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Maryland Journal.

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POETRY.

THE TOKEN FLOWER.

Keep it!—it is the silent token,
Of one, whate'er her fate may be,
Whose friendship will remain unbroken,
E'en when at last forgot by thee.

Soon, soon these dewey leaves will perish,
And I, alas! as soon will fade,
None now are left on earth to cherish
The memory of the minstrel maid.

Then if thy path be trained in brightness,
As I now hope that it may be,
Dim not thy spirit's joyous lightness,
By one unhappy thought of me.

But if thy fate be dark and lonely,
Oh think upon our parting hour,
And breathe one sigh, I ask one only,
For her who gave this token flower.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUTUMN.

Each season has its own peculiar beauties and glories. Winter has its domestic comforts and its fireside revelry; Spring is rich in its fragrant winds, flowers, and bird songs; Summer has its fruits, its rich harvests, and yellow grain fields which sway like the waves of the sea before the rushing winds; and Autumn has its mellow and somewhat suddened splendors, in which we think there is "something more exquisite still" than can be claimed for either of the other seasons. When we look at Winter, Spring, and Summer in "Fancy's glass," we feel we are not robbing them of any tribute which is due to them, if we say with Burns:

"Though this was fair and that was braw,
And you the boast of a' the town,
I sighed and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morrison.

Autumn is our Mary Morrison, and we are familiar with every "blink of her bonnie black eye," and every Pallas-like tone of her "vermil tinctured lip." She comes before our mind in its dreamy hours as Egeria did before Numa's.—She is the embodiment of all beauties which charm the sense, and there is so much richness, strength, tenderness, poetry, and eloquence in her discourse, that if the "revolving year" were a monarchy and not a republic she would certainly be entitled to the throne.

What a delicious influence comes over the mind while the witchery of Indian Summer lingers in the haze that hangs over river and plain, and the artist-like effects of the frost spirit are visible in the countless hues that are painted on each hill side. Go away from the dust and discord of the city at this season, and though you will not meet with any of those sweet south winds that rifle the fragrance of the crocus and hyacinth in the early spring, and though you will not see the blue violets nestling near the turf, nor hear the hum of busy insects and the melodies of lovemaking birds, yet, if you are either poet or philosopher, you will find ample compensation for the absence of such "sweet influences" in the delights which crowd upon you. The leaf, which, parting from its parent twig, reels and whirls in the "eddying gusts" as it descends to the ground, preaches a more eloquent sermon, utters a richer philosophical discourse, and chants a more poetical hymn than ever escaped the lips of humanity. Many are the luxurious visions that we have felt while reclining at full length under some monarch oak, and listening to the

"Mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the winds."

Autumn is the glory of the season, and the Indian Summer is the crowning glory of Autumn. There is more genuine life in one hour spent under the smoke-attempered sunbeams at that season, than in a whole day under the lassitude of Spring, the heats of Summer, or the icy influences of Winter. The Indian Summer is more heavenly and inspiring, and lingers longer and more lovingly in this western clime than in any other region. At this season there is vigor in each breeze, the pulse bounds wildly, and the joyous sensations of perfect health are felt in every vein and thrill each slender nerve. The spiders of melancholy do not then weave their webs over the feelings, nor do heaven-ascending thoughts fall, like wounded birds, fluttering down to earth. The frosty morning is followed by a joyous day, and the day is closed by a sunset of the most imperial grandeur and magnificence. Heaven and earth seem to mingle in the distant mists and to conspire to make man happy. There is serenity in the cloudless sky, and calmness on hill, in valley, and over the smoky river. The spirit of Peace seems to be brooding over the earth, offering her olive branches to all that are wise enough to accept a boon so benign.—*Louisville Journal.*

From the National Intelligencer.

PRINTERS.

A writer in the Mobile Herald, who has been for sixteen years connected with the public press, holds the following deserved commendatory language of the members of the craft. None who have had an opportunity of judging will fail to admit the justness of his remarks He says:

"In all our experience, (and we have visited in that time four different Governments from the one under which we were born and educated,) we have always found among printers not only more intelligence, but more liberality of opinion, more of that noble, highminded cast of principles that looks with a forgiving eye as well upon the jars and contentions that grow out of either religion or politics, than any other class of men, not excepting the teachers of the bible themselves, or the statesmen who thunder in the forum. Printers have a sort of Free masonry with the whole world. Conversant not only with events that are transpiring in their own neighborhood, but over the whole universe, their occupation, and the peculiar province in which they move are all calculated to bring within the scope of their vision, and the circle of their interests, the opinions and the feelings of the entire family of man. It is a similar community of interests, and a personal converse with the world, that makes the honest tar a wholesouled man, a friend of his species, in whatever port he meets them. But the printer is his superior in one respect: the field of letters, the garden of science, and the very fountain of learning, are in his range, and measurably under his control. With scarcely an exception, there is not one of the profession that a good man might not be proud to take by the hand as an associate and a friend, or that the statesman might not take into his counsel with satisfaction to himself and benefit to the world."

MECHANICS WIVES.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life a good writer observes:

"There we behold woman in all her glory: not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration—reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow, always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt, admired but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not consistency, to the sex she could exalt; the source and mirror of vanity: we see her a wife, partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toil by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her, for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy; training them to thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings; preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world."

THE YOUNG RASCAL.—A fellow only twenty years old has recently been convicted of bigamy in Oswego, N. Y., having already married two wives. He has been for about seven years a soldier in Florida and Texas, and on his return home to Onondago about a year since, he married a girl of fifteen who has become a mother, and a few months ago he married a second in the town of Granby. It is quite time to put this fellow in prison, for if left loose, he will at this rate, marry half the girls in that region befores he arrives at years of discretion.

PERFECTION OF MISERY.—The New York True Sun says: "A day or two since we saw an able bodied man sitting upon the dilapidated steps of a low grog shop on the Five Points, tearing the raw meat from a beef joint, which he had probably stolen from the dog, with a voracity known only to starvation. His tattered garments, his bloodshot eyes and trembling frame, proclaimed him the slave of King Alcohol—doomed to an early and disgraceful death."

An exchange paper submits the following: "If our Creator should fashion the female race, henceforth, after the style of dromedaries, how would the fair sex' like it?"

We know a gal in our town whose bustle is so large that she is compelled every time she dresses to ax in her neighbors or make a raisen to get the the thing up where she wants it.—*Exchange paper.*

Who was the first unfortunate speculator? Jonah, for he got *sucked in.*

A LETTER FROM JOSEPH J. SPEED, Esq. OF BALTIMORE,

To a Landholder of Baltimore County on the subject of Resumption of the Payment of the Debts of Maryland.

MY DEAR SIR.—Pennsylvania is, indeed setting us very noble examples.—Her present financial achievements will do more for her history than all that her statesmen have yet placed on record.—Much as was accomplished for her early day, her name is yet destined to reach higher elevations The machinery of her exchequer is again in motion; and its wheels will move on with an energy and efficacy worthy of her mighty resources. She paid the interest on her public debt in February; she has paid it again in August. Her assessments and finances and, above all, the public will are now adjusted to the task; as is the case in most of the greater undertakings of life, those difficulties that appeared most formidable have been the soonest to vanish when encountered with firmness and resolution.

Pennsylvania owes a debt of eight million sterling; England, a debt of eight hundred millions; Pennsylvania has faltered, for a while, under this little burthen, while England has flourished and moved proudly on, drawing even strength and solidity and succour from a burthen an hundred fold heavier. Yes Pennsylvania has a territory as wide as England, treasures and productions as rich, a climate as favorable for disclosing and maturing her wealth, and a public sentiment quite as proud and manly. And these have led her on to her present reputable position; and will continue to press her forward in the lead of those States of our confederacy which, farling for a while in their duties to their creditors, are now certainly returning to the paths of reputation and honor. And amongst those who are most diligently gathering up their robes to follow in the train of Pennsylvania is our own State of Maryland. Her instalments of interest will very soon be regularly paid. Indeed, I have already begun to regard her as having advanced from her state of practical repudiation.

This view produces a satisfaction and triumph of feeling that I think need no longer be postponed. The present revnue laws are very fruitful, the taxes are willingly paid, the amounts in the treasury are swelling under the monthly receipts; and it will be the grateful duty of the Legislature, at its next session, to order the State to wheel into the train of Pennsylvania, and to resume the payment of her debts.

We must all be satisfied, my dear sir, when we look calmly at this matter of State repudiation, that we have not viewed, with deserved scorn, its deformities and hideous tendency. If we adopt, or countenance it longer, depend upon it the most unimagined ills are in store for us. The dismal picture of desertion and decay lately presented to his Legislature by a Governor of Illinois, may become as appplicable to our own State as to his. Men will not choose to raise their children in a land where the public faith has been violated, where the scales of justice are held by a guilty hand, where one set of morals are taught from the schools and the pulpit, and the other from the halls of legislation. Certainly, certainly these are times when the virtuous citizen should step forward and frown upon the treason and rebuke the traitor. The last hope of the State, the elements of its better strength are to be found in those qualities of private character that constitute personal worth. It is upon these we must rely when feebler defences give way.

We cannot bear too strongly in mind the differences of a country's position when it is invaded by a foreign foe, and when its repose is disturbed by corrupt bands of its own population. In the former case, the public breast receives the blow, the public arm returns it.—Magazines, arms, treasure, are all ready and furnished from the resources of the State. In the latter case, the public breast is torn and distracted; the public arm is enfeebled by a division of its powers, and its blows sometimes fall upon itself. The achievements and incidents of a contest with a foreign power have always the sympathies, and sometimes the applause and respect of mankind. The events of internal strife are usually regarded with contempt and derision. I need hardly declare that, in my mind, the upholders of the shameful doctrines of repudiation are in the attitude of open rebellion against their country and its laws; that they have renounced their allegiance, and that they are to be watched with the same vigilance by the police and magistracy of the country as any other foes that might be lurking amongst us. It is the undoubted duty of the government to adopt a rigorous course of legislation, not only that taxes may be levied and gathered in sufficient amounts to meet their interest on our debt, but prescribing such penalties and punishments for offences against our revenue laws—hindering, molesting or embarrassing the assessors or collectors, by threats, combinations or other moral or physical interruptions, as will secure a speedy and punctual return to the treasury of its legitimate revenues.

Some there are who are so hardened and resolute in their course, as to attempt to sustain, by published arguments, the course of repudiation, and to refer, with exultation, to precedents upon the records of history. I affirm that there is no example upon record, of a people, or a legal government deliberately disowning its debt. I care not for such examples of personal robbery as that of Charles the Second, in closing the doors of the exchequer upon the money of the London merchants. Even that dissolute and desperate prince was compelled, by the moral sense of his times, to acknowledge the debt. He paid the interest on it, as we are informed by Hume, regularly, to the end of his reign. Nor need we refer to the confused questions of public indebtedness that exist in some half dozen of the interior kingdoms of Europe in the early part of the present century. They arose out of the great wars of Napoleon. In the vast arrangements of his campaigns he moved the smaller sovereigns about as pawns upon the chess board, and the difficulty was for a people to know their prince, or a prince his people, at any given point of time. When ships were burned in the bays of Naples or Cadiz, the difficulty never was whether a proper indemnity became a public debt, but to ascertain who was the king of Naples, or of Spain, and the Indies, at the time of the aggression. In these inquiries kings and princes might sometimes be repudiated, but debts never were. As soon as it was ascertained that the person upon the throne was not a tortious usurper, but had the faculty of contracting debt or incurring responsibility, the enquiry ceased. The public exchequer became fixed with the claim, and the last quarter of a century has seen all those claims fully and honorably adjusted.

But if it be conceded for a moment, that the examples of repudiation contended for actually existed, they, surely, could form no part of a legitimate argument any more than the numerous examples of treason and felonies upon record could be adduced in justification of those crimes. Examples of crime can never sustain crime. They are held up to warn the evil doer, not to invite him to imitation. The public debt of Maryland is as much the debt of each individual citizen, to the extent of his property, as if he himself had signed and sealed the bond. And so our people generally view it, for they are of a just and generous temper, and are as ready to give fairness and plain dealing their applause, as trick and artifice their censure. When roused to anger by the appearance of oppression or the insolence of public frauds, they are most difficult to be appeased;—on the other hand, where do we find any conspicuous deed of patriotism, or service to the State, more certain of its reward?

A truly happy community can only be found where its members live in a state of dependency upon each other,—each helping each. The rich, whether their wealth has been acquired by the toil of their fathers, or laid up by their own prudence and frugality—expending it for the benefit of the poor, in paying wages, rewarding merit, upholding virtue and sustaining the laws and frames of society. The poor, on their part, contributing to the public welfare and strength, by rendering labor for wages, protecting property and endeavoring to acquire it for themselves, sustaining order and a rational and calm exercise of all their political privileges. These principles and elements of strength and prosperity, together with the closest observance of order and an absolute devotion to the public faith, are peculiarly essential in a community compacted like ours, under a government like ours;—for here the arm of authority derives its vigor from the public will, the establishments of law, their respectablity from the public virtue, contracts their force and sanctity from the public word. Enfeeble these sanctions, dry up these sources of strength, and you demolish the fabric, for it has not the arm of princes to sustain it.

The *sic volo, sic jubeo,* comes from the people, the *stet pro ratione voluntas,* has no place in our code. In this view, how preposterous is it for a republic to talk of repudiation! Let repudiation come and it makes all void. The least it will do is to prostrate the fabric that has been reared. Whether its leprous stain would not disqualify the disbanded and degraded masses for any further usefulness, above the condition of slaves is the only question.

I have before referred to several published arguments professing to be grounded upon examples in history of governments and states repudiating their debts; and I have denied the facts as well as the force and pertinency of the reasoning deduced from them. But there are bro't to my mind two incidents in the annals of heathen States full or moral beauty and instruction; the one upon the head that *might does not make right,* the other, inculcating that the duty of the patriot is only to be limited by the wants of his country. Herodotus informs us that when, after the victory of Salamis, the allies of the Athens had brought their fleets into a port of that republic, for repose, Themistocles conceived the design of burning it, by night, that the superiority of Athens, at sea, might be the better established. In a public speech he informed his fellow citizens that he meditated an act that would suddenly make them much greater than their allies, but which, though it required their sanction, required also secrecy, and was not fit to be made known to them all.—Upon which, he was desired to reveal it to Aristides, and if he approved it, to carry it into immediate execution. Aristides heard the plan, and returning to his countrymen addressed them, in the memorable speech: "Oh, Athenians, while nothing could be more to your advantage than the plan of Themistocles, nothing could be more unjust."—The immediate demonstration of popular anger was so great that Themistocles was forced to retire, with his face veiled from the multitude. Though this event is of such remote antiquity as almost to wear the garb of fable, it having occurred four and a half centuries before the christian era, yet it has remarkable pertinency to our present condition. Themistocles proposed to violate the hospitality and treaties of his country—to rob and destroy merely because accident had given him the power. Those upholding modern repudiation propose that these States shall rob their creditors of two hundred millions of money—not which accident has thrown in their way, but which has been confidingly loaned to them, brought into their territory and placed under the dominion of their laws at their own urgent solicitation. The case in Herodotus is not as strong as our own, for the Grecian fleet had not been invited into the harbor of Pagassæ—but it had perfidy enough to fix a stain upon the character of Themistocles that twenty centuries have not yet washed out.

The other incident of heathen history that has pressed itself upon my mind, as holding up a bright light to us in the present straights of our country, belongs to the Roman annals. It is to be found in Polybius and Livy. After the battle of Cannæ, where eighty thousand Romans and eighty senators fell under the arm of Hannibal and the power of the Numidian horse, when cities had opened their gates to the victor and nearly half the provinces had revolted, refusing further contributions of men and money, Fabius became conspicuous in the command. He exhibited the astonishing spectacle of calling into the field one-fourth of the whole adult male population of the State, and of throwing into the public coffers one-half of the whole wealth of the patricians. All this he accomplished by the electrical power of these words: "Let my countrymen remember that Hannibal is in Italy."—What a vast compression of meaning there was in those few words! And they roused Rome. One-fourth of her sons, with the flower of the senate lay bleeding at Cannæ, and yet the State was to be saved, the enemy was still in the land. Under the moral power of the words of Fabius, individual wealth poured in incessant and voluntary streams, into the exchequer; the proud matrons of Rome pressed forward their husbands and sons into the army, and, in many instances, they themselves fought in disguise in the ranks. A protracted struggle, of fifteen years, resulted in the expulsion of the foe; and Rome was saved to become the birth place of letters and christianity, and the mother of nations

And is it inapposite to admonish the people of these confederated States that a worse foe is amongst them than even Hannibal was to Italy. Terrible as he was, our enemy is still more terrible.—The one contemplated only a change of government, to reduce Rome to the sceptre of a foreign prince—the other strikes at the honor of the modern republic.—These lessons from history are at once edifying and strengthening. They throw light upon the paths of duty, and make more obvious the perils of great departures from them. The incidents we have quoted are from the histories of great republics of antiquity. The American governments are republics, and they should draw their instructions from the experience of those that have gone before them.

Why is it that the Athenian name comes to us, through twenty centuries, bright upon the page of history? Because the people of that republic refused to drown and rob the Peloponesian fleet in the harbor of Pagassæ. Because there was a proud public sentiment in Athens that repelled such fraudulent suggestions, that could put aside the advice of Themistocles, the great, and listen to that of Aristides, the just. Why was it that Rome, gathering up, as it were, from all nations, and the earliest centuries, the widest and wildest streams of time and population, became the home of letters and religion, and the nursery of empires? Because there was a public ear in Rome that listened to the counsels of Fabius; a love of country that was kindled by his words; a pride of sentiment in the heathen republic, that poured its population into the field, its wealth into the public coffers; and that could not rest while there was an enemy in the land. Suppose that that sentiment had not prevailed, that the republic had melted away before the heats of the punic wars, and that Hannibal had established his arms in Rome. What, then, would have been the picture? Italy would have become an African province, the lights of civilization would have been put out, the alphabet of Cadmus would have been forgotten by mankind.

If it really be our desire, as we so loudly profess it to be, to hand down to posterity our forms of government, we must present them also with pure and unsullied records of our doings under them. Time, after all, is the great tutor. If we connect the legacy with shame and broken faith, they will reject both the one and the other, and renounce the affinities of blood that connects them to our name. In different forms of government they will seek better securities and preservations of liberty and property, better guarantees of the public honor, better sanctions for the public engagements.

But, sir, such is not to be the future reputation of Maryland, or the future fate of its inhabitants. Another year will see her restored to her true position: by the side of Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York, and Massachusetts, paying her honest debts, and complying, honorably, with all her engagements.

I pray you to believe me, very sincerely and truly, your friend, J. J. S.

From the Albany Journal, October 11.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as will be seen by the following letter from a friend, is to be forthwith completed. From our knowledge of the gentlemen who have undertaken this work, we have no hesitation in commending the attention of contractors to their lettings:

New York, October 9, 1845.

Dear Sir: Pursuing our recent conversation in relation to the contract lately entered into by myself and others, constituting the firm of Gwynn & Co. with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, for the unfinished work of the canal, I have to state that our contract amounts to $1,625,000, including some collateral stipulations.

The work extends over a distance of fifty miles, commencing at Dam No. 6, a few miles above Hancock, and ending at the town of Cumberland, in which distance work has been already executed equal to 31 7 10 miles, leaving to be done that which is equal to 18 3 10 miles.

The amount of cost will serve to give you an idea of the heaviness of the work to be done, and I will only state on this point that it embraces the completion of a tunnel, (the arching of which will require 5,000,0000 of bricks,) dams, locks, aqueducts, and culverts, besides a considerable amount of heavy excavation.

The contractors contemplate sub-letting the greater part of this work, and are now prepared to exhibit this part to bidders, and receive applications for it. One or more of the contractors will remain on the line for this purpose until after the 20th instant, when sub contracts will probably be entered into, so far as the bids are found to be satisfactory.—Any of your friends that may be disposed to examine the work will be cordial-welcomed and kindly treated, and I trust their visits may prove of mutual advantage. The contractors are already prepared with money sufficient to fulfil all sub-contracts they may enter into.

It may not be amiss for me to state that those disposed to examine the work to be done can be conveyed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad either to Hancock or Cumberland, as they may prefer, and at either place may readily find horses to convey them along the line of work, and be directed either to the contractors or engineers of the company in charge of the line.

The work must be commenced by the contractors during this month, and is to be completed within two years.

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