Littleton P. Hoskins

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

WORSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY R. L. JOHNSTON.

Here stands the Church, in calm and meek repose,
As on its roof the evening sunbeam glows
With mellow rays; and tips, with hues of gold,
Those modest turrets which we now behold!

How sweet the choice of that sequester'd spot;
So Heavenly calm, so rich in pensive thought!
From worldly bustle far removed;—no strife,
No jarring discords here imbitter life;
No din of human traffick here annoys
That peaceful bliss the virtuous heart enjoys.

No lofty spire its lowly turrets grace,
No gaudy emblems of the sacred place;
No earthly mockeries its walls surround,
No pomp within its sacred courts is found.

Yet, on the Sabbath, here the pious throng
Unto the threshold press their way along,
Silent yet cheerful;—not at sound of bell,
No need of loud-toned monitor to tell
The hour of worship, where each grateful heart,
Is full-resolved to "choose the better part."

Behold the man of God, whose silvered head,
Proclaims his years, dispense the heavenly bread;
Simplicity with dignity combine,
And in his voice, his words, his features, shines.
When first his lips their pondrous task essayed,
The anxious listeners scarce knew what he prayed:
Eager to catch the treasures of his mind,
Each eye war fixed,—each listening ear inclined;
Earness to hear each well directed word,
And yet believing though it was unheard.
But, when increasing warmth his frame inspired,
His trembling voice was raised, his eye was fired!
Ah! hard the heart that could have stood unmoved,
To hear the world of wickedness reproved!
And ere he closed, full many a moistened eye,
Proved how intensely deep their sympathy.

The prayer o'er, the patriarch descends,
Receives the cordial greetings of his friends;
Around him crowds in eager waiting stand,
To grasp with warmth the freely offered hand.

While homeward now dispersing crowds pursue
Their way; 'tis pleasant to remain, and view
The solemn churchyard—mortal man's last goal,
Where death dissolves the body and the soul!
And here simplicity asserts the sway,
In modest mansions for the mouldering clay;
No pompous sculptured columns here arise,
The gaze and wonder of admiring eyes;
No gorgeous monuments of human pride;
For humbly as they lived, these pilgrims died;
And here, until with vigour repossessed,
In this seclusion shall their bodies rest.
Oh, for a life, oh, for a death like this!
From sweet contentment, to eternal bliss.

SLEEP.

I've mourn'd the dark long night away
With bitter tears and vain regret,
Till, grief-sick, at the breaking day
I've left a pillow cold and wet.
I've risen from a restless bed,
Sad, trembling, spiritless and weak;
With all my brow's young freshness fled,
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.
Hard was the task for aching eyes
So long to wake, so long to weep;
But well it taught me how to prize
That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.
I've counted every chiming hour
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain;
While fever raged with demon power,
To drink my breath and scorch my brain.
And oh! what earnest words were given!
What wild imploring prayers arose!
How eagerly I asked of Heaven
A few brief moments of repose!
Oh! ye who drown each passing night
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep;
Fail not to kneel at morning's light,
And thank thy God for health and sleep,

From the Methodist Protestant.

EVENING REVERIES.

"They live but in the tale of other times."

The arm of desolation seems to strike silently and alone, at all earthly grandeur.—The stupendous productions of art and of intellect are the idle play things of time, with which he sports for an hour, and then shatters them to atoms. There is a quiet melancholy that steals over the heart, when we recur to the decline of once powerful and flourishing kingdoms. The very names of Greece and Rome awaken a pensive pleasure; but it is a pleasure which is rendered thus pensive by its associations with 'darkness and the worm.'

I love to wander forth on a clear, beautiful evening, such as this, and give unrestrained indulgence to meditation. I love to look up to the blue sky, where from the zenith to the horizon, not a single cloud obscures its serenity: and to hold; as it were converse with the shiping orbs, that glitter in the 'azure depths.' How beautifully do these contrast with the workmanship of man! The splendors of the most magnificent cities have departed. The places where they once stood have become desolate wastes. But the same magnificence of the heavens stand above me now that stood above old Rome in all her glory. The garniture of the starry world is unaffected by time—its brilliancy is undimmed by the roll of centuries. The moon and the stars, and the whole firmament, break upon the vision with as palpable brilliancy as they did upon the vision of pious David, when he exclaimed, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night sheweth knowledge"—ay, with as much beauty, as when the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Indulging in these reflections I have often been led to wonder if our own America is destined to follow in the wake of the nations of antiquity. I have wondered if we shall be named with Assyria, Babylon, and Carthage—as a people once mighty, but whose greatness has departed. The selflove of our nature shrinks from the thought. We contemplate our speedy, but no less glorious elevation. Memory is instantly in active play. We recollect that, but a few years ago, the untamed son of the forest roamed in savage barbarity over this vast extent of country. We draw nearer, and behold the gradual dawn of civilization. In fancy, the songs of the pious pilgrims breaks upon our ears, even as when—

'Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free.'

Following up the picture, we behold the spread of intelligence and industry beneath the yoke of succeeding tyranny and oppression. The despotism of a foreign power is beheld, staying the onward march to prosperity, and darkening the fairest portion of the civilized world. But the spirit of resistance is at length aroused. The oppression of England is spurned. The freedom of the mind is boldly asserted, and then follow the glorious, but tragic events of the American Revolution; the darkest period in the annals of our sufferings and wo.

Again—the war cloud has passed over us and the star of independence, like another star of Bethlehem, shines out upon our horizon. The warhoop has died in its faintest echo among our forests—the thunder of artillery shakes no longer the foundations of our halls. The olive branch of peace has been planted in our soil. We have become a great and a mighty people. We stand out among the nations of the earth the proudest and most prominent of them all. Although comparative in our infancy, the "broad stripes and bright stars" of our standard sheet have floated in the breeze of all climes, and from the remotest shores of the far off Pacific, and over the turbulent billows of the foaming Atlantic, our banner still.

"Mingles with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies;
And stripes its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light."

Truly our patriotism is leading us astray. We must check this enthusiasm. And yet such is the view which, as Americans, we love to take of our country and its institutions. She has become great—shall she fall? She is now mighty—shall she one day be powerless? Have we not intelligence and learning enough to preserve her from decay? Alas!—what whisper the spirits of the past! Might not Greece and Rome have boasted of these? Would not the Grecians have spurned the idea that Athens, the beautiful and magnificent Athens, on whose lap were nurtured the twin sisters, Science and Art, and whose ear drank in with rapture the eloquence of her own sons—that Athens, who boasted of her orators, her philosophers, her statesmen, and her poets, should one day become desolate; and nothing but broken fragmenst of her temples, and of her Parthenon, be left to tell of her former magnificence and grandeur? Where would have been found the Roman who would have doubted the perpetuity of Rome's glory? Had one of her sons been asked, at the time of her conquests, if Rome would dwindle to comparative insignificance, methinks, he would have proudly cited the "treble hundred triumphs:" and pointing to the theatries, amphitheatres, and triumphal arches of the imperial city, he would have asked, in reply. "Can the iron heel of time trample these to dust, or the arm of decay snap these foundation?" Standing beside the lofty Coliseum, he would have exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a Roman citizen, as though eternity were graven upon its base, and the perpetuity of Rome gleamed from the summit—"While the Colisum stands Rome shall stand! When the Coliseum falls, Rome shall fall! When Rome falls, the world shall fall!"—Where is she now!

"The Niobe of Nations! there she stands;
Childless and crownless in her voiceless wo;
An empty urn, within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago!
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers."

* * * * * *

But if the greatness of past nations has waned and expired does it necessarily follow that ours must also? Have we not that within our reach which can not only impart seeming greatness but which shall give to us lasting existence? We unquestionably have.—True greatness consists not in splendid triumph, in wealth, nor in luxury. Luxury always leads to corruption, and corruption to decay. *Righteousness* exalteth a nation! —This, and this alone can give permanence to our institutions. We have the Bible—we have the Christian Religion. If these exert the influence which they should, if these be made the governing principles of our lives, and our actions, time may crumble our edifices to the dust—but as a people, we shall be permanent! And thus, shall speedily be ushered in the glorious period, when "one shall not say to another 'know thou the Lord,' for for all shall know him from the least even to the greatest."

E. Y. R.

THE WIDOW CURED, OR MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.

It was in the year —, but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates; when Quarz was at Berlin,—you, of course, know who Quarz was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpianist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was the man who, as he was leaving the orchestra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by the Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head, and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parentheses, Quarz was forty one: tall, and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which, joined to a talent whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received every where. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In his house, after the fatigues and adulations that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he sought for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute due to his genius, and praises that came from the heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore." There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not, shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet, though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits: whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with her accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews, the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely, and examining events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their memory. They now and then spoke of him, it is true, but less and less, till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peaceably in his case of wood, 'was quietly inurned,' *requiescebat in pace.*

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable at an irreparable loss, and can conceive no folly greater than his or hers had they doomed themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so feebly, nourish the flame by all means; but when once it is extinguished, it is a waste of time and common sense to trim or supply it with oil. There is an old French song that runs thus:—"Quand en est mort, c'est pour long temps."

Thus, as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she bethought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so? With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilette—in smiling on her visiters—in coquetting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we may despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draperied with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends or new acquaintances, and more than one guest at a time took his seat at her dinner table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome; and he had this advantage, that come when he might she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

One day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favorite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side, and a violent headache. Quarz was '*aux petit soins*," and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed, and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say, what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote?

Don't be impatient—much. As you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed, by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favorable opinion of her symptoms; whilst Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set its fatal seal. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the stern decree of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

'I see,' said she with a feeble voice, 'I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. Doctor, I am grateful to you. I had rather know the worst, than flatter myself with a vain delusion.'

'Well,' said he, 'since I must—since all the aid of medicine is vain, I leave you, madam.' He cast a melancholy glance at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the Doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minutes afterwards, they were again summoned.

'Joachim,' said the dying lady, addressing Quarz; 'you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—before I take my eternal rest, I have one favor to beg of you—only one—say, will you refuse it on my death bed?

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place. He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

'I hoped it would be so,' said the widow, with a voice still feebler; 'but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing farther to wish for.'

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound him to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn up in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow, with a trimbling hand, affixed her signature to the paper, and all was over.

But all was not over.

'Doctor?' cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly, and completely dressed, out of bed. 'I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband.'

Now look upon the *tableau.* The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary, wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived him—the doctor biting his nails at being deceived, as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, said smilingly aside,

'A good actress, 'faith! If I were an author I would write a part for her.'

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty, and rich besides.

THE SOUNDING MOUNTAIN.

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieut. Welstee, dated Mount Sinai, September 26th, 1836, and published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal:—"You once expresed a wish to know something of the Djibble Narcono or sounding mountain, concerning which there has been so much doubt and discussion in Europe. I visited it on my way here—it is situated on the sea shore about eight miles from Tor. A solid slope of the finest drifts extends from the sea at the base to the summit, about six hundred feet,) at an angle of about 40 degrees with the horizon.

This is encircled or rather semicircled, if the term is allowable, by a ridge of sandstone rocks rising up in a pointed pinacle, and presenting little surface adapted for forming an echo. It is remarkable that there are several other slopes similar to this; but the sounding or rumbling, as it has been called, is confined to this alone. We dismounted from our camels, and remained at the base while a Bedouin scrambled up. We did not hear the sound until he had attained a considerable height. The sound then began rolling down, and it commenced a strain resembling the first notes of an Eolian harp, or the fingers wetted and drawn over glass—increasing in loudness as the sound reached the base, when it was almost equal to thunder. It caused the rock on which we were seated to tremble, and our frightened camels, (animals you know not easily alarmed,) to start off. I was perfectly astounded, as was Captain M——, and the rest of the party. I had visited it before in the winter month, but the sound was then so faint as to be barely evident. But now the scorching heat of the sun had dried the sand and permitted it to roll down in large quantities. I cannot now form the most remote conjecture as to the cause of it. We must not, I find, now refer it to the sand falling into the hollow; that might produce a sound, but could never cause the prolonged vibrations as it were, of some huge harp string. I shall not venture on any speculation, but, having carefully noted the facts, I shall lay them, on my arrival in England, before some wiser head than my own, and see if he can make any thing out of them.

JUSTICE IN MEXICO.—The judiciary of Upper California, consists of a Suez de Distrio (District Judge) and a number of Alcades. From the unsettled state of this part of the country, as well as all Mexico, these worthy dispensers of justice are not unfrequently seen upon the bench with a brace of pistols and a sword before them, instead of a mace, as badges of office. Of their intelligence not much can be said, but an idea of it may be gathered from the following case:

'Two common men, one named Juan and the other Pedro, had a difference. Juan lodged a complaint that he had loaned to Pedro a sum of money some time before, but could not persuade him to pay it, though he was passing rich in flocks, and horses and oxen. After a little deliberation, the Alcade declared that Pedro must and should pay the money, even if he forced him to sell his cattle. Accordingly, Pedro was summoned to the presence of the man of law, when Juan again stated the case, and appealed to Pedro for the truth of what he had said, which was readily acknowledged.

"Then," said the Alcade, "since you owe this debt, why do you not pay it?"

"Because, Juan," replied Pedro, "I have no money."

"But," interupted Juan, "thou hast a flock, horses, oxen, and every thing."

"Well said, Juan," exclaimed the Alcade, "and he shall sell them and pay the debt, or I will teach him what is law, and what is justice."

'Your worship is an honest and wise man,' said Juan, with a low bow.

Pedro looked a little puzzled at this decision, and after twirling his hat a moment, bowed and said, 'but, sir, a word by your leave,' then turning to Juan continued—"Well, Juan, did'st thou lend it to my oxen, or to my horses, or to my flock?"

"I lent it to you, Pedro."

"Thou sayest well; if you lent the money to me, then, of course, I must pay; but if thou didst lend it to my oxen, or to my horses, or to my flock, it is clear they are responsible, and they must pay; and as he finished the argument, he turned triumphantly to the Alcade looking as if it were unanswerable.

The worthy magistrate had listened attentively, and after a few moment's pause, reversed his decision; showing, that with him, at least, a sense of right and wrong was not innate. He drew himself up, and said with much gravity, "Pedro, thou art right, and thy property cannot be sold."

"And then what am I to do?" asked Juan.

"Wait," said Pedro, "till I get my money to pay you."

"That is all that can be done according to law in the case," said the Alcade, and dismissed the parties.—*Rushenberger's Voyage Round the World.*

THE DEAD DANCERS.

A paragraph, copied from a French journal describing the death of a gentleman while waltzing, is going the rounds of the newspapers. The incident reminds us of another which is said to have occurred in this city many years since, and which might furnish the ground work of a fashionable tale of horror. Miss ——, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exciting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed up on the half pay list, from being incapacitated for service by a musket ball which he received in his breast and which had not been extracted. Captain —— was an elegant waltzer; but owing to the state of his health he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhauston, and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to share in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of Salmagundi, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Miss ——, who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl.—Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present, and it chanced one evening that Miss —— entered a ball room just when Captain —— had waltzed a few turns, and overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfeminine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur ——, though pale and sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him, to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite, however, which was granted, while the careless girl rattled away with the beaux who had clustered around her as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover. After a very brief time, a single quadrille only having intervened, the waltzing couples were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss —— hurried her partner into the gay circle. The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid Captain to get through the first round with apparent ease. He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster; nay, his strength was so renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples. The floor was left to this single pair; and now so swiftly did they whirl around, that the musicians in turn had to follow them with the most rapid execution,—the gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn almost of a purple color, while the features of her partner worked as if affected by some hidious spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious, appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac. Her arms fell listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person, which, folded in his embrace, was flung, with the last move of the delirous and dying man; a corpse upon the floor. The horror struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but she was already gone, and her lover expired before she could be released from his arms. An examination of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and in the sudden delirium of his death-agony he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.—*New York Mirror.*

Cape May.—It is said that the hot weather has sent visiters to Cape May by hundreds. The farm houses, and even the barns, are said to be occupied nightly by those who cannot find accommodations at the hotels, & some have gone so far as even to drive pegs in the trees and hang on them

[Balt. Sun.