DORCHESTER AURORA

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1838.

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.

"Fair Ruler of the Visionary Hour,
Sweet Idol of the Passionate and Wild,
Enchantress of the Soul."

I LOVE THE SEA.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I love the sea,
The blue, the free,
The roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
The foam of its waves,
That madly raves,
Is the dearest sight my bosom craves.

With thee, my bark,
O'er the waters dark,
With the summer moon our course to mark;
How proud we ride,
O'er the dancing tide,
While the white foam laves thy heaving side,

We cut our way
Thro' the shining spray,
While the crowding billows round us lay;
And our shouts of glee,
Rung wild and free,
On the mighty waste of the boundless sea.

The mariner's dirge,
Is thy sounding surge,
As it rings his knell on the grave's dark verge;
And his last long sleep,
In the quiet deep,
Is as calm as when willows o'er him weep.

I love the sea,
The blue, the free,
And the roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
Where the wild waves roam,
In their caps of foam,
The mariner finds his chosen home.

Then spread thy wing,
Thou bounding thing,
And far o'er the waves like a sea gull spring;
Our trust on high,
In the smiling sky,
And we rove 'neath the light of a watching eye.

SONG AT SEA.

BY J. RODMAN DRAKE.

Sleep, lady, sleep!—the planets weep
Their star-dew on the midnight deep;
The moonlight beam shines on the stream,
To light the water-spirit's dream;
Oh, softly thus shall slumber shed
Her lulling dews around thy head,
And fancy's beaming sparkle nigh,
As brightly on thy dreaming eye.

On favoring tides the vessel glides,
The sea fire sparkles round her sides;
And in the sail the evening gale
Is whispering low a soothing tale.
Yet, lady, sleep; in visions sweet
A dreamy scene thy gaze shall meet;
And while the tall ship slowly moves,
Thy heart shall fly to friends its loves.

But hark! the cry from topmast high—
Its accents tell that land is nigh;
And dimly seen, the headland green
Is breaking through the midnight screen·
Then, lady, wake! our home is nigh;
Ah! ne'er can rise on fancy's eye
A spot beneath yon azure dome
So lovely as the land of home!

From the Pennsylvanian.

ANDREW JACKSON.

I love that staunch old man!
His heart has never stood
As firm as adamantine rock,
When for his country's good.

'Twas well for thee he had
The helm, my native land!
When angry surges roared, and strove
The ship of State to strand.

Firm as a living oak,
He set his noble form
Against the direst, heaviest stroke
Of all that fearful storm!

His reputation he
Committed to his God,
And sternly and unwaveringly,
The course of duty trod!

Unmoved, he still withstood
The blast of bitter wrath;
He could not fall, for principle
Upheld him in his path!

The tempest passed away,
The sky became serene.
And all unscathed, and still erect,
The stern old man was seen.

I verily believe
That God, who loves to bless,
Exalted him to save the land
In this, her worst distress.

I'll e'er revere thy name,
America's own son!
And in my heart I'll prize thee next
To peerless Washington.

May long before our sight,
Thy noble virtues shine!—
And when death calls for thee, old chief!
And end of peace be thine.

LAUGHABLE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

From the second series of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons."

In my first series of this work I gave an amusing anecdote respecting Mr. Martin. A still better remains to be told. My only regret is, that no words can convey any idea of the thing itself. He had been speaking of the bad feelings frequently ending in duels, which was often engendered in the minds of honorable members in consequence of a misconception, not merely of what was meant, but often of what was said, by other honourable gentlemen. 'And, Mr. Spaker,' said Mr. Martin, with that rich Irish brogue which he retained to the last in as great perfection as if he had never heard an Englishman open his mouth: 'And, Mr. Spaker, with your permission, I will give yourself and the house a case in point. That case, Mr. Spaker, occurred to myself. You know, sir, and the house knows, that I was opposed at the last election for Galway by Dennis O'Sweeny. Now, Mr. Spaker, I said something on the hustings about Dennis, and by my faith Dennis said something about me.—[Loud laughter.]—Well, Mr. Spaker, I bate Dennes—as the fact of my having the honour of addressing you, sir, and honourable gintlemen around me proves—at the poll, and was, sure enough, declared duly elected for Galway. Well, sir, after the election was over we met in a hotel, and Dennis comes up to me, and says, says he, 'Dick Martin, [roars of laughter,] you was after saying something in your spaach on the hustins about me, which was inconsistent with the character of a gintlemin.'

''Faith, and it's yourself, Dennis, my boy, is quite mistaken in that same.'

''I'm no such thing,' said he.

''Indeed, Dennis, you are though; you was never more mistaken in all your blessed life,' said I.

''Don't you thing to humbug me out of my belief, by any of your nonsense, Dick?' [Renewed laughter, in which the Speaker could not refrain from joining.]

''Then what was it I did say?' said I.

''You know that as well as I do,' said he.

''By —— I don't,' said Mr. Martin, in his own unspeakable ludicrous manner.

'Order, order, Mr. Martin,' shouted the Speaker, as the other thundered out an oath, amidst roars of laughter from all parts of the house.

'I beg you pardon, Mr. Speaker, and the pardon of this honourable House, if I said any thing improper.

''By —— you do, though, Dick!'' said Dennis.

'Order, order, Mr. Martin; order, order,' again sung out the Speaker, his voice being almost drowned amidst the peals of laughter which resounded throughout the house.

'Mr. Speaker!' said Mr. Martin, with great simplicity, mingled with a wonderful shrewdness of manner 'Mr. Speaker, it was not meself that gave that oath, it was Dennis O'Sweeny!'

Again was the house convulsed with laughter, and to such an extent were the risible faculties of the Speaker affected, that he was obliged to cover his mouth with the folds of his gown, while the sides of his ample wig literally danced about his neck and shoulders, in the agitation of his head caused by his excessive laughter.

Mr. Martin resumed—'Upon my honour as a gintlemin, I don't know what you mane,' said I.

''Well then,' says he, 'did't you say I was ——' I need not tell you. Mr. Spaker, what I said he was,' observed Mr. Martin, suddenly checking himself. Here again the House was convulsed with laughter.

'Dick!' says he, 'you must retract.'

'I'll be —— if I do,' says I, Mr. Spaker.'

Another burst of laughter pealed through the house and to such an extent was the Speaker infected with the universal risibility that he was actually unable to call Mr. Martin to order. The folds of his gown were again in requisition, with the view, if possible, of suppressing, by their application to his mouth, what is called a loud laugh. No man was ever more ready, at all times and in all circumstances, to uphold the dignity of the house by enforcing a uniform decorousness in the proceedings, than Mr. Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterberry; but the drollery of Mr. Martin's manner, in conjunction with the oddity of his matter, would have been too much for the gravest and most dignified of men. The thing was altogether irresistible.

Mr. Martin, as soon as order was in some measure restored, resumed—'And you won't retract, Dick,' says Dennis.

''No by—' ''

'Order order, Mr. Martin,' cried the Speaker, before Mr Martin had uttered what the right honourable gentleman conceived to be another oath, and which he therefore wished to strangle in the birth.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Spaker,' observed Mr. Martin, 'but your honour was mistaken this time, and have put yourself to unnecessary throuble; for I was not going to swear any more. I was only going to say, 'No by the powers I won't! I'd rather you'd make a riddle of my body first.'

Roars of laughter, which lasted for a considerable time, again resounded through the house. When they had subsided Mr. Martin continued his story.

''Then,' said he, 'I expect the satisfaction which is due to a gintlemin;' and with that Mr. Spaker, he was in the very act of laving the room. 'Dennis,' says I.

''What says he.

''Don't let us misunderstand each other,' says I.

''It's quite plain,' says he.

''Maybe it's not so plain as you think Dennis,' said I:

''Do you or do you not retract, and no more blarney?' says he.

''No. I don't says I, 'but if you'll call on me to-morrow morning at breakfast-time, we'll both explain, and then I'll break an egg or crack a flint with you—whichever you plase, Dennis.' [Loud laughter.

''Well, I will, Dick,' said he.

'And faith, sure enough, Mr. Spaker, Dennis O'Sweeny did kape his word, and he explained and I explained, and we both explained, and he left my room quite satisfied, and bowing to me as politely as the Masters in Chancery do to you, Mr. Spaker, when they retire from your honour's table.'

And so saying, Mr. Martin resumed his seat, amidst deafening roars of laughter, which lasted for two or three minutes.

The allusion to the Masters in Chancery was exceedingly felicitous; for when they have delivered any message from the Lords to the Commons, they retire from the table walking backward, and making a low bow to the Speaker at every third or fourth step they take.

From the Ladies Magazine.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the British Aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where in consequence of his very fine personal, appearance or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the state, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favourite of the ladies.—This was not all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civility. Thus matters stood when the Hon. M. P. and his lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which those devotees of pleasure resorted to kill the old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into their sports and amusements, with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionists in the party But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons, of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They agreed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by charades, playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called 'Crowning the Wisest.' This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three other persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answer receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, and the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to besure treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess; and generally by the party, but this was in compliment to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of the most ineffable condescension put his question:

'If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?'

'For your benefit,' replied the American, smiling calmly, 'I would recommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifle and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from the idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite.'

There was a murmer among the audience, but whether applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not chose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question.—He affected to be a great politician, was mustachoed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the best government, which the skill of man ever devised and that democracy is utterly barberous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you chose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice, which seemed to announce a certain triumph said,

"I require your decision, on a delicate question; but the rules of the pastime warrant it and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered,

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex, consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidentially, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the republic of the United States, therefere, the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, were in our country, we should think them Americans."

The applase was enthusiastic; after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF LAW.

The following fine specimen of legal acumen we find in the Charleston Courier:

A gentleman of the profession now no more, of the Western Circuit, defended a client for hog stealing, but notwithstanding his efforts a conviction was had. The Act of Assembly in describing his offence, says—"If any person or persons shall be indicted and found guilty stealing any sheep, goat or hog, for stealing of which, he, she, or they may be convicted as aforesaid." The next section imposes whipping in default of payment of the fine.

Upon the trial it came out in evidence that the *hog* stolen was a *pig*. Among the other grounds in arrest of judgment and for a new trial, was one which went to the merit of the case, viz; "That the defendant was found guilty of stealing a *hog*, when the evidence only established that he stole a *pig*, which was no offence under the statute.'"

Judge Nott, who was the presiding Justice asked the learned advocate if he intended to press that ground!

Advocate.—Certainly I shall press that ground, it is my chief reliance in the case.

Judge Nott.—You then say that a pig is not a hog?

Advocate.—Certainly. What would your honor call a young sheep?

Judge Nott.—A lamb.

Advocate.—What is a young goat?

Judge Nott.—A kid.

Advocate.—A young dog?

Judge Nott.—A puppy.

Advocate.—The young of the domestic hen?

Judge Nott.—A chicken.

Advocate.—The young of the gaudy butterfly?

Judge Nott.—A worm.

Advocate.—I think your honor will now see that I have a most ample and irresistable defence; and in the course of my argument, I will be able fully to satisfy the Court on the point. The learned gentlemen proceeded in the case.

ARGUMENT.

May it please your honor. My unfortunate client has been convicted of hog stealing against the most positive testimony. All the witnesses for the prosecution declared the animal to be a pig. (Laughter.) Now, I would ask, if a PIG can grunt? Every body knows that he cannot. He can squeak, but there is no grunt in him (Laughter.) Can he gain a subsistence by rooting? No, then he can be no hog. When a man says he will go the whole hog, bristles and all, he cannot mean a pig, for a pig his no bristles, and is but the minim of a hog. (Laughter.) If your honor was to send your servant to market to buy a pig, and he brought you home a hog weighing 300lbs. I apprehend you would not consider him as having obeyed your orders. (Laughter.) When you speak of a man, you certainly do not mean an infant at the bosom of its mother. If he be one and twenty years of age, he will be a man, but until then, he is an infant in law and fact. When a pig can grunt he is a hog, and not till then. (Laughter.) I shall argue the point no further.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time a traveller stept into a post coach. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them gray headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life, and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest. who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had always eat roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for seventy years—adding, that all depended on regularity. The third man prolonged his days by never seeing or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from political or religious controversies—and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less gray, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. 'How,' exclaimed our young traveller, 'how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life—where there is one wrinkle on your brow there are fifteen on that of each of your juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long life!' "It is no mys'ery," said the old man, 'I have drank water and drunk wine—I have eat meat and have eat vegetables—I have held a pubiic office—I have dabbled in politics and have written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at midnight—got up at sunrise and at noon—but, I always paid promptly for my Newspapers!'