Littleton L. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

Dedicated to my friend on his Wedding Day, Nov. 1, 18—

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance,—a thought,—a blow,—
It stings him to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name,—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame,—
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care:
He feels the blissful pain by turns,
With hope, and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears, and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose, and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky,—
He wonders how e'en hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold:
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told!

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields, and wins, a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—
Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—
A trembling to the finger's ends,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,—
And so the deed is done:
Now for life's woes and blisses,—
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bless'd if they may but trust Hope's dream,
But ah! Truth echoes—*If!*

THE SEQUEL.—IF.

If health be firm,—if friends be true,—
If self be well controlled,—
If tastes be pure—if wants be few,
And not too often told,—

If reason always rule the heart,—
If passions own its sway,—
If love for aye the life impart
The zest it does to-day,—

If Providence with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot,—
While meek Contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot.—

And oh! if Faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide,—
Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd forever,
The Bridegroom and the Bride!

WILLIAM CUTTER.

From the Baltimore Transcript.

SONGS OF THE 'SORE EYE.'---NO. 1.

AIR—"*The Troubadour.*"

Gaily the Editor
Smoked his cigar,
While he was *scissoring*
News near and far.
Looking for murders dire,
Item or puff—
"Devil come—devil come
Aint this enough?"

Sadly the Editor
Heard the boy shout,
"Paragraphs!—paragraphs!—
My copy's run out."
Then with a nerveless pen,
He scribbled some stuff,
"Devil come—Devil come—
Aint this enough?"

*W*ild look'd the Editor,
Rage fired his eye
When cried the little imp,
"The form's gone to pie!"
Straight to the fiend he flew,
Gave him a cuff—
"Careless imp!—careless imp!
I'll give you enough!"

NON-PAREIL.

From the Baltimore Visiter.

MY COUSIN CONSTANCE.

By the Author of 'Tales from my Scrap Book.'

CHAPTER I.

'Sister Mary! sister Mary!' exclaimed my Cousin Constance, suddenly entering the drawing room at the very moment that Henry Fitz Alleyn had taken the unresisting hand of the blushing girl, and was telling that soft low tale of the heart's hopes and tears which loses half its romance if wispered in the presence of a third person.

Sister *M*ary! sister *M*ary! I am astonished at you.

Henry looked disconcerted, and released the hand he had pressed, while Mary blushed deeper than ever; but it was not in the nature of my cousin *M*ary to remain serious or embarassed for many minutes together, so she turned a sly side glance first on her abashed lover, and then on the staid, demure looking face of her prudish sister; and there was a dancing light in her roguish eye, and an arch curl of her pretty lip, as she retorted.

"Sister Constance! sister Constance! I wonder at your astonishment, knowing a you should, that a pleasant *tete a tete* ought never to be disturbed, and that for a gentleman to love a lady is so very natural."

'Natural!' echoed Constance, while her beautiful face elongated, and her eye brows assumed a proportionate elevation. "Natural! —what, to suffer a young gentleman to press your hand, and that too when you are alone! oh fie! fie! I would not have done so for the world."

"Constance," said my cousin *M*ary, drawing herself proudly up. Henry Fitz Alleyn is an honourable man, and as such, despite your omnious fears, I rely upon him. He has told me he loves me—and"—here she extended her hand, which he eagerly seized.

'And what? dear *M*ary said Henry.

'Why I am afraid, very much afraid, but mind, I will not be answerable for what I say —and she looked at Henry, and then at her sister,—that, that, that, I, I, do not love him in return.

He dropped her hand.

That is, I do not love him as mnch as he deserves. He again took it. But remember now, you must love me, Henry, wholly and solely; and neither time nor circumstances must abate one jot of that affection; for I here by insert a provisional clause, giving me the power to withdraw upon the least suspicion of defection on your part.

Henry renewed his protestations.

'Bear witness, Constance—you hear what he says.'

'I shall do no such thing,' said Constance and she pursed up her pretty mouth into the primness of that of an old maid.

Well, well, just as you please, said my merry Cousin. 'But Constance; pray tell me what young gentleman that was I observed walking by your side last evening! Wiloughby was it not?'

Constance blushed.

You looked exceedingly pleased, continued Mary, laughing.

I looked pleased! Mary—Mary, you forget the respect due to an elder sister.

An elder sister, said Mary, composing her features to the utmost possible gravity.

'I beg your pardon, I had forgotten.—Henry, permit me to introduce you to my elder sister. Miss Emsley—Mr. Fitz Alleyn. *M*r. Fitz Alleyn—Miss Emsley, aged nineteen years and some few months—and—my senior!

'*M*ary!'

'Constance!'

'I am astonished at you,' and she flung herself out of the room.

Poor Constance! said *M*ary, turning toward Henry and laughing,—this prudery of hers sits heavily upon so pretty a face. But come, shall I ask you to take a walk with with me?—or wait your invitation? A pretty lover you are. Do you not know you should anticipate my every wish by reading my secret thoughts—a difficult task by the bye from my never having any—but you ought to read them nevertheless. Why thou awkward one! Do you not perceive you have put my shawl on awry. If you perceive in this, I do not think I shall like you so very much after all.' And she leaned more heavily upon his arm and looked up with a softer expression into his eyes, as she said so.

"Your eyes disprove your words, dear *M*ary."

Then they are traitors, said she, laughing —but come—let us go.

CHAPTER. II.

Mary, said Mr. Elmsley to his daughter, as she sat busily employed in sketching a flower which Henry had just brought in from the garden. *M*ary, have you ssen Constance. I cannot tell what ails the girl of late. Formerly she was almost as lively as you, my madcap daughter.

Hush sir, hush—said Mary, putting her finger with mock seriousness to her lips; remember Henry is here, and of course he should not be told my faults. At least not yet awhile.'

I love you the better for them, for they serve to heighten your perfections'—said Henry, bending low and whispering in her ear.

'Do you know,' said she, with affected displeasure, 'that it is very impolite to whisper in company, especially if it be for the purpose of conveying a compliment, which should at all time be spoken boldly, lest he who hears should think you fear to make it known since its being known would bring its own refutation. Have done, sir!—See how you have made me spoil the effect of that leaf. You are such a teaze,—Henry I won't like you at all if you disturb me again.'

But of Constance, said the old gentleman; have you not observed how changed she is of late?

'Yes sir, she intends living an old maid.'

'A what?'

'An old maid.'

'I'll not believe it.'

'Ask Henry here, if she is not already studying for the character, she never smiles now —that is, except when she is alone; and then only see how very foolish she looked when she did so formerly. Her dress has changed from a fashionable one to one of extreme plainness—and she purses up her mouth, and elevates her eyelids if she observes in any person the least inclination to laugh while the pompous gravity of her language—her staid demure walk, her ultra neatness, prove conclusively to me, that she is preparing to install herself into the character and official duties of an old maid. Indeed so certain am I of this, that I recommend her to purchase a lap dog—it is true they are not fashionable now, but then she has abjured fashion.

Mary! *M*ary!

Indeed, I did, sir. I told her what sized one to obtain—commented upon its usefulness—pointed out the advantages of its having bow legs if possible—and begging her by all means not to select one with a good temper, as the pleasure of soothing its irritability and rocking it gently to sleep would then be lost. This I did in consequence of her being offended at my recommending young Willoughby to her kindly notice.

It was of him I spoke this morning, said Mr. Elmsley, but she immediately assumed so much gravity, and appeared so much hurt at my mentioning his name, that I changed the conversation.

See! said Henry, approaching the glass doors that opened into the garden, see! there she moves now, and not with her usual solemn step, but as if she hurried to fulfil an engagement.

An engagement, said Mary, starting up. I have it, quick! quick! Henry!—My shawl She may be only misleading us all this while. Let us follow her.—And the lively girl having once determined, proceeded immediately to put it in execution. *T*hey passed rapidly through the garden—searched the wilderness as it was termed, and followed into its most retired recesses, but she was no where to be found. To the summer house, said Mary—and lo! there was the object of their search; and in the act of kissing her extended hand, who but young Willoughby!

*T*he noise occasioned by the intruders roused Constance, who, on looking up, discovered to her dismay the laughing face of her sister Mary peering through the rose bushes and enjoying the scene.

The resolution of Constance was taken on the instant. She started suddenly up, and to the astonishment of Willoughby bid him "begone instantly," while at the same time there was a slight quivering of her eye lids, and it might have been, a tear that glittered from beneath, as she observed his reproachful look on obeying her unexpected command.

"Sister constance! sister Constance!" said Mary, running into the summer house, and laughing—'fie—fie—I am astonished at you What! suffer a young gentleman to kiss your hand—I am sure I would not have done so for a world—would I Henry?"

'You are deceived,' said Constance, calmly, 'I dismissed the gentleman immediately.'

'Well sister Csnstance' said Mary holding up her hands, 'you are indeed a riddle.'

Constance smiled faintly, but said nothing.

CHAPTER III.

It was about three weeks after the above, that the family were all assembled in the parlor. Henry Fitz Alleyn and Mary looking as happy as they could be, while Constance seemed pale and thin, and more serious than ever. At this instant the servant entered with a letter, and as Mr. Elmsley broke the seal, Fitz Alleyn and *M*ary exchanged glances.

'What's this?' said *M*r. Elmsley, adjusting his spectacles. 'Humph, so young Willoughby is to be married shortly.'

'*M*arried' exclaimed Constance, as if awakened from a trance, and springing forward. 'Let me see it, sir, let me see it'—she read the letter through rapidly, and then faltering out—'How I loved him,' She sunk upon a chair, and covering her face with her hands, wept aloud.

'Constance' whispered a low voice in her ear. It was Willoughby. She started up with a cry of joy, and flung herself into his arms.

'I told you she loved him,' said *M*ary, laughing, and then turning to her now happy sister, she added:

'Constance—Constance, I am astonished at you!'

TREASURER'S REPORT.

We publish below the report of the Treasurer of the Western Shore. This report was made at the extra session of our present Legislature, and this is the first opportunity we have had of perusing it or of giving it to the public.

The attention of every citizen of our State is earnestly invited to this report. It discloses the entire bankruptcy and complete derangement of the fiscal and financial resources of the State of Maryland. Let every one read for himself, and he will see as we do the ruinons, the destructive, and the iniquitous system of State policy which has been pursued by our rulers of latter years. It is time that the people should arouse and look to their vital interest; it is time that they should awake and behold the burdens, the encumbrances, the mortgages, the debts, and the grievous and oppressive TAXES that are to be saddled upon them, and which they very soon will have to pay. Direct taxation must be resorted to if a speedy and effectual system of reform and retrenchment is not adopted. If our rulers place upon us the burdens, the people will have to pay them, and the people will be taxed.

We might make many more remarks, but we forbear. We trust that this report will be published, and that the people will arouse and take the matter into their own hands.—They are the legitimate source of all power, and it becomes them at the present crisis of our affairs to look around and to ponder on the awful precipice to the verge of which the Whig rulers of the State have been hurrying them on, and over which they are now seeking to thrust them.

Fellow citizens, we say again, read this report, and you will see that the State of *M*aryland is both bankrupt and insolvent, and that with the appropriations that have been made, the apropriation of millions on millions, you will be placed under a load of arbitrary *T*axes such as even the subjects of an European despot have never endured.—Cecil Gaz

Western Shore Treasury,
Annapolis, *M*ay 23, 1836.

To the Honorable, the General Assembly of Maryland.

Gentlemen,—*T*he usual duration and cost of your late session, and the failure of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company to divide in April as the Treasurer was led by information of the best authority to expect, have so materially changed the condition and prospects of the Treasury for the current year as to make it his duty to invite your attention to them. On the first of April, he had in cash, (including that to the credit of the School and Sinking Funds) $124,124 19.—The General Assembly adjourned on the 4th —and on the 8th, every dollar of it had been disbursed.

He states the fact to shew the rapidity with which the demands upon the *T*reasury in each quarter month, withdraw its receipts in the intervals.

Between the 8th of April and the 1st of *M*ay, the current receipts were more than equal to the further disbursements, but the *T*reasury on this last day was still in debt to the School Fund, by $13,000—and he now has, only $1,338 50 applicable to the pay- of the current expenses of the State, and $18, 908 36 belonging to the Free School's Fund.

This state of things has, he has said, been occasioned by the circumstances first referred to. *T*he cost of the late session was, in the Treasury estimate submitted to and adopted by the General Assembly—set down at $50, 000—(the highest sum at which it had ever been estimated.)

He has already paid on that account, $61, 672 99—and will yet have to pay about 5000 more, exclusive of the cost of the present extra session.

In the 14th page of the last annual report of the President and Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, they stated that, in dividing on the 1st of October last at the rate of 1 1-2 per cent, they had reserved $75,000, and confidently asserted their ability and determination, to divide *semi-annually* in future, without interruption. Their expected April dividend, was accordingly estimated at 1 1-2 per cent, $5,625 00

And from their Washington Branch, was expected on the best authority, a dividend of 2 1-2 per cent, 12,500 00

*M*aking $18,125 00

That they had nothing to divide, is matter for regret only, but it was at least to have been expected, that their disappointment would have been communicated to the Treasurer or to the General Assembly, before the close of their session put an end to their power to supply the deficiency it would occasion, in the estimated means of the Treasury for the current year.

The April pressure upon the Treasury, having passed away harmlessly, the Treasurer thinks he has no danger to the public credit to apprehend again, before the 1st of July ly next.

On that day he will have to pay, for the quarter's interest on the public debt $43,149 34—of which, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road Company, and the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, will furnish in time $29,687 50

Leaving to be provided for	12,462 84
For account of Civil Officers—say	4,000 00
" The Judiciary	10,000 00
" Pensioners	2,000 00
*M*aking	$29,461 84

to say nothing of miscellaneous, contingent and other expenses, and he has no reason to expect to receive in the meantime, more than he will have occasion to disburse in the same time.

He apprehends too, that the State's share of the receipts of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company for the transportation of passengers on their Washington Branch Road, will be short of the estimated amount, by at least $15,000.

He respectfully suggests, therefore, the expediency of authorising him to borrow temporarily for the use of the State, on the best terms he may be able to make, so much of $50,000, as he may find necessary to meet any deficiency of the revenue in the course of the current year.

He repeats to the General Assembly that he has no sanction by law, for using cash to the credit of the funds in any emergency whatever—but he holds the high credit and honor of the State, which so far has been maintained with distinguished punctuality and good faith, to be of so transcendant importance to its character and welfare, that without the express prohibition of the Legislature, he is determined, as long as there is a dollar in the Treasury of any description, he will not stop payment.

He cannot too earnestly press upon the attention of the General Assembly, the necessity for providing some certain means for the punctual payment of the interest upon the public debt.

It is known that the permanent revenue of the State is anually deficient by at least $75, 000—even supposing the ability of the *C*hesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, and of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road Company to pay the interest of the three millions of dollars borrowed for their use, to endure.

This deficiency, it is true, has been so far supplied (successfully yet with great peril) by temporary expedients—but these cannot be expected to outlive the time necessary to render any direct tax available—and whatever may be the success of our works of internal improvement ultimately, all past experience admonishes us, that they may not presently be relied upon, for any considerable aid.

To attempt deliberately and permanently, to borrow interest as well as principal, and still more, to appear to seek by any device to cover the fact, is to abuse and impair the public credit, if it fail to exhaust it.

He asks leave to avail himself of the extra session, to invite your attention to another subject.

Chapter 256 of the acts of December session 1816, directed the distribution among the several counties in equal shares and the payment to their respective county authorities, of the Free Schools Fund—constituted of the tax on certain Banks by chapter 122 of 1813, which extended their charters to 1st of January, 1835.

By chapter 131 of 1821, their charters and the tax were further extended and continued to 1st January, 1845—and by chapter 274 of 1834, to the end of several successive years respectively, of which the longest will expire with the year 1859.

No provision that the Treasurer is aware of, has been made for the distribution and payment of the fund, received for the first time this year, and to be received in future, in pursuance of these two last enactments.

On the contrary, the 9th section of the first, and resolution No. 85 of 1834, with reference to the last, direct its investment by the *T*reasurer, and in such terms notwithstanding, as to render even that unauthorized for the direction to invest, is accompanied with an expressed reference to future legislative instruction as to the manner of investing —impliedly, yet clearly, withholding the authority of the Treasurer to invest, until such instruction shall have been given to him.

Since 1816, the Free Schools Fund has been annually distributed on or about the 1st of July, and it is apprehended, the county authorities in those counties wherein Free Schools have been opened, may be seriously embarrassed, if its payment be discontinued or interrupted.

He has the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE MACKUBIN,
Treas'. W. S. Md.

To the Editors of the Frederick Times.

Gentlemen:

In the last nnmber of the Times, I read, with great pleasure an article signed, 'A disgusted whig of Liberty,' giving his reasons for renouncing federal whiggery, and espousing the cause of that persecuted patriot, MARTIN VAN BUREN. I paid great attention to his talk, and think it very good. Well, sirs, if you'll believe me, I have been waiting for some time to give utterance to my sentiments on this same subject, but have always been afraid to undertake the task, till some one had broken the ice. As that has been done, I ask you now to receive my communication. You see, sirs, I have been led by the nose for ten or twelve years, by the *milk and water Patriots*, calling themselves whigs and whilst *they*, through their papers and their loud babblers, have always promised us great things they have invariably done *nothing*. Now, gentlemen, for each others satisfaction, let us prove things as we go along. Let us, then, go no further back than 1828, that trying period when Democracy, by very hard fighting, conquered the monster, Aristocracy. Hunt up a file of the Federal papers in your city, and in addition to *coffins, dead men's bones, ghosts, hobgoblins, blood and carnage, &c.*, you will see their pretty calculations about the electoral votes of the several states. They said that Adams would get the six New England states, all the Middle states, all the Western states, and Virginia and North Carolina, making more than two hundred electoral votes. And how many do you suppose they allowed Jackson? Why, only about 40 or 50 votes. But how did the elections go? Why, Gen. Jackson got almost all the votes, and poor old Adams was routed, horse, foot and dragoon. Let us now come to 1832, when Clay and his friend, the British Bank, were going to do such great wonders. What sort of fashion did the Whig papers write at that time? FIRE AND FURIES!! they were going to blow General Jackson to Davy Jone's Locker, and give Clay all the votes in the United States. Even Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Virginia, Indiana, North Carolina, and all the large states, were set down for Clay, under the imposing head of 'PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.' It was thundered forth from all the Federal whig presses of the nation, that Pennsylvania would give her 20, 000! New York her 10,000! Virginia her 8, 000! North Carolina her 5,000! and several other states their 2,000! majority for the turncoat, CLAY. Every stock jobber and political gambler shouted forth the same predictions, from Dan to Bersheba. What was the result of the election? Every one of the states claimed for Clay, gave their votes to JACKSON, by greater majorities than those they boastingly set down for the Bank Hero. And again, in 1834, when the British Bank, through its bribed satellites, Clay, Webster, Tyler and Granger, renewed their war against our constitution and liberties, what a terrible noise the whigs made in Flanders!!! Gen. Jackson and his friends were not only to be beaten and subdued, but his very name was to be obliterated from the memory of mankind, and the people were to be bound hand and foot, and delivered over to the Bank, to be scourged for their patriotism, and then doomed to wear the chains of bondage forever. But did the '*piebald whigs*' make good their tales of coming success and victory? No, sirs. The people, animated by the spirit of their Revolutionary sires, and impelled by an ardent love of liberty, rallied around Jackson, their great defender, and triumphantly sustained the grey-haired champion of Democracy. So far from Jackson's losing ground, he acquired more strength from every blow he received from his adversaries.

Well, Messrs. Editors, it has been often said that notorious liars can never be put to shame, and, from what the whigs are saying now, in the year 1836, I think that old adage is a verry correct one. Take hold of one of their papers now, and you can plainly discern by what they say about Granny Harrison's prospects of election, that they intend to lie as hard if not harder, than ever. Just look at their calculations of the votes of the different states if you want to have a downright hearty laugh. They set down 200 votes for the candidates of Faction, and only 92 for *M*artin Van Buren, the candidate of the people. Can any whig who has a grain of sense about him believe the tales of these