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DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

From the Transcript.

MY HOME.

My home is where the Ocean's surf
Rolls glittering up the sunny shore;
Where rivers bathe the flowery turf,
Or down the craggy mountain roar.
My home is where the Eagle spreads
His wings for heaven's unbounded dome;
Where man in conscious freedom treads
The soil he proudly calls his own.

My home is where the red man trod
In all his untaught majesty,
Ere the lone pilgrims looked to God,
While on the wide and stormy sea.
My home is where the pious band
With holy anthems fill'd the air,
And by their prowess won the land
From savage foes—my home is there.

Where freedom is man's noblest dower,
Where right gives might to every one;
Where Liberty's a beacon tower
Whose flame is watch'd by sire and son.
Where woman's heart's as warm as free,
And man's ne'er own'd a wish to roam;
Where all things thrive with Liberty—
Columbia! thou'rt the patriot's home.

Land of the free heart's richest pride!
The exile's hope—the pilgrim's home,
Thy banner flutters far and wide,
A rainbow o'er the ocean's foam.
Be ever free—be ever blest—
Thy daughters virtuous and fair;
While Freedom's star shines o'er the west,
I'll proudly say—my home is there!

J. H. H

HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

BY COWPER.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk—
Good mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, what'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest—
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd;
And set their wit to work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose—
These chose the back, the belly those,
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head—
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale, applied,
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world—the preacher cries;
We do—a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race,
And others shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout is eaten.

Sport Extraordinary!!!—A gentleman attached to the Club on Miller's Island brought down at one shot on Tuesday last, four fine geese!! and they *do* say that if his foot hadn't slipped he'd kill'd five.

After which he indulged in the following strain.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I am lord of the *fowls* that I see,
From a *canvass-back* down to a *coote*.

[Balt. Transcript.

A ROMAN SKETCH,

After the assassination of Julius Caesar, Brutus was much troubled with bad dreams. It was on a cold winter evening, when the snow was falling until every church steeple in Rome were as white as great corn cobs set up on end, and while the price of coal was not exceedingly high, that Brutus sat in his arm chair, before his burnished grate, pondering on political affairs, and resolving to commence an attack on the whole banking system. During his reveries, his pipe fell from his mouth, and scattered all over the hearth. This is considered a bad omen, especially as he had no more pigtail to replenish his pipe. He, however, soon fell alsleep, and snored so lustily as to awake Cassius, who slept in a trundle bed in the next room. Cassius arose, and putting on his clothes, came out into the sleeping room, and perceiving that Brutus was asleep, roguishly drew a long straw from the bed, and fell to tickling him in the ear.—Brutus was just then dreaming that he was lustily engaged at cut and thrust with Octavius Cæsar, and imagining that he had been mortally wounded, he started up so suddenly as to tear a great hole in his pantaloons.—This was certainly very aggravating, especially as he had that very afternoon sent all his other clothes to the washerwoman.

"What do you mean?" cried he, doubling up his fist and squaring of to his compeer. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."—"Give us none of your jaw!" said Cassius, who was a remarkably techy man, "but if you want any thing of me, just knock this chip off my shoulder,"—at the same time placing a piece of bark there.

Now Brutus had sometimes very good spunk; but when he saw Cassius bristling up with his face as red as a cock's comb, he turned quite white around the mouth; and finding that Cassius stood his ground, he laughed right out and said—"Why Cassius my old boy, did'nt you know that I was only in fun? Let me hear the man who will dare to say black is the white of your eye, and see if I dont pummel him till he hollars enough."

"Well," said Cassius, "it was all a joke, I am satisfied; but I vow that it any man treats me so in right earnest, I will lick him if he is as big as the Bunker Hill Monument.

So Brutus made some inquiry of Cassius respecting the price of butter and the price of stocks, and then they both went to sleep.

Early the next morning, as soon as the break of day gun fired, Brutus and Cassius arose for the purpose of taking an excursion in a steamboat, Cassius agreeing to pay the shot, as Brutus was a little short of cash. When Brutus and Cassius met in the morning their animosity had been forgotten, and as they shook hands together, Brutus offered Cassius a pinch of snuff. While Brutus stood in the stern of the boat, wiping his spectacles with his handkerchief, a young fellow came up to him, and said—"I believe you are the fellow that killed Cæsar!"

"No insinuations!" cried Brutus. But the young man gave Brutus a douse in the chops, which set his nose to bleeding badly.

Coffee and pistols was then the word, and while Brutus went down in the cabin to write a challenge; Cassius offered to be his second. Matters were arranged, and Brutus swore by the holy evangelists that he would have the fellow's heart blood. The duel was fought—but Brutus survived to die on his own sword.

Boston Galaxy.

By His Excellency THOMAS UNEASY. *Supreme Governor of the Rotten Stable.*

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the regulation of my forefather when first he built a stable, as well of perpetuating an essential branch to that Stable, as of providing for such changes in the members thereof, as I might desire. It was provided that a certain number of such members, should on the first Monday of September last, be found in my stalls; or at least twenty four of them, in order that I could at any time ride them, when I was booted and spurred. And whereas eighteen of the Horses who were chosen to make their appearance, have failed to perform their duty in consequence of which, I have not been able to ride, although I had my boots and spurs on, from the aforesaid first Monday in September, to the date of the issuing of this proclamation.

And Whereas the said unfaithful horses in addition to their violation of duty as aforesaid, seem vainly to have imagined that the effect of their conduct, would break down my old stable; which many if not all of them had neighed to support; and accordingly presumptuously proceeded to kick up their heels, for substituting a better stable for that which they supposed they had destroyed or at least mortally wounded, by their kicks, and neighed a recommendation to other horses to support them.

And Whereas sundry evil disposed or misguided colts have taken, and are continuing to pursue and prosecute measures in accordance with said recommendation, and designed to carry out and consummate the disorderly designs and purposes aforesaid.

And Whereas these unprecedented and unstable like kicking and prancing occurrences and proceedings although inefficient to drain the Chesapeake Bay dry are fraught with much danger to me and the little fishes on day lond, and must if persisted in, knock my brains out if I have any, kick all the money out of my pockets a still greater loss,—arrest the great work of paving the path from my house to the stable with oyster shells—blight my lately increasing hopes of prosperity—and involve me in all the unspeakable calamities of doing nothing.—And therefore demand from my mightiness the adopting of such Horse Stable, currycomb measures as are best adopted, to quiet the women and children that have been nearly scared to death; to defeat the almighty kicks, and curvettings afore said, and maintain and support the old Stable, and all the ostlers by all the means and powers by which they are entitled.

And Whereas We (that's me and myself) are well advised and entirely satisfied that the aforesaid unfaithful horses, and all the other horses old and young, black, grey, bay, brown, sorrel, or any other colour who abet them have entirely mistaken their power of destroying the rotten old stable or of kicking the ostlers out of it; as they have clearly violated their duty by not coming to be saddled and bridled, we claim that the old stable and the ostlers yet exist in all their integrity and power.

Now therefore I Thomas Uneasy.

Supreme Governor of the Stable with the advice of the ostlers—and in virtue of the authority vested in me by the Corporation of the Stable deeming it proper and necessary in the present crisis of affairs that my stable should be full before the next annual period to which it stands adjourned.

DO HEREBY APPOINT AND PROCLAIM Monday the 21st of November, as the time of the next meeting of my horses; and call upon, and require my *old horses*, and the tame young ones, well broke to attend at the salt lick, that I may take a ride after these kicking, prancing, devlish horses, that have "mortally wounded the old stable."

And I do furthermore declare, and proclaim to all whom it may, or doth concern, that as chief ostler and head rider of the stable. I shall exert to the utmost all the powers, which have been or may be vested in me, by the Laws of the Stable, and which it may become necessary to employ, to put a curb bit upon these develish horses, and ride them with an old saddle until their backs are raw, and enforce the Laws of the Stable upon young colts if they are but one month old; if they dare hereafter to kick up their heels, rear, or short and I do hereby call upon all old women, little boys, and young negroes to be vigilant, in the performance of their several, and respective duties at this important crisis—and upon all dilatory officers not included above to hold themselves in readiness in case the old women, little boys, and young negroes should not be able to keep these aforesaid horses, and their comrades from kicking; and finally with hearty curses. I do solemnly proclaim, that the old Stable must and shall stand until it falls down, and the ostlers maintained as they now are to the end of time.

Given under hand, and the Great Horse shoe of the Stable this 8th day of November 1836.

By order of the Chief Ostler
THOMAS UNEASY.

BILLY WHIP, Sec'y.

VENERABLE RELICS.—In a printing office of Philadelphia, the *press* of Dr. Franklin is preserved, as also the mahogany chair in which the Philosopher sat.—We ourself have written editorial articles while seated in that identical chair. There is more inspiration in such a seat than in the three-legged stool, (the famous tripod,) of the pythoness!—A bound volume of Franklin's newspaper is likewise preserved in the Library, Fifth street. In the same library there is a clock said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. It is in a black case and of most antique workmanship, but continues to keep excellent time.—*Balt. Ex.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday News.

JACOB GRIGSBY,

OR THE CROOKED DISCIPLE.

Nature too frequently forgets to infuse the sympathies into the composition of the human race, and hence the world is afflicted with a flood of evils. Imperfect as mankind may be in a physical point of view their moral defects are immeasurably greater, and these chiefly flow from the dearth of sympathy.—Social offences as well as crimes, are in general, born from this cause and the sins of humanity are charged upon selfishness, the weed that chokes all wholesome plants in the garden of the heart, and exhausts the soil.—It manifests itself in a variety of ways. In one instance being combined with other essentials, it makes a mighty conquerer; in another, a petty larcenist; one man beats his wife and sots at an alehouse, another sets the world in a blaze and dying, becomes the idol of posterity; all from the same cause—a mind concentred on itself.

The forms which govern society were intended to counteract the aforesaid neglect of dame nature, and to keep selfishness in check, it having been early discovered that if every one put his fingers in his dish at once, a strong chance existed that the contents thereof would be split and all would be compelled to go home hungry. It was equally clear that if each individual tucked up his coat tail, and endeavored to monopolise the fire the whole company would be likely to catch cold. The cannon was therefore issued that 'after you' should be 'manners;' and that however anxious one may be to get the biggest piece, he should not obey the promptings of nature by making a direct grab, but rather effect his object by indirect management—such as placing the desired morsel nearest himself and then handing the plate—a specie, of hocus pocus, which puts the rest of the company in the vocative, and enables the skill of civilization quietly to affect that which in earlier times would only be accomplished by superior force, and at the hazard of upsetting the table. If sympathy were the worth of every mind, politeness and deference would be spontaneous, but as it is not, a substitute—a sort of wooden leg for the neutral one—was invented, and hence, 'dancing and manners' are a part of refined education. Wine glasses are placed near the decanter, and tumblers near the pitcher, that inclination may receive a broad hint, and that the natural man may not rob the rest of the company of their share of comfort, by catching up and draining the vessels at a draught. Chairs stand near the dinner table to intimate that, however hungary one may be it is not the thing to jump upon the board and, clutching the whole pig, to gnaw it as a school boy does an apple: While plates with their attendent knives and forks, show that each one must be content with a portion, and use his pickers and stealers as little as possible. To get along smoothly, it was also ordained that we must smile when it would be more natural to tumble the intruder out of the window, and that no matter how tired we may be, we must not when another is about taking our seats, pull it from under him, and allow him to bump on the floor.

Although education has done much to supply deficiences, and to make a mock sympathy out of a calf's head, when the real article is not to be found; yet education, potent as it is, cannot do all things. Crooked disciples will exist from time to time and to prove it let the story be told of

JACOB GRISBY.

Of crooked disciples Jacob Grigsby is the crookedest. His disposition is twisted like a ram's horn and none can tell in which direction will be the next turn. He is an independent abstraction—one of that class, who do not seem aware that any feelings are to be consulted but their own, and would take the last bit as if unconscious that it was consecrated to that useful divinity 'manners;' lads, who always run in first when the bell rings, and cannot get their boots off when any body tumbles overboard; who when compelled to share their bed with another, lies in that engrossing posture, called 'catty cornered,' and, when obliged to rise early, whistle, sing and dance, that none may enjoy the slumbers denied to them—In short, he strongly resembles that engaging species of the human kind, who think it creditable to talk loud at theatres and concerts, and to encore songs and concertos which no body else wants to hear. Grigsby was born with the idea that the rest of the world, animate or inanimate, was constructed simply for his special amusement, and that if it did not answer the purpose, it was his indefatigable right to declare war against the offender. When a boy, he was known as a 'real limb'—of what tree it is unnecessary to specify. He was an adept in placing mush melon rinds on the pavement for the accommodation of those elderly gentlemen, whose skating days were over, and many a staid matron received her most impressive lesson in ground and lofty tumbling, by the aid of cords which he had stretched across the way. Every child in the neighborhood learnt to 'see London' through his telescope, and he was famous for teaching youngsters to write hog latin, by jerking pens-full of ink through their lips. At school he was remarkable for his science in crooking pins, and placing them on the seats of the unsuspicious, and ever since he has continued to be a thorn in the side of those, who were unlucky enough to come in contact with him.

Grigsby has now grown to man's estate—a small property in most instances and in his it must be simply the interests of his whiskers—for he has nothing else clear of embarrassment—and they extend some inches beyond his nose and chin. He is said to be more of a limb than ever, his unaccommodating spirit having increased with his trunk. The good qualities which were to appear in him are yet in the soil, no sprouts having manifested themselves. He is savagely jocular in general, and jocosely quarrelsome, in his cups in particular. He stands like a bramble in life's highway, and scratches the cuticle from all that passes.

Having thus made Grigsby known as to his qualities, one scene of his adventures shall be introduced as an illustration.

Where he boards the rule is to stow thick—three in a bed when the weather is warm and, in the cold seasons, by way of saving blankets, four in a bed is the rule. Now even three in a bed is by no means a pleasant arrangement at the best, when the parties are docile in their slumbers, and lie, "spoon fashion,' all facing the same way, and it is terrible if one of the triad be of an uneasy disposition. Grigsby's 'partners,' however are quiet lads and there is an understanding among the three that turn about shall be the law, in regard to the middle place, which, therefore falls to his share every third week—one week in, and two weeks out—the soft never to be monopolized by any one individual, and nobody to turn round more than once in the course of the night. Grigsby is borne down by the majority, but when it is his week in he is worse than the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrean tiger so ferocious are his ebullitions of wrath. The present is his week in, and to that fact the police owe the honor of his acquaintance.

Late on the election night, he returned home prime for a quarrel. He ascended the stairs with the energetic tread of an ox, set fire to the cats tail with the candle, and poked a long nine down Carlo's throat.

'Ha!' said Jacob as he kicked open the door, surveying his sleeping bedfellows, and flashed the light in their eyes—'mighty comfortable that any how; but I'll soon spoil it, or I'm not a true Grigsby.'

He put out the light, and in a full dress—boots, hat, great coat and pantaloons—muddy as he was scrambled over the bed two or three times, until he established himself in the central station between his co-mates. He rolled and he tossed, he kicked and he groaned, until the whole concern were as wide awake as himself.

'Why, Jacob you've got your boots on.' said they.

'The fact is, fellows, the cold in my head is getting worse, and sleeping in boots draws down the inflamation, It's a certain cure.'

'But you don't intend sleeping with your hat on your head do you?"

'Didn't I tell you I've got holes in my stockings. If I don't keep my hat on, I'll be sure to have the rheumatism in my big toe.'

'Well, we wont stand it no how it can be fixed.'

'Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've no objection. I'm amazing comfortable.'

'Why, thunder and fury!' said one, jerking up his feet, 'your boots are covered with mud!'

'That are's a fact—you've no idea how muddy the streets are election nights. I'm all over mud—I wish you'd blow up the corporation. But hang it, give us a fip's worth of heat and a levy's worth of blanket. That's the way I like 'em mixed—some lean and a good deal of fat.'

So saying, Jacob wound himself up in the bed clothes, with a prodigious flounder denuding his companions entirely.

They however declared war, and after a struggle, succeed in ejecting Grisby from the house, he retaining a fragment of the sheet still in his possession. He battered at the door, shouting and roaring with much vehemence.

'Why, hillo!—what's all that! shut up—button lip—what's the fraction?'

'I'm a Grigsby—I'm a real Bengaler—I'm a Calcutta from Canton. I've had a personal insult, and I want a little revenge.'

'Bless me! poor sonny—did they insult it!'

'Why, they kicked me six or eight times; but it wasn't downright Mayors Court assault and battery, because they had no boots on and they din't scratch me with their toe nails—but it was insult with an intent to hurt—assault and battery in the second degree.—Jim and Peter both at it.

'What fur? I snow it was a trocious perseeding. But sonny may be it was only accidental homercide perhaps you was going down stairs and they was walking too quick for you—toeing it along like Boston, and 'must walked into you. What was it fur?'

'Look ye, Charley. It's most morning, and as life's very short, I hadn't time to think of how I'd dress to go to sleep; so I turned in like a troopers horse.'

'And how's that?'

'Why all standing—parade order—winter uniform—full dress a very good fashion when you've been out to supper—convenient in case of fire, and saves a deal of trouble in the morning, when you're late for breakfast;'

'Well, I never heard tell of the likes of a white man. They served you right.—That's my verdict. You'll have to appeal.'

'Never heard the likes!' said Jacob, contemptuously 'an'nt a bed a bed—an't my share of it, my share of it, and wheres the law that lays down what sort of clothes a man must sleep in? I'll wear a porcupine jacket, and sleep in it too if I like—yes, spurs, and a trumpet, and a spanner. But come—let's bust the door—I want vengeance.'

'Oh you don't Susan—you've get to go to quod—you cant get vengeance till to-morrow. Perhaps they'll wrap some in a bit of paper and keep it for you.'

'What am I taken up for—because I was kicked out of bed?'

"Not quite—it's because you're not very compus in your upper story. The Charleys have a tea party, and I've got a pressing invitation for you.'

'Well, if I must, I must; but I give you clearly to understand, I wont be in the middle—[*Exeunt.*

For the "Aurora."

On Susan Ellen, born 22nd February 1836

Dark was the night—the wind blew high,
And not a star, illumed the sky;
The moon had sunk, beneath the wave
And all around, the storm did rave!
In fearful eddies, loud did roar,
Choptank's tide against the shore;
Each billow as it spent its force,
Seem'd *still*, to threaten something worse.
The clouds assumed the darkest hue,
And louder still the tempest blew.
S——ny's walls did nod and shake,
As if convuls'd by an earthquake;
On such a night near to the morn,
Was Susan Ellen, our daughter born.

Whilst I did view her fragile form,
And heard the pelting of the storm;
And whilst the babe, I fondly press'd,
A silent pray'r burst from my breast.
O God! who stills the boist'rous deep,
And calms the floods that round us sweep!
Do thou direct this helpless child,
'Gainst feelings strong, and passions wild.
And may she spend a tranquil life,
Amid the ills of worldly strife.
Unhurt upon the thorny road,
That Saints and Martyrs often trod,
Ascending Zion's hill to God!—
Support her in the tempting hour,
Lest she should yield to Satan's power;
Forsake her not when grief's oppress,
But calm her mind in deep distress!
In weal or wo! in age or youth,
Alike, increase her heav'nly growth.
So she may yield her latest breath,
Exulting in the arms of Death.
Then she will wing her ærial flight
And mingle with the sons of Light!

Nov. 15th, 1836. G. E. R.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Hon. Judge Longstreet, says:—Small is the sum that is required to patronise a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from him at school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmasters who had, and those who had not access to newspapers, Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain, they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a copious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight, when they will read nothing else.

A toper in the last stages of dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped.—His son protested against the operation, saying, "Father, do not submit to it, for there was never anything tapped in our house which ever lasted a week."

GEORGIA MARBLE.—Beautiful specimens of white marble have it is said, been found in Forsyth county, Georgia. The quantity is supposed to be sufficient for all the purposes of the population.