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DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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THE DIVINE OMNIPOTENCE.

Oh? look up to the soft blue sky,
Arching above the bright and fair;
Cold is the heart, and dull the eye,
Which feels not, sees not GOD is there!

Look round thee, on this spacious earth,
With every varied beauty rife;
Starts not an insant thought to birth
Of him whose presence gives it life?

Survey the billowy, boundless deep;
Is there no voice salutes thine ear—
Whispering, when tempests o'er it sweep,
In still small accents—GOD is here.

Glance upward—in nights silent hour,
To countless orbs in glory bright;
These speak, unheard, their Maker's power
Whose presence is their source of light!

Hark to the winds! which come and go,
O'er seas unfathomed, wastes untrod,
Are they not heralds, to and fro,
Of Him—the omnipresent God?

All forms of sentiment being trace!
Proclaim they not his power and love!
Vocal, in harmony and grace,
Of Him—to whom they live and move!

Last—but not least, O turn within!
With humble hope, and holy pray'r,
For in each heart, redeemed from sin,
The Eternal God is present there!

How can it be a truthless dream,
When through His Son on Him we call?
Since He, the Omnipotent Supreme,
Is every where, and all in all!

From the Zodiac.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

Job, 7, 16.

I would not always live!

For life, howe'er its fancied glories seem,
Is like the changes of the sleeper's dream;
We trust awhile—pursue with anxious tread;
But wake at length to find the phantom fled!
Its flattering glories lure but to betray—
Its brightest pleasures fade in gloom away!
The buds of hope, which all its path adorn,
Wave from the hand which grasps the wounding thorn—
Where'er we turn—where'er for comfort flee,
We find our refuge only false to be—
Our dearest treasures, lovely in their charms,
Stern death, relentless, tears them from our arms—
And each fond idol, which we made our trust,
Is laid in ruin in the loathsome dust!

I would not always live!
I would not always live!

Far far beyond our lowly vale of gloom,
And the dread influence of the fearful tomb,
There is a holier, happier life than this,
Endless duration—infinite of bliss!
Those who have loved us, whom we loved before,
Shall haste to greet us on the heavenly shore,
Transported guide us on our joyful way,
To the bright regions of eternal day;
Where trees of life in breathless beauty grow—
Rivers of pleasure, murmuring as they flow—
And sinless spirits rove the happy plains,
Where all the fulness of the Godhead reigns!
There, robes of white, and victor palms be given,
And golden harps, to swell the song of Heaven,—
Eternal joys and endless praise abound.
While the long ages roll their ceaseless round!

I would not always live!

April, 1836 C. W. E.

The following beautiful extract we commend to our readers. It is full of wisdom: may it sink deep into the hearts of all.

Pay thou the printer in the day thou owest him, that the evil day may be afar off, least the good man of the law sendeth thee thy bill: greeting.

Remember him of the quill, and the devils around him, and when thou weddest thy daughter to a man of her choice, send thou unto him a bountiful slice of the bridal loaf.

Borrow not that for which thy neighbor hath paid, but go and buy for thyself of him who hath to sell.

Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's paper nor molest him in the peaceful possession of it, lest thou stand condemned in the sight of him who driveth the quill, and thy character be hawked about by poor children.

EXTRACT FROM THE AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF A COWARD.

My first son was named Leister—he was a noble fair haired boy, beloved alike by parents, connexions, and servants—but with all his nobleness, I could discover one inherent feeling, hereditary, I think it must have been from his father, of cowardice. Hours, aye days did I think before I fixed on a plan to cure him of this failing. To beat him, the too common mode of imparting instruction to children, I knew would never answer for his temperament, and I therefore determined to work upon his feelings. One day we were passing a high stone post, flat and square at the top;—I set him down upon it and walked off to a great distance, bade him stand erect; at first he was afraid, but he overcame his timidity in a few moments. 'Now,' said I jump into my arms!' Poor fellow—he suffered from cowardice then—he trembled and began to cry. In a few moments I tried him again—but he dared not, nature was too strong. 'You are a *coward*,' said I putting him down. He had never heard that word before—he knew not what it meant, though from the manner in which it was spoken, he knew it meant something. It seemed to trouble him, but he affected to disregard it. He tried by a thousand playful innocent endearing tricks, to make me forget my seriousness, but all in vain. I had set myself to the task, for I knew what it was to be a coward—to have a heart full of cowardly blood. Presently he left me and went to his play, with an air that made my wife laugh at me and my theory, in spite of her veneration for both. After awhile he came to me and putting his little arms around my neck, kissed me. I refused to return his caress; and putting him down, coldly repeated the words 'you are a coward.' Again he went to his play, but more vehemently than before: and I observed while I sat reading, that he would now stop short in the mischief that employed him—drop whatever he had in his hands at the time, and sit motionless for awhile, as if something troubled him. Thank God! thought I my theory is beginning to work a cure. He came to me again: he was more serious: he stretched out his little arms, and asked to be *tist*. I persisted, however, in spite of his mothers beautiful eyes, and put him from me. He was hurt—and went no more to his play.—I sat and watched him, without letting him see me. I observed every movement of his face, and was pleased.

The next morning I left town, and was absent for a week. On my return, the moment I alighted, Leister was at my side, and put both of his hands into mine. I saw that he wanted to say something, and waited for me to speak. 'Father,' says he, '*I'll jump*.'—The tears were in his eyes. I could have hugged the little rascal to my heart—but I dared not—I dared not till the whole trial was over. It might be hazarding little, but it was my duty to hazard nothing. I took him to the post—I went further off than before—I saw his little face change color. To him it was terrible—to me nothing for I could catch him. He prepared himself—he held his breath—he shut his eyes and leaped. I caught him and kissed him. I sobbed aloud, for my heart ran over. 'Now father,' said he as soon as he could get his breath—'now father, be I *a toward?*' He could not even pronounce the word, but he never forgot it—he was cured. And on his death bed it would have strangled him to have called him a coward.—*New England Galaxy.*

'*Anecdote of John Randolph.*—A sou'hern gentleman told us 'sich a good 'un' the other day of Randolph and the proprietor of one of our principal hotels, and here it is. While Mr. Randolph was engaged in earnest conversation with several gentlemen during his last session in Congress, Mr.——, of the —— hotel Broadway, walked up and interrupted him with 'How are you, Mr. Randolph?' 'How do ye do, Sir,' was the reply. 'Fine day, Mr. Randolph!' 'Sir!' answered Randolph sharply, hoping to get rid of his pertinacious acquaintance. 'Fine day, Sir,' repeated the man of the hotel, upon which the descendant of Pocahontas turned round and looking the man in the face fiercely asked, 'You keep a *victualing establishment* in New York, I believe? I recollect staying there once, and when I came away I paid you, did'nt I? 'Certainly, Sir' 'Good morning, Sir!' The way the hotel keeper slid was *his* business.'

We recollect an anecdote of the same eccentric individual, similar, to the above. A young man of one of the most respectable families in New York, making the tour of the South had letters to Mr. Randolph, who received him with the utmost cordiality,—introduced him into the families of the old aristocracy of the neighborhood,—took him over his farm,—pointed out the different qualities and pedigree of his horses and dogs, and did every thing to make the visit of the stranger agreeable. The young man was not less delighted than surprised at his reception, and on his return determined to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Randolph, who was then at Washington. He met him on the steps of the Capitol in conversation with a friend. Delighted to meet him, he rushed towards him exclaiming how do you do, Mr. Randolph, how do ye do. Mr. Randolph coldly replied to his salutation, and proceeded in conversation with his friend. Perhaps, said the young man, you do not recollect me, I am ——, I spent a week at your house in autumn and was kindly received. Mr Randolph merely replied, you should know the difference, young man, between *hospitality* and *familiarity*. The young traveller made his retreat as best he could.

NAPOLEON'S HEARSE.

As we were passing by a long open shed, in one corner of the parade, the officer who conducted us called our attention to a plain four wheeled carriage, without body or top, which was stowed away, among a heap of other rubbish. Two or three boards were laid upon the axles, like the bottom of a common lumber wagon, and this was roughly *cleated* with narrow strips so as just to admit a coffin and keep it in its place. '*This*,' said the officer, 'is the identical carriage, or rather the *running* part of the carriage, which Bonaparte took with him; when he was taken to St. Helena, and this is the hearse upon which he was carried to his grave. When it was sent home, it had a canvass top, the whole of which has been cut off and carried away by successive visitors. When the cloth was gone they began to cut away the wood itself, so that we have been obliged to put it out of their reach within this railing, as you see.'

'Is it possible' I was ready instinctively to exclaim—'is this the end of human greatness? The hero of Lodi, of Jena, of Wargram, of Austerlitz—the conqueror of powerful kingdoms—the arbiter of dynasties—the terror of the world!' What a winding up of that a gorgeous and terrible drama, which for a quarter of a century held mankind in breathless suspense!' Sceptres—crowns—thrones—palaces—triumphal processions and arches—the adoration of the proudest millions of warriors that ever bore the car of their idol thro' rivers of blood—the quaking of continents beneath his chariot wheels—here, we see them all; under an open shed, cleated down upon rough boards, six feet long and two wide!

I would not have lost this solemn lesson for a great deal. And yet I confess that when I considered the circumstances of Napoleon's rigorous confinement and death, there was something revolting in the trophy before me. Sir Hudson Lowe, if not the British government has yet an open account with the world, in regard to his treatment of his royal prisoner, which he will find it hard ever to close. By whose order this ignoble bier was brought from St. Helena, and deposited in Woolwich arsenal, I do not know. But I must say, that such a trophy does no credit to a great and magnanimous people,—If it is suffered to remain there, it should be kept out of sight, at least for one generation. It has too much the appearance of exulting over a fallen and dead enemy. Surely Britain, with all her military power and glory, could well have afforded to lengthen the chain by which she bound her prisoner to a solitary rock, in the midst of the ocean, and she has nothing to gain, by showing travellers from foreign countries, with how little expense and ceremony she disposed of him, when that chain was broken, by the stroke of death.

THE CROPS.—The Reading Pa. Chronicle of Tuesday says:—'The farmers of this neighborhood have been busy during past week with the hay harvest. The crops are better than usual, and the weather has been fine for securing them.'

THE CROPS.—The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph says there is good cause in that vicinity, for complaints of short crops of wheat and rye. Many of the farmers had ploughed down their wheat and rye, and put in oats, corn, potatoes &c. In some parts of the State, however, as well as in other States according to that paper, the wheat and rye will produce a fair average crop; and in Michigan, a great grain country, these crops were never more promising, and will afford an abundant yield. In conclusion, the Telegraph observes: 'We must take things as they come—for it is generally the case, that the failure of one crop, is the certain harbinger of abundance in others. Oats and potatoes never looked better than now; and corn, although much retarded by the protracted cold wet weather, will, by a little additional attention, give a good average yield, and at least equal to any for the last three or four years. The crop of hay, too, which is now being secured, is unusually fine.

Crops in Ohio.—It is a subject of just gratulation, that, while we have so many accounts of ravaged fields and failing harvests, on this side of the mountains, the information which reaches us from beyond the Allegany, and especially from the grain growing State Ohio, is of a far more satisfactory and cheering character. In Ohio, in general, the prospect of the harvest now at hand, is positively good according to the advices we have received from that quarter. A late Tuscarawas (Ohio) Advocate in reference to the grain and grass crops in that region, says, they never presented a better appearance for a bountiful harvest than at this time. Ohio is of the greatest grain growing States in the Union; and from the general abscence of complaint in that region, we infer that her present harvest will be marked with its usual fruitfulness. The Genneseee country of new York will also yield its thousands of flour and wheat this year, as heretofore, and thus be measurably compensated, the failing crops of middle Pennsylvania and Maryland, by the abundance on their borders.

In the south as well as in the north and west, the prospect is also good as we learn from a late number of the Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger, which states that the wheat harvest has commenced in all parts of the district and that the crops turned out much better than was expected. The general opinion in that region, according to the Messenger is that more than an average crop will be made this year.

From the Cecil Gazette.

REFORM.

Mr. Editor,—The attention of a large majority of the citizens of our state and of our County for a length of time has been directed to the imperative necessity of a thorough reform in our State constitution, and at the present crisis more than ever are they convinced that this reform is a subject requiring their most mature consideration and also their most energetic and efficient action. The people have been made aware that the State Constitution, an instrument originally framed for the purpose of preserving to them their unalienable rights, has by the lapse of time and other combining causes become radically defective, and instead of protecting and securing, robs them of those political rights, which a republic by its adoption of a constitutional government should always guarantee to the people.

However much we may respect the Constitution of our State on account of its venerable antiquity, however much we may reverence the wisdom and the patriotism of those sages and statesmen who framed it, yet when it does not answer the purpose for which it was framed, when in its operation it is found to be tyrannical and oppressive, when by this instrument the minority instead of the majority become the rulers, and when by it the principles of republicanism are subverted and overthrown, wisdom and justice then demand and require a reform. The bright example of those revolutionary patriots who brought this very Constitution into being, is before our eyes and as a beacon light cheers us on to the effort, and bids us not cease until we have gained our ends.

The people who in a republican government are the legitimate source, from whom all political power emanates, the people who gave life and strength to the constitution, the people for whom it was framed, and for whose government it was intended, every republican must admit, have certainly an incontrovertible and an unalienable right to say, when and how the constitution shall be revised and reformed. Whenever the people require a reform in their republican institutions, that reform must be granted, whenever they demand a right which is justly and evidently theirs, however restrained and restricted this right may be by bonds and by fetters, still it must be surrendered and yielded into the hands of the people its original grantors. A republican government has its foundation and its support in the will of the governed. Its firmest and surest props are justice and wisdom. On these it must be based, and without these it must cease to exist The idea of binding a free people by an obsolete and worn out Constitution, such as that of the state of Maryland, is entirely preposterous; that the majority of the whole citizens of the state should be controlled and governed by a minority is contrary to every notion of justice and abhorent to every republican principle we hold dear. At the present day men of intelligence and patriotism, and of liberal and enlarged views cannot be ruled by a set of regulations which are in direct conflict with reason. If they can what is the value of our boasted liberty? What is the value of that bright jewel which so sparkles in the diadem of our nation's glory? What is it to be born free? It all were naught, if we are to be made the subjects of aristocratic and irresponsible rulers.

But do we doubt whether the freemen of the state of Maryland are able to govern themselves? Or do we suppose they are not sufficiently intelligent to elect their own rulers? Or is it possible that any one should desire that men who are odjous and obnoxious shall still hold over the people the controlling power, and be able to make them their slaves and their vassals? This cannot be, the people cannot and will not longer endure it, and those who contend for such unjust and arbitrary exactions they alone must be responsible for the result.

I hold that the people in an enlightened republic are competent to elect their rulers and all officers of profit and trust. They have a right to demand that the official acts of all their agents and public functionaries should be submitted to them for their approval or their condemnation. The actions of all should be subjected to the test of the people's judgment. No officer either executive or ministerial, judicial or legislative should be so elevated as to become wholly unaccountable to his constituents and to the people for his official acts.

If the people can be trusted to elect their legislators have they not probity enough for the selection of an executive officer? If they are fit to choose their ministerial functionaries can we fear to place in their hands the appointment of their judicial? Who can doubt that those who are competent to elect a representative to congress, to the state legislature or a sheriff, are equally competent to choose a governor, a state senator, a county clerk or nay even a judge? Those who are as citizens directly interested in the government, should certainly enjoy the privilege of electing their own rulers. Those who contend that the people are corrupt, degraded and incompetent to govern themselves, deny and refuse to them a right evidently theirs, and forsooth place it in the hands of irresponsible individuals where its abuse is almost as certain as its exercise. I for one contend for the general probity of the people, and I moreover maintain that the appointing power of our clerks, our judges, and of our executive is now lodged in a more dangerous situation and more liable and therefore more accessible to corruption than if it rested under the immediate control of the republican citizens of our state.

My esssay, Mr. Editor, has been extended beyond the limits I had prescribed to myself. I have not yet exhausted my subject, but will forbear for the present least I trespass too far on the patience of my readers. At some future day I may resume this subject, and will then endeavor to be more pointed in the remarks I shall make on a subject so universally and so vitaliy interesting as that of reform in our State Constitution.

CECIL.

Extract from Andrew Jackson's message to Congress, in December, 1834.

The attention of Congress is earnestly invited to the regulation of the Deposites in the State Banks by law. Although the power now exercised by the Executive department on this behalf is only such as was uniformly exerted through every Administration from the origin of the government up to the establishment of the present Bank, yet is one which is susceptible of regulation by law and therefore ought so to be regulated. The power of congresss to direct in what places the Treasurer shall keep the monies in the Treasury, and to impose restrictions upon the Fxecutive authority, in relation to their custody & removal, is unlimited, and its exercise will rather be courted than discouraged by those public officers and agents on whom rests the responsibillty of their safety. It is desirable that as little power as possible, should be left to the President or Secretary of the Treasury, over those institutions which being thus freed from Executive influence, & without a common head to direct their operations, would have neither the temtation nor the ability to interfere in the political conflicts of the country. Not deriving their characters from the national authorities, they would never have those inducements to meddle in general elections which have led the Bank of the United States to agitate and convulse the country for upwards of two years.

Extract from Andrew Jackson's Message to Congress, in December, 1835.

I need only add to what I have, on former mer occasions, said on this subject generally, that in the regulations which Congress may perscribe respecting the custody of public moneys, it is desirable that as little discretion as may be deemed consistent with their safe keeping should be given to the executive agents. No one can be more deeply impressed than I am with the soundness of the doctrine which restrains and limits, by specific provisions. Executive discretion, as far as it can be done consistently with the preservation of its constitutional character. In respect to the control over the public money, this doctrine is peculiarly applicable, and is in harmony with the great principle which I felt in that I was sustaining in the controversy with the bank of the United States; which has resulted in severing, to some extent, a dangerous connection between a moneyed and political power. The duty of the legislature to define by clear and positive enactment, the nature and extent of the action which it belongs to the Executive to superintend, springs out of a policy analagous to that which enjoins upon all the branches of the Federal Government an abstinence from the exercise of powers not clearly granted. In such a government, possessing only limited and specific powers, the spirit of its general administration cannot be wise or just, when it opposes the reference of all doubtful points to the great source of authority, the states and the People; whose number and diversified relations securing them against the influences and excitements which may mislead their agents, make them the safest depository of power. In its application to the Legislative branch of the Government, the same rule of action should make the President ever anxious to avoid the exercise of any discretionary authority, which can be regulated by Congress. The biases which may operate upon him, will not be so likely to extend to the representatives of the people in that body.

A facetious crier in Newport R. I. by the name of Sam Weeden, was frequently annoyed by some young ladies daughters of a Mr. Otis, who used to divert themselves with his extemporaneous rhymes. One day when Sam was passing the house the young ladies, as usual assembled at the door to be amused with his wit. Sam gave them the following specimen and walked off.

This is to give due notice,
That if Jonothan Otis,
Don't keep his girls in,
I'll never cry here agin.

Simplicity.—A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called out to a boy, 'Where does this road go to my lad?' 'Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along.'

Lawyer Like.—The Law Magazine relates an anecdote of Sergeant Davy—a distinguished lawyer in the time of Lord Mansfield—that being once to account by his brethren on the western circuit, for disgracing the profession, by accepting silver of a client, he replied. I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession.'

A Retort.—Some days ago a pretty and respectable female, of about seventeen summers, was walking up Market Street, at a quick pace, as a threatening shower was about sending down the premonitory drops, when opposite the Baltimore House she was accosted by a gentleman in the following language 'come under my hat my pretty little miss and get out of the rain;' the lady, without lessening her speed, sent back the following retort, 'there is one calf's head under it now and that is as many as it will cover.'—The hailing gentleman was among the missing.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

The editor of the Kennebec Journal, after a reverie, breaks forth into the following soliquy:

"To sue or to be sued. That's the question,
Whether 'tis better for the purse to suffer
The application of the sheriff's pincers,
Or make out bills against delinquent debtors
And give them to a lawyer."

Leave the Lawyers alone; between two stools you are sure to fall to the ground.

The grog-dealers in Staggersville, in order to avoid the licence laws, retail liquor by the yard, in long tin tubes, instead of the glass! It is calculated that a yard and a half will lay a man in the gutter.

Nothing annoys an enemy more than kindness; it is an arrow that generally hits the mark.

'Have you any shear muslin?' said a young Miss to a pert young shopkeeper.—'No, madam; but we have some very fine small tooth combs' 'Well, then,' said she 'you had better make use of them.'

A Tight Squeeze,—'Come here, my lad,' said an attorney to a boy about nine years of age. The boy willingly came, and asked, 'What case is to be tried next!' 'A case between the Pope and the devil; which do you think will gain the action?' answered' the attorney. 'I guess 'twill be a pretty tight squeeze; the Pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers,' replied the boy.

Player's Wit.—One of the best things that we remember to have heard of, was a saying of a poor player who was present at the burial of Kean. The church was crowded, and boys busy around the windows to catch a glimpse of the coffin of the great tragedian. "Ah, said the player, Kean draws a full house to the last."