DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1838. NO. 13.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED AND PRINTED BY
WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

The "AURORA" is published every Monday at $2 50 a year, one-half to be paid upon the receipt of the first number. Subscribers may discontinue the paper at any time by paying for the time they have received it, but not without, except with the assent of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1 00; each after insertion 25 cents—when larger, in proportion.

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

POETRY.

From the Countryman.

Translated from the German of Rennof, late a traveller in the U. S.

A CASE IN LAW.

In Hymen's high court
Late an action was brought
By a practiced and cunning old suitor;
In his eye the maid's charms
Were in acres and farms,
So, Mammon he chose prosecutor.

In the good days of old,
As I have been told,
When matches were made up in heaven,
Young Cupid alone
Was the councellor known
To whom a retainer was given.

With arrows and darts
He tickles both hearts
And fann'd their young passions to fury;
Then Hymen was brought,
And he twisted the knot,
Without other council or jury.

But now, in the age
When the Metal's the rage
And the wsrld is tho't richer and wiser,
The gold-loving god
Enters court at a nod
As a potent *ex parte* adviser.

Yet the maiden was free
And gave Cupid a fee,
To insure a good cause well attended;
But found him, poor boy!
Long out of employ,
And almost in practice suspended.

When Mammon's great skill
Had drawn up a bill,
And filed it without interference,
Poor Cupid was left
To make his last shift
On a question of *wardrobe appearance.*

From the advocate's tongue
Bold eloquence rung,
Calling flounces and ribbons *profaneness*;
And the hair that is curled
He pronounc'd *"of the world,"*
And averse to true ——dist plainness.

At the eloquent flight,
Young Cupid took fright,
Old Hymen himself was offended,
"Let Cupid," said he,
"Withdraw the maid's plea;"
And the case in a NONSUIT was ended.

From the Democratic Herald.

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF MARYLAND.

Beneath my country's flag I move,
And view it proudly o'er me wave;
And sooner than a traitor prove,
Give me a glorious grave,

Ay, sooner let me nobly fall,
In the last trench of liberty;
So perish one, so perish all,
The truly brave and free.

Death to that man who dares to give
His blood-bought rights for paltry gold!
On FREEDOM'S land he should not live,
His name should not be told.

Nay, to his bones no tomb be given,
No epitaph his deeds remind;
But rudely be his ashes driven
Unto the ruthless wind.

I would not for all Peru's ore,
Or for Golconda's glittering gold,
Give up--nay not for all their store—
The glorious right I hold.

For this our Fathers fought and fell,
For this they battled and they bled;
Shall we those rights so basely sell?
Nay, from their gory bed

Methinks I hear a voice proclaim,
Vengeance upon the dastard son,
Who'd barter, for a villain's name,
The gift of WASHINGTON.

The hour approaches when we stand
A phalanx firm around the Polls;
Then let us strike for Freedom's land—
'Tis the hour to try men's souls.

Shame on the dastard who shall dare
From perfect principles to swerve;
He should not in our councils share,
He has no freeman's nerve.

Spurn the base wretch who would persuade
Thy feet from honor's path to turn;
He will detest the *tool* thus made,
And the bribed villain spurn.

Be firm, be true, as one unite,
For principles exert your powers;
Fight in one phalanx the good fight,
And the glorious day is ours.

On old Democracy's proud walls,
The flag of freedom still shall wave;
Come boldly forward to the polls,
Come to the polls ye brave.

MILFORD BARD.

American Hotel, Baltimore.

"If this be madness, there is method in it."—A Cincinnati paper tells a story of a crazed vagabond who recently figured in one of the streets of that city, to the amusement of the passers by. There was no symptom of intoxication about him, and we suspect he was only mad "nor-nor west;" for there is a good deal of the Hamlet vein in his rhapsody. As he approached several gentlemen, he cracked a large wagon whip which he held, and cut a few antics, exciting a laugh in the crowd, whereupon he exclaimed, "do not laugh, gentlemen; every thing goes to the crack of a whip. The world would stand still without it. When I was a boy I was whipped to school—and when there, the lessons were whipped into me. Many a scholar have I seen the whip make of a dull fellow. As I grew up, circumstances whipped me into employment and responsibilities. I was married, had children and means; but death and misfortune whipped all off—and now fate whips me alone round the world. 'Tis all to the crack of a whip. You are scourged by the driver Time. He drives you at a gallop along the road of life, whether you will or not. You may whip the devil around the stump, but the devil will repay every lash ten-fold. Here we go! All to the crack of a whip.—Patience! patience! Better be whipped by poverty, disgrace, bereavement, ay, madness, in this world, than by the fiends of hell in the next. Here we go! All to the crack of a whip!" And, suiting the action to the word, the crazy philosopher went on his way.

THE SUBTERRANEAN GARDEN.

The following beautiful description, of the sub-marine wonders in the straits of Sunda, is extracted from the embassy to the Eastern Courts, by Edmund Roberts, lately published by Carey, Lee & Blanchard, of Philadelphia.

"In reconnoitering between Forsaken and Crokatoa islands, we were struck with admiration at the great variety, both in form and color, of an extensive and highly beautiful submarine garden, over which the boat was slowly gliding. Corals of every shape and hue were there—some resembling sun-flowers and mushrooms; others, cabbage from an inch to three feet in diameter; while a third bore a striking likeness to the rose.

'Some present
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees,
And shrubs of fairyland; while others shine
Conspicuous, and, in light apparel clad,
And hedged with snowy feathers, nod supurb.

"The water was as clear as chrystal, not the slightest breeze ruffled its glassy surface; the morning sun, having just freed the noble peak of Crokatoa from its misty covering, shone forth with universal splendor; the sides of the hills, their lofty summits, were clothed with all the variety of fruit, forest and flowering trees, common to intertropical climates; large flocks of parrots, shaking the dew of night from their downy pinions, were seen wending their way towards the palm trees, in search of daily food, the monkeys in great variety were commencing their lively gambols amid the wild mango and orange groves; again gazing in delighted wonder beneath us, we viewed the superb scene of plants and flowers of every description, glowing with vivid tints of purple, red, blue, brown and green—equalling in richness and variety the gayest pasture.

"A variety of small fish, spotted, striped and ringed, possessing every color and shade, were sporting in these regions of unsurpassed brilliancy. It was apparently a great gala day, for they were reveling in great ease and luxury, playing all sorts of gambols in their bright sea homes, unconscious of danger, and taking a full measure of enjoyment in their unrivaled retreats. That nothing might be wanting to complete this scene of natures own choosing, shells of great variety, and shelves of coral possessing every variety of color, studded the bottom. The superb Harpa, with its ribbed sides and straw colored dress, slightly fringed with red and black, the Cypera or Cowry of every variety, covered with epidermis or thin membrane to protect its highly polished surface; and many others, which might rival the most delicate porcelain in whiteness and smothness; there lay the warlike Chriton, encased in his black coat of mail, ready for battle, or adhering to the shell of a large triton—the latter having closed the entrance to his castle by a thick marble valve which nature had provided as a protection against an enemy, or a barrier against the rough beatings of a boisterous sea. Also beneath, all—all was in harmony.

"A solemn stilness—broken only occasionly by the diving of the huge turtle, the harsh note of the wild sea-bird, the song of locusts, or the shrill cry of the tiger cat—reigned every where in the narrows which seperates the two islands. Disappointed in receiving the so much needed supply of water and provisions, we weighed anchor the same evening for Angier, in Java, and before daybreak came to in its roadstead."

SINGULAR CASE OF MONOMANIA.

I was alone in the shop one day when a beautiful female dressed in the richest manner, came in, accompanied by a couple of small boys, her sons, for each of whom she wanted to get a suit of clothes. I was now old enough to take charge of the shop, and sell in Mr. William's absence, and therefore threw down several pieces of fine cloth for her to examine, naming to her inquiries, the price of suits for her sons from either. With her white, taper fingers, sparkling with jewels, she tried the texture of various pieces of goods, finding in each some objection, until I threw down for her examination a roll of fine, blue cloth, of light body, and remarkably soft and glossy surface It was a new style of cloth then and was finished in the richest manner.

'Beautiful!—beautiful!' said she, as I displayed it in the soft light that came through a shaded window, 'what will each suit cost of this?'

'We could not make suits from this cloth for less than twenty-five apiece.'

'That seems high'—she remarked musingly. 'Twenty five dollars apiece?'

'It may seem high, madam—but the cloth is worth twelve dollars a yard, and we should loose on clothes if we made them for less.'

'Wont you make the suit for forty five dollars?' She said, after a moment's thought, turning upon me a pair of the brightest eyes I ever saw in woman's head, a sweet smile playing about her lips and just disclosing glimpses of a set of teeth white as the mountain snows.

'Indeed, madam,' said I, half subdued, 'I cannot possibly say less than fifty dollars. It is a beautiful piece of cloth, and very costly.'

'Oh, I am sure you can say forty-five—come, now just say forty-five, and as soon as they are done, send your bill down to Mr. —— and you will have the money in hand.' And she looked at me with such a coaxing & winning smile, that to resist were next to impossible, even though my master should cut his cloth without profit.

'Well' madam,' said I, 'as long as the terms are to be cash, and Mr. —— is to pay the bill (he was one of the wealthiest & most punctual men in the city) I will say forty five dollars but we shall make nothing on the clothes.'

She now wanted a choice of buttons, and I placed a box before her containing a great variety. She looked them over and over again, and after chosing and refusing half a dozen patterns, seemed as far from meeting with any thing to suit her taste as at first. Meanwhile a customer came in, whom she requested that I should wait upon while she made her selection. I did so, and was occupied some ten minutes, during which time she was looking over the buttons—amusing herself with examing the many beautiful patterns. As soon as the last customer went out, she made the choice, and also left the shop.

When Mr. Williams came in I told him of the sale which I had made, and the reasons, which were odd enough, for my selling the suits at such a reduction. He laughed at my susceptibility to beauty and winning grace, and said that the clothes could be barely afforded at forty-five dollars, but as the terms were cash, and he wanted money the next week, badly, he should have consented himself.

The clothes were cut out and made—sent, home and the cash paid on presentation of the bill to Mr. ——.

We had a boy, whose great propensity to steal every thing he could lay his hands on, was a source of much vexation to Mr. Williams. Several times he had been detected in carrying of and selling trifles from the shop, and had as frequently been severely punished. A few days after Mrs. —— had been at the shop, a package buttons of a peculiar and choice pattern were missed and search made for them in every box and drawer. Tom the boy alluded to, was finally called up and charged with having taken them. He looked much confused on the accusation; but stoutly denied the charge. But as the buttons were certainly gone, and as they could not go, as Mr. Williams alleged, without hands, and as Tom was the only one about the place who had ever been known to take what was not his own, he must produce the buttons or be flogged. Poor Tom cried bitterly, protesting his innocence, but Mr. Williams had suffered himself to get into a passion, and would listen to none of his earnest details. He was hurried off into the garret, and cowhided severely. The poor fellow's cries were heard down in the shop, and for once we could not help thinking him punished unjustly. He continued, after his punishment to deny having had any thing to do with the buttons, and even Mr. Williams began to regret that he had whipped him so severely.

Nothing more was heard of the buttons until about four months after, when the two little suits of clothes we had made for Mrs. —— were sent back for repair, with sets of beautiful buttons to replace the old ones, which Mr. Williams at once recognised as precisely similar to those lost. I mentioned to him the fact of Mrs. —— having handled our buttons, but he repudiated the inference my allusion drew, and said that others had buttons of the same pattern as he. The coincidence seemed to me a little strange, and considering the peculiar manner, I could not divert my mind of the idea that Mrs. —— had carried off the package of buttons. In a few minutes after the servant had left the clothes, Mrs. —— herself came in to give some directions about them. Her sweet face, winning and amiable manners, and perfect self possession, at once dispelled the foul suspicion I had entertained almost involuntarily, and I censured myself for the singuiar hallucination that a moment before possessed me.

'These are the most beautiful buttons, Mr. Williams, I have ever seen,' she said picking up one from the counter, where they lay in the open paper. 'Won't they look charming on the children's clothes. They are far prettier than the old ones. Really, Mr. Williams, I don't think you displayed much taste in your selection.'

'Why, madam I put on the ones you chose.'

'Did you, indeed, then I must have been in one of my absent moods, for surely if I had been in my right senses I never would have chosen these ugly things. Let me look at some of your's and see if you have any that I might be tempted to buy, for I have a singular passion for beautiful buttons.'

The box of choice buttons was instantly thrown open for her inspection, and after admiring some of the neatest patterns, she concluded that none were so pretty as the ones she had, and went out.

In a day or two after in looking for a peculiar pattern of buttons for a gentleman's coat, they were missed from the box. "This is strange,' muttered my master to himself. 'Can it be possible that Mrs. —— took them? Certainly not! What on earth could she want with them. She is under no necessity to steal.'

The mere entertainment of suspicion gives strength, and soon the question of Mrs. ——'s honesty began to be troublesome to the mind of Mr. Williams. He could not dismiss the subject as much as he felt inclined so to do. One day a neighbor happened in the shop, and Mr. Williams from some use alluded to the subject of the lost buttons, and mentioned the singular coincidence in relation to them and the visits of Mrs. ——.

'I suppose then,' was his reply, 'that the madam has got at some of her slippery tricks again.'

'What do you mean?' said Mr. Williams.

'Mean? why, have you never heard that Mrs. —— is naturally light fingered?'

'No, indeed, I have never heard of any such thing.'

'Then you have never heard half of the strange things that happen in this world. Why, there are more than twenty dry good store keepers on Market street, who have their instruction from her husband to say nothing about any goods she may be seen carrying off from their stores, but to send in their bills to him and get their money. He has tried almost every means to break her of her strange propensity to steal, but all to no purpose. He is said to have kept her on bread and water weeks at a time. To have confined her to house for months together, but all to no purpose. The very first time she could get out, she would pick up cheap or costly things, as they came in her way—as it seemed merely for the excitement of stealing. She once stole a diamond breast pin worth a hundred dollars from a jeweller's store on Market street, when no one was in attendance but a clerk, who did not detect her, and was not aware of her propensity. The pin was missed by the owner very shortly after and learning who had been in the store immediately suspected the truth. He went forthwith to her husband, and apologising for the nature of his visit, told him his loss and his suspicions. Mr. —— leaned his head upon his hands at the desk where he sat for some moments, and then heaving a long sigh, mildly requested the jeweller to take a seat, and wait a few moments. He left his counting room, and was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he made no remark, but drew a check for a hundred dollars, and handing it to the jeweller, politely bowed him out?'

'Can this be possible?

'Indeed it is true every word. And Mrs. —— is not the only person in high life in Baltimore who is addicted to such things. It is a strange kind of monomania, so it is called, when the wealthy indulge in it; but a poor woman caught in such acts would be sent to the Penitentiary. In the case of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. ——, I am at a loss to understand its nature. She has as much money as she wants for every thing, and yet she is said to set no value upon any thing that she does not steal. At fashionable parties she will steal desert spoons, and silver knives, and from her friends' dressing rooms carry off fine laces, or collars, or any little trifle that comes in her way.'

I certainly was never more astonished in my life than I was at this relation of the moral obliquity of this lady. I had never heard of any instances of the kind then, though many have come to my knowledge since. It was melancholy indeed to think that one so beautiful, so amiable in all her social relations, so intelligent, and so accomplished, should by some perversion of the moral powers of her mind, be utterly incapable of appreciating the spirit of that commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

I have thus introduced this lady to the reader for the purpose of relating a circumstance which may still be remembered by some of the older inhabitants of our city—a circumstance which thrilled with astonishment all classes of society, and awoke an interest and an excitement which was not allayed for years.

Unfortunately for Mrs. ——, she attempted to practice these unlawful acts on a low bred, vindictive fellow, who kept a dry goods store in Ward street. He saw the theft and pointed it out to his clerk, that he might be a witness against her. The article stolen was a small piece of thread lace, worth, probably, ten dollars.

The moment Mrs. —— left the store he went to a magistrate's and made oath of the theft. An officer was immediately despatched with a warrant, and the distressed lady torn by force from her family and confronted with her accuser at the Police Office. Unable to deny the charge, for the officer had found the piece of lace on her table & brought it with him, she begged, with tears, the merchant to pass by the offence. But hard of heart, he would listen to no palliation, and requested the magistrate to make out a commitment unless bail was obtained, as he was determined that the whole affair should be made the subject of legal action.

An officer was despatched to the counting room of her husband, who appeared at the Magistrate's office, greatly agitated. The meeting between himself and his guilty wife was affecting in the extreme. She flung herself, trembling and weeping into his arms, and hiding her head in his bosom, begged him to save her from her persecutors. With all the tenderness of a parent for a child, he soothed and comforted her, assuming her that he would satisfy all demands against her and save her from the consequences of her indiscretion. The security offered was of course accepted. He entered into a recognizance in the sum of one thousand dollars, for her appearance at the June term of the criminal court, which would set in about six weeks. A carriage was then called, and the beautiful, accomplished, and intelligent, but unhappy lady, was driven off to the house whence but a short time before she had been torn from amid her children and brought to the bar of justice as a felon.

Supposing that the proceedings could easily be stayed, Mr. —— waited upon the store keeper immediately who had caused her to be arrested. But he positively refused to stop the course of justice.

'But my dear sir,' urged the heart-striken man, 'no possible good can grow out of this prosecution. I will willingly make you restitution, ten, twenty, or an hundred fold. My wife labors under a strange and painful monomania. She has money for whatever she desires, and yet she sets no value upon any thing that she does not take secretly. At all times I am willing and hold myself in readiness to pay for whatever she may take. Name the sum that will satisfy you.'

'There is no use in your talking to me any further upon the subject,' said the unfeeling and evil minded dealer, 'You rich people call stealing 'monomania' when the thief is among yourselves. But I know no distinctions, and will make none. Mrs. —— must stand her trial, and take the penitentiary for her abiding place if there is any justice in this city. I have heard of her tricks before, and in charity put a stop to her light fingered pleasantries.'

'But, my dear sir—'

'But me no buts,' said the wretch, and turned abruptly from the pleading husband.

The long dreaded blow had at length fallen on Mr. —— and he felt stunned and sick at heart. In his wife, to whom he was sincerely attached, he found every thing amiable, forbearing and intelligent, but there was one dreadful infatuation which he could not break. There was one dim spot in her moral character, which cast a shadow upon every other virtue. He had remonstrated and pleaded with her time after time about her unaccountable propensity. But in vain. Sometimes she would confess with tears her grief at her own conduct; and at other times she manifested the coldest indifference. To all her friends her conduct was a painful mystery. No article that she purchased seemed to please her fancy. But one that she adroitly purloined would be exhibited as the one of all others that most delighted her. She was never known to secret any article, after she brought it home—nor did she appear conscious of the fact that she had obtained it unlawfully. Her husband, under all the circumstances, could come to no other conclusion than that she was a monomaniac on that particular subject. She was never known to be guilty of any similar indiscretion until after she was married—nor then, until she had been at death's door for days with a severe attack of typhus fever. As she slowly recovered from this illness there was evidence that some change had taken place in her mind. She did not appear perfectly rational until some months after her convalescence—then she suddenly recovered her vivacity and wit, and was intelligent as before. The only change that had been wrought was the strange obliquity before mentioned.

As a parent loves more tenderly a wayward child, that by its disobedience or errors causes him frequent and anxious concern, did Mr. —— love with increasing and tender regard the wife of his bosom, who occupied his thoughts through the day, and his dreams at night. He had long feared some afflicting termination of her indiscretion, and often when looking at his sweet innocent children and their beautiful mother, would he turn away to hide the tears that started to his eye. To have those children publicly disgraced, and by that mother—oh, the thought was agony.

After many ineffectual attempts both by himself and her friends to obtain a compromise, he was reluctantly compelled to get able counsel and prepare for the coming trial. On the part of the prosecution, every nerve was strained to procure the most extensive and explicit testimony, in order to prove that she was known as a "common thief." Very many from whom she had at different times taken articles and for which her husband had paid, were summoned to bear reluctant testimony to facts which they never had the most distant idea of exposing—facts which had transpired through the indiscretion of clerks, or probably of the principals themselves.

As the day of trial approached great anxiety prevailed in all classes of society—and opinions as to the nature of her guilt, and moral responsibility, were many and various. Among the lower and middle classes, there was but little difference of opinion. They estimated guilt by action alone—nor stopped a moment (having no sympathies with the more wealthy portion of society) to draw nice distinctions between monomania and moral action. They knew that theft was punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary whenever it occurred among themselves, and they always considered the penalty a just one.—Now that a lady in high life caught in the same guilt, they saw no reason why she should be saved from the prison. As her husband was very wealthy, they hesitated not to affirm, that she would be cleared—and that in consequence of liberal bribes to Judges and Jurymen.

A dense crowd filled all the avenues to the court house on the morning of the trial, and the court room was at an early hour crowded almost to suffocation. Feeling a strong interest in the case, I obtained permission from my master to be present, and was so fortunate as to get a position in which I could both see and hear all the proceedings. I waited nearly an heur before the opening of the court, with an anxious and beating heart. I dreaded the moment when I should first set my eyes upon the beautiful prisoner. I knew that the first sight of her, in all her shame and misery, would cause a shock of feeling that I by no means desired to experience.—Among those present, were many ladies belonging to the highest circles—such as had been on terms of the closest intimacy with the culprit. There was concern and sorrow upon each fair face.

The court opened, and just as her name was called a slight movement near the door indicated her entrance, and in a moment after Mrs.—— appeared closely veiled, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, who looked pale and haggard. She took her seat