Littleton D. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

THE WRECK.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies;
And her pennon that kissed the fair moon shine,
Down many a fathom lies.

Wilson.

All night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas.
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearl were sown;
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze.
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there a mother* slept.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed*
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like Sleep's, trustingly serene,
In unclouded grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half shut violet eyes;—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
Stamps upon thy mortal part,
Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea!

*This circumstance is related of Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

The following lines were written on seeing a statement in a late extract from an English paper, that a lady of distinction—(Hon. Mrs. Norton)—whose fame and feelings, for a few months had been made, like the sibil's leaves, *ludibria ventis*' for the unfeeling quidnuncs of London, had written to her husband in a style of tenderness and affection solemnly declaring the falsehood of the charges made against her, imploring him in the most touching manner, to disabuse his mind of the impressions created by interested menials, and otherwise seeking a reconciliation.

N. Y. Mirror.

TAKE HOME THE BIRD.

Take home the bird—the bird of love,
The bird of beauty and of song:
And bid her as in by gone days,
Pour the enchanting notes along.
Take home the bird; let not the strain
Of truth and nature plead in vain.

Put forth this hand—take home the dove;
For thee she brings the branch of peace;
O save her from the pelting storm,
And bid her woes and wanderings cease.
Take back the bird: why should the best
Of Britain's warblers fly in quest
Of 'home, sweet home,' and find no rest?

Take home the swan; whose silver plume
Has met no strain; it cannot be,
The throbbings of the snow white breast
Should e'er have proven false to thee.
Take home the bird; let her not tear
Her graceful plumage in despair.

Take home the bird; the nightingale;
Whose song has charmed a nation's ear;
Whose soul is music and whose voice
Like Bransley's own, 'twere heaven to hear.
Take home thy bird—Love shall prolong
Her truth, her beauty, and her song.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CURATE AND THE COQUETTE.

"I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he." *Shakspeare.*

'Well, really I think I shall go to church this morning,' exclaimed Lady Clara Torrington; and, springing from the sofa on which she was reclining, she tossed away a French novel, over which she had yawned for the last half hour, and rung the bell to summon her attendant.

'Do you hear my resolve, Jane?' continued she, addressing her sister, who was engaged in writing at a table near her.

'I hear, but do not believe,' calmly rejoined her sister.

'It is a fact—I positively intend to go to church.'

Her companion raised her eyes, and regarded her with looks of unequivocal amazement 'Go to church, and in the country, what an idea! but then you are such an odd person,' and she quietly resumed her employment.

'Positively, Jane, I am already repaid for the sacrifice of time, by having succeeded in rousing you into something like emotion; really I never saw you look so animated before. But are you not curious to know what has put this freek into my head?'

'A little so.'

'Listen and attend, then; ever since I have been a denizen of this most stupid village of Maplehurst, now some four weeks, wheresoever I have been, with whomsoever I con converse, one only theme do I hear discussed, the Curate of Maplehurst. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, all combine in sounding the praises of Richard Temple, for so the man is called.'

''What for? his eloquence, piety, or what?'

'He has both these excellences, I believe, but of course they would not alone have roused the spirit of curiosity in me; no, dear, it is the report of his miraculous beauty that interests me. They say he is the Hercules and Antinous blended into one.'

'Oh, then, you are going to church to sketch him.'

'No; but I intend to make him come and sketch me—for I hear, amongst his other multiplied perfections, that he is an admirable amateur artist. The fact is, I must have an *at'ache* of some sort, and as the regiment at Leighton contains nothing but the plainest and most indoveable set of officers in his Majesty's service, and as my good husband chooses to bury me here whilst he is coquetting at Munich, I must get up an interest to beguile the *tristeness* of my exile. I must either send for Charles Herbert hither from London, or flirt with the curate here.'

'But how do you know he will flirt with you? Perhaps you may fail in captivating him.'

'Did I ever fail?' and she turned her large oriental looking eyes full on her sister. Jane said nothing, but bowed assentingly, with a sly smile, in which archness and malice had their share.

The attendant entered, and while Lady Torrington is engaged in making her toilette for church and conquest, it may be as well to enlighten the reader as to her position and disposition.

Lady Clara Torrington was the the youngest daughter of an English Baronet, of limited fortune, but ancient pedigree. At an assize ball her beauty attracted the notice of the young Lord Torrington, the County Member. By the exercise of a little feminine diplomacy, in which she was a proficient, she succeeded in confirming the impression her charms had originated, and after a few months' courtship, found herself, greatly to her heart's content, standing at the altar of St. George Hanover square, swearing allegiance to a handsome young man, of £20,000 a year—a Viscount, and a Legislator to boot.

Her husband had been lately appointed Ambassador from our Court to Munich, and as five years of matrimony had brough down the temperature of her affection (never rising very high for any one but herself,) almost to zero, she declined accompanying him, advancing, as a plea to be left behind, the delicate state of health of their heir and only child; but secretly thinking that a sojourn of a few months in this country, without the *surveillance* of a husband, would be vastly agreeable, as well as new. Lord Torrington yielded to her request, but solely on condition of her making their country seat, Maplehurst Hall, her place of residence during their temporary separation, and the promise that she would follow him as soon as the boy was pronounced strong enough to encounter the fatigue of a long journey. Lord Torrington had now been gone a month, and she was beginning to repent, from the dulness of the country, that she had not been his *compagnon du voyage*, when our tale opens.

Her disposition may be inferred from the flippancy of her conversation with her sister, who resembled her in the same total want of serious principle. Their mother dying in their infancy, their education had been confined to a French governess, who, when the period of tuition was completed, left them, rich in every varied accomplishment. But in character vain and cold—heartless and selfish; Lady Torrington was more especially so, but possessing an unusual degree of tact, she could seem the reverse of these, and assume the impersonation of all earthly excellence. Her beauty few called in question; and it was of a remarkable character. From her mother (an Andalusian) she inherited a skin which, but for its exceeding clearness, would have been too dark for loveliness to an English eye; as it was, it only served to contrast with the rich crimson which dyed her cheek. Her eyes were magnificent!—soft, passionate, voluptuous, and capable of expressing every emotion which sways the human heart. Her form some objected to, as being rather too fully and luxuriantly developed for her height, which was rather under the middle size, but as her waist, hands, and feet were fashioned in perfect symmetry, it scarcely seemed a disadvantage.

* * * * * *

It was a bright sunshiny morning, and the Sabbath stillness was only broken by the low tinkling of the village bell of Maplehurst, summoning the inhabitants to the service of their Creator. It is not often, apart from the metropolis, that so large a congregation are assembled as now thronged, even to overflowing, the humble aisle of Maplehurst church. The interest of all classes seemed alike awakened by the fame of the curate, Richard Temple, and they crowded to hear him with an eagerness which, had he been accessible to the influence of so contemptible a feeling as vanity, would have amply administered to it.

The bell ceased—the organ (for they had an organ) poured forth its rich sonorous notes, and the minister ascended the desk.

As he is the hero of our little tale, some description of him may perhaps be thought necessary. It is to be regretted that our language does not supply us with any epithet descriptive of extraordinary personal advantages in a man. We may talk of a beautiful woman, but a beautiful man sounds ridiculous—yet, simply to say Richard Temple was handsome, seems far too inconsiderable praise. He was much more than this. He, indeed, as Lady Torrington had said, blended the perfections of the Hercules and Antinous into one.

The whole contour of his face and form was so faultlessly and classically fine, that one's imagination, when looking at him, instantly recalled those master-pieces of Grecian sculpture which seem to ennoble humanity by their surpassing beauty. His voice full, deep, and musical, was well calculated to give effect to the strain of burning fervid eloquence that his sermons contained; on the morning we are adverting to, he was engaged in advocating the cause of charity, and so powerfully did he appeal to the sympathies of his hearers, that ere he had concluded his discourse, overcome by her feelings, Lady Torrington was lead to the vestry in a fainting state. But it may be as well to give her own account of the events of the morning.

Arrived at home, she entered the drawing-room where her sister was still engaged in writing—and flinging herself on an ottoman, burst into perhaps the loudest laugh that had ever escaped her aristocratic lips.

'Jane, do put down that horrid pen, and attend to me—I have had a fainting fit.'

'My dear Clara!'

'Nay, do not look so frightened; for truth to tell, it was only a *ruse*. Now I will tell you all the little history. I went to church, frightened the villagers from their propriety by my unexpected appearance—such bustling and fidgetting to get me a seat. At last I was ushered into what is called the clergyman's pew, close the pulpit—the very thing I wished. I had thus full leisure to look at the curate, who literally 'stands 'mongst men like a descended God.' But do not think I am going to bore you with a description. I will only tell you he is the style we gipsies admire—that is, excessively fair. But remember, not a bit of effeminacy: all expression, refinement, and purity. I instantly made up my mind as to the agreeability of a flirtation with such a divinity, and I intend to succeed. But I really think the man is religious and engrossed with his duties—for, though I fixed my eyes, which I believe are rather overpowering, full on him during the prayers, he never appeared to see me. He preaches admirably; and somehow or other, he did so entirely excite my sensibilities that I began to cry! The heat, too, was suffocating. By a little manœvering, I soon made the women in the pew believe I was fainting; and half sobbing, half lifeless, I was taken to the vestry. Was it not well managed?'

'Admirably, but such scenes are not to my taste.'

'Nor mine: but 'the end justifies the means.' Of course I did not choose to recover till the sermon was over. In came Temple;—the glow which his own enthusiasm had called into his countenance (for, thank goodness, otherwise he is utterly pale,) had not subsided, and as the sun shone on his waveing hair, and fell on his broad marble brow, I thought I had never looked upon any thing so glorious. In the lowest and sweetest of voices, he inquired 'If I had recovered?'—But dear, so coldly, so calmly, so much too collectedly. I think, by the way, he is engaged; for he spoke in a very tender and familiar tone to a young person who had proffered her assistance. But that makes no difference. I will soon break that affair, if necessary. He certainly did hand me into the carriage, but not one smile did he vouchsafe, not one lingering look attended my departure. Now, perhaps, after so discouraging a commencement, other women would give him up. Not so Lady Torrington. This very night I shall write to tell him to call here to-morrow morning. I then intend to ask him if he will give lessons in the classics to Eustace—the boy is well enough, and old enough to bear a little study now.'

True to her design, Lady Torrington despatched her proposed *billet* to Richard Temple, who, unsuspecting of any ulterior design in the summons, obeyed it, by calling at Maplehurst Hall at the time appointed, and entered readily into Lady Torrington's proposal of becoming, for some hours daily, the tutor to her boy. It is not necessary that we trace step by step the progress of her influence over him; enough that instantly he became dazzled and encoiled by her fascination—enough that the hour which was to bring him to Maplehurst Hall, again to look at her varying loveliness, again to listen to her delicate and seductive flattery, was anticipated with an eagerness he trembled to own, enjoyed with an intensity dangerous to his peace. He felt that she was the wife of another. He knew he was the affianced of an innocent girl, who loved him with all the measureless idolatry of a first and pure affection. He knew this, but the spell was on him; and though each day determining to break the fetters that so unworthy enchanted him, the intention expired before he arrived at maturity beneath a bright glance and a soft word. Could he but have followed her to her boudoir when *he* left her presence, heard her detail to her sister with triumph and ridicule every word which she thought evinced the advance of his passion, heard her calculate how soon she should consign to broken-hearted desertion the loving girl he had promised to marry, he had spurned her from his thoughts and from his heart with the disgust she merited. But how could he suspect this under the exterior she assumed? How imagine that the warm enthusiasm of her manner, subdued by the most captivating softness, which he believed, as she insinuated, only himself could call forth, was ready to be piled against any new object who excited her curiosity or pleased her eye? To her he served as an occupation, an amusement, a something to fill up and beguile the monotony of a country life. To him she was an enchantress, who had made a war with himself—who had disturbed the holy current of his thoughts and affections, and threatened, by her fatal power, to overthrow alike principle and peace. Bred in the calm seclusion of rural life, he had only left it to pursue his studies at Cambridge, where he obtained high academic distinction; and after being ordained, returned to Maplehurst, his native village, to fulfil the duties of Curate. Beloved by the poor for his goodness, admired by the rich for his extraordinary personal and mental endowments, he had won himself a fame so pure & so wide-spreading, that but for the unaffected sweetness and simplicity of his manners, his gentle bearing to all classes, it had been sufficient to have aroused the envy of those around him. Yet this was the man whom a heartless coquette had fixed on as a victim to her vanity and selfishness.

* * * * *

Turn we now to a sweet low-roofed cottage, through every window of which either the rose or the jessamine had forced an entrance—where, in a simple yet tastefully furnished parlor, sat two ladies working. The likeness between them declared them mother & daughter. The younger, despite the air of deep dejection which shadowed her face, was exquisitely fair, with that look of unsullied purity which interests the feelings even yet more than regularity of form and feature. Her age was eighteen, yet she scarcely looked that. Her eyes, filled with tears, were bent over her netting, to escape the observation of her mother; but after a few minutes, unable longer to control her grief, she flung down her work, exclaiming passionately,—

"Mother, I can bear this no longer—I feel my heart is breaking—I must come to an explanation with Richard Temple, any thing is bettter than this torturing suspense."

"In truth, Mary, I think his conduct explains itself—and if you had one feeling of womanly pride, you would forget him, or only think of him with the indifference his behaviour merits."

"Ah, do not blame him, nor talk to me of pride; what has love like mine to do with pride—I forgive him! how heartily and entirely—I knew I was not worthy of him—it was vanity to think a being like Richard Temple could love and marry me—I wish I were as pretty as Lady Torrington, every one admires her."

"You exasperate me, child, beyond measure, with such language—is not Lady Torrington a married woman, & has not Richard been engaged to you for a year! He must either ratify that engagement at once, or you shall quit Maplehurst next week. That wicked woman shall not have the satisfaction of seeing her victim crawl to the grave, step by step, before her eyes."

"I am sure Richard would not intentionally give me one hour's pain. He knows not how I love him; he never shall know till I am dead. Great Heaven! here he is, mother. He is coming up the garden—leave me, dear, dear mother—you will speak in anger to him—let me see him alone."

Mrs. Melvill left the room as Richard Temple entered the cottage. It was evident, from the wan paleness of his cheek and the agitated expression of his usually serene face, that the mind was ill at rest. In truth, the events of the last few months had operated a fearful change in him, personally and mentally. Unaccustomed hitherto to self-reproach, he now constantly endured its goading sting: honour bade him fulfil his engagement with Mary Melvill, to which he was doubly impelled, by the recollection of her late father, under whose roof and care he had been educated. Yet could he pronounce the marriage vow while his thoughts were filled with another's image? Still, if he continued his attendance at the Hall, might not the passion which so fatally infatuated him, assume, ere long, the dark shade of guilt? Had not Lady Torrington again and again reiterated that she loved him? Was he to refuse the love of so beautiful a being, the admired of every eye? Could he meet her again, and be yet cold and insensible to her burning words, her enticing charms; was it in man to be so? All these thoughts rushed through his brain as he approached the cottage of his pure and gentle Mary. He came thither with the intent, cost what it might, of telling her the precise state of his feelings, and offering subservience to her decision, whatever it might be.

A long interview ensued. He described the struggle that was shaking his soul. Mary heard him, and thick and fast the tears fell from her eyes; but not one ungentle or reproachful word escaped her lips. She loved him as only woman can love. She felt that, rather than he should suffer a single moment's unrest, she was content to number every future hour of existence by the dark dial of despair. Sick and weary she felt at heart; but with a cold smile playing over her features, she gave him back his faith, and only prayed that heaven might guide his wandering steps, and preserve him from the abyss towards which he was hurrying.

He left the cottage, and she felt that life henceforth was for her one long and dreary waste. The only thought whose solace lessened the sum of her wretchedness, was, that she had done nought to add to his sufferings. But the idea that never again should his loved voice whisper in her ear the words affection—that she was unloved and deserted—oh! the maddening anguish in that thought was intolerable. She groaned aloud, & wept the burning, bitter tears which the forsaken alone can weep! Before the close of the day, intelligence reached her that Richard Temple was dangerously ill. The events of the morning—the war between passion and rectitude in his naturally pure and noble mind—had been too much for nature to contend with. He had scarcely arrived at the parsonage, after his visit to Mary, when symptoms of brain fever exhibited themselves, and he was now raving in delirious frenzy. For many weeks he lay hovering between life and death. During his illness he was attended by Mary and her mother, with the zealous solicitude which affection only can supply.

And did Lady Torrington strive to mitigate the misery herself had caused? No. No one offer of assistance, not one message of sympathy reached him from her.

Immediately she found herself deprived of his society, she sent over to Leighton, the nearest garrison town, ascertained that the regiment had been changed, and finding that the Colonel of the one now stationed there had been an admirer of hers before marriage, resolved to renew the acquaintance. To do this was and easy and agreeable arrangement.

Colonel —— was delighted with a flirtation with so lovely a woman. He was her escort every where. And while Richard Temple was languishing on a sick bed, Lady Torrington was the leader at every gay assembly, encouraging the attention of a new admirer, making the same demonstration of affection which had so beguiled and deceived the fresh, unpractised heart of the Curate of Maplehurst. Richard Temple recovered, and arose from his bed of suffering a better and a happier man. The dream of erring passion had passed away. He had been punished for his delusion. But the vision and the chastisement ceased together. He sickened as he remembered the wiles of Lady Torrington, and his heart, purified from her pernicious influence, opened again a home for the image of his once-loved, innocent Mary.

Need we say that, that his brief intoxication, forgotten and forgiven, she received his renewed vows of affection with trembling and delight? Tears, it is true, were still in her eyes as she leaned on his bosom, and listened to the words of tenderness and love, but they were tears of delicious joy.

A few weeks passed in bliss, which each equally shared—they were married. A change of ministry occasioned the sudden recall of Lord Torrington from Munich, and the departure of Lady Torrington for London at this time, and greatly to the satisfaction of Mary, she never returned to Maplehurst while her husband continued in the curacy. The talents of Richard Temple procured him, ere long, the patronage he deserved. He is now incumbent of a valuable living, the idol of his wife, his children and his parish.

M. H.

RUINS OF POMPEII.

The Boston Courier publishes an extract of a letter from a gentleman of that city, dated Naples, Dec. 4, from which we learn the following facts relating to the progress of operations in the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii. There are now, says the writer, quite a number of men at work, and their labors, or rather the government, has been rewarded, by finding a large quantity of silver ware, of various kinds, plates, vases, &c. to the amount, as they say, of sixty-four pieces, which are now in the Studio in this city, where I took a view of them; but as I did not count them, I cannot answer for their correctness as to the number found. As not more than one sixth of the city is as yet excavated, many very curious, as well as valuable articles, no doubt, remain to be discovered. The great object of search, so it seems, is to find the street where were congregated the jewelers and silversmiths, on finding which, they expect to be rewarded with rich treasures. There are some valuable gold ornaments at the Studio, most of which have been found in the house that, it is said, belongod to Diomed, attached to the skeleton of a woman, supposed to be his wife. The ear and finger rings were rich, but the two bracelets, of solid gold, fashioned to resemble a serpent twining around the arm are very rich. The curator of the apartment in which they were placed, told me they weighed a pound, and from their size I should think it not unlikely; but as I did not weigh them, I will not vouch for the truth of his report.

A New Branch of Military Tactics—Among the escapes and adventures of the day (the 5th May,) that of Lieutenant O'Conner, of our regiment was one of the most singular. Seeing a number of Spaniards in disorder, he mistook them for Chappelgorris, and ran to rally them, when he found that he had tumbled into the hands of the Carlists. A musket snapped in his face and a bayonet at his breast, informed him of his awkward mistake. Parrying the latter with his fist, he struck right and left in the approved style of pugilism, and flooring both his antagonists, who were considerably astonished at the novel mode of conducting the battles of the queen, he took to his heels, and being a first rate leaper, cleared walls and ditches, and rejoined his regiment, with the loss of his hat, sword, and cloak, which had fallen in the sucuffle. This interesting match was witnessed by the old Spanish governor at the castle, who, viewing the action through a telescope, declared that he saw a British officer attacked by two Carlists, liberate himself "boxando."

Marriages that are not made in Heaven.—There have been two hundred applications for divorce to the Kentucky Legislature this present session.