling down, and cutting off every measure for the good of the country, which threatened to take a dollar from this adored surplus. How is it, said Mr. B., with this bill? What right has it to take precedence over the fortification bill, and the other bills for the service of the country? Surely the supplies ought to be voted before the excess is thrown away; surely the surplus ought to be ascertained before it is distributed. This is regular and natural; but if it was done, the surplus scheme would be blown up. All the money in the Treasury, and more too, would be appropriated; the thirty millions would be gone; and the duped and deceived distributees, who are now, each one, with slate and pencil, calculating the amount of his share, would find that the vision had vanished; the mountain had disappeared, and the appropriation bills had covered every dollar that he was counting up of distribution. This was the true reason for pushing the distribution bill; this was the true reason for keeping it ahead of all other bills; if it were postponed until after the bills for the service of the country were passed, then the delusion of the surplus could not be kept up. Even now, within this hour by the good fortune of getting the navy bill, and a Florida war bill through, we had reduced the surplus between seven and eight millions; still that seven or eight will still flourish in the speeches of gentlemen. Suppose these bills had been passed two months ago, and the Indian treaties ratified two or three months ago, then half the surplus would have been gone, and a great many fine speeches spoiled. This would have been the consequence of proceeding regularly and naturally, and ascertaining the surplus before it was used. Even now, if the Administration Party in the Senate is strong enough to bring on the business of the country, if that party is strong enough to vote money for the service of the country, and to ratify treaties, two weeks will explode this bubble of a surplus, and show every dollar in the Treasury, *and more too,* covered by appropriation bills, and in a regular course of expenditure for the public service.

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