DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Weekly Messenger.

OH! LEAVE ME NOT.

Oh! leave me not, I pray thee,
Ere the blossoms of the tree
Thou hast planted in thy early love
Are blooming fair for thee—
Thou wilt love their opening brightness,
Though their beauty will decay—
But the blossoms of a faithful heart
Will wither not away.

Oh! leave me not, I pray thee,
My beautiful, my own;
While summer breezes playfully
Breathe music's sweetest tone—
We have chorussed with gay birds
In their bright and woody bowers;
We have wandered in their dewy path,
Encompassed round with flowers.

Then leave me not, I pray thee,
'Till a winter wreath has bound
Those fair and blooming habitants
Of summer's sunny ground;
Till the dewey drops that sparkle
Upon each flowrets form,
Shall wrap them in an icy fold—
The mantle of the storm.

Nor leave me then, I pray thee,
Though the song of birds are still,
And flowers forget to blossom
By the silent frozen rill—
I will embalm the brightest
While they bloom upon the bush—
I will study for thine ear alone,
The wild notes of the thrush.

Oh! leave me not, I pray thee,
I will warble through the blast,
I will bring back pleasant memories
Of all the buried past;
I will steal away the sorrow
That gives thy bosom pain,
With an unwearied, faithful heart,
If thou wilt but remain.

C. H. W.

HOPE.

Cease my heart, O! cease complaining,
Let not grief corrode my breast,
All my cares to Heav'n resigning,
Be my sorrows lull'd to rest.
See! yon morning star arises,
Leading forth the orb of day;
So my bosom recognizes
Hope's serene effulgent ray.
Come sweet hope, the mourner's treasure,
Haste return celestial guest,
Again illume with heav'nly pleasure,
A bosom long with grief oppress'd.
So when life's last drama closes,
And these fleeting scenes decay,
Hope's fair hand shall scatter roses,
O'er my path to realm's of day.

NARRATIVE OF A PERSON WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE.

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strenth gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more & more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery, and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friend taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day, towards evening, the crisis took place. I was seized with strange and indescribable quivering. A rushing sound was in my ears. I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not—For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off all my recollections returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and heard the nurse say, "He is dead." I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost powers of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause, my friend drew near, and, sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes The world was then darkened, but I could still hear, and feel and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by my attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garment of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends.—They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day, some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured. I was lifted and laid in. My friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had a peculiar interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire, and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present. One had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself to complete his work in silence.

I was then left alone; every one shunned the room I knew, however, that I was not yet buried, and, though darkened and motionless, I had still hope; but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived. I felt the coffin lifted and borne away. I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. The hearse began to move. I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out. I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of motion. A pause ensued. I heard the cords of the coffin moved. I felt it swing as dependent by them. It was lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave. The cords were dropped upon the lid. I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin; there was another pause, after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound became gradually less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, and slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time, and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous though, I heard a low and undersound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worm and reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold, and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment perhaps to perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was thrown down like a clod. It was not upon the ground. A moment after, I found myself on a carriage, and by the interchanging of two or three brief sentences I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers, who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children and friends. One of these men sung scraps of bachanalian and obscene song, as the cart rattled over the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon preceived, by the closeness of the air & change of temperature, that I was carried into a room, and, being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servent who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be desected.

My eyes were still shut. I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and oxamined me minutely.—They were pleased to find so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the desection, he proposed to try some galvanic experiment, and an apparatus was arranged for that service. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves; they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was dead. I could however discover among the students, the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife, and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling as it were, throughout my whole frame, a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broke up. My trance was ended. he utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

From the N. Y. Star.

A YANKTOANA HORSE FIGHT.

My last letter was closed yesterday in some haste for the purpose of witnessing an Indian amusement just without the town, on the bank of the Keetoosh-sahawna creek. I have frequently seen bull baits in Mexico, and among the *refined* amusements of my youth have enjoyed the extacies of a cock-pit, and many a battle royal between two contending mastiffs, to say nothing of an occasional set-to myself; but a regular *horse fight* among the Yanktoana Indians on the sources of the Missouri river, beats them all hollow.

I feel incapable of picturing in your mind in a letter a scene so gladiatorial as that which has just taken place in this city between two Indian stud ponies; because you cannot without being an eye-witness, imagine the various modes and the skill by which their attacks and repulses were directed.

This scene possessed a more than ordinary interest to us, who were anxious to read the Indian character from the book of nature, instead of taking it from the fancy pictures drawn in modern novels. Here we had the soul and substance of the animal indulging in the native cruelty of his nature. Some five or six hundred Indians, of all ages and both sexes, surrounding two ponies of more than ordinary size, in an artificial basin, formed at the base of two ancient mounds, about 60 feet high. The spectators were variously *attired* and *unattired!* in the most fantastic manner imaginable, with faces and shaved heads painted in the deepest colours, gaudy plumes waving from their crowns, bright trinkets hanging from noses and ears, their arms and legs loaded with shining clasps, and small looking glass ornaments suspended from their necks. About forty chiefs were mounted, provided with large clubs, who performed the duties of whippers-in, and to keep the antagonists from desertion. A loud and tremulous yell! a whoop from the whole tribe who were present, gave the signal for the onset. The mounted chiefs commenced beating the combatants most unmercifully, and forcing them with their clubs and horses upon each other, when they soon began a simultaneous attack by biting and kicking, and this was done with such consummate skill, in parrying each others' blows, that we were compelled to believe they actually entered into the sport, and understood the science of the game they were playing. All this was amidst the deafening yells of applause and approbation by the spectators, who were grouped in the most picturesque manner. Their attacks were by kicking sideways, and biting at the same time, then turning, and after eyeing each other like two cocks, would rear and plunge their fore feet into the opponents, like two battering rams coming together until one seized the other by the neck, and in a twinkling laid him prostrate, and held him down for near a half minute. This part was a perfect wrestling scene. They often showed symptoms of exhaustion, at which the Indians beat them on to the fight the harder; nor was the battle ended until after about one hour's constant struggle, when one of them was entirely done over and yielded unresistingly to the victor. They were a complete gore of blood, their skin being lacerated and laid open in places all over their bodies, besides being covered with bruises which had swollen into large bunches, and nearly all the teeth were knocked out of their heads. The next day I examined them, neither of whom could stand upon his legs. They had been trained for two years for this exhibition of savage cruelty. The festivities of the day closed with a war-dance and a fancy ballette among the squaws!"

J. H. B.

From the Montrose Volunteer.

PLOUGHING AN AMUSEMENT IN ILLINOIS.—The following paragraph is an extract from the journal of a traveller in the West, who it seems has handed over his notes to the N. Y. Spectator, (from which we copy) for publication. That there are many fine *plough fields* in Illinois, we never doubted; but that ploughmen there could *ride, fiddle* and *plough* at the same time, is a fact, (if fact it be) entirely new to us. We have before now followed the plough among the stones and roots of our own hills, and been forced to *dance* right merrily to keep the right end uppermost; but as for accompanying the plough with a violin—why, it is a thing never dreamt of; in fact, such an instrument could scarcely be kept safe in a ten acre lot where the plough was going! Yet the Susquehana hills, rough as they are preferable in several respects, to the much written about and long talked of prairies of the great West.

"The roll of the prairies is so free from stumps and stones that the plough after the first furrow, generally needs no guide; prepared with a seat for the driver, graduated by a pair of wheels, and drawn by an experienced team, it cuts a furrow of equal thickness, and will pursue the even tenor of its way for miles without obstruction. A gentleman informed me that he had seen drivers seated on their plough, playing their violin, which the oxen and plough kept their regular motion, thro' long furrows, apparently without any attention from him. I have often seen them, although having sole charge of the work, so intent upon a book or newspaper, as to appear utterly regardless of the team or the implement it drew, except at the commencement and termination of a furrow."

FIND "US" A "NORNA."

The editorial control of the Albany Daily Advertiser has been entrusted to Jame Gordon Brooks, an accomplished scholar, well known in the literary world. Alluding to this circumstance in a complimentary notice, the New York Express has the following explanatory paragraph:

"En passant, one of the editors of this paper will take occasion to remark that HE is not puffing himself—there being no 'G' in his name—a remark rendered necessary by the fact, that THE 'now editor of the Advertiser and AN editor of the Express, are in the condition of the two Dromios, the public not always distinguishing one from the other,' 'we' sharing the fame of his poety, when 'we' never wrote a line in the world, and 'OUR' wife the honors of 'Norna,' (the highly gifted wife of J. G. Brooks.) when, (alas, that we are so miserable!)—we have no wife, poetic or unpoet—none at all in the world! A Boston literary lady but the other day, requisted permission to write the life of 'Norna,' 'our' wife—a request which 'we' readily granted, with this provision, however, that she should find "us" a "Norna" first."

Punishment for Swearing.—A school-master as a punishment to one of his pupils for using profane language, ordered him to take a pair of tongs and watch at a hole in the hearth till he had caught a mouse. Obedient to the command, the boy took the tongs and demurely waited for the expected visitor. Directly after, he saw a mouse peeping out of the hole to observe if danger was near Cautously placeing a leg of the tongs on either side of the hole, he grasped the mouse, and triumphantly exclaimed, "by ——I've got him!"

Good.—The Boston Eglantine says,—When the down east girls wish to threaten each other with a flogging, they say, 'I will be unto you like a thousand of brick.' When the wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says—come sheer off, or I will split your mainsail with a typhoon.' The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once and say, 'I should think you ought to be ashamed.'

Interesting to Womankind.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post, writing from Chicago, Illinois, describes very feelingly the demand for young, handsome and interesting helpmates in those regions—where the "lords of the creation," are far more numerous than samples of "womankind."

"Interesting women are in demand here—for such the market is a sure one. I understand when the steamboats arrive from Buffalo and Detroit, that nearly all business is suspended, and crowds of desolate, rich young bachelors flock to the pier, and stand ready to catch the girls as they land. Whether they use the lasso, an accomplishment which some of them have acquired in catching ponies on the Rocky Mountains, or whether they take them by the force of smiles I am not informed, having just arrived I cannot speak from observation; but I believe the result to be a *pretty* universal surrender.

Strong Necessity for an Office.—The Exeter (New Hampshire) News letter relates the following excellent anecdote:

"A countryman from the northern part of the State once called upon Governor Wentworth, at Portsmouth, and begged his acceptance of a saddle of venison. The Governor loved venison, and smiled most graciously upon Jonathan as he accepted the present, and thanked him for so acceptable a mark of respect. But the man hemm'd and scratched his head, and was in no hurry to depart. The errand was but half done. His excellency inquired of him if he could in any way be of service to him? when Jonathan informed him that there was no ensign in the militia company at——and he would be dreadfully obliged to this Covenorship for a commission. The Governor would be very happy to oblige him if he had the proper recommendations, and asked if the company had elected him for the ensign, or sent any evidence of their wish for his appointment? 'Why, no, may it please your Excellency's honor,' said Jonathan, 'there are only two other men in town but myself, and one of them is the Captain and the other the Lieutenant, and they exercise me and manœuvre me so much, that I am realy afeard if I'm not made an Ensign pretty soon, they'll drill me to death."

A man who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line over the taffrail. After rousing in 40 or 50 fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow. It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the arm or leg! it'll lave me at last. What! more of it yet, Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and seeing there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me sir if I dont think somebody's cut off the other end of it."

English Clergy.—Lord Sandwick, dining in a company where were ten clergyman, he established church, made a bet privately that there was not a prayer-book among them, and that each had a corkscrew about him. A mock dispute gave a pretence to ask for a prayer-book, but none was to be had. The butler then as privately ordered, brought in a bottle of wine, and requested any gentleman to lend him a cork-screw. Every minister present had one in his pocke!

Catching a Hat.—The following humorous morceau we picked up somewhere. Does it not tell the truth? We appeal to all luckless wights who have been caught in the sad dilemma it signalizes.

'There are few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgement are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it—and then make a rapid dive—sieze it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head—smiling pleasently all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as any body else.'

A Minister without a Head.—At Constantinople, when any thing goes amiss in public affairs, the general dissatisfaction is announced by a few bullets discharged through the windows of the seraglio, and a demand made for the grand vizier's head. When M. de Calonne was removed from the ministry by Louis XVI. the Turkish ambassador at Paris inquired where his head was stuck up—thinking this a matter of ordinary etiquette on such occasions. "Oh please your excellency," said the lively Parisians, "he never had any.' And this *bon mot*, which the honest Turk probably did not understand, they had full amends of their minister for all his misdeeds, real or imaginary.

Spanish Humanity.—A young girl seeing the fortifications raised by the Carlists at Fontarabia, remarked that they would not be able to withstand an attack of the English. She was immediately seized by order of the commanding officer Gen. Guilbelaid, and condemned by him to a month's imprisonment, and walk through the streets tarred and feathered, or to pay a fine of 500 reals.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Natchez Courier supposes that "upwards of 10,000 slaves were sold in the State of Mississippi, from 1st November, 1835, to the same period in 1836, *on a credit*, that is to say, for the notes and acceptances of merchants and planters. The value of these slaves could not have been less than ten millions of dollars. The planters, then created a debt for slaves alone, to be paid out of the crop of 1836, equal to ten millions of dollars.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Cultivator.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

Land and labor are the legitimate sources of public wealth. The first, to be productive must be cultivated; and the labor of doing this is abridged by the culture of the mind, which is to guide its operations. But labor not only procures wealth, and the comforts and elegances of life, but it induces, when aided by an intelligent mind, sober moral habits, and begets independence of mind as well as of fortune. Idleness, not industry, is the parent of vice and of riot.—This seeks to bring merit down to its own level.—Industry looks for fortune in the profits of its own labor; and for the enjoyment of it in the peace and quiet of society, and the general prosperity of the state; and tends, by its example, to elevate and reform. Neither an intelligent individual, nor a well informed industrious community, are prone to mingle in the vices and tumults of the day. Hence the more intelligence we infuse into labor, the more abundant will be its products—the more honorable its calling—the more numerous its subjects—and the sounder the condition of public morals.—Knowledge and industry combined, if not synonimous with virtue are at least a pretty good indication of worth and usefulness.—Should not, then, the public mind be more enlightened, that virtue may more abound.

In a government constituted like ours, which confers on all the same political rights the same facilities for public instruction should be extended to all, that all may alike participate in these advantages, and become qualified to execute the public trusts. And the propriety of this rule derives particular force, when applied to the yeomanry and mechanics of our country, who, from their numerical force, must be arbiters of our political destinies, and our shield from every danger. They are emphatically the sovereigns of the land. Their will *must* control, be it for good or be it for evil. The character of the government must receive its impress from them, and its prosperity and happiness be ever graduated by the measure of their intelligence, their industry and their virtue. Attempts to establish republican forms of government, have failed in Europe, and on our own continent, by reason of the ignorance, and consequent importance, of the great middling classes—of the rank and file of population. Learning there has been restricted to the privileged few—while the many have too often been debased to a servile condition, or resorted to crime for a living. Power and wealth have a tendency to corrupt the higher orders; ignorance and poverty, to debase the lower classes; which have jointly contributed to annihilate, or to render impotent, the great middling classes, which here hold the balance of power and who alone can perpetuate our republican principles, Those, therefore, who are destined to wield this power, with us, should be instructed in the rights and duties of freemen. It is a dictate of interest, as well as of justice, that our young farmers and mechanics—the future umpires in all political controversy—the conservators of public morals—should be better instructed;—that they should be instructed in so much of science as may be useful in their calling, and as will enable them successfully to compete with the products of foreign labor at our doors—and so much in general knowledge as will fit them for the civil duties of society—and such as, with good habits, will qualify them for the offices of jurors, magistrates, legislators and useful citizens.

The Aloe.—This plant, in Sicily, grows to an enormous elevation, which, with its majestic pyramidal flower stem, affords a peculiar ornament, when, in combination with other foliage, it becomes the neighbor of some architectural object. Like the Indian fig, it is easily propagated, and is employed to make hedge-rows, which, in the course of two or three years, assume a formidable appearance, and are impenetrable to man or beast. It is the *agave americana* of Linnæus, the leaves of which are terminated by a sharp black spine; they grow out in bushy suckers from the base, with a thick vigorous flower stem shooting up from the centre, which rises to a height of from 15 to 35 feet, and comes to perfection in the space of from three to six years.

Napoleon and the Specie Circular.—An alliance offensive and defensive is talked of, between the crown heads of Europe, to protect the nations of that continent from the subtraction of their gold and silver by the Specie Circular. The Princess Victoria has been much disquieted from a request made her to sell her diamonds, to supply the Bank of England with bullion.