DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1836. NO. 9.

DORCHESTER AURORA,

EDITED AND PRINTED BY

JOHN T. JACKSON.

TERMS—$2 50 a year, one-half to be paid upon the receipt of the first number. Subscribers may discontinue the paper at any time by paying for the time they have received it; but not without, except with the assent of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1 00; each after insertion 25 cents—when larger, in proportion.

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them, and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

"General Harrison's political principles and public course, have been in strict accordance with the sentiments of the whig party of Maryland."—[Chronicle.

As the principal organ of the whigs; the Chronicle *ought to know* what are the sentiments of its party. We may be permitted to doubt, however, whether the following will be an acknowledged expression of the sentiments of all who may rally under the banner of the Chronicle's party. There is no small proportion of the Whigs in Maryland who will refuse to echo the "prejudices" of the 'Hero,' "against the masonic institution," or who can consent to lend their influence to that intolerant humbug, political anti-masonry.—What follows, is extracted from a recent correspondence between Thaddeus Stevens and General Harrison. It is a part of a long reply to some questions, asked by Mr. Stevens.—Balt. Rep.

"The evidence exhibited in the case in which you were plaintiff, contained many circumstances and facts of high importance, which I had not before seen and were not calculated to diminish the prejudices I had before entertained, against the masonic institution. I consider myself indeed the oldest Anti-Mason in the United States. My prejudices against Masonry were formed as far back as I can remember. I received them from my father; who was not a mason, and he from his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, who was one. None of my family that I know of have ever been masons. Two sons-in-law have been members, but have seceded, one of them upon my recommendation.

"When I was in the army commanded by General Wayne, a lodge was established by the officers, and several of my friends upon proposing themselves as members, urged me to unite with them for that purpose. I resisted their solicitations, and indeed, used my exertions to prevent them joining. You can easily perceive, from the situation in which I was placed, there were as strong inducements to me to abandon my prejudices against masonry as could well exist. But although I was very young and inexperienced at that time, I remained firm to the principles which had been instilled into my mind by my venerated father and which had their origin in a venerated uncle." * * * * *

THE LETTER.

CINCINNATI, 20th Nov. 1835.

My Dear Sir,—I received last evening your letter of the 11th inst. I am at a loss to conceive upon what fair principles of construction my letter to the President and Secretary of the Central Anti-masonic Committee could be considered as a denunciation of the Anti-masonic Party. If my language will bear that meaning, it is certainly the very reverse of what I intended to convey by it. To deny the right of the people to form association to correct *any existing* ABUSES, not immediately cognizable by law, would deny them one of the most essential rights, which in the grant of power to their agents, they have reserved to themselves. It is equally impossible, that I could have intended to say, that the people had no right to instruct their agents, considering that during my whole political life, I have been the open and decided advocate of that right. I not only believe that the Representative is bound by the declared will of his constituents, but to conform his acts as far as possible to what he believes to be their wishes although not communicated by any express instruction. For my sentiments on this subject, contained in an address to the electors of the 1st Congressional District of Ohio, some years ago, I was most severely criticised by many of the Federal Editors of that period, and by none more so than my friend C. Hammond. You may have seen in one of his late papers, when defending me against the charge of Federalism, he asserts that I always maintained "the right of instruction, and other follies of the Jefferson school."

Lest I should be misunderstood also in another particular, I must take leave to say, that whilst I deny the right of the General Government, or any of its departments, to interfere with the concerns of the people, in relation to their party pringiple, or party movements, in all cases where the laws of the Union are not violated: I cannot be supposed to mean that it is not the duty of the Appointing power, STRICTLY TO INQUIRE INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF THOSE WHO ARE CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE. For my own part, I hesitate not to say, that I would as soon think of appointign to an office under this Republic, one of the sprigs of English Nobility—a scion from the pure tory stock, of the house of Eldon, or Louther, or Jenkinson, or Wellesley, as an American citizen who would assert his right to enter into any ENGAGEMENT or COMBINATION, which would release him from his paramount obligations of duty to the CONSTITUTION and LAWS of his country.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Your humble servant,

W. H. HARRISON.

William Ayres, Esq.

From the Pittsburg Times.

[A real enthusiastic Anti-Masonic paper.]

THE OLD FLANNEL BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by this dim drowsy
light,
What so gaily we hailed by the bonfire's last
gleaming,
The old Flannel Banner that hung through
the night,
On a veteran broomstick so gallantly streaming?
May the old petticoat in its glory still float,
To cheer every Bender that goes the whole
shoat;
To be fixed a memento, for all and forever,
To grace the last fountain of lovely Salt River.

It revives his old heart's dying feelings to
view
Thy fair quilted skirt which so many dear
fingers
Have worked for the blunders of *Tippecanoe,*
And the insults to Croughan, whose curse o'er
him lingers:
When the clerk of North Bend shall exclaim
"there's no end
To human calamity"—thou like a friend,
Shalt recall to his thoughts the sweet dames
who of yore,
With thee came to greet him on Salt River
shore.

May I, when my spirit is quitting its hold,
When the last drops of life from my faint
heart are oozing,
May I lay this chilled brow on thy dim yellow folds,
Like a poor buckeye corned, on a celler door
snoozing.
May the old petticoat in its glory still float,
To cheer every Bender who goes the whole
shoat,—
To be fixed a memento for all and forever,
To grace the last fountains of lovely Salt
River.

From the Athenæum and Visiter.

THE WRECKER BOY.

What ails thee, little wrecker boy?
Why dost thou seem so sad?
Are not the winds and waves thy joy?
Can they not make thee glad?
Look out upon the swelling sea—
The billows, how they rise—
See how in furious revelry,
They lash the lofty skies.

I am a little, little lad,
But crime is on my heart;
I feel it here, and must be sad,
'Till guilt and I can part.
I'm little—but for years I've stood
On this deceitful shore,
And torrents seen of human blood
Into yon ocean pour.

I grieve to think that these young hands—
These tiney hands of mine,
Have built false fires upon the sands,
And lifted up the sign
That lured the vessel for relief
From dangers of the sea,
To dash upon the dismal reef,
A gloomy wreck to be!

I've seen the sailors from the wave
Come dripping, O the guilt!
I've seen the wretch who calls me slave
Drive daggers to the hilt
In their defenceless breasts; and gore
From quivering hearts, has roll'd
In crimson curses on the shore—
And all—and all for gold.

And wilt thou ask what ails me now?
Wilt ask why I am sad?
There's woe upon my morning brow
Enough to drive me mad!
The message from the gloomy grave,
Thus gladly do I greet;
Farewell!—this hour the salted wave
Shall be my winding sheet.

Technical Toast.—Benjamin Franklin the * of his profession—the *type* of honesty—the ! of all—and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life is without a ‖.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generations:—Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burg of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. Whilst we were thus occupied a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the streets.

After having saluted him, he took hold of *the hammer,* struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure:—"This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?" "Forgive me sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father." Where are they, then?" The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the Honorable Company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivalling his brother." The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. "And pray, what has become of the third?" Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison." At this recital the inquisitive gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings he returned to the old man and resumed discourse. "And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?"—"Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftner than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants, but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me." At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, "Father, father, if my brother William is still alive that is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you." "Yes, my friend, it is he," replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms who like one beside himself, attempting to speak, and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying, "Where is he, then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother." The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—"Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witnesses of this tender meeting with your family; we request the favor of you and yours to dinner in the inn." The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. 'Gentlemen,' said he, "to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I arose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I intrusted the third to a Scotish gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it."

After dinner, the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as to his mother, an annuity of eighty pound, reversible to his two brothers. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances, and after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burg. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.

From the New-Yorker.

COURTING.

* * * I speak from observation in this matter—not from experience; for but once during my life have I "been a-courting." She was a sweet and worthy girl—

"Endowed with qualities to give happiness,
Such as rounds common life into a dream
Of something which your poets cannot paint."

Presuming upon the strength of a slight acquaintance, to pay her a visit on Sunday eve, "upon the going down of the sun," I commenced my journey. I had a mile to travel. With a determined spirit, I hastened upon my mission of happiness.

Alack! "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." With a beating heart I arrived at the door, but in vain essayed to raise my hand to the knocker. My arm was nerveless—my courage had fled—and I turned from the door. A dozen times, with hasty strides, I passed and repassed the dwelling—a lovely cottage—and again approached with re-assured confidence, resolved to decide my fate. I had arrived within a few steps—a merry laugh resounded from within—and, as though confronted by a demon, I desperately retreated. Walking, or rather running, a hundred rods or more, I seated myself upon a stone by the wayside, and ruminated upon my folly and cowardice. There was a chaos of thoughts within; and I noticed not that the,

"Clouds were approaching fast, and showing
In forked flashes a commanding tempest."

A few pattering rain drops aroused me, and I commenced my march homeward. Drenched to the very skin, weary, sorrowful, disheartened, and angry with myself, I retired to my pillow—and never have been a courting since!

How keenly one feels the want of courage! But for a craven spirit, I might have been a wedded man, with half a dozen "little responsibilities" growing up around me—a comfort in affliction, a blessing and treasure in prosperity.

There is a fellow of my acquaintance who became transformed into a knave in consequence of "going a courting." He was stupid—grossly and unfortunately stupid, and wanting in the common attributes of humanity. The corsair Conrad, (one of the dark creations of Lord Byron's gloomy mind,) evil, desperate, and depraved as he was, was not all evil:"

————"quickening round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart."

He *loved.* So with him in question: he fancied himself "in love." One evening he visited the fair object of his adoration, who received him with coolness and contempt. But he was blessed with that happy obtuseness of mind and feeling which render one insensible to sneers, hints and inuendoes. Finding there was but one manner in which to dispose of her troublesome and vexatous visiter, the lady frankly told him that she should be pleased to have him depart, as his company was in no manner acceptable He rose, placed his hat upon his head, and in a most lachrymal tone answered in words conned for the occasion: "I go, ma'am as you command me—but I leave my heart with you!" The day laughed long and loud, and the poor fellow never came back. He became a scoundrel and a confirmed fool—"the derision of his enemies—the melancholy pity of his friends!"

I have related this, as it is the only instance in my knowledge where this time-honored custom has been productive of any but the most beneficial results. There is another incident, which may have been in print before, but it can lose nothing by a second recital. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me;"

An honest-hearted young man had long been the faithful Valentine of a capricious and false-hearted beauty. Influenced by motives unknown to herself she determined to discard him. At the usual time, he rode to the door, dismounted, fastened his horse, and entered. The conference was not brief. He entreated, exhorted, commanded, and threatened, but of no avail—she was inexborable. Sallying forth, he leaped upon his horse, and, burying his spurs to the rowel-heads in the flanks of his beast, he urged him on at a frightful pace. There was a hell raging within his breast, & for a moment the thought of self-destruction came to his mind. He indignantly spurned it from him.

It was in the fall of the year—a bitter cold night—aud onward he rode in his furious career. Once only his steed swayed from the path, and he reined him in with desperate energy. The motion caused him to raise his head.—Another rider was by his side! He rode without steed, and coursed over the ground swiftly yet silently, and varying not from his upright posture! The cold perspiration gathered upon the brow of the young man, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He slackened his pace—the stranger slackened also; he urged his horse to his utmost speed—the stranger kept by his side with the purest ease. Neither uttered a syllable. For hours they rode side by side, and yet the young man approached not his home. He seemed riding over a barren heath, the horseless rider ever by his side. Finally, remembering an injunction given him in his youth, to say the word "Heaven," and the ghost would always vanish, he shouted, (closing his eyes and dropping the reins upon the neck of the horse,) 'In the name of Heaven, what do you want?"

His horse stopped—he opened his eyes; and the spectre had vanishied. The first faint streaks of dawn were just beginning to dapple the East. He turned and looked back: a few rods from him, alone in the field, stood an old apple tree, trimmed of its smaller branches, the remainder covered with frost and snow. He returned and reviewed the spot. The ground was torn up around the tree in a large circle, as though by horses feet, every thing indicating that it had been quite recently done. He faithfully examined the spot, and came to the conclusion that the tree was his ghost, and that he had been riding around it all night in a track made by an old weather tied to the tree by a neighboring farmer—Mounting his jaded and worn-out Rosinante, he returned slowly home.

I have but one more incident to relate, reader; and I beseech thee, though it savoreth somewhat of the marvellous, deem it not unworthy the fullest credence.

I have a friend—a frank-hearted soul—who occasionally dealeth in tropes and figures, or, in other words, is apt to "stretch the truth." When last in his company, the conversation turned upon courting. "Well," said honest Jack, "I never got the mitten but once in my life. There never was a madder creature than I was, and I jumped into my cutter, put the lick to the horse, and off like thunder. It was a leetle the almightiest fast horse I ever saw. After goin' a mile or two, I saw right afore me, across the road, a darned great pine tree. I could'nt stop for trifles, and would have run over the devil had he come in my way. We cleared it slick and clean; and I never knew how it was done, except the horse went over, and the sleigh went *under!*"

A WHOLESALE LIAR.—The Liverpool Correspondent of the New York Express communicates the following account of a most magnificent liar.—He caps the climax of all the Gullivers and Munchausens that have existed.

Our courts of Judicature present, as you must have observed, some extraordinary scenes. One of these occurred last week, in the Court of King's Bench. The hero of the adventure out Munchausens Munchausen! He is an Italian, named Moscati, who asumes to be a Count or Marquis "of that ilk," as John Galt has it. He commenced an action, last year, against the *Times* for asserting that he, the said Moscati, was what O'Connell calls "a mighty great liar." He, at that time, had asserted, in all companies to which he had access, that *he* was the *bona fide* foreign editor of the *Times*—that he could do what he pleased with the Times,—that he frequently dined with Barnes, the English Editor off a service of gold plate which that "best of republics," Louis Philippe had sent to Barnes as the reward of his partizanship in favor of said Citizen-King—in fact, that he was a man of extraordinary abilities and super-ordinary influence. He could not, unfortunately, convince a jury of this, and the upshot was that Moscati was nonsuited. The impression on the mind of the public at the time was that Moscati was "mad as a March hare. There was the opinion, also, that we should hear no more of him.

But last week, the public did hear more of him, and in an abundantly ludicrous manner. Unwarned by the result of his former action against the *Times,* he commenced an action against the famous booksellers, Longman & Co., for a libel in the *Medical Gazette,* published by them, in which this poor creature was called a *liar* and *imposter.* Another man would have pocketed the insult because it was true, but this unhappy Moscati chooses it as an excuse for again going to law! He was too poot to employ counsel, but as he came before the court *in forma pouperi.,* Sir F. Pollock, one of the first men at the English bar, pleaded his cause without any fee. Longmans put in a justification—that Moscati was a magnificent liar, and they proved it, so that Moscati had a verdict against him. A variety of witnesses proved that he had told them some Major Longbows. He said that he was author of *Pelham,* that he was creditor to a large amount, of Bulwer's, and that Bulwer owed him the money for writings of Moscati's which Bulwer had fathered, as his own. Mr. Bulwer was produced, who swore that *he* wrote "Pelham" and that Moscati did not: that Moscati once furnished material to him, for a four page article in the *New Monthly Magazine,* for which he was paid: and that he, (Mr. B.) never owed sixpence to the Italian. The next bounce was that Maria Antoinette, Queen of Paris, had *not* been guillotined, but that she had been "protected" by Moscati, for many years in his chatteau —Bounce four that he had a Toledo blade in a sword cane, *which blade he usually wore round his body!* and that when he took it from round his waist it always sprung back to its straight form, "just as natural as any thing."—Bounce five: that he knew 34, and could gramatically speak 24 languages.—Bounce six: that albeit a small man he was of a *roomy-natur* (ruminator) and could chew the cud like a cow.—Bounce seven: that he had been with Napoleon in the Russian campaign, and his power of hearing was so remarkable that he had actually heard the approach of the Russian army at twenty-four hours march distance; this he says he told to Napoleon who discredited this modern *fine ear,* laughed at it, but finally, when too late, discovered his mistake.—Bounce eight: that he had the extraordinary power of being always able to shoot a man in the left eye, and had fought ninety-three duels, in every one of which, he had wounded his antagonist in the left eye. This, you will see. was a bounce "over the left." Enough about this fellow, he is fitter far the madhouse than any other place. The joke is that, at first, most of the people to whom he told these abominable lies, actually were so weak as to believe him! Why? because, argued the wise-acres, "we never thought a man would tell *such* lies, we really though it might be as he said."

Dr. H*** J****** was one of the most able, talented and eccentric Surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The Dr. was one morning sitting in his office pouring over some medical work fresh from the mother country via Boston, when a loud tap at the door aroused him.—'Come in,' said the Dr. and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

'Dr. I've got a desperate sore foot—can you help it.'

'I will try—let me see it.'

The old crone proceeded to divest her *understanding* of the apology for a hose with which it was covered, and displayed to the astounded Dr. a foot—and such a foot!

Heavens! exclaimed the Dr. throwing up both hands in amazement—'what a dirty foot!

'La Dr.—ye need'nt be in such a wonderment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world—I'se warrant—aye, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house as proud as the young ladies, your daughters are—for all that'—and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the Dr's. astonishment.

'Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing.'

'Pon honor?'—said the Bedlam.

'Pon honor'—cried the Dr.

The old woman stript off the other stocking, and displaying a foot that beggarred all description, grinned in the face of the astounded Dr. exclaiming—Gie'me the guinea! Gie'me the guinea! I know'd it—I know'd it! I wash'd 'tother 'fore I come here!'

[New Hampshire Gaz.

Not Bad.—A green, good natured, money-making, up-country Jonathan, who said every thing drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony; having no peculiar regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green-horn country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasson to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that;" after tieing the knot; he said it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that also, "it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that."—The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the 'squire by the button-hole, and, clapping his finger on his nose, said, "*squire,* it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—*but I believe I'll omit that.*"—*Balt. Transcript.*