DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, MAY 29, 1837. NO. 47.

DORCHESTER AURORA,

EDITED AND PRINTED BY

WM. H. BARROW.

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

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

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

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

POETRY.

THE BETROTHED.

The mist was sleeping on the hill,
The dew was on the brake,
And the wild-bird's scream went lone and shrill,
Along a quiet lake;
In the deep silence of the night,
A youth and maiden stand,
Where the waters ripple low and light,
Like music to the strand.

There was a spell of holiness
Around them as they stood,—
The starry night in her golden dress,
And the bright and peaceful flood,
But the pale girl shook with a silent fear
As he knelt before her there,
And his voice, like a spirit's, low and clear
Went forth on the quiet air.

"Long years ago, on this same spot,
I knelt before you first,
And told (oh is the tale forgot?)
The love that childhood nursed,
Such love as only childhood can.
You wept and listen'd then,
And bade me, when I grew a man,
To tell the tale again.

"We parted on this spot of ground,
With fast but pleasant tears;
And the busy world went on its round,
With its hopes and with its fears;
And now I *am* a man—'mid men
Of sterner mood and brow:—
Moonlight was on those waters then,
Moonlight is on them now!

"If thou wilt plight me thy heart and hand,
And live where my fathers be;
I will build thee a bower in another land,
And under as blue a sky;
If thou wilt buffet the waves of time,
And the storms of the world, with me,
I will find thee a home in a sunny clime,
Far over the western sea!

"I do not promise thee gold to wear,
Nor gems of price and pride;
But thou shalt weave in thy own bright hair
The flower of the mountain side:
Thy place with the dames of that land shall be,
'Mid the high and the noble of the blood,
And thy step on the hill be as proud and free
And the bride of the chieftain's should.

"I do not promise thee lighted hall,
The torch, nor the diamond's glare;
You must say farewell to the midnight ball
When you tread on the wild heaths there;
But you shall see from your bower, afar,
The lake as it sleeps in light;
And the tranquil rays of the evening star
As it rests on the waves by night.

"I do not promise thee page to wait,
Nor maiden to bend the knee;
I do not promise thee robe of state,
Nor gilded canopy;
I may not lead thee to lordly dome,
Where pride and the proud ones be;
But I'll share with thee, in my father's home
What my fathers have shared with me.

"I give thee the promise that childhood gave
In its first and fervent love;
To share one dwelling, one land or wave,
And one guiding star above;
One bliss,—one pain,—one hope—one fear—
One altar, and one God;—
One trust hereafter—and one here;
One grave, and one sod!"

The tale is told—his lips are mute,
And bent to earth his brow;
One tear of her's has stain'd his lute;
How beat his pulses now?
Tell me, sweet cousin, if you know,
When maiden's cheek grows pale,
And when her tears begin to flow,
How answers she such a tale?

Cautiousness.—A fellow who had ascended the platform for the purpose of being hung, told the hangman that he hoped the rope was strong enough, as if it should break and he fall to the ground, he might be so seriously injured as to become a cripple for life. His apprehensions were quieted when the hangman assured him that he might "venture upon the rope with perfect safety!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

"Earth hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

In a richly furnished apartment, sat Clary de Courcy. The maiden was seated at the table with her head resting upon a hand that was like wax, and as diminutive as a girl's of twelve summers. Her countenance was partially concealed by her position, but enough of it was visible to show it was spiritual; and would have had equisite beauty but that the brow which was usually lofty, and as white as Parion marble was too haughtily bent, and the lip disdainfully curved; but there was a loveliness even in her scorn.

She raised her head and shook back the light brown ringlets, that lay like shadowy gold upon her temples; her look was calm and youthful, sweet, but strangely supercilious. The hazel eye was full of sublime thought and melancholy feeling, and the snowy purity of her cheek contrasted with the living damask of her lip. Here was a face majestical and severe, an index of a soul daring in conception and resolute in action—unyielding & changeless in its purposes. Pride, immeasureable, indomitable pride was stamped in all its lines. It was but too evident that her passions were subordinate to the sin by which the angels fell and the devil triumphed. She felt that she was no common person, and conceived it a duty she owed herself to be more lofty and high minded than her sex generally are; but her pride fascinated while it awed; she seemed a condescending seraph. She was accomplished more by heaven than by education, hers was a gigantic intellect. Her gifts were like the summers breezes that sport around, and like the sun, she shone as brightly in the lowliest valley as on the loftiest mountain. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. * *

There was a well known tread in the passage, a gentle tap at the door, and her lover stood before her. He was a tall handsome young man, with a nobly poetical head, sable ringlets, and ample forehead that could look well nigh as proud as Clara's, and an eagle's eye the glance of which was like sun light flashing upon a scimitar.

'Clara—adored Clara!' he exclaimed in a deep, low impassioned tone: 'I have tarried long at the trysting place, and methought the moon was less bright, the stream less musical, and the air less fragrant than it was, because they wanted the presence of my own—my beautiful—my beloved Clara.'

'Twere worse than vain to linger upon the reply of the maiden, or the dialogue that ensued. Suffer it to say, that the blushing hues of the morn were stealing over the sky, ere the lady waved a farewell. The myrtle trembled in the breeze; the rose bared its damask bosom to the bee, and the sweet violet rearing its modest head with the lilly of the vale breathed sweet perfume upon the air.—Sweet was the incense of summer flowers but sweeter far was the vow of fidelity until death that sealed the parting moment.

Clara de Courcy was the daughter of a respectable clergyman, in easy circumstances, who resided within a few miles of the city of Londonderry. She had been liberally educated, and possessing on uncommon quick perception and brilliant talents, was very superior in mental attainments to most of those with whom she associated. At a party given by a relative, in honor of her seventeenth birth-day, she became acquainted with Capt. Beverly of the British army, who was then stationed at Londonderry. He returned full of glory, and his name was a passport to any society, and his bland and courteous demeanor soon establishing him a favorite with all.

Possessed of a fine person, a pleasing voice, lively conversation an easy vivacity, and just turned of thirty he seemed in the full tide of fortune. Fascinated by Clara's appearance, and the powers of her mind, he professed to think life was but a blank without her. Her beauty alone was a fit dowry for a princess; alike lovely in all stations, and alike to be desired. In her presence he was in ecstacies; he went protested disinterested affection—a total disregard of future or present expectation. Could she do less than believe him? She was all the world to him, and he the most attentive of lovers. His heart was fixed, the world might go round and the seasons change, but they could not effect his love. His feelings, and his associations were combined, and nature must alter ere he could!—But, ah! the inconsistency of man.

It was a beautiful evening towards the end of summer, that mounting his horse he took his usual way to the mansion of the De Courcys. Clara was alone when he entered and his manners were colder than moonlight.

'Are you ill, Charles?' she asked in an anxious tone—'you seem dispirited.

'You are observant to-night,' he answered coldly;

She saw that he was disordered, and prepared refreshment with her own hands. He asked her to play; and she did so, at one moment he hung enraptured upon the strain and seemed as fond as usual; but in the next his eye wandered and he seemed still more at ease. Clara noticed the change, but attributed it to illness, and endeavored to divert his mind from sadness. An hour passed over—he was silent, and more icy than death, to the heart of Clara. It was now getting late, and he declined upon the plea of business, tarrying all night as had been his custom. She sank into silence and despondency.

'You are angry, Miss Clara but you used not to be so.'

'I am sad,' she murmured, 'but not angry.'

'I am surely not mistaken,' he rejoined, "you have not spoken a word this half hour."

'Pardon me,' she cried, as she seated herself by his side, 'there is no temper in me to-night—but sorrow at the change of your behaviour.'

He arose, and said he must depart.

'Good night,' said he, "we meet to morrow."

A scarcely audible "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant; and he was gone. In her bosom he left repining; but she sighed not, neither did she weep. Soon after he wrote her a note stating that 'his views were changed—his mind, but not his affections altered." Oh, the pure unmingled agony of spirit which was her own, in her communings with herself; hopes had been blighted—affections crushed. The requital of trust had been treachery, and innocence had learned where the knowledge had been bitterness. Her pride had received a jarring shock, but it came to her aid.

'What,' said she, 'shall it be said that Clara de Courcy shrunk like the supple reed before the blast? Forbid it Heaven! Sooner (and she clasped her hand upon her brow) shall this head lie low in the tomb—this hand moulder into dust, and this form pass away as a vision from the earth.' She threw herself upon her knees, and thanked God from the deliverance ere it was too late, from one with whom principle was but a bye-word, & whose conduct was but a reproach.

She arose from her devotions, and collecting every memento she had ever received from the faithless one, sent them to him, together with a note that ran thus:

'Miss de Courcy returns to Captain Beverly, gifts that to her are perfectly valueless, and that perchance he may wish to resume; And she deems that after what has passed, it would be incompatible with her dignity to consider him in the light of an acquaintance, and that from henceforth and forever, their destinies must be as wide as the heavens and earth assunder; and hopes that Captain Beverly will fully understand, that when they again meet, it must be as perfect strangers."

* * * * *

Things were in this state, when an uncle of hers who was passionately fond of her told her that he had heard him, (unknown to Beverly) in a public room before company, boast of having 'jilted Miss de Courcy;' and darker and much broader hints, invented by malice, relative her to best inheritance—fair fame. She heard this, but she heard no more. She left the room; but the tide of feeling will have its way, and it now bore in its passage the freshness and vigor of life.—Here, then was the consummation of villainy—scorn, contumely, and insult was all the wretch merited. The link of past emotions was broken! He had been the friend of her heart—the lover of her youth, and her bosom had been soft enough to pity, if not to pardon his frailties. But that was past! This one act of infamy had been sufficient to turn the generous emotions of her nature into rivers of overflowing gall, & she panted for vengeance as a panther does for her prey.

* * * "Thou has converted me from a woman into a demon, and by the soul of my sainted mother I will have revenge ere I die." She then laid down and tried to sleep—but her throbbing temples, and heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange wild images rose up before her eyes—fires seemed circling through her veins, and burning in her heart, she talked with none to hear, she raved, she struggled—and then came a long term of forgetfulness, deep and noiseless as the gulf oblivion, at end of which she awoke as from a profound sleep. When she arose, she had forgotton nothing of all that had passed and she sat pondering for nearly an hour letting the bitter stream of thought flow on. Finally she settled on a mode of action, and then she was quite tranquil.

During the remainder of the day she attended placidly to the duties imposed by her situation. She was determined to deceive all in regard to her serenity.—That night she chattered with, played for, and entertained her company more captivatingly than she had done before; they were enchanted.

At the dark and silent hour of midnight, when all the guests had departed, and no sound could be heard, save the wind sighing fitfully, as it rustled by her chamber windows, she wrote Beverly to this effect:—

"To Capt. Beverly. I am about to undertake a long and perilous journey I have an invincible desire, ere I start, to see you once again; 'tis more than likely that we shall never meet on this side of the grave, and it will smooth my passage to the tomb to hold a few minutes conversation with you: meet me this evening at 7 o'clock at the Golden Dell, our old bower of meeting. By the memory of that regard you once professed to bear me, by the deep love of all your kindred and by your strongest hopes of heaven. I conjure you to grant me this last interview.

CLARA DE COURCY.

As early as possible on the ensuing day, this epistle was sent. He answered her in these words:

"To Miss de Courcy. I had thought our acquaintance had ceased forever, but as your life seems to hang upon the request, I will grant it, on condition that it be very brief as the time appointed by you is the eve of my marriage with the loveliest of her sex, and 'twill be a task to tear myself from her presence.

CHARLES BEVERLY.

This was enough. "My God," said she, "I thank thee thou hast nerved me for the deed." She went abroad and received her visits that day, with a smooth brow and smiling lip; she knew that she had in her hidden soul that which parted her from her kind, and triumped in such agonizing consciousness.

* * * * *

At six o'clock, she sat alone in the room in which she had so often received vows of love that were to be deeper than life, stronger than death, from Beverly. Her brain was in a whirl—her blood was in a flame; she had scarce a definite notion of what she herself was about to do. She felt as one may feel, who endeavors to strain the nerve shattered by illness to the endurance of some dreadful, yet necessary pain.

She emerged into the open air; it was filled with the fresh breath of perfume; the blue vault of heaven seemed to greet her with a smile.

It was terrible to leave this beautiful world so young—she had not seen twenty summers—so soon.

The effect was heart-breaking to part from all she loved. She thought of his note, and pity and remorse were obliterated!

At the appointed time, Clara sought the place of meeting, attached to the grounds.—As she neared the spot, she saw Beverly through the tree, holding his hat in his right hand, with his left he was adjusting a ringlet. Ere he was aware of her presence, she fixed her eyes upon him with a look of deep, deadly and concentrated hatred, she advanced a pace or two, and before he could make a movement, drew her right hand from her bosom, claspsed tightly a pocket pistol (procured for the purpose) took deliberate aim at his heart and fired. He reeled an instant leaped into the air and fell with a scarcely audible groan, deluging the earth with his blood. Not a movement—but a shudder—there he lay—now a living man and now a corpse!

She waited not to gaze upon the features of the dead, the quivering limbs had hardly stiffened in the icy embrace of death, when she buried a dagger up to the hilt in her own bosom.

Her father hearing the report, hastened to the spot.

'Gracious God!' he exclaimed, 'my child!' The wound was deep, but she still lived. He knelt by her side, raised her in his arms; her eyes rolled unmeaningly in her head—"Oh! Clara," he shrieked, look up my darling, leave me not alone." She turned towards him her dying gaze, and endeavored to press his hand; the eyes opened—the under jaw fell, and he held a corpse in his arms.

There lay the deceiver and the deceived, both handsome, both young and both noble; both formed for happy years, and for the richer brightning of the happiest years—mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless, their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant, and passed away into a land of shadows.

Mr. De Courcey recovered from his swoon to see the weltering bodies before him, and again he elapsed into insensibility. For two days he got out of one fit to fall into another; and on the third, "the weary was at rest."

They buried Captain Beverly with the honors of war. The drum beat, and the muskets were discharged with all the solemnity of a soldiers obseques!

In a small church yard, in the city of Londonderry, covered by the simple turf, sleeps Clara De Courcey and her father, with the tale of her sorrows unknown and her beauty unrecorded!

Mrs. Sigourney,—*By J. C. M'Cabe.*—I have just returned from paying one of the most interesting visits to one of the most interesting of women—even the sweet poetess of Hartford—the accomplished, the talented, yet unaffectedly interesting Mrs. Sigourney.

The residence of this intellectual woman is about a half a mile from the town, retired a little from the road, and though a commodious and even elegant building, wears the unornamented simplicity of the dwelling of a poetess. Do not mistake me when I say unornamented.—There was no grand exhibition of lofty portico with classic columns, and a massive flight of stairs preparatory to entering the habitation of this 'genius of the north;' but the flowers, the sweet flowers were clinging in their young beauty upon the white wall and throwing their fragrance upon the breeze. A small shrubbery interspersed with trees of a larger kind is ranged along the fence, and form one side of the avenue that leads to the door of her dwelling.

As my stay in Hartford was to be very limited, I had not an opportunity of making any observation upon its institutions, &c., however, I determined to embrace the advantage which I had long desired and deemed almost hopeless of seeing her whose 'ritual' hath made

'Each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage home the haunt
Of Poetry.'

I was met at the door by a sweet little girl about eight or nine years of age, and invited in, and in a few minutes after, the 'American Hemans' entered the room.

The embarrassment with which I expected to be filled on thus venturing without even the formalities of an introduction, was instantly dissipated by the frankness and cordiality with which I was welcomed. Leading me into a seat near a venetian door which opened into a flower-entwined porch, she bade me to be seated, and in a few minutes I felt as though conversing with a friend of many years' acquaintance The conversation turned principally upon American scenery, institutions, and literature, and I assure you if I had taken delight before in reading her beautifully spiritual poetry, I was completely taken by surprise with the chaste and natural eloquence which distinguishes her conversation.

She described a scene which she witnessed in the beautiful Valley of Wyoming—a place rendered doubly classic by

"That high harp which struck in England's halls,
Hath made the name of Gertrude, and the lore
Of said Wyoming's chivalry, a part
Of classic song."

and by that lyre upon whose 'string of beauty' 'tones of melancholy sweetness' have 'died away' like the soft breathing of the wind harp when swept by the night breeze—I mean her own. The scene was the burial of a child among the Moravians. I wish I could give you her *looks* while describing it, or could give you words as they fell with a holy eloquence from her lips.

She described the procession of children wending their measured way to the cemetry—the low sad wail of voices chaunting in the deep toned music of the Germans, the hymn for the dead; the mournful sympathies of wind instruments; their strains faintly breathing upon the ear, wavering, lingering, rising, bursting in rich and most unearthly melody, filling the cemetry with its spiritual echoes till every eye seemed upturned, watching the flight of the infant's freed spirit to its heavenly home.

In speaking of the Falls of Niagara, she advised me to visit them when the moon was full, at which time the glory and the sublimity of that mighty wonder of men and angels would be heightened by the *lunar bow*.

She spoke enthusiastically of our venerated Madison, at whose residence, Montpelier, she spent several weeks some few years ago.

I took my leave after spending the most intellectual hour of my life, determined that let this "bank note world" think and say whatsoever pleaseth it, I would forthwith woo the Muses, almost believing I had caught inspiration from one of their most gifted votaries.

Some years ago a crack-brained man who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend the evening with her." "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I wont." "Why,' replied he, "you need'nt be so fussy—I did'nt mean this eveing, but some stormy one, when I cant go any where else."

"Why is it," said a man to a negro, who was engaged in blacking the boots of the former, "that persons of your color are so fond of the boot blacking business?" "'Spose him cause ebry man like he own color best," replied cuff.

Proverbs refined.—Proceed to the Archenemy of Man and agitate your person.

Enumerate not your adulscent pullets, ere they cease to be oviform.

Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

Disasters will eventuate even in households of the supremest integrity.

The minimum of an offensive remark, is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

The 'first impression' of a needle on a rent, obviateth a nine-fold introduction.

That juvenile individual is indeed sage, who possesses authentic information with respect to identity of his parental derivative.

The propensities of the palate defy jurisdiction.

The triple transmission of a household, with chattels, from one domicil to another, is as vicious as a conflagration.—[Phil. Gaz.

From the Detroit Spectator.

Field Marshal Day.—The late crier of the Supreme Court, formerly called "General Day,' Field Marshal Day,' &c. &c., who officiated as crier for about a quarter of a century, lately died, as he had lived, in the court house, (now the capitol.) Many are the anecdotes of this celebrated crier. The General was fond of a 'wee drap'—and during an evening session of the court, a tremendous thunder storm came on; the crier sat on his bench in somniverous quietude, leaning on his ivory headed staff of office. gently snoring an interlude to the roaring tempest;—flash followed flash—peal after peal—but the General slept on. A brighter blaze lighted up the whole house, succeeded by a peal of thunder that made the capitol shake from its base to the steeple. The old General awaked by the shock, sprang upon his feet, not knowing 'the cause of the dreadful pother o'er his head,' gave a heavy rap with his staff and in a tone little lower than the thunder, cried out, "silence!' The effect was irresistible, even in a thunder-storm—a loud laugh followed, and the laugh and the thunder died away together.

Pious Blunders.—The New York Express gives the following account of a sad mistake made by a pious female. Yesterday afternoon a well dressed and interesting young woman, who had the appearance of being a foreigner, came into the Police Office, and approaching the desk where Justice Hopson was sitting by himself reading the Plain Dealer, dropped upon her knees by the side of one of the benches, and devoutly commenced telling over her beads The worthy magistrate not being remarkably familiar with such apparitions, cocked his eyes over his glasses, peering at her first with one, and then, as if doubting the accuracy of his vision squinting at her with the other optic, called out 'Gill see what's the matter with that woman.' Gilbert Hays accordingly stepped up to the fair penitent, and disturbed her orisons by demanding of her what she was doing there. "Are vespers over, sir?" replied the lady, in the accents of an angel. "Vespers!" said Gill, in a tone peculiar to the Hays, "why this is no church—this is the Police Office." "The Police!" faltered the affrighted devotee, drawing at the same time her mantle around her expressive features, and with "I beg your pardon gentlemen for the mistake I have committed," retired from the office. It was evident that the lady, being a stranger in this city, had intended to tell her rosary at the Catholic chapel in Chambers street, opposite the Police, and had thus worshipped in the Temple of Mammon, instead of the true church.

To Raise Forward Potatoes.—It is stated in the New England Farmer, that potatoes exposed to a warm sun a few days before planting, will be a week more forward than those planted in the common way. As the experiment is but little trouble, we think it is worth the trial, and would suggest to those who make it, to favor us with the result of these experiments, as all such thing tend to add to the sum of agricultural knowledge, and to inspire an *esprit du corps*, highly promotive of the general interests of husbandmen.

Farmer and Gardner.

Who ever saw a man get wealthy by horse-swopping.

We know a young lady who has so puckered up her mouth by pronouncing exquisite words, that when she begins to speak, you involuntarily stoop forwards expecting to receive a kiss from her.

A lucky Astronomer.—Lalande, during the whole of the revolutionary fury in France, confined himself to his astronomical studies: and, after escaping all perils, was wont to say, "I may thank my stars for it."