DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

THE CENTURY PLANT.*

I

Beautiful blossom!—that from age to age
Hast breathed thine ordorous sacrifice to heaven,
As thou'd'st regain some long-lost heritage,—
Whence, what art thou?—some erring seraph driven
To a cold earthly exile?—and wast given
To cheer man's restless race (that living stain
On nature's glorious page!) or art thou even
Frail as thy gaudy sisters—fashion-slain—
Who wither from *their* world, never to bloom again.

II

And art thou all unconscious? dost no *thought*
Slumber within thy pure and snowy crest?
Insensate art thou all,—and is there naught
Can stir thy spirit from its dreamy rest?—
Oh, thou art like some dawning maiden's breast,
Snowy and cold, to outward gaze, as fair—
Though redolent of life's balm, as the bless'd
Waiting but warmth and light to waft its sweets to air.

III

Whence cam'st thou, lone one? wast thou cradled first
'Neath the broad shadow of Cholula's height,
Glooming in mockery at a sky that wear'st
Perpetual sunshine as a robe: where bright
Untutored *Nature* reigns, nor man dare blight
The uncursed Eden;—where each floweret fair
Sighs passionate incense to the queen of night,
Greeting her as a bride,—where busy care
Is a forgotten word—and beauty fills the air?

IV

Or was thy gem first op'd to Nature's eye,
Where star crowned Andes rear'd his ice-girt throne,
His lightning-sceptre gleaming through the sky,
His winged thunders hurl'd from zone to zone,
While earth's artillery answers—and the moan
Of the crush'd Titans, torture-shakes the earth—
Rocking its "lords" to dream of worlds unknown,
And chainless elements ring with giant mirth,
As at creation's dawn when chaos sprang to birth!

V.

What can'st thou tell us, fair one, of "the past,"
That shadowy age of unrecorded doom?
Its giant "Rules," solemn, sage and vast,
Whose 'single eye' flash'd lightnings through the gloom,
Were their slaves (mammoths and behemoths,) dumb,
Or did their 'voices' shake th' affrighted ground
Like thunder wrung from Niagara foam!—
Alas! thou know'st not,—and each tree-clad mound
Keepeth its secret well, till the last trump shall sound!

VI.

Saw'st thou that tumult of our Northern sky,
'Live with great phantoms of a former world,
When trumpets sang loud clarions; and, on high,
A warring host, with rainbow flags unfurl'd,
Swept down the midnight storm; when ships were hurl'd
Thundering through each meteor-kindled cloud,
Whose 'stormy plumage' like a banner curl'd
Above the battling throng:—a fitting shroud
For the dim, shadowy Dead? who call to heaven aloud.

VII.

Oh, thou hast looked on Nature's solitude,
While curtaining o'er her children with a charm—
Giving content and peace—ere cave or wood
'Woke its wild voice to echo cries or harm;
When some might fear a foeman, and alarm
Thrill'd not in noblest bosoms. But there came
A 'pilgrim band,'—and leaned upon his arm,
And his great strength grew weakness, and his name
Perish'd from off the earth, like grass before a flame!

VIII.

But not without a struggle.—Firm he stood
The unfaltering friend of that 'pale feeble few,'
Ay, fed them in their famine,—and pursued
And shared with them his spoils, until they grew
Countless as autumn leaves—that *viper* crew!
And stung the hand that fed them. *Then* he rose
Like a roused tiger in his wrath, and threw
His life on *freedom's* frenzy-guided blows,
Nor mercy asked, nor gave, to his 'meek *Christian*' foes!

IX.

Alas! their day is o'er!—their council fires
Are quench'd for ever:—look abroad, around,
No trace of them remains; their marty'd sires
Sleep 'neath the 'pale man's' pathway, and the ground
Beareth no record-stone: The grassy mound
Sinks 'neath the 'pale man's' plough; and startled wood
Rings to the 'pale man's' axe; strange oars resound
Over their pleasant waters: That *fair* brood
Driveth them back to—die!—'mid summer's solitude.

X.

But *thou* art bright and blooming still; though all
Who looked on thy first blush are passed away
And blotted from creation—the vast pall
Of dim forgetfulness is o'er them, and decay
Findeth its work accomplish'd—for their clay
Is mingled with our harvest!—their heart's tide
Tainteth the air we breathe! Thou'lt bloom as gay,
When all who see thee now have wither'd, died,
Death's countless caravan to slumber side by side.

*Or American Aloe, lives to a very great age, and is said to blossom but once in a century.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GALE.

CRUMBY'S LONG YARN.

Crumby, a grey-headed young gentleman of fifty, (for all Midshipmen are called young gentlemen,) and with whom the youthful lieutenant of his watch commonly created some mirth, by desiring him, as youngster, to run up the mast-head and count the convoy, now seized me by the button, by which he compelled me to listen to his yarn, as follows. 'I say, youngster, that was an ugly coast we bore down upon yesterday, and reminds me of an occurrence particularly mournful.' here he hemmed, and seemed to smother a sigh. 'You see, when I belonged to his Majesty's sloop———but it will be as well not to mention her name, as I cut and run one day without asking permission. Well, we were cruizing in the latitude, and by old Sounding's longitude, (but his dead reckonings could not always be depended on,) near where brother Jonathan said he had discovered a dangerous cluster of rocks, to which he had affixed the appropriate name of the Devil's Grip. Well, I dined in the gun room that day, and many a hearty laugh at the Yankee notion circulated with the bottle, for the master proved to the satisfaction of all *but one*, at that table, that rocks could not be in the open ocean so many hundred miles from any known land, and where the deep sea-lead would not find bottom, and for which he had often tried in vain. So when the caterer bowed round, to signify that the mess allowance of wine, viz., a pint each person, was drunk, the first luf proposed an extra bottle, while we listened to the most extraordinary youth I ever met with as he, with great fluency of speech and elegance of manner, demolished the master's premises and inferences. This young gentleman was called the captain's nephew, and might, I think, have claimed nearer relationship. He was named Paulo, after his mother Pauline; a Neapolitan Countess, who fled from a nunnery where she had been immured without asking her consent. She must have been a beauty, for her son, though of a very fragile and delicate make, was remarkably tall and handsome, with a most expressive countenance, generally clouded with a shade of melancholy. He was fond of gazing at the moon, and wrote a deal of poetry, comparing ladies' eyes to the bright stars that shone above him, all about love and such other nonsense; but our doctor, who was a learned man, pronounced it beautiful, and said he was a genius of the first order, full of susceptibility, and with nerves too finely strung for this course bustling world; at all events, he was universally beloved for his gentleness and kindness of heart. At punishment you would see him with his hands clasped and his eyes suffused with tears, looking up in his uncle's face with such an imploring look to spare the culprit, whilst the muscles round his well formed mouth used to work as the sharp lash fell on the tender skin of the sufferer. The captain was a stern, unbending man, but his iron countenance softened at the visible agony of this glorious youth who frequently gained his point, and the last dozen was remitted. He said, as far as I could understand him, that the shell of the earth was trifling compared to its interior, which was supposed to be in a state of fusion, and hence arose volcanos & earthquakes, the heaving up of land that had been the bed of the ocean, and the submersion of others; that the vast Atlantic itself, was supposed by some philosophers to have been habitable and a great continent; all this was too learned, and made no impression on any one but the doctor, so we drank the captain's toast of 'good afternoon,' and went to our usual duty. Mine was to keep the first watch, and before one bell I relieved the mate of the log-watch. Old Soundings, fortified by a nor wester, was officer of the watch. The gale blew hard aft, and we were clashing through a heavy sea in merry style. 'I think, sir,' said I, addressing my officer without touching my hat the night being too dark for him to notice the omission, a point on which he was very particular, 'I think sir, that the sea seems inclined to kick up a bobbery to-night, and is raising fast.' 'I am of the same opinion youngster, but what is that a-head?' At this moment the look out man at the bowsprit sung out, 'Breakers a-head.' and this was reiterated by the cat-head men, 'Breakers on both bows.' in that indescribable tone of alarm that carries instant conviction of great danger, and causes revulsion of the blood. This terrific announcement, awoke even the sleepers, for in less time than I take to tell you, every man and boy was on deck, most of them in their shirts, poor dear Paulo looking more like an erial spright than of mortal mould, ran after the captain, who went out on the cap of the bowsprit, and looked steadily around, which required nerves of iron, for right ahead seemed a vast barrier of rocks, on which the sea was wildly breaking, throwing its white spray to the clouds, and on each side, as the mad waves receded, was seen their black tops pressing through the cream froth that surrounded us, the gallant ship bounding like a greyhound, at the rate of ten knots full upon them, so that in a few minutes would dash her to atoms, for she seemed to me to increase her speed, probably from an indraught in the reef—'Then shricked the timid, and stood still the brave,' their manly brows blanched, it is true, for it was a sight of such horror, youngster, that my hair turned perfectly white, and I shut my eyes with the sinner's last ejeculation, of 'God be merciful to me,' but not before I had seen Paulo, the beautiful and good Paulo, with the scream of a maniac, jump into the boiling surf. The manly tone of the captain's voice was heard high above the roar of the breakers, 'port the helm! port! and silence all of you; your lives depend on your steadiness and staunch obedience. Master, take the weather wheel, and steer for an opening two points before the starboard beam! We may find water through the reef where it doos not break so heavily. Brace forwards the yards!' The lee gunwale buried itself on the agitated waters as she sprung to the wind.

'Let fly the main topgallant sheet!' The sail blew to ribbons, and saved the topmast. 'Now, master, hard up with the helm, and square away the yards!—Send her between those high rocks where the sea does not break!' The noble ship leaped between them, while the spray from them washed some of the unnerved over the bulwarks, and their last despairing cry was drowned in the roar of the surf. She steered beautifully in the master's able hands, who frequently declared that he could turn her through the eye of a needle, and this channel between the breakers was like one, and very little wider than her main yard.—Nothing was heard from old Soundings, but 'Port it is!' 'Starbord with all!' not forgetting SIR at the end of each response. As I went to assist him at the wheel, after drawing in a long breath, I heard him mutter, 'Who would have thought the Yankee notion true, but is the Devil's Grip, and a develish ugly one it is for sartin.' 'We are through the reef, thank Almighty God,' said the captain, and it came warm from his heart. 'Master, we will heave-to till daylight.' 'Better take a larger-offing,' said Soundings, 'the devil may have a youug grip foaming in the wake of his mother.' 'Keep a good look out for breakers,' called the captain, 'and Mr. Handrail, shorten sail for laying her to.' We hove-to a league to the leeward of the most frightful cluster of rocks that ever reared their ugly heads above the wide and open sea. 'But where is my boy Paulo?' said the captain. I advanced, and told my doleful story. It would have been more merciful to have shot him dead, his strong and pent-up feelings broke down in a torrent of grief, the big tears coursed each other down his weather beaten cheeks, as he exclaimed, 'Oh Paulo! my good and gentle son Paulo, would to God that I had died for thee!' There is something so affecting in the grief of strong mind like the captain's, so firm, that he retained self possession in the midst of scenes that paralized the heart and blanched the boldest front, that all shed tears as they heard him exclaim, in the bitter, accents of heart-broken misery, that he was bereaved and desolate, and would welcome death as a cessation from intolerable anguish. I alone stood firm, not being of the melting mood, though I dearly loved the boy, who haunts me in my sleep: I saw him last night, plain as I see you and heard his maniac scream as he jumped into the agitated waters." Saying this, Crumby pulled off my button, and burst into tears. I respected his feelings too much to recall to mind his previous declaration of stoicism. "The master," said he, 'called for a nor-wester, to comfort him, saying, 'grief always made him dry.'—The captain did his duty mechanically, but the elasticity of his step and his manly deportment had, like his gentle son, left him for ever, He was never after seen to smile; retired on half pay, and soon 'went to that bourne from whonce no traveller returns."

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Crumby, who under rough exterior possessed a feeling heart, now paused in his interesting narrative of by gone days, and all on deck that were pacing to and fro, stopped short, while every eye was turned on the sick camp, for from that quarter came a shrill and piercing cry as of human agony in its last extremity, mingled with a complication of roaring and noises that baffles description. Crumby assured me, (who was what he called a green horn and Johnny Newcombe,) that the scream proceeded from an immense number of jackalls, and the other noises, that were really deafening, from the wild beasts of the forest, who had been drawn together in masses by the smell of the sick, on whom they must be mediating an attack, and from their cries he supposed them in a voracious state of hunger, an in great force surrounding three sides of the camp, on which, making use of his expression, they meant to have a mortal gorge, Crumby's favorite term of gluttony. The quick firing of the sentinels, and the sound of the bugle calling the troops to arms induced Lord Keith to make the night signal for launches, manned and armed with cannonades with grape and cannister, to advance on the forest. We soon drove the ferocious assailants to their native wild, while the camp fires threw their wild glare over the romantic scenery of this little known but wonderful piece of nature's workmanship, on the grandest scale. The next day a greater clearance was effected round the camp, and quantities of fuel brought in to keep large fires burning through the darkness of the night A petty officer and two men were missing at the muster roll, and supposed to have been carried off by the monsters of the woods. Here we lay till the latter end of February, practising our intended speculations of landing, repairing damages, and healing the sick; the weather delightful, and plenty of fresh provisions from the Island of Rhodes to whose governor the Turkish Admiral acting with us, ordered a bastinado on the soles of the feet, for some deficiency in the supply, and it proved a very effective mode. On the 28th of February, saw the low sandy coast of Egypt, or rather Pompey's Pillar, near Alexandria, received the report of blockading squadron, and anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 1st of March. Unfortunately the weather came on so bad as to occasion a heavy surf on the beach, the intended scene of our operations during the gale. The Foudrovant struck heavily on the wreck of the L'Orient, the unfortunate Bruyer, who was burnt in that celebrated action, that so deservedly immortalized the name of Nelson.

A TALE OF CRIME.

The New York Transcript gives the following details of an occurrence, which has, for the last few days, created a very great sensation in the neighborhood of Greenwich, Fairfield co. Conn. The whole tale and incidents form certainly a rather romantic affair and goes strongly to disclose the depraved workings of a bad heart, for some time pent up or restrained under the garb of a religious deportment.

"Between one and two years since, a shoemaker named Hiram Brundage, of fine and prepossessing appearance, who is about 25 years of age, and who then resided at North Castle, near Greenwich, in Fairfield county, stole from a Maiden lady of that place a watch, and a considerable amount of other property, with which he absconded and fled to this city. The lady pursued him, and succeeded in finding him; when after certain negociations, it was arranged that if he would return with her to Greenwich, (where she resided) and would marry her, that no prosecution should be commenced, (except such as would accord with hymeneal laws) and that instead of sending the felon to do 'the state some service' at Sing Sing, she would receive to her arms a loving, fond and felon husband.

The terms imposed on Hiram by no means accorded with his inclination, inasmuch as the lady was not one of those beauties who might be mistaken for a Venus Medicis; and what was worse than all, the maid happened to be some twenty years older than himself; but, as a set-off to these disadvantages, she was rich; and he, by agreeing to the terms, escaped from prsecution and punishment. The bargain was consequently struck, and he forthwith went to Greenwich and made the maiden Mrs. Brundage.

The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Brundage was not the introduction to a life of happiness on either side but least of all on hers. Her husband continued to live at North Castle, and she at Greenwich, nor did he often visit her, except he went for the purpose of getting from her all the money she at the time might be in possession of. Thus things went on until last Saturday evening, with only this difference, that the thief Brundage, became, as he stated, a repentant sinner, and made a violent profession of having become a very religious and a truly pious man—albeit his piety worked no improvement in his treatment to his wife.

In consequence of a great revival in religion which occurred lately in the neighborhood of North Castle, a meeting of its professors was held at that place on Saturday evening.—Brundage attended it, and officiated in its proceedings. After he left it, he went to the residence of his wife, and sat and conversed with her in a totally unusual, pleasant, and free manner, but principally on religious subjects. In the course of his conversation, he urged her to be religious, and reminded her of the necessity of preparing for death. He then went on to tell her that she was very old—that her Star was far in the West—and that she must prepare to die. As soon as the latter expression was uttered, and without any further intimation, he deliberately took the tongs and struck her so repeatedly and violently with them over the head that she was knocked senseless, bleeding and almost lifeless on the floor. In this condition the monster left his wife, as he doubtless supposed dead. He then proceeded to set fire to the house, and after having done so, left the premises under the hope that she was dead, or that if she was not, that the burning of the building might consume her—and that no proof of his inhuman barbarity might thereby remain. Providence, however, decreed otherwise—the poor old woman, after having lain senseless for a considerable time, so far recovered from the effects of the cruel treatment she had received, as to leave the house and crawl to that of her two nephews, named Rascoe, which is but a short distance from her own. As a proof of the injury she received at the hands of her unnatural husband, we mention that up to this very moment there is a trail of blood along the whole distance she went to her nephew's residence. On reaching Rascoe's house, she had just enough strength left to make them hear her cries (they being that time in bed,) and that was all, for on their procuring a light and coming down stairs, they found the poor woman had swooned and there lay senseles at their door. Mrs. Rascoe, however, quickly succeeded, with the aid of her husband and his brother, in getting the old lady in doors, when she was immediately undressed and put to bed—and, we are glad to state, at present seems in a fair way of recovery. At about the time of Brundage's awaking, her nephews saw the flames begin to appear from her dwelling house, and before they could be extinguished, the whele house and its contents were reduced to ashes.

On the following morning (Sunday) the authorities of the place had Brundage taken into custody, having arrested him in the Church at the village of North Castle, where, after the diabolical and inhuman conduct he had been guilty of the previous night, he was quietly and demurely aiding in the religious services of the congregation. He has since been examined, & is now committed to Hartford jail for trial on the two charges of arson and attempt to murder. We are told that about two months since, the fiend threatened his wife he would murder her and set fire to the house, and that the threat was overheard by a person who was in an adjoining room.

THE OLD SNAG.

A couple of blades once met a Vermonter at a tavern. They had heard much of Yankee ingenuity and cunning, and they soon determined to see if they could not 'come round' this son of the Green Mountain. Thinking that he would be careful of his coppers, they proposed to him, in the course of the evening's chat that each of them should propose and do something which the other two should imitate, or on refusal of either so to do, he should pay all the damage the others might sustain, and the scot at the bar. The Vermonter was a little wary at first—but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat, walked up to the fire and threw it on.—His companion did the same. The Vermonter, as they had agreed, must do so too with his coat, or pay for the other two coats, and the scot. Without hesitating, off went the garment on to the fire. The other New Yorker next made trial. He off boots and hat, and consigned them to the devouring element. His companion imitated him, and to their astonishment, the Yankee was not backward. Now came the Vermonter's time to lead. 'Landlord,' said he, 'is there a doctor near?' 'Yes, sir.'—'Send for him.' The gentlemen of York began to stare. The doctor soon came in. 'Doctor,' said the Vermonter, 'get your instruments, I want you to *pull out every tooth in my head*, and the gentlemen will probably want the same done with theirs,' at the same time he began to make ready for the operation. The doctor and the other two were confounded.—'Come, doctor, don't wait,' and setting open his mouth, he discovered to the company that he had in his head but one old snag which would hardly keep in his head.—It was presently out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, paid the Vermonter for his coat, hat boots, and went off to bed grinding their molars.

Important to Blacksmiths.—A correspondent informs us of a very useful discovery he has made in burning wood coal and requests that we make it public. The improvement consists in the use of *ground bark* in the place of dirt, as a covering for the kiln. Our correspondent who is a practical blacksmith, in communicating the result of his experiment, says: 'I covered with the old bark that had been used in tanning. I used leaves from the woods before the bark, the same I would for covering with dirt: both leaves and bark should be made thoroughly wet. The advantages of this plan are: the kiln, if well set & well covered, will burn much sooner, will never 'break out,' leave fewer brands, and consequently turn out a larger quantity of coal. The coal is heavier, more thoroughly burnt, and entirely free from dirt.—*Peoples Press.*

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, writing under date of Feb. 27th, has the following paragraph:

"Yesterday a duel was fought in this city, between Captian Shamburg and Mr. Cuvillier. The quarrel originated in a ball room, some weeks since, between the former and a brother of the latter.—They passed on the Levee next day; Cuvillier accosted Shamburg in a manner he believed to be insulting. Some hostile motion being mutually made by the parties, Shamburg drew a sword cane, and run it into the arm of Cuvillier, whereupon the latter discharged two pistols at the former, without effect. Here the matter rested some days, save that Shamburg underwent a kind of trial, and was discharged. The brother of the wounded Cuvillier took up the quarrel of the wounded brother, and challenged Shamburg, and the meeting took place yesterday, with broad-swords, on horseback. They paraded at the proper hour, on fine looking geldings, armed with swords—took their positions, and waited, like knights of old, the word to be given for combat. The result was, that after some close cutting and thursting, Shamburg had his hat cleft in twain, and his horse killed under him; and Cuvillier had a division made of his clothing across his front, leaving, it is said, a slight flesh wound; and here the affair terminated. While the high mettle of southern blood keeps up, I do not see how duelling is to be prevented. The duel was at a public place, and, from the mode of fighting, a large number of persons were drawn to the spot to witness the combat."