DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

For the "Aurora."

NIGHT.

Dark through the sky with shadowy wings
Mysterious Night her curtain flings,
And pours her shades of sombre hue,
O'er earth's green bosom gemm'd with dew.
Now groves and vales in silence sleep,
And faintly gleams each dewy steep;
Till bright in Heaven, enthron'd on high,
Mild Cynthia through the clear blue sky
Her rays of silver lustre shows,
And o'er the sylvan landscape glows;
While Philomel in softest strains,
Still to the ear of night complains,
And swells her wildly warbled song,
Whose dying falls the gales prolong.

Deep whisp'ring through the forest shade,
(A wild retreat for melancholy made,)
The breeze of night in solemn sound
Of mystic murmurs, sighs around.
The scene how sweet! how mild! how bright
Soft sleeping in the tender light,
By Cynthia's beams of silver shed
Upon the mountain's lofty head;
While bright the trembling radiance plays
Upon the stream that trickling lays,
And shifting still, reflects the rays.

Cambridge, Md. OMEGA.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

THE BOWER OF EDEN.

He fell alone.

He god had moulded in the sky, the noble
Mind, that lingered by its Eden flowers;
Bright angel hands had planted hopes
Upon that Eden home. The tree of life
Was breathing there, the incense of its bloom.
The leopard's fang was harmless as the dove's
Bright eye.
Rich music rolled to heaven in golden strains
Of love. The breathing gale was sweeping soft
Along the silver stream, and bending, on
Its wooing breast, the rose, that graced its banks.
Who could not live, and love—then fade
And die, within a scene like this?
And wander when the sun should smile
Through morning's golden bars, along the
Verdent path, that God's own finger traced,
And sleep when earth was blushing in her
Noon, upon the snowy bed, the roses shook,
From many a dewy stem.
Then breathe the sweetness of
The valley's pride, and drink from silver
Founts, where waves of crystal flowed.
And when the glories of the west had died,
Upon the breast of night, count with the
Fearless eye, the jewels of the skies,
But no! amid these scenes a cold heart
Beat its pulse of hate. It loathed the glory
And the pride of earth. It shunned the
Rose of morn—bright with its robe of dew,
It turned awag the lilies breath that
Fanned that throbbing heart.
He fell—
The silver fount was dark as night—
The rose lay dying on the earth, stung
With the poison of the sky. The cloud that
Rolled on golden wheels, along the eagle's
Home, was called to brighten other spheres.
The leopard whet his dreadful
Fang upon the heart of life. The eagle
Armed his strongest wing, and tore his
Trembling charge. And heaven's own finger
Traced along that bloom, the withering
Curse of wrath.
Then louder than the ocean's wave, where
Lightnings break their lance, upon his
Giant form, a howl pealed 'long the sky.
The quick, wild throbbings of a bleeding
Heart, was pleading with that curse.
But fast the angel's flaming blade was
Flashing in the sun.
The music of the bower had died,
Before the tempest's note—
The seraph forms that lingered there,
Had raised the prayer in vain—and
Each bright hope that burned around,
Was blotted by their tears.

Princeton N. J. DRYMO.

The celebrated horse BERTRAND died a few days since in the neighborhood of Lexington, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.]

LADY GRANGE.

On the shores of the lonely island of St. Kilda, two persons walked together, in the calm and pleasant twilight of a summer day. One of them was a lady of tall and elegant form, and of beautiful features, though the bloom of youth no longer sat on them, and their loveliness was dimmed by the sad and melancholy impress which they wore. Her companion was an aged man, of venerable aspect, and dressed in plain but respectable attire. He was the pastor—self-delegated to the hermit-like office—of the Island of St. Kilda; and, scanty as was the reward which accrued from his labors, few of the richest dioceses on earth could boast of a more zealous worker in the cause of peace than that solitary rock of the western main.

Long did the sad lady and her companion move in silence, on that eve, along the beach, listening to the tranquil murmur of the breaking waves of the Atlantic, Neither seemed disposed for converse. At length the pastor made a pause in his walk, and looking with an air of kind sympathy on his companion's downcast countenance, he said, "You are ever sorrowful, lady; but to night, it seems to me, you are more heavy and depressed than you have ever appeared since the time when I was first honored with your society and friendship. No new misfortune, surely,—pardon me if I am intrusive,—can have reached you in such a place as this?" "No recent calamity troubles me, my friend," said the lady, with a sigh; "but the memory of past evils haunts me this evening with unwonted oppressiveness, and hath excited in my breast a dark presentiment of coming ill—of sorrows yet and again to be endured. What a fate has been mine!" continued she, while a tear stole down her pale cheek; "banished from country, home, friends—from all that the heart holds dear! And banished by those, too, that were most dear! Can new evils be added to such a sum as this?" "Nay, dear lady," replied the old pastor, taking her hand "do not let that despondency again seize you, which you have encouraged me to think my counsels had helped to dispel forever. The worst of your misfortunes, certainly, are past and known. Neither friends nor foes can well add to them." "Alas!" said the lady, "you little know how far the hatred of friends who have become enemies, can go Those hearts of flint, that could imprison a tenderly nurtured and defenceless woman on a rock like this—that husband who could doom to suffering and exile the wife of his bosom, the sharer of his pillow for many long years—that son, who could so far throw off all affection and reverence for the mother that bore him, as to become the abetter of her cruel enemies—these are not the beings to think any misery too great, any barbarity too severe!—Nine years of captivity have already been my doom; and these years, oh! how lengthened, how wearisome, how wretched! But I forget myself, my friend, my best friend, to whom I owe so much of the little comfort I have enjoyed; I forget myself; you yet know not the details of my unhappy history. Come with me now, then, and listen to them, while the wound is open, and the pain cannot be increased; come and listen to the tale of my sufferings, ere new ones befall me, and close my lips perhaps forever. But that the recital could not be made without throwing disgrace upon those whom I have ever loved, in despite of my injuries, I would have spoken of these things ere now. One witness, however, of my griefs and my innocence, I would willingly leave behind me; and whom should I choose but him who has been as a father to me, and who has taught me to turn my thoughts to the only place where peace can be found for the wretched and oppressed?"

The tears of the venerable pastor of Saint Kilda flowed in sympathy with those of the lady, as he turned in silence with her from the spot where they had been standing, and took the direction of the cottage in which she resided, along with an old woman, her only attendant. When seated in this place with the pastor, the lady began her melancholy story. "I am," said she, "the unfortunate daughter of an unfortunate, though ancient and respectable house. My father was John Chiesley, of Dalry, a name, alas but too well known, from the unhappy deed which his passionate nature led him to commit, and which you, my dear friend, may have heard of even in this place, where foot from the mainland seldom comes. My father, in a fit of irrepressible anger, slew Lockhart, the Lord President of the Scottish courts, and paid with his life for the deed. In her infancy, this fate befell the parent of Rachel Chiesly. It was ominous of her own wretched destiny.

After coming to the estate of womanhood, and having received the nurture suitable to my condition, under the eye of an affectionate mother, my hand was sought in marriage by several Scottish gentlemen of good rank and fortune The one whom I loved and chose, was James Erskine, of Grange, a youth who appeared to me to be endowed with every amiable quality. The affection he expressed for me was boundless, and we were united in wedlock. Our happiness for many, many years, was such as falls to the lot of few wedded pairs, and a lovely family sprung up around us. At length my husband became deeply involved in the political affairs of the period, being led into this dangerous occupation by his great influence as brother to the Earl of Mar.—Alas! as he plunged more and more deeply into this vortex, his mind grew gradually estranged from me. He became restless, intriguing, and dissipated; and as all confidence was broken up between us, he began to entertain fears—most unfounded fears—lest the political matters to which, as mistress of his family, I had necessarily become privy, should be revealed by me to his hurt, and that of his friends. Ultimately, his dislike to me waxed so violent, that he could not live with me, and desired me to subscribe to a separation, to last during his pleasure—Yes! after I had lived with him twenty five years, in all love and peace on my part, and had borne him a family now partly grown up to mature estate, my husband causelessly wished me to do what I thought was contrary to my solemn vows; besides, I dearly loved my husband. Not all the persuasions used, could make me subscribe to that deed.

At length my cruel husband, after much threatening, turned me from the door of his house. I would have then gone straight to my relations in London, but some of my friends thought his temper might yet make a favourable change, and I retired for a time into strict privacy in the country. But I could not bear to live near them, and not enjoy the sight of my dear family; so, after the expiry of some months, I returned to Edinburgh, and took a chamber in a private house, near to my lord's lodging, that I might have the pleasure to see the house that he was in, and to see him and my children going out and in. I also went secretly, and made some of our relations and some religious friends speak to my husband of the sin of putting away his innocent wife; but finding all to be vain, and his heart to be strongly hardened against me I resumed my intention of going to London.

Having taken leave of my friends, and having, indeed, paid part of my coach hire to the English capital, I chanced to lodge, upon the 22d of February, 1732, (two days before I should have gone away,) in the house of Margaret Maclean, a Highland woman, at a very little distance from Edinburgh. Being desirous of going early to rest, at my request the landlady sent the few persons that were about her house, being two Highland women and a servant girl, to bed an hour or so before the usual time. I had no servant with me at that moment, but one chambermaid; and whether she was a party in the plot against me, or whether the landlady, who *was* a party to it put her out of the way, I know not. However, after I had laid down my weary head to sleep in my chamber, I was aroused by the landlady, who came to my room door, and told me to rise and dress myself immediately, because two men had brought letters for me.—The hope that my husband had at last relented, entered my mind, and I arose with alacrity and put on some of my clothes. But when I anticipated joyful tidings, my expectations were frustrated by the entrance of a number of rude Highlanders into my chamber, who took hold of me, closed my mouth with their hard hands to prevent my crying out for help, as I was first inclined to do, and finally they covered my face with a cloth, tying down my hands at the same time. I was then dragged or carried down stairs, being perhaps used the more cruelly because I had recognized the men to be servants of my lord Lovat, and their leader to be a cousin of his. They afterwards placed me, still blindfolded, in a chair, and carried me hurriedly a considerable way, when I was taken out, and placed on horseback behind a man, whom I knew to be a retainer of Lord Lovat. Other six or seven horsemen were there also. Before they placed me behind the man, I showed them how all the linens about my face were covered with blood, in consequence of the violence used in forcing me to keep silence. Instead of pitying me, they again tied about my face the cloth which they had for a short time taken off. We then rode away in the middle of the night, and the first thing that I knew of our route, was when we reached Linlithgow, after three hours' riding

I was here taken into a house where there was a good room, and I seized the opportunity of telling to two persons whom I saw in the house, that I was forced away. But no relief came of it. I could not throw off my clothes, or rest myself in this place, because a man was commanded to sit continually in the room beside me. At night I was taken by force down stairs, and tied on the horse as I had been before. I was then carried by this man, whose name I knew to be Alexander Fraser, of Lovat's household, to a country house near Falkirk, where I was imprisoned in a vault for more than thirteen weeks. I was then carried to the northward, travelling on horseback, and by night. All day I was kept in the houses, where it was too apparent my cruel persecutors had pre-arranged matters for my close confinement. So barbarously did they use me, when I endeavored, by night or by day, to excite sympathy in my favor, that I desisted latterly from the attempt altogether. Sometimes for weeks together, I never knew the luxury of a peaceful night's repose. At length, after being tossed hither and thither through the Highlands, ignorant almost entirely of the roads I traversed, I was put on board a small vessel, and was conveyed to the island of Hesker, off the Ross-shire coast. Wasted in body, tattered in attire, I was glad of a haven even in this miserable island, where I was lodged with one Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Here I was confined nearly a year, when my troubles again began, and I was conveyed, after suffering many hardships, to this island, the home once of the devout St. Kilda, and where I have enjoyed comparative rest, though banished from all that is dear to me, for nine long years. Peace—true peace of mind—I have only known since your councils have taught me to quell my repinings after what is irretrievably lost, and to seek for consolation from one who will be to me in the place of father, husband, children—all that are gone from me!"

After her narrative, the Lady of Grange sat for some time in tears, nor could the old pastor of St. Kilda refrain from joining in them, when he thought of the sad reverse of fortune that had befallen the gentle and still lovely being before him. The lady was the first again to break silence. "Perhaps you may have marvelled," said she, "that such things as I have related could be transacted without detection in a Christian land Alas! the fears which my husband entertained regarding my knowledge of his political intrigues, were shared in by too many powerful men, to permit justice to be done to an injured woman; and a woman injured in nothing more than in the supposition that treachery to her husband ever entered her thoughts. But do me one favor," continued the lady, "note down these things that I have now said to you, that my good name may not rest through all time with the stain upon it, which my enemies would willingly affix. Do this as you regard me; for I have a heavy presentiment that my ills are not done yet, nor is this fear altogether without rational reasons."

The good minister did as the lady required. In a few days afterwards the narrator of the sad story nor recorded, disappeared from the island of St. Kilda. Whither she was taken by her persecutors, is a matter of doubt. It is believed, however, that from a revived dread of discovery, she was removed to the isle of Skye, and that she there died soon afterwards. The narrative taken down from her own account, by the pastor of St. Kilda, is now before us; and from it we have, with slight abridgements, drawn the materials of the preceding story. The Lady Grange grave, in the main, a true account of her seizure, and the motives which led to it, there can be little doubt. The only difficulty respecting the affair, is the seeming disproportion between the necessity for the act and its barbarous execution. But this disproportion is in seeming only, not in reality. A great number of influential persons—Erskine, of Grange, himself, among the number—were concerned in Mar's rebellions of 1715, but were never discovered by government to have taken any share in it. If Lady Grange had, in reality, seen papers criminating her husband and others, it is perfectly natural to suppose that these parties would have been ready to take any steps to silence *the* witness against them, particularly after the rebellion had ended so unfavorably. To this are we to ascribe the sufferings of the unfortunate Lady Grange. Her abduction has scarcely any parallel in the history of civilized times. But the situation of her prison, St. Kilda, far out in the western main, and the little intercourse held by its simple fishermen with the mainland, rendered the place of her exile a mystery till long after her death. Her husband's influence, also, tended to suppress all attempts to investigate into the fate of his ill-fated lady.

BLANNERHASSET.

A travelling correspondent of the Philadelphia Herald furnishes the following particulars respecting Blannerhasset and his accomplished lady.

"A few miles below Marietta we passed Blannerhasset's Island. We ran under the lee of it some distance; but the thick wood of the river obstructs any view of the interior. We saw no traces of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the Island, which was all that escaped the fire in which that dwelling was consumed. I learn, however, that the beautiful shrubbery still lives on the Island, which was planted by Blannerhasset, and that many of the walks laid out are yet open. Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland, after their attempt to liberate that country from the thraldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts and the turmoils of a political life, he sought for retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful Island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in the most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to a very refined society, with which it was his custom to constantly intermingle and interchange civilities. His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, this island was the general visit for all the country around, and is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries and entertainments of which it was the scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sample of the polished Irish gentlemen, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard, by the amenity of his manners and disposition. His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeached character. She reigned the Queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement which Blannerhasset had created on the Ohio, and, according to contemporary accounts, she deported herself with a grace and dignity that might have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidentially her with his plans of Mexican domination, she was fired at the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as a confederate. Blannerhasset was a man of ductile temper, and was easily induced by the dazzling representations of prospective glory and honor, which ambitious wife set before him, to become a participant with Burr. He was moreover a liberal of the French school, of which Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representation which Burr held up to him, of Mexico redeemed from tyranny, by their united efforts, fired his soul, and he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed an honorable and humane undertaking. When once pledged to Burr under the mastering genius of his wife, he actually engaged in enlisting men, building boats and preparing the essentials of the expedition. Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring country were connected with the affair, all deluded in the same manner as Blannerhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores at night echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the silent tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans of Mexican redemption A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum and sent over to the island, and every thing was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the public authorities by one of the accomplices. Blannerhasset was instantly deserted by his followers, and left alone to the storm.

Timothy Buel, commander of the militia, with a small detachment, went over to arrest Blannerhasset. He hardly set a foot on the island before he was met by Mrs. Blannerhasset, whose spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband's brass pistols, she ran from the house to meet him. Just as the militia-major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder and thrust him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed, commanded him in the most positive tone not to advance; one step forward, and I will send you into eternity—it is easier for me to do, than to say it,' were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure drawn up to its full height, her eyes fixed with a stern and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the pistols which she held at arms length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to return without his victim. Blannerhasset made his escape, and is now living with his wife in poverty, in France. He brought over to this country a large amount of money, part of which he invested in his island, but much the greatest part he loaned out to individuals living in the vicinity. Being forced to flee, without delay, from this country, to escape the indictments levied against him, he had no time to collect his debts. He left large amounts in the hands of individuals who have never returned him a cent. Many men near Marietta have grown rich on money borrowed of, but never returned to Blannerhasset.—Would it not be an object of humanity and charity for Blannerhasst's debtors, now that they are made wealthy by his liberality, in his day of destitution, and distress, to refund his money, and to raise him up from the want and wretchedness in which he is plunged, to comfortable independence?

Chivalry travelling North.—There is an awful note of preparation among the literati to the northward. The Rev. Dr. Palfrey, editor of the North American Review, introduced into an arricle by George Bancroft, Esq. a paragraph commendatory of the latter gentleman's writings. In this state, the article was published in the Review, and as Mr. B. did not wish to be accused of praising himself, he addressed a note to the Rev. Dr. demanding that an explanation should be given in the next number.—The doctor declined, and on receipt of another note from Mr. B repeating the demand, he sent him the following note:

"George Bancroft, Esq. Sir,—The enclosed letter, addressed to me in your hand writing, I return, declining to receive any further communication from you, except it come through some respectable person, who shall vouch to me for the decency of the contents."

Your obedient servant,
JOHN G. PALFREY.

Cambridge, 13th April, 1838.

There is a rumor among the higher circles in Boston, that no course is left for the printer's devil, who carried Mr. Bancroft's last note, than to call the Doctor out It is also said that the young gentleman feels his honor so deeply wounded, that he has gone on to New York to secure the services of "Percussion Lock and Mahogany Stock." You had better "go on with your work," and keep out of bad company.—*Balt. Sun.*

It is related of *David Crockett* that his memory was very remarkable. In proof of which, one who opposed him for a seat in Congress, gives the following anecdote.

"When we began our lectioneering campaign, said Col. A., "not being able to speak very well extempore, or rather not at all, I wrote a speech with great care and committed it to memory. I delivered this at several meetings, and was a good deal gratified in believing that it was very well received. I had always spoken first, but at the fourth meeting which was a very numerous one, Crockett proposed that he take the lead. He accordingly mounted the stand, and to my utter amazement, recited the whole of my speech, and only changed a sentence or two to suit his own case. I never felt so awkward in my life, My turn to speak came and my speech was gone—stolen—used up—and I was left without a word to say. And to complete my mortification, the rascal was chuckling and laughing as if he had done the cleverest thing in the world."

'I never shot a bird in my life,' said one to another. 'I never shot at any thing in the shape of a bird except a squirrel, and that I killed with a stone—when it fell from a tree into the river, and was drowned,' was the reply.—*New Orleans Commercial Herald.*

The above is a tougher, but we tell a better and a truer one, perpetrated in this city by a Yankee. 'That ar' dog (pointing to a large white one) aint got a bit of black about him, except his ears, and they're brown.'—Phil. Ledger.

Realities of Life.—A person being asked what was meant by "realities of life," answered, real estate, real money, and a real good dinner.

There is a town in a southern state where the people are too poor to give the children names.—[B. Post.

We know of some families in this state so poor that they can't have children to give names to.—[Argus and Spectator.

How old are ye?" said Mr. Major Kiplins to a dwarfish young man.—"Twenty."—"I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten."—"All comes of being a dutiful child."—"How so?"—"When I was ten father put his hand on my head and said, 'Stop there,' and he then ran away; I've never seen him since, and I didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

A VALUABLE HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Indianapolis Journal states that a merchant of Cincinnati having received an order for some goods from a man in a neighboring state, went to a newspaper office and having ascertained that the person in question was a subscriber, obtained permission to look at the editor's ledger. Having found that the man *paid his bill every year* and was not in arrears, he expressed himself satisfied with the result of the examination, and expressed a determination to fill the order forthwith He that hath eyes to read, let him understand.