DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

THE DESTROYER.

(CONTINUED.)

'Let them be brought up then, if you please—but only one at a time,' said he, a faint flush appearing on his cheek. General Ogilvie immediately left the room, but not without first casting an anxious glance at me.

'You are both, I can see, apprehensive on my account,' he whispered; 'but I am perfectly aware of my situation. He must not be long in the room, however, I may not be so strong as I think myself.' In a few moments General Ogilvie returned, leading in his little companion, who entered with evident reluctance, looking with some fear towards the bed where his father lay.

'You are a very good child, Arthur,' said I, in a soothing tone, holding out my hand to receive him—inwardly cursing at the moment his resemblance to Mrs. St. Helen, and which just then appeared to me stronger than ever. 'Come and ask your papa how he is!' The child came and stood between my knees. Can I ever forget the looks with which that father and son, on their bitter meeting, regarded one another? Neither spoke. It would be in vain to attempt describing that of the former; as for little Arthur, his face showed a mingled expression of apprehension and wonder. 'Speak to your papa,' I whispered, observing him slowly moving away—'he is very poorly!' He looked at me for a moment, and then faintly exclaimed, gazing at Colonel St. Helen—'Papa, I love you!' The poor Colonel turned his head away and closed his eyes. In vain he strove to compress his quivering lip; nature *would* conquer, and the tears soon forced themselves through his closed eyelids I wish Mrs. St. Helen could have seen the unutterable anguish visible in his features when he turned again to look upon that little countenance so much resembling hers!' After gazing thus for some moments in silence upon the child, he whispered, 'Kiss me, Arthur!' He did so.

'Do you love me?' inquired his father.

'Yes papa!' The Colonel stretched out his arms to embrace his son, but his left arm instantly fell again powerless beside him. He shook his head, and sighed.

'Do you recollect me, Arthur?' he inquired. The child looked at me, and made no answer.

'Do you love your little brother George?' asked the Colonel, languidly.

'Yes, very much—I'll go and fetch him, papa—he will love you too—he is down stairs.' Every fibre of Colonel St Helen's face quivered with emotion. His eyes overflowed with tears, and he whispered—'I feel I cannot bear it! he had better go.'

'General,' said I, 'will you take him down stairs? We fatigue Colonel St. Helen!' But he made me no answer. He was looking away, and the tears fell. I therefore rose, and after lifting up the child again to kiss his parent, led him down stairs, thankful that he had not tortured his father by any allusion to his wretched and degraded mother. On my return, I found Colonel St. Helen much exhausted, and evidently suffering acutely from the distracting feeling excited by his son's presence.

He recovered, but very slowly, during the ensuing month, from as severe an attack of apoplexy as I had ever witnessed. The grief that was preying upon his heart soon showed itself in the settled gloom with which his emaciated features were laden, and which coupled with his dangerous illness, and the very violent remedies we were compelled to adopt in order to subdue it, reduced him almost to a skeleton. He had, indeed fallen away most surprisingly. A fine muscular man when in health, he looked now as if he had returned from India in a deep decline.—He would sit alone, and speechless, for hours; and took even his ordinary nourishment with visible reluctance. When his children entered into his presence—they were brought to him daily—he received them with affection but his manner oppressed them. Alas! he had now no smiles with which to welcome and return any of their little overtures towards cheerfulness; in the midst of any faint attempt at merriment on their part, he would rise, and suddenly clasp them to his widowed heart in silent agony.

The manner in which, at a former period of his illness, he had rejected the proposal made to him of a change of scene, prevented its being renewed. One morning, however, he suddenly asked General Ogilvie if he could give him a home for a few months; and on being assured of the affectionate welcome with which he would be received, he expressed a desire to quit —— Street on the ensuing morning. He forthwith gave directions for his house, with all its furniture, of every description, to be sold; and the clothes, trinkets, and such personal ornaments of Mrs. St. Helen as were in the house he ordered to be destroyed. He exacted a pledge to this effect from General Ogilvie. On its being given he took his arm, and—shadow of his former self!—stepped languidly into the General's carriage, drew down the blinds, and quitted —— Street forever. The day after, in passing the house, I saw great staring bills in the window, and a board on the walls—'THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD.' To this day I never glance at such objects without being suddenly and painfully reminded of the events which are detailed in this chapter.

I could gain no intelligence whatever of the destination or movements of Mrs. St. Helen; it wes generally supposed that she had gone, and still remained abroad, in company with Captain Alverley. I expected in each day's paper to hear of her having committed suicide; and for that reason, never omitted to cast my eyes over a paragraph headed with 'Coroner's Inquest,' or 'Distressing Suicide.' Not so, however; she was reserved for severer sufferings, a more signal punishment, a more lamentable end! Captain Alverley made his appearance in London about six weeks after the elopement; and in passing along St. James's Park he came upon his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who was returning on horseback from the Horse Guards. He drew up, and motioning Captain Alverley, his aide-de camp, to approach, rebuked him sternly and indignantly for the cruel and infamous outrage he had committed, commanding him never again to enter his presence The Duke rode off with a haughty scowl, leaving Captain Alverley apparently thunderstruck. This incident found its way into the next day's papers; and Captain Alverley, perceiving himself in general bad odour, threw up his commission and withdrew, it was supposed, to the Continent. The excellent Duke of York, indeed, evinced from the first the greatest sympathy with Colonel St. Helen; and as soon as he thought he might do so, sent him a letter, by a distinguished general officer, also a friend of the Colonel's, full of the kindest and most condescending expressions, and intimating his wish to see him at the Horse Guards at the earliest possible opportunity. He added that he was authorized to state that his Majesty had expressed a sincere sympathy for his sufferings, and the highest approbation of his gallant conduct abroad. The Colonel sighed on reading these flattering communications.

'Tell his Royal Highness,' said he, that I am very grateful for his condescension; and the moment I am able I will attend him personally to say as much.'

'I was not exactly authorized,' said Lord ——, 'to mention it to you, but you are to have the ——th; I heard his Royal Highness say as much.'

'Pray tell his Royal Highness,' replied the Colonel, with a melancholy air, 'that I cannot accept it—for I return to India by the next ship!'

'Good God! Colonel St. Helen,—return to India?' echoed Lord ——, with an air of infinite astonishment.

'*Can I remain in England?*' suddenly inquired the Colonel—with a look that silenced Lord ——, hastily rising and standing for a few moments with his back turned towards him, evidently overpowered with his feeliegs. Neither spoke for a few moments.

'I cannot tell this to his Royal Highness,' said Lord ——; 'I know he will ask me about every thing that passed at our interview.'

'Then tell him, my Lord, my last words to you were, that my heart is broken; but my will is not. I shall go to India, if I live—and that as soon as possible!'

Lord —— saw that he was inflexible, and abstained from further importunities.

Three months had now elapsed from the day on which Colonel St. Helen arrived in England to encounter so fell a blight of his fondest hopes, his brightest prospects; and he had made his final and gloomy preparations for returning to India. Notwithstanding the sympathizing and affectionate attachment of General and Mrs. Ogilvie, had it not been for the daily sight of his children—those innocent, helpless, deserted beings, whom he was himself about to desert—he would have lost almost all sympathy with mankind. His heart yearned towards his little sons—but his resolution had been taken, and was unchangeable, to return to India, and amidst the scenes of direful carnage he had there quitted, to seek, in an honourable death, release from the agonies he suffered. He arranged all his affairs evidently on the basis of his being about to take leave of England forever. Hts purposes with reference to his children might have been varied, but for the fond and zealous guardians for them he found in General and Mrs. Ogilvie; It was not till within a very short period of his departure, that he could bear to ask from the former a detailed account of all that had happened. He heard the name of Alverley mentioned in silence. He inquired for a while where he was supposed to be, and never again alluded to him. The name of Mrs. St. Helen never escaped his lips.

When he presented himself before the Commander-in-Chief, he met with a most gracious reception. His Royal Highness shook him warmly by the hand, and with a quivering lip assured him of his sympathy and personal regard.

'Is your resolution to return to India, Colonel St. Helen, unalterable?' inquired the Duke. The Colonel bowed; his air and manner satisfied the Duke of the uselessness of expostulation. No: in vain were the entreaties of royalty; in vain the passionate tears and embraces of his sister; in vain the energetic remonstrances of General Ogilvie; in vain were his children flung by his sister into his arms and upon his knees in an ecstacy of grief. His darkening countenance told how vain were all such appeals. His passage was engaged in a ship quitting the Thames in a few days' time. His servant had already packed up almost all that was to be taken aboard. The dreaded morning arrived; he tenderly embraced his sister and his children before setting off for town; finally, as he had determined, but only for a few hours as they supposed, understanding that he would return in the afternoon to bid them adieu forever.

While he and General Ogilvie were waiting in a back room at Messrs ——, the army agents, where he wished to make some final pecuniary arrangements, his eye happened to fall upon a paragraph, which he read with almost a suspension of his breath, and a face flushed with excitement.

'Ogilvie!' said he, turning to his astonished brother-in-law a countenance that had quickly become white as death, and speaking in a totally different voice from any that had been heard from him since his illness, 'I have changed my mind. I shall not go to India. At all events, not at present.'

'I am delighted to hear it,' said the General, confounded with the suddenness of the information, as much as at the manner in which it was conveyed: 'but, good God, what has happened? what has agitated you?'

'I am not agitated,' replied Colonel St. Helen, with a violent effort to speak calmly, at the same time rising from his chair, and folding up the newspaper he had been reading. 'Can you spare this?' said he to the clerk whom he had summoned into the room. He was answered in the affirmative. 'Then you may tell Mr —— to give himself no further trouble about the business I called upon; be so good as to tell him that I have made some change in my arrangements. Shall we walk home, Ogilvie?' They quitted Messrs.——'s immediately.

'St Helen,' said General Ogilvie, as they left, 'I protest that I will not return home with you till you have told me frankly what has occasioned this most extraordinary change of manner and purpose'——

'My dear Ogilvie, you shall know all. Read this,' said the Colonel, taking out the newspaper, and unfolding it, pointed out the following paragraph.——

'By the death of the Right Hon. Lord Seckington, Captain Alverley, formerley of the——Guards, succeeds to the title and estates, which are great, as well as to the splendid accumulations of landed property said to have been made by the late Lord S., who has bequeathed every thing to the present Lord Seckington. He is now abroad, but is daily expected in—— Street'

'Well!' exclaimed the General, after having read the prragraph twice over, in perturbed silence, returning the paper, 'of course, it is easy to guess your intentions.'

'Intentions!' exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, with great vivacity,' 'this is the first time I have breathed freely since my arrival in England?'

'Do you, then really think of meeting this man?' inquired the General, gravely, after a pause'

'Meet him? *Do I intend to meet him?*—Ogilvie' you vex me!' replied Colonel St. Helen, briskly and bitterly, at the same time insensibly quickening his pace. He dragged his companion along in silence, at such a rapid rate, that they were half through the Park before either—deeply engaged with his thoughts—had again spoken.

'Let me see—how shall I know when he arrives in London?' said the Colonel, abruptly, as if he had thought aloud.

'Oh, there cannot be much difficulty about that,' replied the General, who had satisfied himself of the hopelessless of attempting to dissuade Colonel St. Helen from his evident purpose,—'I will do all that you can possibly desire, since'——

'Dear Ogilvie—my dear good brother,' said the Colonel, with affectionate energy, 'do not think I shall permit *you* to be at all involved in this affair. Mischief may come of it—I cannot deprive my sister and my children of your presence, even for a moment?'

'You shall not meet him unless I am at your elbow,' interupted the General, with a determined air; 'I can be firm, St. Helen, as well as you,'

'Ogilvie, Ogilvie, how perfectly useless this is! I do assure you that my mind is fixed unalterable. It cannot be; it shall not be. May I fall at the first fire if I permit you to be on the ground. I could not aim steadily if you were there. No—I have got my man. Darnley will'——

'I hate your *professed* duelists,' interrupted the General with irrepressible agitation.

'They are made for such an affair as mine!' exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, with a kind of cheerfulness that was sickening.

General Ogilvie had never seen such a remarkable change so quickly effected in any one.

'Have you thought of your poor boys?' said he, as they approached home.

'Thank God that my sister is your wife; that you are my brother in-law!' exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, in a more subdued tone than that in which he had been hitherto speaking; 'they cannot be better off!'

'This scoundrel has no such ties! You don't meet on equal terms.'

'Perhaps not exactly, but—my bullet will spoil his pretty coronet too!'—He paused, and a grim smile passed over his features. 'Poor devil,' he added, with a bitter air, 'I would give a trifle to be present when Major Darnley first calls upon him! It will try his mettle, rather, won't it?' almost laughing—but such a laugh.

'Really, St. Helen, this has turned you into a devil!" exclaimed General Ogilvie.

'The best thing that the old Lord Seckington ever did,' said Colonel St. Helen to himself, but aloud—as if he had not heard his companion's remark, 'was to die, exactly when he *did* die; the best thing that has happened to the new Lord Seckington was, to become Lord Seckington; and the next best thing was that I should come to know of it just when I *did* come to know of it.'

'You are certainly, my dear St. Helen, the most cruelly injured man breathing,' said General Ogilvie, after they had walked for some minutes in silence, 'and nobody has a right to interfere with you!'

'I should think not,' replied Colonel St. Helen, in the short bitter tones in which he had been all along speaking. Ogilvie!' he added, turning suddenly, and looking him full in the face, 'no treachery! By your honour as a soldier and a gentleman, no interference in any way!'

'I should have thought that such an appeal was perfectly unnecessary,' replied the General coldly.

'Oh forgive me! forgive me, Ogilvie! Remember my sufferings, I was wrong, I know it.'

'I have nothing to forgive, St. Helen,' replied General Ogilvie, with a quivering lip. 'By my God, I will be true to you in every thing.'

'And I will be true to myself, Ogilvie.—You shall see!' rejoined the Colonel, grasping his hand, and shaking it cordially.—'And now, what must we say to my sister to prevent suspicion?'

'Oh! we must say that your ship does not sail for a fortnight, or something of that kind—it will be no difficult thing to deceive *her*, poor thing!' said the General with a deep sigh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Plot Discovered.—Much excitement existed at Columbia, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, in consequence of the discovery of a nest of villians at that place who had robbed a richly laden car on the rail road at the canal basin. The affair occurred at a suspicious quarter called "Tow Hill," occupied chiefly by negroes. A white man named Waits was their leader, and the keeper of a groggery which they frequented. The goods were found in his stable. Quantities of calico, muslins, ginghams, shoes, &c. were found at a mulatto's named Davis. These midnight plunders have, it is believed, been carried on for years, and this colony of thieves, utterly destitute of means, were observed, during the rigors of last winter, to be luxuriating on choicest geese, turkeys, &c., fruits, no doubt, of their nocturnal depredations on the neighboring farmers. The wife of Waite, Davis and his wife, Turner and Scott, have been committed to the county jail at Lancaster.

ADDRESS

TO THE

DORCHESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Held in Cambridge, November 2, 1837.

BY JOSEPH E. MUSE,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

(CONCLUDED.)

That many animal and vegetable species have become *extinct* since their first creation, cannot be reasonably questioned; numerous fossil evidences establish the fact, yet in the *general*, the doctrine of *progressive improvement* and *transmutation*, is consistent with experience and daily observation; and in the instance of our '*wheat*' plant, we have many of us witnessed and I have long since maintained upon good authority, its partial 'transmutation' against the bold assertions and inveterate dogmas of adversary opinionists, who seem to hold their creed of physiology as a code of moral law; and from their sentimental asperities it would seem, under equal penalties of transgression.

Upon the fact of 'transmutation' of the wheat plant, much evidence might be adduced; it is sufficient for the purpose to name that of a learned friend, 'Mr. Featherstonhaugh,' the United States' geologist, whose acute observation and high and well merited fame, and acquirements in the natural sciences, are ample pledges of its accuracy, 'that he has seen stocks of 'cheat' developed from a grain of wheat, under the most infallible circumstances; and I might name others which leave no doubt, on my mind, of the fact of *transmutation* occasioned by the influence of various *physical accidents*.

The famed Lamarck quotes many examples of the changes of plants in their *forms, faculties*, and even in their *organization*, by a change of the physical conditions under which they are placed; and he justly observes, what 'nature' brings about in a great lapse of time, *we* may occasion suddenly: some plants are made to lose their thorns; some, the *acridness* of their *juices;* others have their *ligneous* converted in *herbaceous* stems, and some, which are *perennials* become *annuals;* an unfavourable climate, exposure to winds, and other accidental causes, may give rise to a *stunted* and *altered race;* and *mutatis mutandis*.

The extravagance to which Lamarck has carried out this doctrine, should not vitiate his truths; that '*man*' should have sprung from a '*monad*' of animated matter, and by progressive improvement have arrived at his present state of superiority, is absurd; yet it is unphilosophic to reject, absolutely, physical, moral, or religious truths, because they may have been mingled with fanaticism or extended to absurdities. Gold is not contaminated by the base matrix in which it may be found, nor should the lights of truth, which this talented author may have thrown upon this interesting question, be extinguished by his casual follies, his lucid intervals make ample amends for his odious hallucinations.

We will leave this controversy and revert to the important and settled truth, 'that plants as well as animals require certain physical conditions for their well-being,' an essential point of which is '*climate*,' which for causes not fully known, has been and continues to be suffering variations throughout the globe, and tending to a diminution of temperature, and consequently no locality continues to be suitable for the same vegetable or animal at all times; and if our crops are not changed with the change of climate, by the force of *intelligence* and *judgment*, they will perish and disappoint us; they will *change themselves* by the force of the *laws* of *nature*.

In the present regions of Siberia and many other northern countries, are found direct proofs of this fact, in the fossil remains of *living* species, the elephant, the lion, the tiger, the tree fern, the palm, and many others, 'as we are informed by Mr. Lyell and other distinguished naturalists,' inhabitants *now*, only of more temperate climates.

To this cause, then, this *gradual* but *continued* lowering of the temperature of the globe, may be referred the failure of our wheat crops; and hence may be seen the necessity to supply the loss by others, adapted to the *new physical condition* of the *country*.

Twenty years and more have borne witness to the fact, that this great staple with us, is annually declining; the progress of this evil, though *gradual*, has been with few exceptions *constant*, and within the last few years, alarmingly conspicuous; the progressive revolution of the climate has been equally manifest, to all who are in the habit of observation, clearly indicating the *cause* and the *effect;* this essential incident of '*station*,' once so congenial to the development of our favorite plant, has assumed a *new character* adversary to its *physiological* constitution

With the *decline* of the general temperature of the globe for ages past, and established upon accumulated and unquestionable evidences, collected by distinguished naturalists already named, another important and relevant fact is equally attested, 'that under the influence of this change, *plants* and *animals*, with the exception of a few individuals, have been from the most ancient periods of time, regularly and gradually *migrating* from higher to *lower* latitudes; the *latter* from the general decline of heat, having acquired *that degree*, for which they had been constituted; and which the *former* had *previously possessed* and *now lost*; hence, we have no reason to flatter ourselves with the hope that our wheat plant will continue; and resist the *instinctive impulse* given it *for its own preservation*, by the commanding hand of nature.

And *a priori*—it is deducible from causes, obviously still in operation, that a comparatively short period, perhaps half a century or a little more, will find the wheat plant flourishing only in the most southern sections of our vast empire; and *another period* still longer, may in all probability, *cancel* it from the catalogue of vegetable life.

Our sister states of higher latitudes, have long since experienced the effects of this mutation of climate upon their wheat crop; the 'Northern Farmer,' of New England, informs us that fifty years ago, their 'wheat' was a *certain* and *profitable* crop; and that *now*, they cannot by *any mode of practice* produce enough of this grain to defray the costs of cultivation.

Thus by a diligent review of the *past*, we are enabled to direct our course for the *future;* we are furnished with a key to unlock the magnificent temple of nature, disclose her enchanting secrets, & contemplate her wise and providential plans, for the general good of her creation.

A fallacious ground has been assumed, and on very respectable authority, against the continuance of our wheat crop, which though leading to the purpose of my proposition to abandon this plant, is wholly untenable, 'that *land tires* of a species,' this in the *sense designed* is an unphilosophic notion, and may produce much error in practice.

The theory of '*rotation of crops*,' rests not upon this principle but upon the *appetency* of plants for *ultimate principles*, peculiarly essential for their sustenance; and respectively consumed in the different ratios of their natural demands; by a fresh supply of manures, the consumed principle will necessarily be furnished, and the capacity of the land for reproduction be restored, or perpetually preserved; but it is said by the advocates for the '*land tiring* doctrine' that the remedy of *manuring* is incompetent for a wheat crop, where formerly the plant flourished; true, because the '*station*' has become materially *modified*, and for reasons already given, we must adopt others whose habits and constitutions are *conformable* to *this modification*.

Our desire to retain this crop, is founded on an amiable principle in man, often conducive to his interests; that of a venerable attachment to the *prescriptive law of usage;* yet it is a law, which like all others has its numerous exceptions, to be found in the *absence* of the *reasons*, from which they derived their *validity*. In regard to this *interesting question* of the *policy of continuing our 'wheat crop,'* another consideration may be offered, entitled to much weight.

Every individual *plant*, as well as *animal*, has its *respective tribes* of *parasitic insects*, which peculiarly belong to it, and which follow it, in its *progressive migrations*, before mentioned, at a less or greater period after its removal to its newly adopted '*station*.' The *longer* the time it shall have occupied its *new domicil*, the *greater* will be the hostile array of these predatory tribes upon it:—no better evidence can be required of this truth, than the instance of the 'Hessian fly,' which for many years, had not annoyed our wheat crop,—yet, has accumulated, until, alone, it is now competent to its destruction: and annually, we hear of new enemies, multiplying upon this plant; and, which, too, will never abandon their post, while we supply them with the choice forage, for which, they had made their incursions.

From a change of climate, and other incidental circumstances, our rich harvests which, to ourselves, and our ancestors, had yielded a bounteous equivalent, for cost and labour, have degenerated into a fruitless heritage, continued solely, from ancestral veneration, and the irrefragable bond of usage.

For occupying so much of your time, upon subjects of natural science which may have appeared abstract, and irrelevant to that of agriculture, I must make the apology of its necessity, to demonstrate an important proposition, 'that our wheat crop should be, at least, considerably curtailed—and, *new crops*; from other countries, substituted for it.'

From the view I have taken, too, some useful rules may be drawn, for the direction of those whose enterprise may lead them to discover, and introduce such new crops, as may, with the greatest prospect of success, supply our necessities.