DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 3. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1837. NO. 14.

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.

MORNING IN SPRING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How sweet the landscape! Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of Day,
Ana bright mists o'er the forest pines,
Like happy Spirits, float away
To revel on the mountain's crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down
Trough woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep blue sky.

The woven sounds of bird and stream,
Are falling beautiful and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream
Of music on the hour of sleep—
And gently from the dewy bowers
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through the purple grove,
And blending with the notes of love.

The streams in veins of silver flow—
The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
A fairy bark upon the sea;
It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
It draws the heart from its retreat,
To mingle in the glories, born
In the first holy light of morn.

A cloud is on the sky above—
And calmly, o'er the young year blue,
'Tis coming like a thing of Love
To gladden in the rising dew—
Its white waves with the sunlight blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend,
From its unrolling folds, to hear
The glad sounds of our joyous sphere.

The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
Smiles in its deep unbroken rest,
As it were dreaming of the trees
And blossoms pictured on its breast;
Its depths are glowing, bright and fair,
And the far skies seem hollowed there,
Soft trembling as they felt the thrill
Of music echoed from the hill.

The living soul of beauty fills
The air with glorious visions—bright,
They linger round the sunny hills
And wander in the clear blue light—
Off to the breathing heavens they go,
Along the earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles,
And beckon to its glittering isles.

Oh, at this hour, when air and earth
Are gushing love, and joy, and light,
And songs of gladness at the birth
Of all that's beautiful and bright—
Each heart beats high—each thought is blown
To flame—the spirit drinks the tone
Of brighter worlds, and melts away
In visions of eternal day.

From the Baltimore Republican.

NICK BIDDLE'S RETURN'D FROM THE WEST.

AIR—*Minstrel's return from the war.*

Nick Biddle's return'd from the west,
And brought all the cash he could get
And thus he proclaims in that pest
The columns of Walsh's Gazette.
"They curse me the country all over.
My chance with the people is slim
But John Bull has kept me in clover,
I owe my allegiance to him."

Old England, dear England I'm thine,
I bend to thy magic of money,
Though the land of Columbia is mine,
Yet, I like Britain better my honey.

Nick Biddle his screws warmly press'd,
John Bull grinn'd and bow'd down his head,
Till gratitude bursting his breast
He thus to the Whig banker said—
"Thy monster shall part us love never,
Old England thy country shall be
Though Columbia despise thee forever,
Thou'lt find a protector in me.'
Old England, dear England, &c.

But the people were called to the Poll,
Democracy triumphed again,
For the banker had bartered his soul,
And now he lay low with the slain.
While John Bull over him bending,
Received the last words of old Nick
"I fought hard the monster defending,
"But now I the bucket must kick."

Oh! Biddle, Nick Biddle good lack,
I tear up your rags now my honey,
And wish you may never come back
To bother us more with your money.

YELLOW JACKET.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

'And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?' asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled and hid her face in Amy's cloak, when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels, with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of State were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.'

'Yes, my dear child.' returned Amy, sorrowfulfy; my Lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him.—Shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?'

No,' replied Lady Lucy, resolutely; 'I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is.'

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant, as they were admitted into the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her. and she whispered to her nurse: 'Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester?'

'Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you,' said old Amy, in an encouraging tone.

'And was not good King Henry the Sixth murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?' continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on charge of high treason.

'But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?' pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate noblemanwas confined.

Hush! hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here,' said Amy,' or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father.'

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting every thing else in her joy at seing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and, overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at his approaching seperation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age, (for she had just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother,) he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

'Why do you cry, dear papa?' asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress.

'And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?'

'Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief,' said her father, seating the little girl on his knee: 'I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the king, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple bar, on London bridge.'

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

'Be composed, by dear chid,' said Lord Preston, 'for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave.'

'No, no, dear papa,' cried she, 'they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you.'

'My dearest love, this is all simple talking,' said Lord Preston. 'I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, king James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see king James, and how kindly he spoke to you.'

'Oh, yes, papa! and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age,' replied Lady Lucy, with great animation.

'Well, my child, very shortly after you saw king James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, come over to England, and drove king James out of his palance and the kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange, king and queen in his stead.'

'But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry king James thought me like her,' said Lady Lucy, earnestly.

'Hush, hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for peehaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him,' said Lord Preston with a sigh.

'I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition,' said old Amy Gradwell. advancing towards her master, and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my Lord, if your pardon were very earnestly entreated of her by some of your friends.'

'Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favoring the cause of king James.'

'Dear papa! let me go to the Queen, and beg for your pardon,' cried Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. 'I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me.'

'Simple child!' exclaimed her father, 'what should you be able to say to the Queen that would be of any avail?'

'God would teach me what to say, and he has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition.'

Her father clasped her to his bosom, and said, 'thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child.'

'Why should I be afraid of speaking to the Queen, papa? for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the tower and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen upon earth.'

'You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear,' said her father. 'It is He who hath, perhaps, put it into your head to plead with the Queen for my life; which, if it be his pleasure to grant, I shall feel it a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perals of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, his will be done. He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust.'

'But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence, my lord,' asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and child. 'I will write a letter to her godmother, the lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter.'

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day at Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the Queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little child wept at parting with her father, yet she left the tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it, for she had formed her resolution; and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that he would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, lady Lucy was up and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under the sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the Queen for her father's freedom, were all assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart, and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artlees tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the Queen's uncle, was very kind to her young goddaughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law, therefore she dared not to solicit the Queen on behalf of her friend, lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

'O!' said the little girl, 'if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I *should* plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life that she could not refuse me, I'm sure.'

'Poor child, what could you say to the Queen?' asked the Countess, compassionately.

'Only let me see her and you shall hear,' rejoined Lady Lucy.

'Well, my love, it were a pity but what you then should have an opportunity,' said Lady Clarendon; 'but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou seest the Queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable.'

'God will direct the words of my lips,' said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The Countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little goddaughter; and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to direct the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

'I know that gentleman well,' said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James the Second. 'That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father,' observed the Countess, sighing; and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch—but hark, here comes the Queen, with her chamberlain and ladies, from chapel; now Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are, and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her.

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail here; and while her lips moved violently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, composed, and motionless as a statute, awaiting the Queen's approach: and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep morurning, the touching sadness of her look & manners, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the Queen's attention and interest; she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston her colour rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on, but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe of royalty in her fears for her father, putforth her hand, and grasping the Queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, 'Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!' Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words 'mercy, mercy, for my father, gracious Queen!' till her vehement emotion choked her voice; and throwing her arms around the Queen's neck, she leaned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching, but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. I was a daughter, not beyond the season of fancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become the suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father.—Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner, but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a matter of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

'But he is good and kind to every one,' said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming with tears, to the face of the Queen.

'He may be so to you, child,' returned her majesty, but he has broken the law of his country, and therefore must die.

'But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam, replied Lucy; and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me,' replied the Queen, gravely; 'I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child.'

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the Queen, & then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was then standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the Queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarity emphatic manner of the child could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture.

'I was thinking,' replied Lady Lucy, 'how strange it was you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!'

This wise but artless reproof from the lips of infant innocence went to the heart of the Queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honored countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her, and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land; relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter, when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan.

'Rise, dear child, she said; thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—thy filial love has saved him.

From the London Correspondent, N. Y. Star.

ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND ANTIQUITIES.

Among the numerous objects of interest in the British Metropolis, none are cherished with more sincerity than the ancient societies of that splendid capital. There are in this city proper a half a dozen establishments, originating in Trades' Unions, which in more barous times were the barriers between the people and the crown. Becoming rich by deposits and donations, they have become the dispensers of charity and promoters of useful arts. These establishments sometimes became the subjects of royal exactions and forced loans, when the King found himself reduced to extremities, and in return for supplies the monarch granted charters and monopolies and prerogatives. These are preserved with the utmost scrupularity. The most distinguished of these royal beneficiary societies is that of the Merchant Tailors, who occupy a palace in Thread Needle street, the members of which are called "Citizen Merchant Tailors." They have, by royal grant, the privileges of 'freemen of the city.' There is not now a Merchant Tailor in the society, but it is composed of members of the royal family, dukes and nobles, as well as rich merchants and bankers. It is the common rendezvous of the city.' Upon one festival, the Duke of Wellington was toasted as a 'Citizen Merchant Tailor,' and in returning thanks said, he valued more his [illegible]tion as a member of that society than any honor before conferred on him, because it made him a 'freeman of the greatest city in the world." It was the favorite resort of the Duke of York, whose portrait by Sir Tomas Lawrence, has a conspicuous place in one of the magnificent saloons.

The Duke of York willed to the society, his gold plate, out of a large goblet of which they drank health to their invited guests. One of their festivals originated in an interesting event which happened near four hundred years ago. A quarrel arose between the Merchant Tailors and Skinners, as to the precedence which their liveried men should take in all processions in the town of London. The quarrel continued for many years, occasioned frequent collisions and bloodshed; and was finally referred to the Lord Mayor for arbitration He was not unlike Don Quixote's Governor in his temper and judgements, and decided that their claims were so nearly equal that neither should have precedence, but that they should alternate in processions, dine together, and be friends. They did so, and the 354th anniversary dinner in honor of their conciliation, was celebrated at Merchant Tailors' Hall in Thread Needle street on the 20th July last.

At this grand dinner our countryman, Col. White of Florida, was an invited guest, and among others, after a speech from the Master, evincing great good feeling for America his health was drank, and received with great cheering, to which he returned thanks in a spirited speech, and concluded with the following toast.

"Great Britain and the U. States. Let them never forget the relation of parent and child," which was received with loud cheering and drank standing, with three times three.

From the Baton Rouge Gazette.

STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCE.

A few days since a stranger accosted a negro man in the woods about seven miles above this town and inquired the distance from St. Augustine. The negro replied that he knew no place of that name, but that Baton Rouge was at a short distance. He was then asked the distance to the nearest phycician & farm. The negro pointed out the, road to Mr. Neilson's, where the stranger subsequently arrived. His denuded appearance and gentlemanly manners attracted the notice of Mr. Neilson, who with kindness and humanity bestowed upon him every attention that his situation required. From his conversation it was ascertained that he is an officer in the U. S. Army.—Lieutenant C. B. Chalmiers, of the 1st Regiment Artillery, lately stationed at St. Augustine, Florida. He states that the last recollection he has, is of taking a ride (which he was in the habit of doing every morning) in the neighborhood of St. Augustine.—It is surmised that he was thrown from his horse which caused a concussion of the brain producing insanity, and that in this state he crossed the peninsula of Florida and wandered thus far.

He states that when he found himself in the woods and met the negro, it appeared to him that he was waking from a disagreeable dream. He has some faint recollection of being on a rail road, (this is supposed to be the Ponchartrain rail road) but cannot account for his finding himself here. It is really wonderful that he should have escaped the tribes of hostile Indians in Florida, and sustained the privations of every kind which he must have encountered during his erratic wanderings until he reached this place. It will be gratifying to his friends and relatives to know that the officers at this post the moment they learned the circumstances, had him removed to the garrison, where medical attendance and every possible care has been extended to him

WASHINGTON SARCOPHAGUS.

On Saturday last we were afforded an opportunity of viewing and admiring one of the most creditable specimens of American sculpture that we ever remember to have seen. We allude to a sarcophagus intended for the remains of the Father of his country, which has just been completed at the marble yard of John Struthers, Esq. of this city, and which that gentleman is about to present to the surviving executor of the illustrious dead. The sarcophagus is of the form of a coffin, and has been chiselled out of a solid block of Pennsylvania marble, so excavated as to admit of a leaden coffin. The lid is also marble of the purest whiteness and the finest texture. On this is most delicately sculptured the American eagle standing upon a shield, beneath which is seen drapery representing the flag of the Union suspended cross-wise from the top of the shield by an arrow. The design, we understand, was furnished by Mr. Wm. Strickland, but the execution is by an exquisitely delicate chisel, from the hands of a workman, Mr. John Hill, in the employ of Mr. Struthers. The fleecy fold of the banner, with the bright and polished stars upon it, are beautifully done, and are highly creditable to the skill of the artist. Underneath the shield, the word WASHINGTON is cut in sunken letters, so perfectly clean and neat as to give a feeling of entire chasteness to the whole.

On the front panel of the coffin, the following words are inscribed:

WASHINGTON.

—

By the permission of

LAWRENCE LEWIS,

The Surviving Ext'r. of George Washington.

THIS SARCOPHAGUS

was presented by

JOHN STRUTHERS,

of

PHILADELPHIA.

Marble-Mason,

September, A. D. 1837.

We learn that some time since, the Executive of the United States, wrote to Mr. Struthers, inquiring the cost and stating the object of such a sarcophagus as we have described. The letter was promptly responded to, but accompanied with an earnest request on the part of the artist that he might be afforded the privilege of constructing and presenting such a sarcophagus. After some little delay, the request was acceded to, and the liberal and patriotic doner immediately set about the work. Being fully completed, it will, in the course of a few days, be despatched to Mount Vernon. We cannot, in terms too strong, express our admiration of the conduct of Mr. Struthers. He has indeed achieved a noble, a patriotic and a laudable action.—*Phil. Enq.*