DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

LINES.

On the death of the Right Rev. William M. Stone, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Maryland.

BY ALBERT G LEARY, ESQ,

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some majestic—less beloved head.
Childe Harold.

Rest, beloved one, rest,
Deep in the tomb—from which not love could keep
Thy venerated breast.
Rest, noiseless, in that long, undreaming sleep—
An aged pilgrim—rest where thy father's lay;
Gone to the mansions of undying day.

No mere shall that sweet voice,
With eloquence angellic, lead the christian
To heavenly joys;
And cause the wandering never more to roam
Now lone, unaided in their heavenward flight,
The sainted heart is sick, and all is night.

Not thine, a youthful grave,
The morn of life was thine—and it was bright,
For christian thou didst save
The fainting spirit, from infection's blight,
Brighter thy noon—still farther on thy road;
Brightert thine eve—it gave thee to thy God.

Mourning! let it cease—
Son, if thou lov'st thy Father, weep no more;
From the bright realms of peace
Thou would'st not call him—on that better shore,
Where death comes not—prepare thy sins to meet;
Grievous thy parting, be thy meeting sweet.

Daughter! where forever creeps
The death worm, in his slimy, earthy bed:
Earth's tenant, now he sleeps,
And sleeps for, aye—till earth gives up its dead.
List! hear ye not from that green, grassy sod,
A voice proclaim—thy Father rests with God!

Rest! aged christian rest!
Loved as thou art, I would not dare recall,
From mansions of the blest,
Thy happy spirit back, to bear earth's thrall—
Again to moulder and decay—and know
That "all is vanity," and life is woe.

Pilgrim, I've known thee well—
Thine was the christian's heart, and thine its faith,
Thou didst in all excell,
That pluck'st the venom from the sting of death.
Be mine thy life—and when earth's scenes are past,
Oh may we meet in better climes, at last.

Chicago Ill. May 25, 1838.

THE WORK-BASKET OF A YOUNG LADY, 1796.

A pair of gloves—a dozen rings,
Some tape to mend her apron strings;
A tucker for her breast of snow,
In which was bound a billet-doux;
An empty purse—a ball of cotton,
Nor must the stockings be forgotten;
A pretty bow, to grace the foot,
The border, for a petticoat,
In which was wrapp'd, oh! poor commander
The story of great Alexander;
Some pins, and flowers to deck her hair,
A gilded book of "Common Prayer;"
To shew her feelings blithe and bonny,
The leaf turn'd down at "Matrimony,"
A needle box—a noddling plume,
A little box of sweet perfume;
A stock of ribbons great and small,
A ticket for the next Race ball;
A half-made cap of figured gauze,
With fifty small et ceteras.

William Mathews, of Rockland county, New York, murdered his uncle, Mr. Elias Babcock, on the 15th inst. A reward of two hundred dollars has been offered for his apprehension.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

LAST SCENE OF A MISER'S TRAGEDY.

He turns with anxious heart and cripple hands
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
Dr. Johnson.

There was an old miser of Flanders, who carried his passion so far, as to deny himself sufficient food for the cravings of nature. He used to lie in a truss of straw, well bound together with osier thongs; and in the middle of this he made a hole, into which he crept like a badger. Time was to him little better than a pause; for his hopes had scarcely any progression—his chief purpose in life now being to take care of what he had got. His house contained his world; his bundle of straw was his only luxury. And here, in this grub like state; he lay naked all the day; but when the dusk of evening came on, he would slowly crawl from his musty nest, and, huddling on a few ragged clothes, stalk out into the fields at bottom of his weed grown garden, or into the roads and lanes, to see what he could find. Dry leaves to make tea with, bits of turf or rotten wood for his seldom-kindled fire, were the chief object of these rambles; and he was once seen carrying home a dead crow for his Christmas dinner.

He had been originally a tradesman of middling degree, and even these circumstances he was only able to maintain by the most incessant attention both early and late. Yet somehow it happened, that beyond this he could never rise, though he pursued the same course upwards of fifty years. Perhape this was occasioned by his whole attention and endeavors being employed upon the minutest points of gain, so that when any great opportunity, or one beyond his ordinary habit of mind, occurred, he either let it slip unobserved, by never raising his eyes from the dust, or else stood wavering between astonishment and fear, till fortune had flown her kite over his head.

At length a change occurred in the current trade, whereby, without the necessity of making any venture, his profits began rapidly to increase. This very circumstance, instead of giving him a real sense of pleasure, only served to redouble his avarice and his cares. He grew silent, absorbed, distrustful, and meanly suspicious of every body around him; from that moment, becoming also so penurious in his domestic habits, that his son was obliged to quit the house, and travel to France, in order to engage in some business apart from him.

The old man continued the same course till he grew so infirm, as to be unable to give the requisite attention; and being too distrustful quietly to suffer any one else to manage affairs, would have died in the alternation of the two agonizing endeavors, when a relative chancing to leave him a small house near Ghent, he disposed of his business advantageously, & repaired thither forthwith.

He sold the furniture, and he sold the fixtures; he sold the fruit trees, and he sold the garden tools; he sold the yard-doy, with his kennel, collar, chain, and water pan. The house he could not sell, because it was to go to his son after his decease; but he did what he could with it: he sold his *chance* of the house, in case his son happened to die first; and for this he got *something*.

All these preliminaries of desolation being settled, he installed himself in the innermost apartment of the house, and let every thing fall to ruin about him.

Having stalked about several years in the miserable way of life described above, he at length became conscious that his worn-out frame must shortly give way to old age and constant privations. So he took his gold, by a piece at a time, to the bottom of his garden, where a long cave had been constructed many years ago, in the time of warfare, and deposited it in a large earthen jar. When the jar was at length full, he stood gazing at it immovably several hours; then, with a heavy heart and inward groans, he buried it—as a man would bury all he loved, and with it all his hopes? This done, he felt death coming fast upon him, and closing the trap door of the cave, and casting earth over it, he crawled back to his room, and got into his truss of straw to wait his last moment, and be buried also.

Thrice he extended his long fleshless arm over the floor, with a bit of chalk in his bony fingers, as though to write a few words to his son; and as often withdrew it. After a pause he dropt it, and broke into the following soliloquy:—

"——No—let him work for his own gold; he shall not know of mine! With unceasing pain and care, and by slow gradations, did I acquire it; and shall it be dispersed away with ease and pleasure, and rapid as a summer shower? He would not endure the privations which I, though less able by reason of my years, did most constantly sustain; and he left me to contend alone against the trading and rapacious world, to pursue his private interest in another country. Be it so: if he is industrious, he may do well; if the opposite, he shall not come here to play the spendthrift with my groans. Has not my thrift been close attended with pangs of body and mind? Have I not denied sleep to my age—warmth to my infirmity—medicine to my ailments—and have I not continually endured the slow and gnawing pangs of hunger? Ay, ay, beyond words—they can convey no tangible idea of it; and if they did, it would be beyond belief. No matter—it suffices for *my* conscience.

"'Yet wherefore this extreme endurance?' says the world; 'was it not thine own will? Then no compassion can be given; more especially as it was without purpose or rational end, since you now die, without making any use of that which has cost you such extremities to acquire.'—True; and if men never fell into any engrossing passion without first finding reasonable grounds for it, then do I deserve to be condemned as an exception. Let philosophers show that the cravings of avarice, and the hoarding up of wealth is mistaking the means for the end. I admit it. But does this apply to me alone? Is it not comparatively universal? Is ambition—hope—or love, ever satisfied or happy? Is glory—rank—power, ever satisfied? Is malice satisfied? Is revenge—remorse—[illegible] alone sets a limit to real passion.—But *if* all this reasoning be no better than the sophistry of self love, and that I have indeed mistaken the right end of life's efforts, *which others find*, then have I discovered the error too late.

Man's will, long implicated in any cause, cannot return and face wisdom with a humble bow. My last page is now being scanned by the rapid moments!—I am upon the edge of time!—the abyss of thought and confused imaginings are before me—all this stage and scene are fast vanishing into naught! My only object of life is buried; I care no longer for myself. Men will execrate my memory according to their own poverty. Let them.—A wretch—a rag—a starved dog—a creeping thing—a miser!—No matter. Let my son come to my house and say, like an ogre, 'Where is his gold?' He shall but find the tools that worked for it—my bones? Let all posterity, or any pinch of human dust, rail at my life, and at this last act; I would say to them from my grave, if wretchedness has been my means of gain, it was my choice and *my* sufferance—which injured no one. If my gain was no real end or enjoyed object to *me*, the grioved or care-worn getter—why should it be to you, the mere openmouthed? If desolation has been my companion, I so willed it; if starvation has been my day-fiend and my long night's vulture, I bore it for my passion; and, therefore, have I hidden my gold, for ye shall not riot with my life's misery?"

So saying, the miser sank down into his straw, and, after a few gasps, died without a struggle. His demise being discovered in a few weeks, he was buried at the expense of the parish.

It is shown in the above soliloquy how he justified his conduct to himself. As he was all-enduring and entire in his devotedness to his passion, however mean a one it was, we have not, after the fashion of modern novelists, compromised him in his last moments to a conventional moral. The real moral, in all cases of misdirected passion, must be looked for in the most generous and disinterested feeling of our unbiassed nature, which, with that sense of benevolence implanted in the heart, (a thing either above reason, or else the highest degree of it,) convinces us the more strongly by beholding a true picture of evil or pure selfishness' that nothing is really good for *us* which does not in some way conduce to the good of *another*.

R. H. H.

THE HOLE IN THE POCEKT.

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We would complain loudly if a tax of that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add all that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way annually quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, 'Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?' I felt in my waiscoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was empty, all space which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, 'I've lost it my dear; positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!'—'I'll sew it up,' said she.

An hour or two after I met Tom Stebbins. 'How did that ice-cream set!' said Tom. 'It set,' said I, 'like the sun, gloriously.' And as I spoke it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however I held my peace for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me next morning at breakfast that there was no hold in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, 'Ah! isn't there! really!'

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change *to keep*, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my subtreasury for safe keeping; 'there was a poor woman at the door,' she said, 'that she'd promised it to for certain.' 'We, wait a moment,' I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; but vacancy returned a horrid groan. 'On my soul,' said I, thinking to show a bold front, 'you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets is left open.'

'Are you sure?' said Mrs. Slackwater.

'Sure! ay, that I am, it's gone! totally gone!' My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the [illegible] I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrank from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloon pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pocket leaked worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate; as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'-
More,
That his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum, I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

'Ned Bowen,' said she, 'has put down ten dollars'

'The more shame on him,' I replied, 'he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it.' My wife smiled in her sad way and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the bowens, and as I had no objection we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about $600 a year, and I thought it would be worth seeing what that sum would do in the way of house keeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been school mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, and article which we never have at home but always want elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasuse and chagrin.

'What pity,' said I to my wife, 'that Bowen don't keep within his income.'

'He does,' she replied.

'But how can he on $600?' was my answer; 'if he gives $10 to this charity and $5 to that, and lives so snug and comfortable too?'

'Shall I tell you?' asked Mrs. Slackwater.

'Certainly, if you can.'

'His wife,' said my wife, 'finds it just as easy ta do without twenty or thirty dollars' worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them.—They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice creams or oranges at 12 cents apiece, candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket.'

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets, too; they never have been in holes since that evening.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

Etymology of the names of Countries.—The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Caiabria also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain the country of tim—as there were great quantities of lead and tim found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, in the Phœnican tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica, signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footstep of man, which it resembles.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdis, the holds of destruction.

Etna signifies furnace, or dark, or smoky.

The above were gathered from a very ancient history of Britian.

"WHO IS BLENNERHASSET?"—Who that promenades in Broadway, but has seen, at some time or other of the day, a youngish man of medium stature, adjust or saturine complexion, and mumping visnomy, with his hand full of gingerbread cakes, which he nibbles ever and anon as he goes musing'ly along? He is known as the "Gingerbread man."—An undecided species of faded pantaloons, "laxatively pendulous," button up his nether anatomy. His coat, once black, has assumed in the back, a mottled gingerbread hue. It is as if the color of his daily food had oozed, in saffron distillations, through his epidermis, breaking out externally in spots of a very aggravated type." In front, the garment is placed on "a short allowance of buttons," which are for the most part shelled out like beans. Buttoned to the throat, it yawns in the skirts, which "goe flipflappe" beneath the pockets, wherein stores of the wearer's favorite cake are garnered. If you know this personage, reader, you can answer the memorable question of Wirt, "Who is Blennerhasset?" Our hero is the only son of that distinguished man; and yet he seems but a stranger and a pilgrim in the metropolis.—*Knickerbocker.*

The above paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers some weeks, and may or may not be true. Seventeen years ago, the celebrated Blennerhasset had at least three sons living with him in the Fauxbourg St. Louis, Montreal; and it is our impression that he had also a daughter, his oldest child, residing somewhere in the United States.—Charles, the oldest son, at that time was studying law with his father, who had a little practice in that profession, but was rarely employed as counsel, except by officers of the garrison. Frederick, the next in years, was an assistant instructor in a respectable pravate school, kept by an Irish gentleman in St. James street. He was a remarkably promising young man, and the only person whom his heart-stricken, but high-minded mother, took any pleasure in communing with.—George, the younger, had not left school.—Blennerhasset, though in very reduced circumstances, was treated with great respect, particularly by the gentlemen attached to the army, many of whom dwelt in the immediate neighborhood of his residence. He was educated a lawyer, and in addition to a knowledge of the ancient languages, he was well skilled in the modern, and was occasionally employed by the late William Gray, the original proprietor of the Montreal Herald, to translate intelligence from French and Spanish newspapers, and it was by that connexion that we became acquainted with and visited him. While the 37th, foot, the officers of which were nearly all Irish gehtlemen, was stationed in Montreal, Mr. Blennerhasset, notwithstanding his limited means, had much social enjoyment in the company of his gallant and warm hearted countrymen; but when that regiment was succeeded by the 60th, rifle, composed mainly of Hanoverians, with but a very few Englishmen or Irish officers' and those very young, his position became measurably solitary. Some years passed away without producing any change for the better, and his oldest son, (now, if alive, 37 or 38 years old,) did not contribute to the comfort of his old age. He was dissolute to the extent of his small resources, which he made no effort to increase by application to business. As far as the complexion and stature of the person described in the Knickerbocker go, it is not immpossible he is the very man we speak of. We were informed by our father, six years ago, that poor Blennerhasset having failed as much in body and mind, as in fortune, returned to Ireland with his family, and we have not heard of him, nor them, since, unless the Knickerbocker be correct in stating its "hero" to be the son of our old acquaintance.—*Boston Morning Post.*

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

BY C. W. EVERETT.

'How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread,
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many sink into the sordid but
Of cheerless poverty.—*Thompson.*

It was night—the storm howled sadly by—and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted the wretched, displayed cottage, once, in brighter days, her happy home. She had divided to her ragged and starving babes the little pittance of bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficient to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger! Little thought they, that they claimed their mother's all; yet freely was it given, with a silent tear *that it was all!* She hushed their cries—soothed their sorrows—covered them with their tattered mantle—bade them a sad 'good night'—and returned to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away—and still sat the mother over the fading fire she could not replenish, waiting the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy through her bosom, and was hailed with boisterous glee by his little ones. Once he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly, a while did he redeem the pledge. His cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infant divided his love. But ah! how changed! He had become a drunkard!—His business was neglected—his home deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe. He came to curse the innocent partner of his misery as the author of his wretchedness, and his frightened children shrunk away from him, screaming as from a fiend. Where vaits he now? The shadows of the night have long darkened the landscape! What delays his return? Alas! the low haunt which his nightly revel now echoes too his frantic shout. Surrounded by boon companions, he seeks to drown the memory of his sorrows in the bowl; while his wretched, squalid, starving wife still keeps her lonely vigils by her cheerless hearth.

Stillness—solemn stillness, like the grave's reigns in that dreary habitation; and no sound is heard save when the fitful sighing of the wintry blast, or the low murmer of her dreaming infants, rouses the watcher from her trance. Then she raises her aching eyes to the dim dial, and with a glance to heaven turned to her lonely watch again. But now the tempest of her fellings has growu too fierce to be repressed—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the bursting torrent of her tears.

* * * The clock struck the hour of midnight—and he came as want! With a fearful oath he cursed his wife'e fond care, and that mother's silent prayer, and the low wail of his frightened babes went up to God as a witness!

* * * Would you know the conclusion of the story? Go ask the jail, the alms house, and they will tell you!—S. *Literary Messenger.*

SIR JOHN HERSCHELL.—We learn from the Advertiser that letters have been received in London from Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope, to the 20th January—This learned Astronomer had completed his survey of the Southern celestial hemisphere, and intended to embark for England in the beginning of March, and his arrival was expected in the course of May. He has made some important observations upon the star *Argo*, in the constellation of the same name.—This star has been regarded as of the second magnitude, and was so consided by Sir John Herschell when he observed it, but afterwards, as he observed it successively, it had increased, so that at the date of his letter, it exceeded in dimensions the greater part of the stars of the first magnitude, and might be compared with the *Centur*, which, in brilliancy, is considered the fourth star of the firmament. No similar phenomenon has been observed in the heavens, since the celebrated star of Tycho Brahe, observed from 1572 to 1574.