DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

From the Saturday News and Liteary Gaz.

THE UNSTRUNG BOW.

Suggested by reading the lines of Mrs. Hemans, entitled the Bended Bow.

A soft sound went forth on the calm winds low,
And there came through the land an Unstrung Bow,
And a voice spake out in its dove notes clear,
Where the waves stood still as the sound drew near.

See ye not the branch of peace?
Reaper, let the warfare cease;
Lay the sword of battle down,
Raise on high the olive crown;
Back—the sunlight of the morn
Calls thee to thy yellow corn.

And the reaper's sword to the wind is cast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Hunter, seek thy forest home,
Where the roe and red deer roam;
Shout thy chorus on the air,
Track the wild wolf to his lair,
Seek the prey the deed woods hide,
War has checked its crimson tide.

And the hunter sounded his bugle blast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Chieftain, in thy banner'd hall
Let the lays of music fall,
Let the swell of harps be rung,
And the happy song be sung;
Let the gay dance weave its wreaths,
Swords are slumb'ring in their sheaths.

And the chieftain stood where the wine flowed fast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice pass'd.

Prince, no longer guard thy throne,
For the deeds of strife are done;
Peace hath spread her mantle far
O'er the bloody fields of war;
Let the minstrel's lyre alone,
Swell the strains of carnage on.

And the prince's gate swung free in the blast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice pass'd.

Mother, clasp thy boy no more
With that straining grasp of yore;
Hide the glittering steel that gleam'd
When his brother's life blood streamed;
Sister, kiss his unhelm'd brow,
Maiden, list thy lover's vow.

And its task were done, and its spells were cast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice pass'd.

C. H. W.

STORY OF TERESINA.

Abridged from a Tale in Mr. Sullivan's forthcoming work called Flittings of Fancy.

Many years previous to the time of which I am speaking, there laboured, in a small studio on the Monte Gavallo, a young German student in sculpture. Like his fellows, he was seldom aware at the beginning of the month, of the source from whence means were to be derived for carrying them to the end of it, but in talent, they allowed him to stand above them. Still his chief employment was to toil upon the works of artists of older standing, and to confer fame, whilst he received the wages of mere labor. Thus the genius of Frederic was known only to his familiar associates, and the original exercise of it was of necessity, confined to the hours which others devoted to repose or to festa days, when scarcely another hand was at work in the whole capital.

The palazzo belonged to the Marchese di ——, a nobleman of great wealth but reduced habits, which caused him to spend his time chiefly amongst the peasantry of his estate, leaving the splendid abode in question to a branch of his family which had shared in the general decay of his country. In the course of his visits to the mutilated statues and basso relievos, Frederic had discovered a living work of perfection, destined to be a subject of more devoted study than all the wonders that marble had yet produced.

Teresina had just arrived at an age to make her friends sensible of her peculiar situation. She was, unhappily, too highly born to be disposed of in any of the various ways which were open to the daughters of the simple citizens, and the dependent state of her parents, rendered it impossible that she would ever be raised beyond it. She had sprung up amidst ruin, and would there, in all probability, fade neglected away. At the same time, the young Roman possessed the ardent feelings of her country in a degree as far above the common order, as were her pale and dark-eyed beauty, and the proud style of her perfect symmetry.

Both Teresina and the young German were early in discovering that they met in each other, for the first time, the capability of mutual comprehension, and mutual feeling. The commencement of their acquaintance had been confined to an inclination of the head, as they occasionally encountered upon the richly ornamented terraces of the palace garden, the one musing over classic balustrades of inlaid marble, storied pedestals, and statues of whatever was most enchanting in history or fable; the other, retiring with the wild witnesses of a Roman spring, which burst forth spontaneously from the neglected plot—the rim of the sculptured fountain, the ruined wall of ages more remote.

The meetings between Teresina and Frederic were no longer caused by accident. She knew the moment of his release from labour, and, whether by the blaze of the bright spring morning, or the shades of its dewy sunset, her form was amongst the statues, her feeling beneath the cypress. She asked not if this was love—no matter *what* it was. She never could be anything to Frederic. The thought of hanging a disastrous load on his arduous path to fame, never once occurred to her. She never could be anything to any one else, for who could be worth the reservation of her heart, where her merit was to be measured by Fortune?

The feelings of Frederic were not so devoid of plan, though that plan was mainly supported by chimeras. His only chance of possessing Teresina was by a rise in reputation, which should atone for his want of birth; and the enthusiasm of his passion and his profession already foresaw such miraculous events as had never before occurred, excepting in the brain of a German lover.

'Frederick,' said a voice, soft, clear and celestial, as though it had proceeded from one of those fabled inhabitants of the sky; "I did not expect you to night, but am here because I would be where you have been."

"Alas! Teresina, and such, for I know not how long a time, is all the intercourse that will subsist between us. It is the will of Fortune that we part. I see the star-light trembling in your eyes, when I would look to you for courage. We never yet have spoken of the feeling by which our hearts are united, for in your guileless countenance I have fancied that I read the secret more clearly than your tongue could tell it. These bonds are love—wild, enthusiastic, unchangeable, as our natures. It has made our happiness; it depends upon ourselves whether it is to make our misery; I depart in search of fame and fortune. It may not be vanity, if I declare to you (for what I breathe in your ear is no more than thinking aloud) that I feel within me the qualities to secure them. Then, when we meet again, we shall bless the pains of this parting hour as having led to joys which now we dare not dream of."

Months passed, but the serene absence of positive sorrow existed for Teresina no longer. The scenes of beauty within she might have waned away her life in tranquility, had, every one of them, some memorial of a bliss which she had only enjoyed to be sensible of its loss.

Shortly before this period, circumstances had, for a season, called her lofty relation, the Marchesa, to Rome, for the first time since she had grown up. He was a nobleman of high character, and, though far advanced in life, retained a kindliness of feeling which, in other days, had made a stately person and gifted intellect the objects of love, no less than admiration. The mind and beauty of Teresina were of a quality unlooked for; her parents had been long dead; and the connexions who had succeeded to the charge of her were of a degree so distant as to be scarcely traceable. Her case was touching, and he decided that something must be done for her.

The more the Marchese conversed with her, the more he was attracted by the noble blood which displayed itself in every thought she uttered. Her heart palpitated at each advance of favour, as an omen of good fortune to her Frederic. For the first time in her life, her efforts to confer pleasure to obtain the influence of affection were founded in a double interest. The Marchese had not entirely forgotten the gallantry of his youth, was a ready example that the old as well as the young, are not insensible to the flattery of attention, and began to call to mind that he had paid his late Marchesa the respect of long remaining a widower.

The unexpected turn which had been taken by her noble relative's regard was appalling. Teresina shuddered—such a union could never be.

Long after he had departed Teresina remained gazing on the splendours of the pictured wall and fretted ceiling of that stately apartment, in anguish and stupefaction. The words which had struck most fearfully upon her heart were those which denied to her hopes the sanction of the church. Frederic had no nobility but his mind. He was lost to her for ever.

She was offered a connexion against which her nature would have rebelled, even had her heart not been pre occupied. She was offered wealth, which her long habits of self-denial had rendered superfluous.

Yet she had heard it said that the estates of the Marchese had, in common with a few others, the virtue of conferring nobility on their possessor.—The train of thought which followed upon this recollection may be imagined. The Marchese had given his word that they should be hers, and, by transferring them to Frederick, she placed him beyond the threat which had dismayed her.

It was not long ere the germs of genius and taste, and the gorgeous devices of wealth that were squandered through that enchanted palace, gleamed with the glow of festive lights that seemed to outnumber the stars. From quaint balustrade and vaulting statue, the breeze of the early autumn was cooled by fantastic wreaths from fountains of magic source. Tier over tier of myrtle terraces displayed the proud concourse of Rome's loveliest born; and the waving bed of odours that melted downward into the dark blue city, bore with it the sweetest sounds of joy and melody. There were, homage, praise, congratulation—all words for soothing, flattering, and forgetfulness; there were earth's choicest treasures for the adornment of beauty, and heaven's fairest favours to disarm comparison.—Alas! and what were all these to the envied of that night—the aching, the bewildered, the *Marchesa* Teresina?

This was the last, as it was the first, moment of her married life which was willingly devoted to the remembrance of her lover. She had taken a desperate step for him, the result remained with Providence, and the intervening time was to be claimed by the duties of her new state.

If her situation was painful amongst her equals, before the public it was harrowing. If her splendid equipage passed the streets, her declining head turned not to the right or left, from apprehension of *whose* reproachful glance might be fixed upon her. If she knelt for relief before the altar, she dared not raise her eyes, for fear of *whose* indignant form might interpose. And when she returned exhausted in soul to her palazzo, that look, that form, which first had met her there, had gained dominion of her deepest love—how could she shun them? How, except in madness.

Time had dealt kindly with the Marchese, and did not seek his due till the claim was fairly allowed. The old noble forgot not, now that he was about to part from Teresina, the promises he had made before their union. His estates, without exception, were given to her absolute disposal; her praises were the last words on his lips: and when she again saw Rome, it was in the pompous train which conveyed him to the tomb of his fathers.

Once more a sojourner in the palazzo, the tumult of her heart, so long repressed, was hard indeed to be resisted; but her duty was not complete till the memory of the Marchese had received its tribute of respect equivalent to the fidelity which she had shown him living. Ere her tongue was trusted with the name of Frederic, the splendid Marchesa had declined every envied alliance that could be offered by the Roman nobility, and curiosity was eagerly attending the end to which her paramount attraction could be devoted. The humiliation of her princely suitors was, in due time, completed by a tremulous inquiry for the obscure German student; wild were the apprehensions, the impatience, with which she awaited the result. Frederic might have forgotten her, might never have returned to Rome after her marriage, might have believed her false, might no longer exist. When her messenger returned, she was found dishevelled with agitation, and scarcely able to speak or to comprehend.

Frederic had returned immediately upon hearing that she was lost to him, had given up the pursuit of fame, and was contented to labor for his bread.

"But comes he not to see me?"

He had sent his humble respects to the noble Marchesa, and would attend her commands when released from work.

"He does not fly to meet me! His humble respects to Teresina!"

Hours passed, and still the trembling mistress of that glittering saloon was doomed to hide her face in the silken cushion with anticipations of wo unknown to the bed of straw. The Madonna breathing from the walls, seemed to whisper that the place for hope was not there, and the same season that witnessed her sacrifice to the Marchese was a memorial of bitter omen. It was then that the slow opening of the massive door prepared her to learn her fate; was it the door of paradise, or the tomb? One hand flung back the dark, loose braids from her sight, the other pressed the heart that would have burst. She knew not whether to spring to his arms, or like a guilty thing, to sink at his feet. The door was closed; and Frederic, in the simple costume of other days, pale, care-worn, but with an aspect more proud than ever, stood before her, alone, and calmly.

"Frederic! do you not know me?"

"I know, Signora, that I wait the pleasure of the noblest lady in Rome."

"Frederic, tis Teresina—unchanged—with every obstacle to happiness removed, except what you may create yourself These walls, with all their treasures—mountains and valleys for a dukedom—nobility that may look down upon the proud—power that may raise the crushed hearts of indigence and virtue—these, with the first, pray heaven, the only, object of your love—these are all your's—If you indeed are Frederic, and can at length remember Teresina."

The effort was exhausting—she dropped where she had been reclining, and regarded him with the tremor of a supplicant.

Frederic stood unmoved, "I did not think," he replied, "that it lay in the course of human events to place me under the obligations which I owe to the Marchesa Teresina. I thought that the once aspiring spirit had been crushed to a level with its fortunes; that he who had dropped disheartened on the road to fame, would find nothing to break his fall to disgrace. I thought I could have borne insult—have received charity. Thanks to the Marchesa, I see a depth to which I cannot fall. This is, indeed, a noble palazzo. Here are the works which raised a race of mortals to something between mankind and the gods, and here are powers of enjoyment, far beyond the level of earthly experience. There is a beautiful and gentle phantom of remembrance, which used to listen to the transport with which my soul drank in these wonders, and might bear me witness that I knew their worth unequalled. I know besides those mountain domains, and the greatness they bestow. They are endeared to me by the humble transcripts of my fellow laborers. Their possessor might build himself a throne of blessings. But the poor German is not so basely poor, that he can receive even these from a hand polluted—from a heart foresworn."

Teresina could answer only by a low scream of agony.

'That hand,' he calmly contined, 'without its gifts, had led me, perchance, upon a course more lofty than that which it proves with gold. But confidence is the quality of love, and Teresina's heart misgave her.'

'Frederic, would you have me die in your presence? For what was this mighty lot embraced, unless to make it your's?—unless to smooth away imposibilities to my being your's without it? Frederic, what has supported me through my bitter trial?—what has restrained the lonely anguish of my heart from seeking sympathy in your's?—what has made your name a stranger to my lips, your fortune a mystery, your fate a frightful presentiment, a hovering shadow, which I dared not contemplate, and could not banish? What but the dread of not deserving, of being worthless to you? Oh! would you look less calmly, coldly, sternly, I would explain the past so that you should love me better than before we parted. You know that I was poor, neglected, desponding. I have not words, as others have, to take my own part. Frederic, will your heart not help me? I never thought my feeble mind a match for your's, but you persuaded, you over-rated me, and leave me now to feel it, and to perish. Had you not said you loved me, I never had given this palsied hand to the fetters which have poisoned it. I should have lived as you first found me—my harmless history had died with me unstained; and now my very grave must be my shame, branded with falsehood, and by you!'

'Forgive me, Signora—I was ignorant of the fashion of your rank. I did not know it was, a proof of constancy to give your hand in opposition to your vows, or a proof of love to break the spirit that bowed to your dominion; I did know it was a reproach to call such things by the name of falsehood, and will in future think them virtues which the lowlier born are too vile to comprehend.'

He turned to depart, and she withheld him not—his farewell was unheard—and in another momont the ponderous iron doors of the palazzo had closed behind him, as he felt, for ever.

Three days passed, and Frederick received no message from Teresina to return. He began to offer himself bitter congratulation that he had not done so uninvited. Her suffering, as he at first supposed, could have been nothing but mortification at being rejected by one so humble, and doubtless her unsteady regard for him had now settled down to scorn and hatred. If ever he heard of her again, he persuaded himself it would be by some act of Roman vengeance to punish the pauper's insolence, and tie his tongue from betraying her

The fourth day came, and with it the means of estimating how far his imagination had done her justice. He had, with a determined effort to concentrate his energies, and hide the torture that had scattered them, resumed his occupation in the studio of which he was the pride, and was cleaving the undulations of beauty from a model of forlorn recollection. Visiters, as usual, came and went, but he neither heard their remarks nor turned to behold them. At length he was startled by an inquiry for his own name, and turning upon his low scaffold, encountered persons of an official aspect, apparently with some object of importance. He had no sooner acknowledged himself to be the person sought, than he was saluted with profuse deference and congratulation as the Marchese di ——! The vast estates had been legally transferred to his possession, every particle from the richest palace to the most barren crag, and had conveyed every title and distinction enjoyed by those who had preceded him. The chisel dropped from his hands, and his visage became bloodless.

'And the Marchesa!' he exclaimed; "the Marchesa Teresina?"

'No longer the Marchesa, of which addition she is divested by the relinquishment of the Marquisate, but the simple Signora Teresina. Some mystery in life, which she has not thought proper to explain, has induced her to withdraw from it; and, to the astonishment and grief of all Rome, she is believed to have retired to the cloister. Her declared motive for the present disposal of what would probably have wedded to the world any other being upon earth, is her desire to leave it to the person most worthy to enjoy it. No other particulars are known, nor the place of her retreat.

This, then, was the anticipated scorn and hatred—this was the Roman vengeance!

Weeks elapsed, and Teresina appeared to have vanished from the earth. The effects upon a heart like that of Frederick were destroying To occupy a home which had been vacated for him by the wounded soul of Teresina would have been to lay himself in the grave. As he groaned upon the pallet so long haunted by her image as the proud and exulting deceiver, the now changed aspect of the vision to the subdued melancholy that had once depended on him for every joy of earth was the guise of an accusing spirit, which left him no alternative but escape or madness. He determined to fly from Rome for ever.

He then sought the worthy priest who had acted as her confessor, with a view to leaving his last words, should she ever be found to receive them.

They were passing along the velvet bank of the Tiber below the city. It was one of those dark, melancholy, sunless day, which give to the autumn its richest hues and most melting sentiment. The fringe of yellow canes on the opposite side bowed motionless to their unbroken reflection in the wave; and a few scattered clumps of crimson foliage slept against the deep blue distance without a flutter or a sigh. Not far in front, a few precipitous heights presented a sombre contrast of blown monastic building and spiral cypress, whilst every bell that trembled through the still atmosphere, from the deep St. Peter's to the clank of the hermit monk, had a tone which carried that gloom to the heart. Frederick spoke not, and neither cared nor observed whither they were going, until they reached a gentle acclivity, paved with broad easy steps, over which the grass and a few wild flowers trailed, carelessly, to show how little that path was used as a link with the world. The funeral trees which had spoken mournfulness in the distance now reared their slender columns and swelled into shadow on either side; and at every few steps was a crucifix, with some saintly inscription to dispel the memory of scenes less holy.

At the end of this avenue was a sad-looking edifice, with Gothic arches and balustraded galleries, with an image of the Holy Virgin beside the ponderous doors, and a broad dial above them, which had no sun to mark the hour, and seemed to indicate a place where time stood still. The priest touched the bell, the latch rose with a string, and they traversed gallery and quadrangle as though the walls were deserted, till they entered an apartment of the interior, where Frederick was left alone.

All that he had observed on his approach was that he was probably conducted to the holy father's monastery; and he gazed from the deep casement on the remote city of sorrows without heeding the moments that passed, or giving a thought to what they might produce. At length the father returned; his face was not free from emotion, and he prepared his companion for the exhortations of one who had experience to appreciate his grief and to direct its cure.

"You have no word to say," continued he, 'your tale is told; and your deepest sin absolved by a spirit whose pardon will be ratified.'

There was a mystery in the old man's manner, and a tear in his eye, by which Frederic was startled into a sudden perception of the place in which he stood. His agitation increased to a shudder.

'Father,' he exclaimed, 'what place is this? This is no house of holy brotherhood. These flowers—these delicate works of charity—these implements of woman's occupation—bear witness all to the wild whispering of my soul.—This is the convent—Teresina the forgiving spirit! Deny it, and forgivness comes too late!'

He flung himself in frenzy at the confessor's feet; and, as he gasped for speech, a hand placed gently on his head bestowed its blessing—a voice of melody from the spheres pronounced the name of Frederick—and at the same moment his arms received his Teresina.

DISCOVERY AND USE OF ALCOHOL.

The following curious account of the first use made of alcoholic liquors, is translated from a French work entitled Le Semour (The Sower:)

Who, at the time when an Arabian chemist, developed to the search after an universal solvent, by means of which he could transmute metals, discovered alcohol, could have determined the result of the discovery upon the morality and prosperity of mankind? It did not really issue from the domain of chemtry till towards the end of the thirteenth century, when they began in Spain and Italy, to sell the spirits of wine tinctured with certain herbs, as a powerful remedy in various diseases. Later still the Genoes extracted a spirituous liquor from grain. Passing it off as a powerful specific, they sold in small vials, at a high price, under the name of *aqua vitae*, water of life, or *eau de vie*.

Till the end of the sixteenth century it was considered but as a medicine, and was sold only by the apothecaries. About the time the thought was suggested of furnishing it to miners, who labored in the mines of Hungary, as a preservative against heat and damp. The custom almost at the same time was introduced into Ireland. Among the ordinances of Henry VIII. is one which prohibits more than one manufacturer of spiritous liquors to establish himself in the towns. In the reign of Mary, an act of parliament, which describes a liquor of which it is injurious to drink and daily to use, prohibits entirely any distilling. We find, however, some years after, the English soldiers, who supported the cause of Holland in the Low Countries, drinking it as a cordial. This is the commencement of the period from which is dated its manufacture on a large scale, both in England, and on the continent.

In England, however, the use of beer prevailed with the people till the reign of William and Mary, when the government having encouraged distillation by various measures, the consumption of spirits became excessive. Smollet says that the retailers of brandy invi- passengers, by signs placed over their shops, to drink for the trifle of a penny—adding 'that for two pence they could make themselves drunk and that they could furnish with straw those who were in that state to lie upon till they should recover.' The government become alarmed at such results; it endeavored to renew restrictions upon distilling, but succeeded poorly; and it was not till 1761, that the consumption of beer, which had diminished in proportion as the brandy had increased, arose again to the state in which it was previously. Beer again became the favorite of English operatives; but the restrictions on the sale of brandy having been abolished in 1827, the use of that liquor threatened again to become prevalent. The consumption increased to twelve millions of gallons, and is now forty millions of gallons.

Time to speak.—I have often heard a first-rate anecdote told of some student of Chapel-hill University. What his name was I know not, but I do think his reply is worthy of preservation. The college commons were at the time very poor, particularly in the article of butter. One day a plate of it was placed upon the table, which, from long keeping, had become rancid. One of the students, upon tasting it, was so exasperated as to seize the dish and throw it, butter and all, against the wall. The dish, of course, was shivered to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly rose and demanded who was the perpetrator of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was repeated, when, after a few moment's silence, a sharp voice replied, "Ask the butter—it is old enough to speak for itself."—[New Yorker.