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### POET'S CORNER.

#### "AMELIA"—MRS. WELBY.

Mrs. Welby, of Kentucky, is unquestionably one of the sweetest poets of the age. We never see an ordinary production from her pen. "The Last Interview," following her last production, but we hope it will not be the last by thousands she may favor us with. Her poetry is full of feeling. It gushes from an overflowing heart, and goes to the hearts of all her readers.

[We have been informed that this lady was raised and educated in the village of St. Michaels in this county.—Ed. Star.]

From the Louisville Journal.

#### THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Here in the lonely bower, where first I won thee,  
I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale rays,  
To gaze upon thee, through struggling tears,  
And then to bear my broken heart away;  
I dare not linger near thee as a brother;  
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;  
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother  
While yielding all the sweetness to another,  
That should be mine.

Bad faith hath willed it, the decree is spoken;  
Now life may lengthen out its weary chain,  
For rest of thee, its lowliest links are broken;  
May we but cherish them all in Heaven again.  
Yes, thou wilt there be mine, in yon blue heavens  
Where sweet meetings of the pure and good  
Of joys unpeakable to such are given,  
When the sweet ties of love that here are bound  
Quite beyond.

A glorious chasm from Heaven thou dost inhabit,  
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;  
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit  
May whisper to me, thro' thine own sweet  
And though my coming life may soon recede  
The desert spots thro' which my steps will  
Thou' round these then wilt worshippers assemble,  
My heart will triumph if thine own but bleed  
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our horer the light repose  
In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me;  
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson  
And the farsunbeams tremble o'er the sea;  
But when at eve the tender heart grows  
And the full soul with pensive love  
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet pallid  
And, thrilled with love, upon my memory  
With tender thought.

And when at times thy bird-like voice en-  
The listening throng, with some enchant-  
I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances  
One gentle message to my heart convey;  
I ask but this—a happier one has taken  
From my lone life the charm that makes  
I ask but this, and promise thee, unalike,  
To meet that look of love—but oh! 'twill  
Such raptures here.

And now farewell! I dare not lengthen  
These sweet sad moments out; to gaze on  
I bless indeed, yet it but nerves to strengthen  
The love that now amounts to agony;  
This is our last farewell, our last fond meet-  
The world is wide, and we must dwell in  
My spirit rises they, now, its last wild pro-  
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beat-  
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! Our dream of bliss is  
All, save the memory of our plighted love;  
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,  
Yet I remember, thou art mine above.  
'Tis a sweet thought, and when by distance  
'Twill be upon our hearts, a holy spell,  
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have start-  
And I—alas, we both are broken-hearted—  
Dearest, farewell!

AMELIA.

#### LIFE AND LOVE.

A PRIZE TALE,  
Written for the Philad. Dollar Newspaper,  
BY JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.  
And for which the First Premium of one  
hundred dollars was paid.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde!"  
The snow had fallen fast, and now lay  
deep in the streets of one of our principal  
Eastern cities. Gay equipages of every  
hue and fashion dashed rapidly past each  
other, the sleigh-bells mingling their merry  
music. The sun shone unclouded, and  
glanced a smiling and hasty recognition,  
as friends and acquaintances were borne  
swiftly along in fanciful and gaily color-  
ed cars. It was a day for wealth to fold  
more closely its furs and velvets and take  
pleasure, and for poverty to shiver in its  
rage, and to think dreadfully of the cold  
night coming.

The room was warm and furnished  
with the comfort and taste befitting the  
apartment of the youthful heiress who oc-  
cupied it. Richly bound books of engrav-  
ings were strewn on the tables, a bouquet  
of costly exotics gave forth a summer fra-  
grance, and rose colored curtains adorned  
the windows, tempering the brilliant sun-  
shine, and reflecting a new beauty on the  
fair, smiling face of the happy wife.  
Faintly and sweetly sounded the sleigh-  
bells in that pleasant room, mellowed into  
harmony by the exclamation of distance,  
for all things seemed harmonious around  
Gertrude—and her life, like the drapery  
in her favorite apartment, had all been  
*color de rose*. Ah! there was not a trace  
of the world's trials in her warm face, heart,  
whose brief experience had been so bright,  
and the pen wielded by that little hand re-  
corded the fond words of an affection that  
had never known a shadow nor a blight.

"I am so happy, Hester! How delight-  
fully the hours will fly when we are again  
together; I can scarcely realize, even yet,  
that I am so soon to have my darling cousin  
in an inmate of my own home for several  
long, gay months. You know, dearest, I  
promised to tell you a secret, and one which I  
guarded even from you, during all this  
winter—from you who have hitherto read  
my thoughts like an open book. You will  
fancy at once, Hester, that this mystery  
is—that I am in love! Yes! it is even  
so; and when we meet, you shall see *mon  
ami*, and approve my choice. You cannot  
but do this, for he is all even you could  
wish. You know a love affair loses half  
the interest when deprived of mystery, so  
I shall not reveal, until I see you, the name  
of the favored one. What a charm this  
love lends my life! how much better and  
fairer all things seem in this beautiful  
world, and yet I hear and read of sorrow  
and care and suffering, till I doubt if they  
can be real. If they are, I am blest indeed,  
for I have no words to paint those glowing  
mornings, when my eyes and how very  
happy is the present. Has existence in  
truth, its dark trial hours for us all? Then  
sad enough must prove my hereafter, for  
my troubles are yet to come, and I have  
never known a care. Dearest, how sweet  
it is to be loved! to feel, with perfect con-  
fidence, that the heart of another is ours for  
all time and eternity! to experience the com-  
plete sympathy of undivided affection! to  
believe that privation and affliction would  
but bind closer and nearer. All this I re-  
alize now. Hester, how have I lived so  
long and happily without loving, and what  
would my life be, were this dream of ec-  
stasy ever to know a change?"

Oh! what poetry had the earth like the  
unsold heart's first vision of love! All  
bright and pure and lovely things are its  
types, it wanders abroad on angel wings,  
it seeths a source of ever-welling beauty,  
it painteth the world with the rainbow;  
Woe to the dreamer, when the illusion  
passeth away!

Gertrude was the only child of wealthy  
and dexterous parents, and every indulgence  
and gratification had been hers which riches  
and unbounded affection could bestow. Her  
disposition was peculiarly gay and ardent,  
and she entered with eager zest into all the  
enjoyments scattered with such lavish profu-  
sion around her. Scarcely passed the  
threshold of childhood, she was still a  
child in fervency of purpose, in impetu-  
osity of feeling, and in that questioning reli-  
ance on the motives and professions of  
others, whose abandonment is one of the  
world's earliest and harshest lessons. And  
now, too, the entrance of a new and more  
engrossing life had taught her to reflect  
more deeply, and already the girl was pass-  
ing, through love, to thoughtful and earn-  
est womanhood.

There are destinies which fate appears  
to delight to gild, on whose guarded pre-  
cious, for awhile at least, and is forbidden  
to trespass, and for which experience has  
no offering but its sweetest and fairest  
flowers. Few and brief are such enchanted  
lives, but very beautiful while they last,  
and Gertrude's young career was full of  
promise that even such a lot would be hers.  
All that accomplishment and refinement  
could impart, had combined to aid and cre-  
ate the sunny loveliness of her person  
and character, and well might the gay en-  
thusiast question the reality of cares who  
had never felt, of woes whose very echo  
had never reached her pathway, and from  
whose faintest knowledge she had been  
carefully shielded. How different had been  
the conviction of her to whom that letter  
was addressed.

Hester Dalton was a widow's only child,  
the eldest and last of many. One by one  
the younger blossoms had dropped and faded  
beside the household hearth, until only a  
solitary one lingered, where several  
had been wont to bind.—The sweet tint  
of childhood's presence had ceased to shed  
its joy and music, and the widow had  
grieved over that sad stillness, till her heart  
like her home, had grown silently sorrowful.

Mrs. Dalton's circumstances, though not  
opulent, were independent, but she had  
survived her taste for society, and avoided  
the general intercourse that, for her, had  
long lost its charm. Her pleasures, were  
all serene and tranquil, and she lived apart  
from social gaieties, in a calm and quiet  
world, haunted by a mother's memories.  
Yet there was nothing of gloom in her na-  
ture or conduct, and she constantly urged  
Hester's participation in the amusements  
congenial to her age; but for herself, the  
power of illusion was over; and en-

joyment had ceased to attract or deceive.  
Hester had little taste for the common  
pleasures around her, and in the thought-  
fulness of a placid and intellectual retire-  
ment, she had acquired a philosophic serene-  
ity of feeling, and firmness of character,  
mossily in her years and sex. Gifted, both  
mentally and personally, there was some-  
thing in the proud, tranquil beauty of that  
pale, reflective face, that spoke of mind se-  
cure in its reliance; of a heart sad, it might  
be, by its experience, but strong and un-  
swerving in its trust. Perhaps the early  
demand upon her sympathies, the prema-  
ture and continual exercise of all that ten-  
derness and gentleness could bring to com-  
fort and cheer the beloved, and that deep  
contemplation of bereavement which Hester  
had shared over her intellect more than its  
own sweetness, and implanted a self-com-  
manding and self-reliance, which nothing  
could shake, but troubles that have sought  
and found a divine consolation. A soft  
smile was on her lip as she read Gertrude's  
letter; it may be the warm affection it so  
capitally confessed brought nearer the  
pleasant memory of her own ties, and per-  
haps the confiding love her cousin paint-  
ed had already gained an entrance into  
her own bosom. Ah! beautiful with the  
starry holiness of a better world, is the  
devotion of a spirit, tried and chastened  
and perfected, like hers; and though the  
happy, unthinking enthusiasm of a being  
like Gertrude may summon a smiling sym-  
pathy, we look with graver and deeper kind-  
ness on the tested feelings of one, whose  
emotions, from their very permanence,  
awaken our thoughtful reverence.

CHAPTER II.

A few weeks afterwards, the cousins  
were seated together in Gertrude's room.  
Rich, gay dresses, and the various para-  
phernalia of a lady's wardrobe, were strewn  
around the apartment, and in a loose white  
morning-robe, her light, sunny curls put  
carefully away from her unclouded fore-  
head, the heiress was busily reading a  
closely written note. The writing was that  
of a gentleman, and there needed but one  
moment's glance at the sweet, blushing  
face that bent over it, to reveal the nature  
of the communication. Her companion  
was seated opposite to her, and as Hester  
gazed silently on the reader, her cheek was  
very pale, and something of pity was in her  
earnest look.

"It will be here to-morrow, Hester,"  
said Gertrude, without withdrawing her  
eyes from the precious epistle. "Two days  
sooner than I ventured to hope; ah! what  
happiness!"

What was it for Hester that she had long  
ago ceased to conceal and subdue the  
rough rush of her emotions, or even Ger-  
trude, with all her gay, unconsciousness,  
would have interpreted truly the sudden  
expression of unutterable grief that passed  
swiftly over those warm, still features. It  
lingered, but for an instant, then, as the  
ripples die on the surface of the calm wa-  
ter, leaving it placid as before, even so the  
outward sign faded, of a firm, proud spirit's  
trial. There are natures that need trouble  
to perfect them, souls that, from their in-  
nate superiority, would be too arrogant and  
haughty, if some conflict with that stern  
teaching did not bring them the improv-  
ing, though humbling conviction of their  
own feebleness to withstand temptation.—  
Hester was one of these, and depressing  
enough was the knowledge that taught her  
to tread, resignedly and patiently, the pil-  
grim-path of a life along which the thorns  
were scattered so soon and thickly.

"Ah! me! what a delightful letter it is!"  
said Gertrude, with a half sigh at having  
finished it, as, after a second lengthened  
perusal, she slowly declared the invaluable  
document. "I rejoiced, Hester, I never  
thought I could be actually in love; and do  
you remember how I delighted to tease you  
when you used to praise Rudolf so continu-  
ally, and every body thought he was your  
lover? I did not know him then, or I  
should have listened to your commendations  
more graciously, but you have my full  
and free permission to laud him now as  
ardently as you please, and I shall never  
grow weary of the theme. What a fortune  
lot mine is, Hester; every change renders  
it brighter! Even in marrying I shall  
break no ties and make no sacrifices; for  
you know that I am not even to leave my own  
delightful home, and just fancy, dearest,  
how much more charming it will be, when  
he will be constantly here."

With characteristic artlessness, Gertrude  
thus gave open utterance to the unmingled  
happiness she felt, and there was singular  
beauty in the innocent, child-like fervor of  
a heart just awakened by the touch of love  
to the full knowledge of its capacity for  
rapture. Hester listened to her ecstasies  
in silence, or answered them by kind and  
gentle words, but they jarred painfully on  
the saddened chords of her feelings. "Mo-  
ther, I must come to you!" she wrote in  
her letter that evening, "it is even as I sus-  
pected and believed; he is the betrothed of  
Gertrude, and though with the knowledge  
of his deception, and the severing of my  
engagement, the earnestness of my love  
has vanished, I would not risk by remain-  
ing here, the arousing of recollections that  
must be painful to us both. I would not  
know an earlier attachment, for she be-  
lieves herself his first love, and it were  
cruel to dispel her unshadowed life. That  
his objects in this marriage are necessary  
and selfish, I cannot but fear; for he cannot

so soon have forgotten all the associations  
and professions of the past. It would be  
embarrassing and useless for me to stay  
here, and I must entreat you to write me  
a recall immediately after Gertrude is mar-  
ried. In your bosom, my mother, I can  
lay my weary head, and find rest and sym-  
pathy. You have kindness and comfort  
for one whose fondest earthly hopes have  
faded and died in the freshness of their  
spring-time. This trial is hard to endure,  
but what love could ever be like that of  
youth! and life-long devotion of yours!"

Soft and kind were the wishes breathed  
around Gertrude on her bridal evening;  
for the rich have many friends, and there  
was a cloud on that bright, open brow,  
with its pure, glowing gladness. This is a pro-  
phetic in the interest that ever follows the  
entire pathway of a bride, well may an-  
xious thoughts go forth from loving hearts  
towards a future whose happiness is to be  
won by the breaking of ties that bless the  
past, and well may there rest on those who  
know the world, fear for the warm affec-  
tions trusting all things to a single hope!  
Ah! the hereafter is the silent land whose  
evils have no voice to predict them, and  
whence there soundeth for the wanderer  
no sign nor warning of the trials to come.  
Three blessed are they who go forward  
with meek and faithful hearts, prepared to  
battle patiently, clasping the cross, and  
looking up to Heaven. Rudolf was re-  
markably graceful in his manners and ap-  
pearance, and his air was the courteous  
but lofty bearing of one who was confident  
in his superiority to the many with whom  
he mingled.

Perhaps those skilled in reading character  
would have detected in the calm, polished  
language, the courtly compliment, the reser-  
ved, but cold smile, the habitual self-com-  
mand of a heart whose true motives and  
studied impulses would not bear reveal-  
ing, and whose natural selfishness had been  
increased and confirmed by constant and  
unlimited indulgence. He was several years  
Gertrude's senior, and his guarded serene-  
ity and singular self-possession contrasted  
strongly with the unhesitating simplicity  
and girlish incoherence of the lovely one  
by his side. Once only that evening, his  
voice lost its accustomed composure, and  
his dark, haughty eye sunk abashed. It  
was during the latter part of the evening,  
and he was standing with his bride apart  
from the guests. Gertrude called his atten-  
tion to some lady among the visitors, and  
lauded her beauty.

"For me, there is but one fair face on  
earth," was his low and impassioned reply;  
"you are its only loveliness. Gertrude,  
that has ever touched my tenderness, and  
wins the only mind that has prompted my  
praise."

He looked up as he spoke, and encour-  
aged Hester's calm and searching gaze.  
Full was it of the proud and lofty scorn  
that unwavering truth ever feels for deceit,  
yet mingled with a softer and gentler emo-  
tion, a sorrowful pity for the soul thus  
staining its brightness, such pity as per-  
duces the angels experience in looking  
on the human frailty of the mortal they  
love.—For Hester's spirit was too pure  
and noble for selfish resentment to profane  
its lustre, and all that disappointment had  
wrought in her character, was to blend  
with her yielding humility a deeper knowl-  
edge of the power of temptation, and a  
kind regard for the faults of those whose  
faculty of resistance was feeble. Would  
that our sorrows were oftener thus writ-  
ten, and that the only outward tokens of  
enduring grief were the nearest approach  
to the holiness of perfection.

[Conclusion next week.]

### Treasury Report.

This report occupies more than six col-  
umns of the National Intelligencer, and is  
of course too long to be published at large  
in our paper—we shall endeavor therefore  
to give such a condensed statement of it as  
will furnish the reader with all the impor-  
tant facts. It is known that the commence-  
ment of the fiscal year has been changed  
to the first of July; a separate statement  
of receipts and expenditures from the first  
January last to the 1st of July, has there-  
fore been given by the secretary, so as to  
bring up the accounts to the latter period.

The secretary states that there was a  
deficiency of means to meet engagements  
on the first of January, 1842, amounting  
to \$604,323 47. The receipts during the  
year 1842, were:

From the ordinary sources, \$19,643,950 10
From loans and treasury notes, 14,809,735 61
Total, \$34,453,685 71

The expenditures during the same period ex-  
clusively of sums paid on the redemption of  
treasury notes and interest on them, and  
on recent loans, and on account of public  
debt, \$23,921,037 60

For old public debt, treasury notes  
and interest on them, \$4,777,869 94

Add deficiency 1st January, 1842, 604,323 47

Total, \$28,699,231 01

Balance in treasury Jan. 1, 1843, \$1,449,472 03

Receipts from Jan. 1, to July 1, 1843, exclusive of loans and treasury notes, 8,065,325 43

Treasury notes and loans, 12,479,708 39

Expenditures exclusive of public debt, 10,698,390 83

Redemption of treasury notes & principal on public debt, \$61,607 47

Total, 11,550,998 30

Balance in treasury July 1, 1843, \$10,434,507 55

This large apparent balance (says the report) arises from the circumstance, that while nearly the whole proceeds of the seven millions loan were paid in during the half year, the amount of notes redeemed by those proceeds does not appear in the accounts of that period, but is contained in those of the next quarter. The real balance, excluding the loan and the notes subsequently redeemed was about \$3,370,000.

From the 1st of July to the 20th September, 1843, the receipts into the treasury from all sources were \$6,514,013 74

Add balance in treasury July 1, 10,434,507 55

Total means, \$17,048,521 29

Expenditures to 30th Sept., 13,218,359 62

Balance in treasury 1st Oct. 1843, \$3,829,121 77

The estimated receipts for the three succeeding quarters to the 1st July, 1844, including balance in the treasury on the 30th Sept. 1843, are \$16,738,131 77—and the expenditures during the same period are set down at \$19,263,395 94; leaving a deficiency at the expiration of the fiscal year of \$2,525,264 17. But, having deducted from the expenditures certain appropriations which may be called for, the secretary says, that, including these, the deficiency to be provided for during the present fiscal year will be about \$4,000,000.

An estimate is then given of the probable receipts and expenditures from 1st July, 1844, to 30th June 1845, from which it is expected that there will be a deficiency, at the latter period of \$4,567,059 19. In the receipts are included \$2,250,000 from public lands. The estimates are made on the assumption of the continuance of the existing laws for the collection of duties on imports and tonnage, and for the sale of the public lands. There has been a decided improvement in the duties on im-  
ports during the year 1843, and the secretary thinks that there will be a further augmentation for two or three years to come. He attributes the falling off in the impor-  
tations of foreign fabrics, as compared with past years, to the quantity and quality of goods and domestic manufacture. The secretary thinks that, should emigration take its course towards the shores of the Pacific, the sales of the public lands will be diminished. He is totally opposed to any distribution of the proceeds of land sales among the States.

The report then sums up the whole amount of debt which will have to be provided for between the present period and the 30th June, 1845, viz: for the present fiscal year \$4,000,000; for the fiscal year commencing on the 1st July, 1844, \$4,500,000; loan of 1841, due 1st January, 1844, \$5,672,976 88; treasury notes \$4,656,874 45; amounting in the whole to \$19,829,851 33.

The secretary next examines the question whether any, and what provisions can be made to meet the contemplated deficiencies, or such portion of them as may exist af-  
ter the reductions which Congress may direct. The alternatives which suggest them-  
selves are, direct taxation, an augmentation of the proceeds of the public lands, the increase of existing duties on imports, and the imposition of duties upon articles now free. Direct taxation he considers out of the question, and has therefore, nothing to suggest relative to it.

It is not believed that any modification of the land laws can be made by which any permanent increase of revenue from the public domain, can be secured. Some temporary accession might be obtained by reducing the price of land offered for sale, but it would be with the hazard, if not certainty of destroying a rich fountain, whose regular and steady stream is kept up by maintaining a moderate price adapted to the circumstances of our fellow citizens, and yet not inviting speculative investments. Our ultimate resource, then, must be the duties on imports.

Sufficient information has not yet been obtained respecting the practical operation of the act of 26th August, 1842, establish-  
ing the existing rates of duties on foreign imports, to authorize an accurate esti-  
mation of the probable results of its differ-  
ent provisions. But he feels bound to say that, from the examination of reports he has caused to be made from the principal ports, and from a general view of our commerce, after the best consider-  
ation which he could give to the subject, he has not been able to discover any of the existing duties which can be increased with any reasonable prospect of aug-  
menting the revenue. The danger from this source is, that articles upon which duties are levied will either be clandestinely introduced or not imported at all.

On the other hand, looking at the sub-

ject exclusively in its bearings upon the revenue, he is not prepared to specify any very important rates of duty that will bear reduction, unless the deficiency be supplied by duties upon other articles.

Assuming that no improvement of the revenue will soon be effected by any in-  
crease or regulation of existing duties, the secretary recommends a duty on articles which are at present free, tea and coffee particularly. "In respect to tea," (says the report) "the opening of the China trade, and the exchange for them of our coarse cotton fabrics, instead of specie as heretofore, will enable us to obtain larger supplies, and at cheaper rates. But, whatever may be the increase of price to the consumer, it would be fairly distributed among the whole community, for nearly all are consumers; and by a proper adjustment of the rates, it would fall chiefly upon those who used teas of the most expensive kind. Hence a specific duty in reference to cost would be most advisable.

In order to exclude a spurious article which has sometimes forced its way among us, it would be expedient to fix a minimum value at sixteen or twenty cents per pound. A duty of five cents per pound on all teas costing twenty-five cents or under, of seven cents upon those costing from twenty-five to thirty-five cents, and thus advancing the duty according to the cost, would afford the most certain and practicable mode of collection, while it would be the least burdensome. With respect to coffee, it is represented that the difference in value between the various descriptions in use among us is not such as to render an *ad valorem* duty necessary or expedient.

A moderate specific duty of two cents per pound, when brought from the country of its growth, in Asia, Africa, or America, and three cents per pound when imported from Europe, it is believed would be fair and moderate. Such a duty may be estimated to produce at least two millions five hundred thousand dollars. From a duty on teas, graduated as above suggested, we may expect to realize about one million five hundred thousand dollars. Much, however, will depend upon the terms of our trade with China. It cannot be supposed that duties to the amount of four millions, distributed among nearly eighteen millions of persons, would be seriously felt by any, even assuming that the consumers would exclusively bear the burden, and that it would not be divided between them and the producers."

The report then goes into a statement in regard to the issue of treasury notes, which is unnecessary to give at large. They are issued redeemable in specie; bear a nominal interest; and form a portion of the circulating medium.

The report says in brief synopsis of the foregoing statements and suggestions in relation to the deficiency of means to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government during the current and the next fiscal year, may be useful. By extending the loan which becomes due 1st January, 1845, its amount (\$5,672,976 88) may be provided for.

By raising of light-money, by a duty on articles now free, particularly tea and coffee, and by the other means suggested in this report, an addition may be made to the revenue of between four and five millions of dollars. Estimating this at four millions five hundred thousand dollars, there will be left to be provided for four millions five hundred thousand dollars, amounting to a little more than four millions six hundred thousand dollars. These two items, amounting in the whole to nine millions one hundred thousand dollars, might be supplied by a continuation of the act of March 3, 1843, (providing for the re-issue of Treasury notes, with a contingent authority to fund into a stock,) which is limited to the 1st of July, 1844; and by extending it so as to include the anticipated deficiency of four millions five hundred thousand dollars, or such a portion of it as may be found expedient to meet in this manner.—By this an increase of the permanent public debt may be avoided, and any reduction of expenditures or increase of revenue that may take place will enable the Department to redeem a portion of this floating debt. For this reason, if for no other, it is advisable that this portion of our debt should be kept in such a condition that it may be redeemed at pleasure. Should the discretion as to the rate of interest on the Treasury notes to be issued, be abrogated, or should the authority to purchase them on presentation be withheld, which would be equivalent to a direction that interest shall be paid at all events, then it will be necessary to add to the estimated deficiency for the service of the next fiscal year at least four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Suggestions and references follow in relation to illegal importations on our southern frontier; compensating clerks in the custom-houses; provision for sick and disabled seamen; improvement of the marine preventive service against smuggling; light house establishments; reports from officers of the treasury department, &c. There has been no delinquency on default on the part of collectors of the customs, receivers of public money, or any other officer or agent, charged with the receipt or deposit of the public funds. Attention is called to the multitude and frequency of oaths prescribed in our system of collecting the revenue, &c.—Balt. Clipper.

"Father, what do printers live on?"  
"Why, child?" "You said you have not paid him for two or three years, and yet you have had his paper every week?"  
"Take the child out of the room, what does he know about right and wrong?"

"A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, "That's easily told—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."