Littleton D. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

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From the Baltimore Athenæum and Visiter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY GILES M'QUIGGIN.

While this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding the said high office, to attend to business more in person; than the refinements of the more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matters required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the capitol. In these days a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours—It was two or three days travel, and not of the most pleasant sort either. On his return, he stopped in Baltimore; it was about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, suiteless and unattended, to the tavern. A Scotchman by the name of Boyden, kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Beltzhoover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the other etceteras of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining his books, and doubtless making calculations in reference to his future prospects.—Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the ostler, and walking into the tavern to make arrangements in regard to his fare. Some one touched Boyden upon the elbow had directed his attention to the stranger, who was standing with his whip in his hand, striking it occasionally on his muddy leggins. Boyden turned round and surveyed him from head to root, and concluding [illegible] old farmer, from the country, whose company would add no credit to the house, he said abruptly—"We have no room for you sir.'

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered with mud, any think indicating either wealth or distinction, and in his usual rough style, he said—

"A room!"

Jefferson replied, 'Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it."

"A room, *all* to yourself! no—no, we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house—all full—all occupied—can't accommodate you."

The Vice President turned upon his heel called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable—mounted and rode off.—In a few minutes one of the most *wealthy* and *distinguished* men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before—

"Gentleman!" said Boyden.

"Yes, the gentleman who came up but this instant on horseback."

"There has been no gentlemun here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one country looking fellow who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him."

"No room for such chaps as him?"

"No by the pipers, no room for any body that dont look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about man?—He's the Vice President of the United States.'

"Vice President of the United States!" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless with astonishment.

"Why, yes sir. Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake, where are you all; here, fly you villians—fly and tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service!—By George! Vice President—Thomas Jefferson! tell him to come back, and he shall have my wife's parlour—my own room—Jupiter! What have I done? Here Harriet, Mary, Jule, clear out the family! he shall have the best room, and all the rooms, if he wants them.—Off you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed. Bill, take up this mirror. George, Hurry up with the boot jack. By George! what a mistake."

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished for guest was returning. The Vice President rode up Market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles streets; here Boyden's servants came up, and told him their master had provided rooms for him. "Tell him I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can be better imagined than told of; the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time he prevailed upon some friend to wait upon *Mr.* Jefferson with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room and all the attention should be given to him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer:—"Tell Mr. Boyden, I appreciate his kind intentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice President"

From the Transcript

POLICE REPORT,

Wednesday Morning July 6.

"Patrick Henderson come up here."

"Here am I, Pat Henderson—Now be asy Captain dear, be asy—I aren't much to blame Turf and tunder, there's many such as I to be sure."

'Answer to the charge, drunk and brawling I may also add bawling.'

'It is me, be the powers! dhrunk did yon obsarve? to be sure not dhrunk, but may be a little tippled or so; nothing more at all—and as far as the brawlin' captain jewel its none o'me. I'm as peaceable as the children, when theyr'e slapen pretty babes all ready to be *waked* as if they were dead, it is. But the bawlin' captain dear—who sez it—was'nt that a little bit of a 'nat libbiittit' (I been to, schule you see) of your own. I spake now honey, at haphazard, whether you hear me or no, I'm not just certain at this time; for till me, if I am not a HOARSE-MAN, onny way?—So that answers to the bawlin, ye see, which falls to the grun itself.'

You may be a horseman Pat, but certainly [illegible] You have bawl'd yourself hoarse.

'And can ye tell what [illegible] said Pat leeringly—'Its liberty jest, cures onny thing about this time in the year all round about the fort' of July. Its the same time in Ireland, and out of all the heads that are broke then; you won't find one but what is sound again in a week, and rings like a Bruanager *critch* at Liverpool fair.'

'Do you mean to say, you essence of blarney; that you ever heard of the celebration of that day in Ireland.'

'Certainly' said Pat, with emphasis, 'only we kape it in Ireland on St. Patricks day, because it comes suner in the year.

'You have made a lame business of it Pat, but as this is the first time I've seen your face, you are at liberty to leave the office.'

'By the powers,' muttered Pat as he extited in a jiffy, I'd have made a lame business of it an had I gone to goal, it is true, more'.

FRENCH FRIGATE.—All who have visited this splendid frigate, speak in high terms of admiration of her model, equipments, exquisite neatness, correct discipline, and the intelligence of her distinguished commander. Admiral Mackau no doubt sent us his crack ship on this visit, but a ludricous incident occurred, which connected with recent events, could not but excite a smile. The commander of the frigate, as is the custom, is desirous of an exchange of salutes. Let us imagine the manner of bringing this about, and see how near to the fact we shall arrive.

The Chevalier captain sends to the commandant of Governor's Island, a powerful military post, 'Saire, I shall ave de honour to-morrow morning, at 12 o'clock precisement, to fire de salute in honneur of de grand American nation. I suppose I shall have de honneur to ave my salute retour gun pour gun.' A message is received from Governor's Island, which may have run thus. 'Very much obliged to you, Captain, for the compliment of a salute, but as to returning it that would be somewhat difficult, as all our soldiers have gone to Florida to fight the Seminoles, and we have not enough to man our guns.' 'Bien fache! but no mattair, I shall send to de Grand Admiral of de grand naval depot at de Vallabout. Saire, I shall ave de nonneur to fire de grand salute at 12 de matin to-mortaw precisement. Suppose you shall return my guns.'—The poor Chevalier is equally unlucky here—the answer in all probability was, 'Proud of the honor of a salute, but the marines are all gone to Forida to fight the Seminoles, and we have not enough to man the guns.' Let us carry our imagination a step further, and see the Captain walking up and down his quarter deck, and after pausing and taking two or three hearty pinches of snuff, should say to himself —'Fight de sauvage! de grand armee of les Etas Unis all gone to fight de Forida. *Diable nem Porte*, and dis is the nation vat shall go to war vis France? aha!'

However, a salute he was determined, in all civilty and courtesy, to have, and General Morton's *le preux Chevalier*, marched his merry men down to the Battery, and with the cannon taken at Saratoga, he fired the salute in return for the capital one received from the frigate, and visits of friendship and civility were interchanged.—*N. Y. Star.*

SINGULAR.—There have been many circumstances related of our revolution and the great men who projected and carried it through which, were they not so well attestes, would almost induce a suspicion of their truth, but the following striking coincldence is one of which we do not recollect ever before having seen a notice.

Washington, born February 22, 1732, inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

John Adams, born October 19, 1735, inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Jefferson, born April 2, 1743, inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Madison, born March 16, 1751, inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Monroe, born April 2, 1759, inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

The above is a list of five of the Presidents of the United States (all men of the revolution,) who ended their term of service in the 66th year of their ages! J. Q. Adams' term of service had he been elected a second time, would have also expired in the 66th year of his age.—North Alabamian.

Had Andrew Jackson, who obtained in 1824 a plurality of the Electoral votes. been elected at that time, his second term of service would have expired in his 66th year.—Balt. Rep.

Kindness of a cow.—The following account of a singular circumstance, which occurred in France not long since, appeared in the Paris Moniteur:

'The inhabi[illegible] long annoyed by a wolf, whose [illegible] Auxonne, were long annoyed by a wolf, which at one time devoured a young girl. A boy named Fourcault, about 14 years of age, was minding some cows in that canton. It is well known that these animals, when urged by common danger at the opproach of a wolf, are led by an instinct to collect and range themselves into a kind of circular phalanx, presenting to the enemy those arms with which nature has furnished their heads, and thus securing their bodies which would be otherwise exposed. The cows which Fourcault watched, adopted this natural tactic the moment they perceived the wolf, which however, directed itself not towards them, but the boy, whom it seized, and was beginning to shake him to pieces. One of the cows immediately separating itself from the phalanx, attacked the wolf and made it drop its prey. The boy availed himself of the contest between his adversary and protectress to seek safety by flight. The wolf quitted the cow, pursued the boy, seized and shook him as before. The cow rushed forward again for the defence of the youth, and harrassed the wolf so much as to oblige it to relinquish the victim once more, but being soon repulsed, the boy was a third time in the jaws of the wolf, when two inhabitants of Villiers le-point came up and despatched the animal.'

An Elopement Prevented.—Ten days or a fortnight since, there was a magnificent and numerous party at a fashionable *soiree* in Bleecker st. not far from Macdougal. Equipages of every description were in plentiful requisition, and every thing passed off to the utmost satisfaction and delight of all who participated in the enjoyments of the night On the following morning, at an early hour one of the fair guests was missing from her room. The circumstance was deemed by the family, to be an unusual and alarming one, and there was in an instant a general uproar throughout the house. It was soon ascertained from a neighbor, that the fair creature had deen seen to go out with a gentleman long berore breakfast hour. A brother of the truant fugitive took the hint, and immediately set off for Newark, whither he 'guessed' the lovers had bent their steps. He was not mistaken. He arrived there, and fereted them out, just as they were about to unite their destinies in one common lot by solemnity before the altar, perpetrating matrimony.—He forbid the "banns," and by the potent influence of a trusty cowhide, which he took precaution to possess himself of, his mandate was most punctiliously and promptly obeyed, and he brought away in triumph his disappointed, sorrowing sister, leaving the foiled and affrightened swain alone in his glory.—This is a true story; we have names, data, minutiae.—N. Y. Transcript.

SIMILES.

By the author of Ship and Shore.

"Put on the steam! I am in haste," cries a snail that has crept into the railroad car.—"Crack it again my good fellow!" ejaculates a fly that has lit on the folds of a thundercloud "What a prodigious reverberation!" says a woodpecker, tapping a hollow tree on the verge of Niagara. "I fear *my* house will be shaken down," mutters a mouse, as the walls of the cathedral rock with the throes of the earthquake. "What a deal of observation *we* excite!' says a bumblebee buzzing along in the trial of a comet. '*We* leave the very ocean split asunder!' exclaims a perch, darting along in the wake of a whale. 'Bury *me* with my face to the foe!' cries a cockroach, dying in the battle of the Nile. 'What a long shadow I cast!' hoots an owl, gazing at an eclipse of the sun. 'The spoils of *victory!*' screams a hardy hawk—pouncing on an elephant struck by lightning. 'One counts as much as another!' says a flea, jumping into the face of a lion. 'This last strong hold of aristocratic pride begins to totter,' cries a levelling, radical rat, putting his shoulder against the foundation of a palace.

From the Frederick Times.

THE HERALD.—GEN. JACKSON.

The most hardened political sinner that ever sported with the feelings of a generous people, the most bitter ridiculer of public virtue, or the most unqualified contemner of patriotic deeds, ought to revolt at the ungenerous and ill-timed attack which the Herald of last Saturday made upon our Hero President. Now that Gen. Jackson is about to lay aside the robes of office, to retire to the abodes of peace and quietude—to that Hermitage, whose greatest ornament has long since been hurried into the grave, by the keen shafts of malignant malice—the most venomed foe of the Administration ought to draw the veil of forgetfulnsss over its misfeasances, if any are justly chargeable to it. Can it be possible, that the whigs have no tender feelings within their breasts—no disposition to forgive the past, and no small remnant of justice left in their hearts? Gen. Jackson is no longer a candidate for the suffrages of the people. He has filled the measure of his country's glory, and that country, in [illegible] ting and punishing [illegible] tagonist of her liberties, the U. S. Bank, has filled the cup of its gratitude towards him. Hence his life should be sacred to the blighting touch of baneful slander, and his deeds no longer subjected to the malicious criticism of envious disappointment. If the enlightened statesman that has been nominated, by his friends, as his successor, is to be held amenable for the misconduct of this administration, let their shafts be directed against *him*; but, for Heaven's sake, do not invade the peace of a war-worn patriot, whose noble deeds are the pride and glory of his country.

But let us examine the starting and astounding charges, which the Herald has so vauntingly and vain-gloriously paraded before the world, against the man who has been thrice elected by the people, as their ruler and governor. What amazing corruption—what daring innovation upon the constitution—and what hold on the purse and the sword, does the HERALD SEE, and which has escaped the vision of a patriotic people? Hear then, ye honest whigs! behold them, ye friends of your great benefactor! and spurn the imputation upon your honesty and intelligence. He is charged *again*, as he was by the FOES of your liberties, and the violators of EVERY LAW; human and divine, in the days of the *panic*, with 'arrogating to himself the sword and the purse—with controlling your representatives in Congress—and with subduing, with a shower of gold, the purity of the elective franchise, in the several states of the Union.' PEOPLE OF AMERICA!—FREEMEN OF *MARYLAND*!—YEOMEN OF FREDERICK COUNTY!—have you not given the lie to this false accusation agansit your President, by a vigorous, determined and unyielding support of his measures? Have you not cast back the foul charges into the teeth of his accusers, and told them, in a voice of THUNDER, that THEY were the agents of corruption, the usurpers of power, and the subduers of the purity of the elective franchise? What think ye, too, of the impeachment of your moral honesty, by telling you that ye can be bribed and bought with filthy lucre? Where is the proud and high minded freeman, and where the uncorrupted and incorruptible patriot, that can remain passive under such an accusation? Will you not rise *en masse*, and direct the eyes of your aspersers to Philadelphia, the residence of their GOLDEN MOLOCH, and tell them to behold thousands of freemen corrupted with the gold of a BRITISH BANK,—presses muzzled, or bribed to its support,—hundreds of the POOR subjected to starvation because they would not bow the knee of servility to a MONIED DEMON. There too, they can see representatives of the people bought, corrupted and controlled by showers of gold—and what is still more revolting representatives disfranchising their constituents, in order to make that proud and noble state the suppliant slave of the worst monied despotism that ever cursed any country.

But hear the Herald again—and remember too, that it is the supporter of Wm. H. Harrison! It tells you that "the administration waged an unholy war against the U. States Bank—that the currency is deranged—and that the keys of the treasury are in his hands!' Now, what are all these mighty tales, but "the last cast off slough of a poluted and shameless press," two years ago—the stale & oft refuted charges of FLAPDOODLE FEDERALISM and *rancourous* NULLIEICATION? The Herald has put the boot on the wrong foot. It was the United States Bank which declared and supported an exterminating war against your liberties, which seized the money of the people, and deranged the currency, by its unnecessary curtailments and overbearing restrictions. It sought to obtain, by oppressing and distressing an unoffending community, what their love of liberty and their devotion to their country forbade them to grant to its memorial. How could General Jackson stand as an idle spectator of a Vandal-like demolition of the great temples of liberty, and the overthrow of the government, by an institution it had created? With that promptitude and intrepidity which led him on to fight the battles of the brave at Orleans, and that the many theatres of his glory, he rushed, with eagerness, a second time, to defend his native land from the corrupting ravages of a MONIED FOE, more terrible and formidable than all the armies of the eastern world. He triumphed. The bank was put down—subdued—conquered. Its march of iniquity was stayed—its tyrannical power diminished. THE WOKLD does not furnish so conspicuous and noble an example of devotedness to his country, of pure and unsullied love of liberty, and of scrupulous regard for the constitutiou, as has been exhibited by Gen. Jackson. Though political sophists may pervert, misconstrue and misrepresent his acts, till the sun shall cease its annual circuit, still he will be hailed, by the friends of liberty throughout the world, as the great [illegible]

is the 'Treasury?" we can say it is not in Nick Biddle's breeches pockets,—but too near them, and too much under his control, to be as safe as the friends of the administration desire. If the currency is deranged, the reason is obvious to every generous and fair dealing politician. Too many, if not all, of the deposite banks are under the influence of purse-proud ARISTOCRATS, who are seeking, by every imaginable device and scheme, to bring the administration into disrepute. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the currency is deranged, *if it is so?* Are they not aiming to derange it, in order to carry their unholy purposes—to seduce and mislead the people—to entrap and ensnare them, and then crush their liberties, at a single blow? But we deny, most positively, any existing derangement in the currency, that is not caused by the satelites and minions of old *Nick Biddle*. First tell us, Mr. Herald, where the treasury of our own state is—acquaint the people with the political enormities of our Whig legislature, and tell them, as they ought to be told, that the corruptions of our state government are ten-fold greater than any other government on earth, and we will answer your remaining enquiries.

The following is from a highly respectable citizen of this state residing near our western boundary. The writer is well acquainted with the Indians and great credit is due to his opinions, and implicit confidence to his assertions:

"FORT LEAVENWORTH, 8th June, 1836.

DEAR SIR:—On my return home last night from the Missouri, Sack and Ioway villages, I received your note of the 26th ultimo, relative to a report that the Indians in this vicinity were inclined to be hostile.

My opinion on this subject is, that all the emigrating parties that have been located on our border are at heart the bitter enemies of the whites, (with the exception perhaps of a few individual chiefs,) and that they would be ready and willing to commence hostilities upon us to morrow could they but find the means of success. How far the conduct of the Seminoles (of which they seem to be well informed) may influenced them; remains to be seen. I have just returned from a visit to the several Pawnee, Otoe, Omahaw, Ioway and Missouri Sack tribes, and have been unable to discover any change in their friendly feelings towards us.

But notwithstanding this, I entertained no doubt that many of them will be forced next winter, to depredate largely on the stock and other property of our frontier settlers, between the Osages and the northwest corner of the state of Missouri, unless the most vigilant measures are taken by our mounted troops to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits. I find we have some eight or ten whiskey distilleries, along the state line. The most of the owners of these dens of poison, make a business of sending out keg after keg to the Indians, for the purpose of buying up their guns, ammunition, hoes, axes, blankets, strouds, knives, kettles, skins, etc. etc. When it is not convenient to send to the Indian camps, a runner is sent out, and the Indians are invited into the settlements. This traffic is continued until every thing the Indians have is exhausted. This horrid trade has increased during the last winter and spring threefold, and the ungovernable passion of the Indians for ardent spirits has increased in like manner. I consider it time and labor lost to advise an Indian to retrain from drink, when whiskey is within his reach, and unless we can devise some plan to keep it beyoud his grasp, I think the better plan would be open all the sluices, and let the scene be closed at once.

The Otoes, Ioways and Missouri Sacks made but few skins last winter, owing to the scarcity of game, they have not been able to pay one half of their debts to the traders, consequently it will be out of their power to credit the Indians next fall.

They have already received their annuities, and by the time the cold and hunting season comes on, when they will stand in need of guns, ammunition, blankets and kettles, they will have dispose of all these articles in exchange for whiskey, consequently all they will have to subsist on will be the corn raised by their farmers and poor squaws. Therefore I say there will be many of them forced to depredate on the stock, &c. of the border settlers. This of course will lead to difficulties of a serious nature. It is believed by persons here, who have had a better opportuniity of knowing than myself, that many of the Kickapoos full more unfriendly towards us than usual—indeed go into any of the villages of the tame Indians, [as they are called] and you will discover from their countenances, that they think you look upon them as prisoners of war.

Sagacity of a dog.—A most remarkable instance of the sagacity of a Dog, took place in the vicinity of Cumberland, one day this After riding a short distance the horse started to run off with him, when the Dog ran before him and made frequent attempts to catch him by the nose—but failing to do so the horse ran on, and finally threw the rider who held on to the bridle which caused the horse to commence pawing him. The dog at moment seized the bridle, turned him round saved the life of the man, and held the horse until assistance came to his relief. The man when taken up was insensible.

Cumberland Advocate.

Singular Casualty.—A correspondent at Tazewell, communicates to us the following extraordinary and distressing intelligence.—While Mr. Wm. Walker, at speedwell, Clarbourne county, an elderly gentleman, was making a fence, he discovered a large spider, which he killed with a stone. A mortification shortly afterward commenced in his hand and increased until it produced his death in 8 or 10 days. At the time he handled the stone he had a slight sore on his hand in which the mortification afterwards commenced, which was supposed to have come in contact with some poisonous matter from the spider left on the stone. Dr. Wm Rogers, who attended Mr. Walker, and who also had a sore finger, died with a mortification, in four days after it was first discovered his finger was affected. Our correspondent further informs us that a number of those that assisted in laying out Mr. Walker have been seriously afflicted—some are now very low, but only the two deaths above mentioned had taken place.

Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

Gapes in Chickens.—On the subject of disease of chickens called the gapes, a writer remarks; 'On the dissection of chickens dying of this disease; it will be found, that the trachia (or wind pipe) contains numerous small worms about half and inch in length and the size of a small cambric needle; on the first glance they would likely be taken for blood vessels. These worms may be dislodged and the disease cured by the introduction of tobacco smoke into the mouth until the chicken becomes insensible; in this state it will remain for one or two minutes. The operation may be repeated at pleasure without endangering the life. The first application will usually produce the death or expulsion of the worms and the removal of the affection—the second always.—*Farmer & Gardener.*

The editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, says he knew an old lady who had said she wished that a stream of good Santa Cruz rum, as big as a broom handle would run down her throat from the rising to the setting of the sun!