DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,
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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the London Court Journal.

I WILL NOT WED AT ALL!

O waste no more your smiles on me,
Fair damosels, I pray;
Nor dance, nor sing nor deck hair,
When I am on the way.
I've bound me with a solemn vow
No more in love to fall;
I *cannot* marry all you know—
I will not wed at all!

Of old my tender heart was hurt
By every roguish eye
That glanced across me in the street,
Or in the dance went by:
And, pierced by such repeated stings,
Because so sore and small,
That love grew tired and spread his wings:
I will not wed at all!

And oft all night I've lain awake,
A martyr to my pains.
And shrined in sonnets many a moan
For Margerets and Janes:
To sing when moon was shining bright
On envied castle wall:
But now I'm wise—and sleep all night—
I will not wed at all!

I meet the darts of diamond eyes,
And fairy feet in throngs;
I pass unarmed through mother's sighs,
And lovely daughter's songs.
'Twas but the other night I heard
Two maidens at a ball,
"Don't dance!—short, sighted!—how absurd!"
I will not wed at all!

Then waste no more your smiles on me:
There's many a simple swain,
Whom step, and song, and waving plume,
May conquer and may chain.
To wear your colors on his breast;
To run before you call;
For me let vain endeavors rest:
I will not wed at all!

From the Democratic Herald.

RESUMPTION SONG.

TUNE—*Royal Charlie.*

Hard times, hard times is all the cry,
The country's in confusion,
The Banks have stopped and still they try
To mistify delusion.
They give us trash, and keep the cash,
To send across the waters
To pay for things they bought from kings
To gull our sons and daughters.
CHORUS—Then to the polls ye noble souls,
The Banks may cry for quarters;
But hear their doom, they shall resume
Or forfeit all their charters.

Shall corporations rule the soil
That Washington defended,
Shall honest people sweat and toil
And see their rights suspended.
Must we be slaves to pompous knaves,
Shall Bankers be our masters;
Must all our pay from day to day
Be nothing but shin-plasters,
CHORUS—Then to the Polls, &c.

Brave Jackson strove to keep us free,
He loved his country dearly;
His "*sound metalic currency*,"
Was not a "*promise*" merely.
As little Vans an honest man,
He'll imitate the hero,
And send the whigs to dance their jigs,
At least as low as zero.
CHORUS—Then to the Polls, &c.

Poor Maryland by whig misrule
Is brought to degredation,
Compell'd to be a supple tool
To Biddle's exaltation,
But Grason bold the whip shall hold,
To lash these money-masters;
His farmer hand will clear the land
Of whigs and whig shin-plasters,
CHORUS—Then to the Polls, &c.

Michigan money is thus classed: first quality Red Dog; second quality, Wild Cat, third quality, Catamount. Of the best quality, it is said, it takes five pecks to make a bushel.

Scism.—There has been a split in a religious sect in the West, on the question whether angels ever laugh or not.

From the Focus.

MANAGEMENT.

A YANKEE STORY.

I've hearn folks say that the wimming was contrary, well they is a little so, but if you manage 'em rite, if you hawl in heer, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many first rate gals down there, but I did'nt take a liken to none on 'em till squire Cummins kum down there to love I seed some of the gals was first rate and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something jam about Nance that they could'nt hold a candle to. If a feller seed her he could'nt look at another gal for a week. I took a liken to her rite off, and we got as thick as theeves. We had used to go to meetin and set in the same pew It took me to find the sarms and hymns for her, and we'd swell em out in a manner shocking to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as tho' they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injin cakes, and the way I would slick em over with molasses and put em away, was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumthin nice for me; I was up to the hub in love, and was goin in for her like a locomotive. Well, things went on this way a spell, till she thot she had me tight enough—Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to meetin, there was no room for me in the pew; when she'd cum out she'd streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Instead of sticken to me as she use to do, she got cuttin round with the fellers, just as if she cared nothing about me any more, nun whatsumever

I got considerably riled and thot I mite as well cum to the end on't at wunst; so down I went to have it out with her;—there was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in, then she got talkin in all manner of nonsens, and said nothin to me and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but twarnt no use. I kept muving about as If I had a pin in my trowsers. I swet as if I had been thrashin. My kollur hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I cuddent stand it, so I cleared out as soon as I could, for I seed it wasent no use tryin to say nothin to her. I went strate to bed and thot the matter over a spell; thinks I that gal is jist tryin of me, taint no use of her playin the possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fotch hur out of that high grass use me for sausage meat.

I hearn tell of a boy wunst, that got to skewl late one Sunday mornin; master says, you tarnel sleepy crittur, why didn't you cum sooner? Why, ses the boy, it is so everlastin slipry out, I could'nt get along no how, every step I took forward, I went tew steps backwards, and I could'nt have got here at all, if I had'nt turned back to go t'other way. Now that's jist my case; I have been puttin after that gal considerable time. Now think's I, I'll go t'other way—she's bin slitin ot me, now I'll slite her—what's sass for the goose, is sass for the gander. Well, I went no more to Nance's.

Next Sunday I slicked myself up, and I do say, when I got my fixen on I took the shirt clean off any specimen of human nature about our parts.—About meetin time off I put to Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder; any more than she wan't jist like Nance Cummins. Ephraim Massey had used to go and see her; he was a clever fellur, but he was mity jellus.—Well I went to meetin with Patience, and set rite afore Nance; I didn't set my eyes on her till arter meetin; she had a beau with a blazen red head, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore thanksgivin dinner. I knew who she was thinkin about and twarn't the chap with the red head neither. Well, I kept bo'en Patience a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin'; she did'nt cut about like she did, and looked rather solumy, she'd gin her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kep it up till I like to have got into a scrape about Patience. The critter tho't I was going arter her for good, and got as proud as a laim turkey. One day Eph cum down to our place looking as wrathy as a malishey ossifer on a trainin' day; look here, sez he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darnd———. Hallow, sez I, what's broak! Why sez he, I cum down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge; here I have been courtin her ever since last grass a year, and she was just as good as mine, till you cum a goin arter her, and now I cant touch her with a forty foot pole.—She aint like the same gal, and I'm darnd if I am going to stand it. Why, sez I, what on airth are you talkin about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothin for you to get wolfey about. If the gal had taken a liken to me, taint my fault; if I've taken a liken to her taint her fault, and if we've taken a liken to each other taint your fault; but I aint so almity taken with her, and you may have her for all me, so you hadent ought got so savage about nothin.

Well, sez he, rather cooled down, I am the unluckiest thing in all creation. I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died with the bots or some sich disease, and they were selling out her things. Well, sez he, there was a thunderin big chist of drawers full of all sorts of truck, so I bot it, thot I made a spec, but when I cum to look at em, there warnt nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble and that was all busted up so I sold it for less than I gin for't; well, when the chap that bot it tuck it hum he hearn sumthin rattle; he broke the old chist up and found lots of gold and silver in a false bottom I haddent seen. Now if I'd tuk that chist hum I'd never found that munny, or if I did they'd bin all counterfeit, and I'd bin taken up for passin on em. Well, I jist told Patience about it when she rite up & called me a darn'd fool. Well, sez I, Eph, that is hard, but never you mind that, go on, you can get her, and when you dew get her, you can file the rough edges off jist as you please. That tickled him, it did, and away he went a little better pleased. Now think's I, it's time to look arter Nance. Next day doun I went.—Nance was alone. I axed her if the squire was in; she said he warnt.—Cause, sez I, (making believe I wanted him) our colt sprained his foot and I come to see if the squire wont lend me his mare to go to town. She said she guessed he would—better sit down till the squire com'd in. Down I sot; she looked sort a strange and my heart felt queer all around the edges. Arter a while sez I, are you going doun to Betsy Martin's quiltin? Sed she did'nt know for sartin. Are you goin? I sed I reconed I would; sed she, I spose you'll take Patience Dodge. I sed I mout and then agin mout not. Sez she I hearn you are a goin to get married. I sez I shoudn't wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal, sez I. I looked at her, I seed the tears a cummin, sez I, may be she'll ax you to be brides maid; she riz right up she did, her face as red as a biled beet. Seth Stokes sez she, and she coodn't say any more she was so full; wont you be bridesmaid, sez I, no! sez she, and she burst right out; well then sez I, if you wont be the bridesmaid, wont you be the bride? She looked at me, I swan to man, I never seed any thing so awful purty. I took rite hold of her hand, yes or no sez I, rite off. Yes, sez she; that's your sort sez I, as I gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness, for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain,

T. W.

An Uncolored Account of a Colored Duel.—A duel between two darkies—a regular built affair, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor, came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols, of the most approved fashion, at sun rise, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, "was crossed in lub by de oder, and dat him Dina mus hab satisfacshun"

We have learned, from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They were substantially as follows:

After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed that, owing to their positions, the sun beams set his principal a winking and rolling his eyes. This was a sufficient ground for interfering and he called out to the other second with—

"I say, nigga, I puts my weto on dat posishun. Its agin de rules ob all de codes ob hona I'be eber seen. De frection ob de sun shines rader too sebere and makes my principal roll him eye altogeder too much."

"Wd, wy look here, did'nt we chuck up a dollar for de choice ob ground, and did'nt I get him myself?"

"Yes, I knows you did; but den fair play's a juba, and I'se no notion ob seein my fren composed upon and lose all de adwantage."

"Well, nigga, I'se no notion too, I'se jus as good a right to hab no notion as you is, and I 'sists on settlin de matter just as we is, and—'

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once by stepping between the sun and the belligerents. The two first causes again took their positions and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol ready cocked from his second. Both manifested a tolerable degree of spunk, although a bluish paleness spread over their black cheeks. The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world now took his ground. Raising his voice he began:

'Gentlemen, your time am come.'

Both signified their assent.

'Is you ready? Fiah! one, two, three.'

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising a dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a 'slantindicular' course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one. It was now time to interpose, and one of their seconds set himself a bout it. After a little conversation the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist,

'Nigga, is you satisfied?'

'Yes'

'So is I, and I'se glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis nigga out on sich a foolish exhibition as dis dey'll had to fotch me, dat dey will for sartin."

'Dem's my sentiments, ezackly,' retorted the other. 'When your onmortol instrument ob dof went off I declar I thought I was a gone child; but I'se so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands and go back to our abocations.'

In five minutes time all hands—enemies, friends, darkies, whites, and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sports of the morning.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

THE GREAT WEST.

Thirty-eight years ago William H. Harrison presented his credentials to the House of Representatives in Congress, as Delegate for the whole North Western Territory. What a change has taken place under his eye! The fierce natives of the forest, after many a struggle, have disappeared before the face of the white man. Their shrill war-whoop is no longer heard to animate the heart of the warrior to battle, or to sound the signal of death at midnight to the white inmates of the cabin.

Their canoe is no longer seen to float on the bosom of the Huron or the Erie, or wend its way among the beautiful sinuosities of the river. The council fire is broken up. What few have survived the bloody contest with invaders, have turned their faces to the distant West, and with a sigh, bid farewell to their rich valleys and hunting grounds, where the bones of their forefathers repose. A new race now occupies their possessions, and the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose.—The forest has fallen by the hands of the backwoods man, and villages and cultivated fields arise on every side. The land teems with population. Rivers which felt no weight but that of the canoe, now feel the weight of the vast products of the West.—Canals and roads are constructed for the purpose of friendly intercourse. Halls of legislation are erected, and courts of justice for the government of the thirving people. Colleges and schools are founded to dispense their treasures to the sons of the farmer.

Such is the wonderful change that has passed under the eye of this sole Delegate of the North Western Territory in 1799. The territory which he then represented is now cut up into the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and leaving a tract of country to the North West sufficient for several more States. At that time the district contained about 50,000 souls. The population at present is 2,000,000, and is represented in Congress by 33 Representatives and 8 Senators. An advance similar to this in population and improvement, will perhaps never again be witnessed by mortal man.—*Sangamo Journal.*

DON'T KILL YOUR BEES.—The bee and the silk worm are almost the only insects permanently useful to man, and it has always been a source of regret that the rich stores of the first could not in ordinary cases be obtained without the destruction of the owner. This difficulty can now be obviated in an easy manner.

Mr. Cotton lately read before the Ashmolean Society at Oxford some notices on bees, and his first position was,—'never kill a bee.' The bee owner has in the *fungus maximus* or common puff ball, a powerful instrument ready to his hands, by which he is able to adopt a more humane and profitable mode of treatment. The smoke of fungus, when dried so as to hold fire, has a stupifying effect on bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does, without any of its deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united to strong stocks. Mr. Cotton stated it as a fact, borne out by experiment, that a hive thus doubled will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Gelior. The additional heat seems to serve instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees. He recommends a cold, dry, dark room, the colder the better, as the best winter quarters for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which out of the premature warmth of some early spring day, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again. Dryness however is essential; and he describes the principle of ventillation, or proper airing of the hives in summer, as the most valuable improvement in bee keeping.

Every farmer should keep bees, a few swarms to furnish honey for his own use if no more. They cost little, forage wherever the wild flower grows, have no ideas of distinction in landed property, and furnish the individual who has a taste for studying the habits of insects, or observing the wonders of that power we call instinct, an ample field of surprise and gratification.—*Genesee Farmer.*

From the Montrose (Pa.) Spectator.

Strange Animal, or Food for the Marvellous.—Something like a year ago, there was considerable talk about a strange animal, said to have been seen in the south-western part of Bridgewater. Although the individual who described the animal persisted in declaring that he had seen it, and was at first considerably frightened at it, the story was heard and looked upon more as food for the marvellous, than as having any foundation in fact. He represented the animal as we have it through a third person, as having the appearance of a child seven or eight years old though somewhat slimmer, and covered entire with hair. He saw it, while picking berries, walking towards him erect, and whistling like a person. After recovering from his fright, he is said to have pursued it, but it ran off with such speed, whistling as it went, that he could not catch it. He said it ran like the "devil," and continued to call it after that name.

The same or a similar looking animal was seen in Silver Lake township about two weeks since, by a boy some sixteen years old. We had the story from the father of the boy, in his absence, and afterward from the boy himself. The boy was sent to work in the back woods near the New York state line.—He took with him a gun, and was told by his father to shoot any thing he might see except persons or cattle. After working a while, he heard some person, a little brother as he supposed, coming toward him, whistling quite merrily. It came within a few rods of him and stopped.

He said it looked like a human being, covered with black hair, about the size of his brother, who was six or seven years old. His gun was some little distance off, and he was very much frightened. He, however, got his gun and shot at the animal, but trembled so that he could not hold it still. The strange animal, just as his gun "went off," stepped behind a tree, and then ran off, whistling as before. The father said the boy came home very much frightened, and that a number of times during the afternoon, when thinking about the animal he had seen he would, to use his own words, burst out a crying."

Making due allowances for frights and consequent exaggeration, an animal of singular appearance has doubtless been seen. What it is, or whence it came, is of course yet a mystery. From the description, if an ourangoutan, were known to be in the country we might think this to be it. As no such animal is known, (without vouching for the correctness of the story.) we shall leave the reader to conjecture, or guess for himself, what it is. For the sake of a name, however, we will call the "strange animal" The Whistling Wild Boy of the Woods. Why is not this story as good as that copied into the Volunteer of week before last, relative to the wild boy of Indiana? We acknowledge that the story has excited somewhat our propensity for the marvellous, and we give it, as much as any thing, to gratify the same propensity in others.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

The Execution.—Octavus Baron was yesterday executed for the murder of William Lyman. The solemn tragedy was onacted, according to the provisions of the statue, within the walls of the prison, and in the presence of the judges, police, surrogate, coroner, &c., and twelve citizens.

At 12 o'clock, the military were stationed as a guard around the prison, and at half past 1 o'clock, the guilty young man, accompanied by two Catholic priests, was brought from his cell to the platform from whence he was in a few moments, to be launched into eternity.

He was dressed in a white roundabout and pantaloons, and white kid pumps, and carried in his hand a gilded crucifix. He appeared to be, and evidently was, in intense apprehension and agony. He came down from his room praying in an exceeding plaintive and [illegible]ing tone, and continued to pray (in [illegible] and French) but momentary intermis[illegible], until the fatal moment.

When he stepped upon the platform, he remarked, in English, that he forgave every one, and he hoped every one would forgive him. He also asked one of the deputies, how long it would be before the time; and when told but a few moments, he asked whether notice of the instant would be given him.—The reply was in the negative, and he immediately commenced praying intensely.

The Priests were kneeling beside him, and although he evinced great earnest in his devotions, when the rope was pulled down, he watched its movements minutely, until the fatal coil was encircled around his neck.—That chilling transaction, however, did not seem to produce any material change in his conduct or tone of voice: but his manner appered more earnest, and his petitions more emphatic.

In about a minute afterwards the cap was placed upon his head. At this, a shudder seemed to pass over his frame, and he kissed the crucifix, at its different extremes, with great fervour—at no time, however, did he cease his supplications.

The instant after the cap was drawn over his face, the fatal weight fell, and he was swung up into the air. Three or four successive spasms immediately followed; but before the expiration of four minutes, he gave no signs of life or motion. The murdered Lyman and the broken laws, were avenged, and the spirit of the guilty and unfortunate youth, was ushered into the presence of God who gave it.

After hanging 30 minutes, the body was cut down, consigned to a coffin, and conveyed to the dwelling of his afflicted parents.

On the night previous to his execution, the unfortunate boy confessed to his mother, for the first time, that he was guilty of the crime, and that his sentence was just.

Thus terminates the life of a youth who, had he curbed his passions, and followed the sublime moral precepts of the word of God; migth have lived an ornament to society, and a hapiness to himself, and to those who loved him to the last.

ANECDOTE OF DR. DODD.—As the unfortunate Dr. Dodd stepped into the morning coach which carried him to the place of execution, a female deist accosted him in these words; "Doctor, where is now the Lord thy God?" 'Woman,' replied he, 'go home, open your Bible to the seventh chapter of the prophet Micha, eight, ninth and tenth verses, and you will find." She did as directed, and read the following words; 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy when I fall I shall rise; when I set in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgement for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. Then she that is mine enemy shall see in and shame cover her, which said unto me, where is the Lord thy God? Mine eyes shall behold her, now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets." She closed the book and went and hanged herself! An awful lesson this is to those who scoff at the word of God, and exult over the unfortunate but repenting sinner.

WHAT IS WHIGGERY?

A friend asks us to define Whiggery?—Whew! It is like nothing in the world except a rusty weathercock,—or an old decrepit woman, with paint on her nose:

'Tis like a rat without a tail,
A rusty hammer without a nail;
A man without a head,
A libertine that's almost dead.
A pump without a handle,
A stick without a candle,
A world without a sun,
A race that's almost run.
A tale that has no point,
A nose that's out of joint.
In short, to make it clear and slick,
It is the bastard child of NICK!

"HOMEWARD BOUND, OR THE CHASE, a Tale of the Sea."—This is the last production of our distinguished novelist, J. F. Cooper. The scene of this work, like that of some of his most popular ones, and indeed, as its name indicates, is laid upon the ocean. In the correctness and vivacity of his nautical descriptions it is that our author stands preeminent; and he portrays so well, tho' at first view seemingly incredible, may find a counterpart in many terrific disasters with which the life of a sailor is so fraught. The work is published and for sale by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Taking it Coolly.—A black boy was riding on horseback, near the rail road, at New Orleans, when the engine came near the horse, which frightened and caused him to stumble, and throw the boy on the middle of the strack—and the engine and train of cars passed over him, without injuring him in the least. He jumped up, scratched his head and exclaimed,—"You can't kill dis nigger, any how, Master Ingine."

Piggish.—We notice an advertisement in an exchange paper, wherein one Mr. Pig speaks of his wife's having eloped from his bed and board. We sincerely hope Mrs. Pig will go back to her liege lord and make the sty comfortable for the old grunter and the little porkers, when a woman marries a hog she ought to make up her mind to go the entire swine.—*Boston Herald.*