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Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

HOME.

There is one bright, enchanting spot,
Where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God
Hath made a heaven below;
And in that covenant sheltered spot,
There is a radiant gem,
More precious far than ocean pearls,
Or empire's diadem!
Oh! keep that gem, ye plighted ones,
Nor from that spot depart;
That spot is HOME—delightful home!
That gem, the FAITHFUL HEART.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Not for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join:
But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flower of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die;
But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

BY CORNWALL.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light,
But for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtless mein.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then *he* died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief sum and story,
Life, Death, and all there is of—Glory.

Miscellaneous.

UNCLE JOHNNY'S TOOTH PULLING STORY.

Written for the New York "Spirit of the Times," by obe Oilstone, of Lafitte, Miss.

Uncle Johnny has been cornered to tell a story, and can't well get out of it, so he "opens" thus:

"You see, 'twas the night after the big dinner up here, and Wade got a crowd of youngsters to go home with him for some *fun*. Jist afore they gits to Wade's they overtakes me, and I took him up at his first offer to go by, too—he keeps good licker, Wade does. Well, after supper I seen the boys was in for a frolic. I took two or three hands with 'em at cards, and after punishin' sum of the old stuff, I lays down. Well, I s'pose it wanted about two hours to day, when I was roused with the wakenest noise I ever riz to. I can't hardly tell how they *was* all fixed in that room, but thar Wills lay flat on his back, on the floor, a big nigger aholt of each hand, holdin' him spread out—the Doctor settin' straddle of his brest, in his shirt tail, with a pair of bullet moles in his hands, tryin' to pull out one of his teeth! They thar sat Henry B——nes, from Claiborne Co., at his head, a holdin' the candle, and every now and then he would reach one hand over and hyst Will's upper lip for the Doctor to get the moles onto his tooth—Henry had a big pair of goat locks under his chin, and in peepin' over at the operation he'd git 'em right over the candle, and they'd *swinge*. I see him keep turnin' up his nose like he smelt something a burnin,' but he never dreamed it was *his* whiskers. Wills was a gruntin' powerful, and what between gruntin' and the hiccups I thort he'd strangle. Major Bob was thar, too, and he had on a wonderful short shirt for a big fat man. He swore he could beat that doctor a pullin' teeth, and he was hollerin for his 'insterments!' (a hammer and nail) to knock it out! They got the nail, and as they couldn't find a hammer, in they fetched a pair of shoemaker's pinchers that's got a sort of hammer on one side. The doctor dropt the moles, for he found out that every time he'd *jerk* they'd *slip*, so he sings out for the pinchers—swore they were his favorite insterments—always used 'em—beat pullicans to h—! Well, you never did see a drunken set so busy about a serious job! Every one was in ded ernest tryin' to help Wills and *he* was takin on wonderful, that's a fact! The doctor set to work with the pinchers, and there set Henry with the plaisinest countenance (and when he gits three sheets spred, and is *tryin'* to unfarl the fourth, he can jist out laugh the universe, or I'll borrow a hat to go home with!) There sot Henry reddy to hyst Wills upper lip when the doctor would stagger that way. Well, he got reddy; Henry histed his lip, and after two or three false jerks he found the hammer was on the wrong side of the pinchers for *that* tooth, so he turns in and asks Wills on which side the akin tooth *was*? He said he didn't know!—So he fastens 'em onto a sound tooth on t'other side, but the Major had got impatient, so he riz—pulled his shirt as low as he could git it, picks up the tongs, walks round and puts one foot on Will's brest before the Doctor, and says he, 'Doctor, you've been settin' cross that man for three hours!—You can't pull no tooth, nor never could! Git up, man, git up! I can jist take *these tongs* and pull his tooth in half the time.'

But he had'nt a chance to try, for Henry, who had been leaning over to Will's lip puts his chin right over the candle, and before he knowed it his whiskers was in a big blaze! He drops the candle with a 'hoose' right into Will's face—niggars let go and jumpt—Bob and the Doctor fell in a lump tongs and all. Will riz with his all fours and made for the gallery with the stranglinest hiccups I ever heard! I followed the man out—I raly thought he was stranglin' to deth—but he had riz up by the gallery post and was a heavin' and settin! It beat all tooth pullins I ever seen. Says I, 'Curnel, what's you doing'? Says he, 'trying to throw up (hic, that d—tooth! I think—I must'er *swallerd it*.' Well I looks around for this boy, and not seein' him, I enquires, but they had bin so busy they hadn't missed him. Thinks I, I'll take a turn around and see if I can't find him holding a fence up somewhar! Well, soon as I got out of the noise in the house I heard somebody hollering', and there he was, sure enuff, huggin' a red oak, three feet thru. 'Well,' says I, "what you doin' here? 'Uncle Johnny, come here—for God's sake come here,' says he, 'and put a rail up agin this tree!—I'm mighty tired,' says he, 'it's right easy now, but *when the wind blows* it's mity heavy—that's sartin; hurrah, here it comes,' says he, and he spread himself to it as if he'd been holdin' up the universe! Ha! ha! ha! 'twas rich to see him surgin' up agin that tree to hold it up and beggin me to prop it up with a rail. I gits a rail and leans it agin the tree. 'Uncle Johnny' says he, had'nt you better git another? It's a mity-big tree, and ruff at that.' 'Let go,' says I, 't'wont fall—these rails 'll hold it—let go!' Soon as he let go, slam bang he went agin the pickets—knocked some off and went clean thru! —*durn* them pickets! they bin trying to run over me all night,' picking himself up mity awkward. I could'nt hold in, he talked so natural—'why,' says I, 'you run over *them*.' 'Oh no, says he, "what with holding that tree up and gitting round on tother side at the same time, to git out of the pickets way, it nily took all the flesh off my arms—that's proof aint it.' Well, I could'nt begin to lead him to the house, so I jist got behind and pushed him. He's a little man, but you orter bin thar if you ain't never seen a man walk tall, every time he stept his legs went out to right angels—I say how's your arms got?'

"That'll do now, Uncle Johnny—treat, won't you?"

"Now you hit me—come in men, what'll you pull your tooth with?"

SOFT AND HARD.

These two antithetical words, besides their ordinary meaning, have in Missouri, a political signification. In this State the democratic party are divided into "*hards*" and "*softs*." The former advocate an exclusive metallic currency; the latter are in favor of a State Bank.

Yesterday a young six-footer from Missouri was strolling carelessly along the Levee, whistling "Jenny get your hoe-cake done," looking at the sights that passed in panoramic view, as it were before him, though not taking of anything a very minute view, except it was at a dandy with his face covered over with black hair, who passed along, and at whom he laughed outright, ejaculating, "Well, I swar, if I didn't take that 'are critter when I saw him first to be a *bar* in breeches!"

He had not gone far, flinging out his legs as he would the oars of his flatboat, when he was accosted by one of those fellows who go about seeking for green ones to fleece. This fellow looking very misterious, put his hand inside the breast of his coat and pulled out what seemed to be a flashy, emerald, double baeast-pin, set in gold. He motioned the Missourian to him with a kind of confidential, stage gesture, end asked him in a semi-suppressed voice, if he would not buy that—he would get the greatest kind of a bargain in it.

The materials of the pin, we need not tell our readers, instead of being emerald and gold, were stained glass, and lacquered brass. This fact the Missourian knew at a glance, though he affected to be quite unconscious of it. He went on to bargain for it, till the sharper consented to give it up for five dollars, though if he were not hard up, he said, and if his shirts were not seized for his board, he would not give it for forty.

'Well, I hain't got less than $10 bill of the Missouri Bank,' said the Missourian, 'It's as good as gold, though—never suspended—and as I'm a 'soft' you see I prefer it to specie."

'Oh, you're a soft are you?' said the sharper.

'I reckon I am,' said the Missourian.

'Well, do you know, I tho't you were,' said the sharper; "now isn't that strange?"

'Very!' said the Missourian, handing over ten dollar bill, and receiving the brass pin and five silver dollars.

They parted. The sharper carried away the counterfeit ten dollar bill—for such was the one given him by the Missourian—latter returned to his boat, told how he had bit the biter, and treated all hands out of the profits of the trade.

'The cussed scamp,' said he, 'took me to be a *soft*; but I reckon he found me a *hard*."—*N. O. Picayune.*

LAMENTABLE.

The following case of domestic infelicity is too directly in point to be lost and is too well depicted in the language of the newspaper in which we find it, to be improved by our hands:—

"A young planter in one of the Southern States was lately married to a beautiful and intellectual young lady. After the honey-moon had passed, he was pained to observe that his young bride looked thoughtful at times and appeared to suffer much from ennui. Thinking this might be caused from the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect.—His beloved, though apparently joyous and cheerful while conversing with him, as conversation lagged relapsed into that melancholy mood. Surprised at this he fell to pondering the causes, and after a lengthy reflection he came to the conclusion to send to New York for a piano, to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, Vicksburg, or Grand Gulf. Well, the musical companion at length arrived; and a splendid one it was, of beautiful maghogany, ornamented and polished, to the value of a five hundred bill—and then discoursed such ravishing melody as the snowy fingers of the young bride pressed the keys. The young man was in raptures, and congratulated himself on having procured the identical one thing needful to his angel's fecility. Poor man!—he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could be contented to pass her leisure hours in thumping over a piano forte!

He was mistaken. Though "music hath charms," like love, it is not the only disederatum in the world, for a while it pleases the ear and touches the heart, but ministers not to the mind! The lady seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he not yet made his domicil a paradise to 'her he adored.' At last to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked if she did not at times regret having entered the married state. "Oh no indeed," she replied with great earnestness—'never for a moment have I been other than your happy wife; but sometimes"——"Well sometimes what, dearest?" "If I must tell you then—*sometimes I regret that you do not take the newspapers. Papa takes a dozen.*"

Let every young husband who loves his wife, and who would keep her happy and thus preserve an amiable temper, remember the case here cited, and steadily avoid the error pointed out.

STYLE.—A gentleman out West thinks the following done up in fine style:—

"Very much depends upon style. A young gentleman, having occasion to ask a lady for the snuffers across the table, addressed her in the following emphatic and enamored strain:—

"Most beautiful, accomplished, and charming madam, will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension of infinite goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digestors, that I may exasperate the excrescence of the nocturnal cylindrical luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the vision of our occular optics more potently?"

The lady did *not* faint, but simply answered:—

"It would afford me, sir, superlative gratification to respond to the appeal which you have made to my beneficence; but I am constrained to impart to you the disagreeable information, that the receptacle of this bivalved instrument possess already an accumulation of concrete substance, which must prevent further deposite. The idea therefore suggests itself, that to accomplish the purpose of rendering more effective the light-dispensing agent, recourse should be had to the constricting exercise of those digital organs, vulgarly called *fingers!*"

INDIAN GALLANTRY.—Makawitta, was one of the most graceful and eloquent young warriors of the Ojibbeway tribe. Happening on board a steamboat, thro' curiosity, where many ladies came passengers, one of them, in a sportive mood, took a ring from her own and placed it on his finger. Mackawitta knew not what to think of this act, until a gentleman on board, who spoke his language, informed him that a ring was a token of affection. Placing himself in a graceful attitude, he immediately addressed the lady as follows:—

"You have conferred the best gift—this ring—emblem of love—of love that endures while the Great Spirit endures. My heart is touched—it is yours forever. I will preserve this ring while I live—I will bear it with me over the mighty waters, to the land of the good spirits. I am happy to be with you on this wonderful canoe, moved by the Great Spirit, and conducted by the big fish of the great deep. I wish to be with you till I go where my fathers have gone. Take back the ring, and give me that which I value more—yourself."

A gentleman boasting of the neatness and regularity of his wife, said—"If I get up in the night, pitch dark, I can find my clothes, down to my very gloves, all in the proper places. I was up this morning before day light, and"—(the gentleman here put his hand into his pocket, and took out his wife's night cap instead of his handkerchief!)

The Granite Boys.—The N. H. Journal, in giving the reason why New Hampshire is democratic, says:

"The father brings up his boys to the plough, parcels his acres among them at his decease, and hopes for no higher good than that they will follow in his footsteps, and perpetuate his name upon the homestead."

POLITICAL.

From the Bay State Democrat.

THE TARIFF IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The advocates of a high protective tariff in this country, already pretend to find a support for their peculiar doctrines in the late example afforded in England of the reduction of the British tariff by the influence of Sir Robert Peel. They found a similar example in the imposition of a high tariff in England some time since, and in the infliction of oppressive duties on the labor and energies of the starving millions of that despotic government. It is but too true, that whether England puts on restrictions or takes them off, American protectionists are sure to find argument in both to sustain their favorite theory.

The particular motive in this reduction of British duties is said to be that it will be for the interest of manufacturers, or afford them protection. All this, the American adulators of a foreign policy contend, is only a new form of promoting domestic manufactures by restrictive laws, and a new argument in favor of the wisdom of a high protective tariff. This is not so; and the theory here of the protectionists cannot be supported by any such shallow devices, such a plain misstatement of the distinctive relations of the political institutions and theory of governmental economy that belong to, and characterize the respective countries. Our views on this subject are so well expressed in an article in the Mobile Register, that we make from it the following extract.

"The monopolists of England are not the manufacturers but the land owners.—Agriculture is the favored and protected interest there. The free trade men are the manufacturers, who complain that the corn laws tax them enormously in their food, as the American farmers complain that the protective laws here tax them enormously in their clothing and implements. The land owners in England control the government, and shape the revenue laws, and the burden of taxation falls upon the laboring and manufacturing population in the form of dear food. In revising the system of finance, Sir Robert Peel has released this class from a large amount of taxes, and supplies the deficit by retaining the income tax. It is a revenue measure, and in the nature of a compensation to those interests for the severity with which the corn laws bear upon them. They are over taxed for the protection of the agriculturists; they are promised a counteracting benefit in the receipt of their materials from abroad duty free.

"It may be better described as a financial expedient to equalize as far as practicable the operation of the necessary revenue laws, than a scheme for direct protection. It is protection against the unequal operation of British laws, not protection against foreign competition. The necessities of the British government demand an immense amount of revenue, and her manufacturing industry is the great source of her wealth and strength. The adjustment of her internal finances so that her manufacturers shall not be forced to labor under more than their equal share of domestic taxation, into their competition with the foreign rivals, is the main object of some of her recent custom reforms.

"The consideration of these facts, and their bearing on her complicated and highly artificial social condition, make it very unsafe to judge hastily of the abstract principle apparently involved in her single acts of legislation, or to apply them, without very close scrutiny and careful analysis, to the direction of American questions."

SLAVERY IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Among the recent parliamentary proceedings there is a short explanation, by Sir Robert Peel, of African slavery in the West India Islands under English rule. This humane government, which is animated by so much philanthrophy that it seeks to bestow upon all the nations of the earth the benefit of its rule, and thus to bestow at large the advantages of its superior wisdom and enlightenment, does not brook the name of slavery. In their pious horror of it, they equip fleets and armies, fight, negotiate, and expend their money; nay, we see by their instructions to their consuls and agents in the United States, that they are secretly intermeddling in the abolition movements of our domestic incendiaries, and perhaps supply the money which maintains the abolition newspapers among us, and keeps alive this treasonable agitation. They war more by the purse than the sword. Their intrigues are ever in advance of their arms, and they find in fomenting factions, and in the cupidity and ambition of disappointed factionists, a cheaper and more effective force than British soldiery. This is their modern plan of conquest. India has fallen under it; Spain is falling; and the United States, their great commercial and manufacturing rival, upon which they have spent their military efforts in vain, they now seek to crush by kindling internal discord.

This slavery crusade is to be the means. By that, they are to unite the world abroad with the domestic factions here against the harmony of the Union. But it is only the name of slavery they war against. The reality, in its worst forms, is retained in all their dominions under the name of "operative," "apprentice," &c. It was in relation to this last form, that Sir Robert Peel tho't himself called on recently, by a reference made to it in a message of the President of the U. States, to make an explanation. It was stated that the slaves taken from traders by British cruisers were carrid to the British islands and apprenticed there for 21 years; and suggested perhaps, that it was as well they were left with the traders, so far as the liberty and happiness of the poor slaves was concerned. The apprenticeship in practice is slavery for life. None are ever heard of after an apprenticeship! "Ah! but," says Sir Robert, "they take it of their own accord; no compulsion is used. They would be taken to Africa if they desired it." But some how it seems they all prefer apprenticeship! Our readers will bear in mind the conditions of the wretches that the British minister permits to choose for themselves, and who choose so uniformly. They are unlike the African race we are accustomed to, whom climate and association with a superior race have raised in the scale of being. In form and countenance, they would almost justify the idea that they were the link between man and monkey. What a mockery to talk of the election made by such creatures! How systematic must be the deceit of a government which it covers its purposes with such a trick! What hypocricy to fill the natives with tirades against the slave trade, whilst they do but rob the slavers of their cargoes, to make the same inhuman use of them designed by the traders themselves! Yet have they their admirers and defenders among us. They were not without justifiers for forcing the Chinese to eat opium. They have defenders for their interposition in our Texan negotiations. They have advocates in our Senate house for their title to Oregon. And they got our northern frontier by the treaty of a British banker with a Secretary of State.—*Globe.*

Correspondence of the N. Y. Jour. of Com.

WASHINGTON, D. C. April 11, 1845.

I am sorry to see that one of your correspondents, who have generally been very correct in their previous letters, has fallen into the same error of certain correspondents from this city, on the subject of removals and appointments. He asserts that removals are going on with increased energy. Now, it is a matter of surprise with both parties that so few removals have been made. I have heard whigs declare that if Mr. Clay had been elected, there would have been a clean sweep from office of all who were opposed to him, (and who doubts it?) and that they are surprised at the leniency of the course of the administration thus far. Your correspondent asks if a merchant would do with his clerk as the government is doing towards its clerks? I ask, would a merchant retain in his confidence and employment one who had been endeavoring, by every means in his power to destroy his interest—to defeat his success and advancement in business? I opine not; but rather that he would employ those in whom he could confide, and who would make his interests their interests.

A few words for the Washington correspondents of the New York Courier and Enquirer, the N. York Express, and Newark Advertiser, whose whole misrepresentions and malignant slang ought to be excluded from journals claiming to be respectable, and whose business seems to be "stuffing the ears of men with false reports." They talk about ruin, distress, starvation, the blighting influence of the pestilence, and the thick gloom that envelopes the capital. What is the cause? Why—amazing to tell!—about a dozen persons (not over that) have been turned out of office! Oh, horror of horrors! The correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer states that a clerk was removed from an office in the War Department with a salary of $1400 a year; that he had a wife and five children and that the wife had hitherto been obliged to devote herself to musical pursuits to support her five children, (the $1400 being of little account towards supporting the family.) One of these five children is now receiving and has been for the last three years $1000 a year in one of the departments, and not yet 21 years of age! and another of the same five children has for some time been receiving an equally large salary! I know the circumstances of this case, and it is a fair specimen of the misrepresentations of facts which have been made, and the unfair attempts to excite public sympathy. The removal of a person from the place of door-keeper of the Treasury building has been trumpeted forth in certain papers as an act of great inhumanity. This person was a most violent partisan during the campaign, and a worthy man was removed four years ago to make way for him.

There is great necessity for a renovation in these departments. There are many abuses which should be stopped, and several classes of persons in office whom justice to the government demands that the removing power should reach. The cases are very frequent where whole families are quartered on the government; and the offices go down from father to son. There is also a set of office-holders, whose political principles change with as much ease as the wind changes. Before the election they were zealous for Mr. Clay, so sanguine were they of his success, but since the result was known, their zeal for Mr. Polk knows no bounds. Others, who were silent as death till the election was over, and were ready to jump whichever way it went, were overjoyed at the triumph of the democratic party, and would exclaim to democrats, "We beat 'em, didn't we?" Is it that such persons should enjoy the favor of government? I can tolerate an honorable opponent, but Heaven deliver me from a Protean friend. Persons who have been on all sides of the political board are not the ones to give character to the government, but on the contrary, they bring it into disrepute.

A great deal is said of the distress consequent upon removals. One would suppose, from the letters of these correspondents, that holding an office here is one door from poverty. Now I assert without fear of contradiction, that in no State of this Union are better salaries paid for clerical duties, and generally not near as large as in Washington city; and living is just as cheap here as any where else. And yet there is a constant complaint of poverty and a paltry spirit on the part of the government. The reason is plain. There is a habit of indulgence in all manner of extravagance. Clerks take houses of the highest rents,—three, four and five hundred dollars even,—when excellent tenements can be had for two hundred. In dress, too the same extravagance is manifest. Others, with their wives, board at the first hotels, and pay 15 or 18 dollars a week, when first rate accommodations can be had for ten dollars. Yet, if they lose their offices, there is a cry of penury and want, and the heads of the departments are represented as little better than savages. A laborer, who works hard from sun to sun, loses his employment, and the public knows nothing of it. I have known unmarried clerks having salaries of 12 and 15 hundred dollars a year, and yet without a single cent before the month is half gone. The money comes regular at the first of the month, and easy too, and it goes just as easy. When such persons find themselves minus of their offices and in want, they have but to charge it to their own folly. They should live, not as if they had life-leases of their offices, but as if they were going out with the existing administration. They would find it much more for their interest, whether they remained in office or went out; and if they went out, they would find themselves much better prepared to meet the difficulties and hardships which thousands of others have to meet, without any appeal to public sympathy or public charity.

The remarks I have made do not apply universally; there are some worthy deserving men in these departments, and they should not be disturbed. Every word that I have asserted, I know to be true. We have heard enough of these false appeals about the gloom and distress pervading this city. It is not so.

Mild, dignified, and judicious has been the course of the present Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster General, thus far; and nobly does it contrast with the indiscriminate, precipitate, and vindictive course of Messrs. Ewing and Granger. The people may look [illegible] proper administration [illegible] of the government [illegible] extension [illegible] patro[illegible]

REPLY [illegible]

We have [illegible] of the de[illegible] ment o[illegible] ington [illegible] pet[illegible] the [illegible] of Secre[illegible]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, March 10, 1845.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has received the note of General Almonte, the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Mexican Republic, of the 6th inst., addressed to his predecessor, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, protesting, in the name of his government, against the resolution of the late Congress for annexing Texas to the United States, and he has submitted the same to the President.

In answer, the undersigned is instructed to say that the admission of Texas as one of the States of this Union, having received the sanction both of the legislative and executive departments of the government, it is now irrevocably decided so far as the U. States are concerned. Nothing but the refusal of Texas to ratify the terms and conditions on which her admission depends can defeat this object. It is, therefore, too late to re-open a discussion which has already been exhausted, and again to prove that Texas has long since achieved her independence of Mexico, and now stands before the world both *de jure* and *de facto*, as a sovereign and independent State amid the family of nations. Sustaining this character, and having manifested a strong desire to be one of the members of our confederacy, neither Mexico nor any other nation will have just cause to complain against the United States for admitting her into the Union.

The President, nevertheless, regrets that the government of Mexico should have taken offence at these proceedings and he earnestly trusts that it may hereafter be disposed to view them in a favorable light. Whilst entering upon the duties of the presidential office, he cheerfully declares in advance, that his most strenuous efforts shall be devoted to the amicable adjustment of every cause of complaint between the two governments, and to the cultivation of the kindest and most friendly relations between the sister Republics.

The undersigned has the honor to transmit to General Almonte his passports according to his request, and to assure him of his distinguished consideration and regard.

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

To the Brigadier General,
DON. T. N. ALMONTE, &c. &c. &c.

Lord Bacon beautifully said—"If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

A Dutchman bid an extraordinary price for an alarum clock and gave the reason, "Dat as he loff'd to rise early, he had no nodding to do but to pull a spring and he could vake himself."

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