DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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THE LAST LEAF.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town
But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"
The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.
My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago.—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.
But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer.
And it I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

WOMAN'S WIT, OR LOVE'S DISGUISES.

They sat within a bower of roses twined,
A pale, dark youth, beside a bright-eyed girl;
Behind her parted lips shone wealth of pearl,
As ever and anon, she, smiling, turned
To that dark youth; and he with fevered mind,
Gazed on that bright eyed girl, and mutely drank
The beauty that on her fair face burned,
Till all their witchery to his heart's depth sank.
He seized her hand, and borne upon the tide
Of swelling passion, straight before her knelt.
He felt—he felt—he knew not how he felt;
But feel he did, and said so she replied,
"All very fine this, Master Tom, no doubt,
But does your anxious mother really know
you're out?"

From the Freeman's Advocate.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

So stately it rides on the Ocean's blue wave,
And the corsair turns pale at the sight,
In the battle it floats o'er the heads of the brave
And despots retreat from its sight!
From its folds does no blazon of heraldry gleam,
But the star of the heavens is there;
And the glittering crimson and azure stripes stream
So gallant and bright through the air.

'Twas for freedom our forefathers valiantly fought,
And freedom they bravely obtained,
And this was the pledge of the prize that they bought,
By their hearts blood from tyranny gain'd,
To us, to our children, that banner they gave
To guard and keep spotless and bright,
And oh, shall we let it sink down to the grave
Of oblivion's perpetual night?

Not once has our standard been low'red to the dust,
Not once has our eagle been shorn
Of his laurels in contest, but true to his trust
His plumage has never been torn!
But soaring in air, he, our banner will bear
To regions that o'erlook the world;
And glittering in air, will our gonfalon fair
By Liberty's hand be unfurled! Jos.

MY BLACK COAT.

OR THE

BREAKING OF THE BRIDE'S CHINA.

GENTLE reader, the simple circumstances I am about to relate to you, hang upon what is termed—*a bad omen*. There are few among the uneducated who have not a degree of faith in omens; and even amongst the better educated and well informed there are many who, while they profess to disbelieve them, and indeed, do disbelieve them, yet *feel* them in their hours of solitude. I have known individuals who, in the hour of danger, would have braved the cannon's mouth, or defied death to his teeth, who, nevertheless, would have buried their heads in the bedclothes at the howling of a dog at midnight, or spent a sleepless night from hearing the tick, tick, of the spider, or the untiring song of the kitchen-fire musician—the jolly little cricket.—The age of omens, however, is drawing to a close: for Truth in its progress is trampling delusion of every kind under its feet; yet after all, though a belief in omens is a superstition, it is one that carries with it a portion of the poetry of our nature. But to proceed with our story.

Several years ago, I was on my way from B——— to Edinburgh; and being as familiar with every cottage, tree, shrub, and whinbush on the Dunbar and Lauder roads, as with the face of an acquaintance, I made choice of the less frequented path by Longformacus. I always took a secret pleasure in contemplating the dreariness of wild spreading desolation; and, next to looking on the sea when its waves dance to the music of a hurricane, I loved to gaze upon the heath-covered wilderness, where the blue horizon only girded its purple bosom. It was no season to look upon the heath in the beauty of barrenness, yet I purposely diverged from the main road. About an hour, however, after I had descended from the region of the Lammermoors, and entered the Lothians, I became sensible I was pursuing a path which was not forwarding my footsteps to Edinburgh. It was December; the sun had just gone down; I was not very partial to travelling in darkness, neither did I wish to trust to chance for finding a comfortable resting place for the night. Perceiving a farm steading and water mill about a quarter of a mile from the road, I resolved to turn towards them, and make inquiry respecting the right path, or, at least, to request to be directed to the nearest inn.

The 'town,' as the three or four houses and mill were called, was all bustle and confusion. The female inhabitants were all cleaning and scouring, and running to and fro. I quickly learned that all this note of preparation arose from the 'master' being to be married within three days. Seeing me a stranger, he came from his house towards me. He was a tall, stout, good looking, jolly-faced farmer and miller. His manner of accosting me partook more of kindliness than civility; and his inquiries were not free from the familliar, prying curiosity which prevails in every corner of our island, and, I must say, in the north in particular.

'Where do you come fra, na—if it be a fair question?' inquired he.

'From B——,' was the brief and merely civil reply.

'An' hae ye come fra there the day?' he continued.

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Ay, man, an' ye come fra B——, do ye?' added he, 'then, nae doot, ye'll ken a person they ca' Mr.———?'

'Did he come originally from Dunse?' returned I, mentioning also the occupation of the person referred to.

'The very same,' rejoined the miller; 'are ye acquainted wi' him, Sir?'

'I ought to be,' replied I; 'the person you speak of is merely my father.'

'Your father!' exclaimed he, opening his mouth and eyes to their full width, and standing for a moment the picture of surprise—"Gude gracious! ye dinna say sae!—is he really your father? Losh, man, do you no ken, then, that I am your cousin! Ye've heard o' your cousin, Willie Stewart.'

'Fifty times' replied I.

'Weel, I'm the vera man,' said he—'Gie's you hand; for, 'od-sake man, I'm as glad as glad can be. This is real extraordinar. I've oft heard o' you—it will be you that writes the buiks—faith ye'll be able to make something o' this. But come awa into the house, ye dinna stir a mile farther for a week, at ony rate.'

So saying, and still grasping my hand, he led me to the farm house. On crossing the threshold—

'Here, lassie,' he cried, in a voice that made roof and rafters ring, 'bring ben the speerits, and get on the kettle—here's a cousin that I ne'er saw in my life afore.'

A few minutes served mutually to confirm and explain our newly discovered relationship.

'Man,' said he, as we were filling a second glass, 'ye've just come in the very nick o' time; an' I'll tell ye how. Ye see I am gaun to be married the day after the morn, an' bein' a friend o' ony kind kind in this quarter, I had to ask an acquaintance to be the best man. Now, this was vexin' me mair than ye can think, particularly, ye see, because the sweetheart has aye been hinting to me that it wadna be lucky for me no to hae a kind relation for the best man. For that matter, indeed, luck here, luck there, I no care the toss up o' a bawbee about omens myself; but now that ye've fortunately come, I'm a great deal easier, an' it will be ae craik out o' the way, for it will please her; an' ye may guess, between you an' me, that she's worth the pleasin', or I wadna had her; so I'll jist step ower an' tell the ither lad that I hae a cousin come to be my best man an' he'll think na thing o't.'

On the morning of the third day, the bride and her friends arrived. She was the only child of a Lammermoor farmer, and was in truth a real mountain flower—a heath blossom; for the rude health that laughed upon her cheeks approached nearer the hue of a heather bell, than the rose and vermilion of which poets speak. She was comely withal, possessing an appearance of considerable strength, and was rather above the middle size—in short, she was the very *belle ideal* of a miller's wife!

But to go on. Twelve couple accompanied the happy miller and his bride to the manse, independent of the married, middle-aged, and grey haired visiters, who followed behind & by our side. We were thus proceeding onward to the house of the minister, whose blessing was to make a couple happy, and the arm of the blooming bride was through mine, when I heard a voice, or rather let me say a sound, like the croak of a raven, exclaim—

'Mercy on us! saw ye e'er the like o' that—the best man, I'll declare, has a *black* coat on!'

'An' that's no lucky!' replied another.

'Lucky!' responded the raven voice—'just perfectly awfu'! I wadna it had happened at the weddin' o' a bairn o' mine for the king's dominions.'

I observed the bride steal a glance at my shoulder; I felt or thought I felt, as if she shrunk from my arm; and when I spoke to her her speech faltered. I found that my cousin, in avoiding one omen, had stumbled upon another, in my black coat. I was wroth with the rude prophetess, and turned round to tell her. Her little grey eyes, twinkling through spectacles, were winking upon my ill fated coat. She was a crooked, (forgive me for saying an ugly,) little, old woman; she was 'bearded like a pard,' and walked with a crooked stick mounted with silver. (On the very Spot where she then was, the last witch in Scotland was burned.) I turned from the grinning sibyl with disgust.

On the previous day, and during part of the night, the rain had fallen heavily, and the Braxburn was swollen to the magnitude of a little river. The manse lay on the opposite side of the burn, which was generally crossed by the aid of stepping stones; but, on the day in question, the tops of the stones were barely visible. On crossing the burn, the foot of the bride slipped, and the bridegroom, in his eagerness to assist her, slipped also—knee-deep in the water. The raven voice was again heard—it was another omen.

The kitchen was the only room in the manse large enough to contain the spectators assembled to witness the ceremony, which passed over smoothly enough, save that when the clergyman was about to join the hands of the parties, I drew off the glove of the bride a second or two before the bridesmaid performed a similar operation on the hand of the bridegroom. I heard the whisper of the crooked old woman, and saw that the eyes of the other women were upon me. I felt that I had committed another *omen*, and almost resolved to renounce wearing 'blacks' for the future.—The ceremony, however, was concluded; we returned from the manse, and every thing was 'o gooton, save mirth and music, till the hour arrived for tea.

The bride's mother had boasted of her 'daughter's double set o' tea' china' during the afternoon; and the female part of the company evidently felt anxious to examine the costly crockery. A young woman was entering with a tray and tea equipage—another, similarly laden, followed behind her. The 'sneck' o' the door caught the handle of the tray, and down went china, waiting maid, and all!—The fall startled her companion—their feet became entangled—both embraced the floor, and the china from both trays lay scattered around them in a thousand shapes and sizes! This was an omen with a vengeance! I could not avoid stealing a look at the sleeve of my black coat. The bearded old woman seemed inspired. She declared the luck of the house was *broken!* Of the double set of real china, not a cup was left—not an o'd saucer. The bridegroom bore the misfortune as man; and gently drawing the head of his younger partner towards him, said—

'Never mind them, hinny—let them gang—*we'll* get mair.'

The bride, poor thing, shed a tear; but the miller threw his arm round her neck, stole a kiss, and she blushed and smiled.

It was evident, however, that every one of the company regarded this as a real omen.—The mill-loft was prepared for the joyous dance, but scarce had the fantastic toes (some of them were not light ones) began to move through the mazy rounds, when the loft floor broke down beneath the bounding feet of the happy hearted miller; for, unfortunately, he considered not that his goodly body was heavier than his spirits. It was omen upon omen—the work of *breaking* HAD begun—the 'luck' of the young couple was departed.

Three days after the wedding, one of the miller's carts was got in readiness to carry home the bride's mother. On crossing the unlucky burn to which we have already alluded, the horse stumbled, fell, and broke its knee, and had to be taken back, and another put in its place.

'Mair breakings!' exclaimed the new almost heart broken old woman. 'Oh, dear sake! how will a' this end for my puir bairn!

I remained with my new found relatives about a week; and while there, the miller sent his boy for payment of an account of thirty pounds, he having to make up money to pay a corn factor at the Haddington market, on the following day. In the evening the boy returned.

'Weel, callant,' inquired the miller, 'hae ye gotten the siller?'

'No,' replied the youth.

'Mercy me!' exclaimed my cousin, hastily, 'hae ye no gotton the siller? Wha did ye see, or what did they say?'

'I saw the wife,' returned the boy; 'an' she said—'Siller! laddie, what's brought ye here for siller—I dare say your master's daft! Do ye no ken we're broken! I'm sure a'body kens that *we broke yesterday!*'

'The mischief break them!' exclaimed the miller, rising and walking hurriedly across the room—'this is *breaking* in earnest.'

I may not here particularize the breakings that followed. One misfortune succeeded another, till the miller broke also. All that he had was put under the hammer, and he wandered forth with his young wife, a broken man.

Some years afterwards, I met with him in a different part of the country. He had the management of extensive flour mills. He was again doing well, and had money in his master's hands. At least there seemed to be an end of the breakings. We were sitting together, when a third person entered with a rueful countenance.

'Willie,' said he, with the tone of a speaking sepulchre, 'hae ye heard the news?'

'What news, now?' inquired the miller, seriously.

'The maister's *broken!*' rejoined the other.

'*An' my fifty pounds?*' responded my cousin in a voice of horror.

'Are broken wi' him,' returned the stranger. 'Oh, gude gracious!' cried the young wife, wringing her hands, 'I'm sure I wish I were out o' this world!—will ever thir breakings be done!—what tempted my mother to buy me the cheena?

'Or me to wear a black coat at your wedding,' thought I.

A few weeks afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that death had suddenly broken the thread of life of her aged father, and her mother requested them to come and take charge of the farm which was now theirs.—They went. The old man had made money upon the hills. They got the better of the broken china, and of my black coat. Fortune broke in upon them. My cousin declared that omens were nonsense, and his wife added, that she 'really thought there was naething in them. But it was lang an' mony a day,' she added, 'or I could get your black coat and my mother's cheena out o' my mind.'

They began to prosper, and they prosper still.

*The last person burned for witchcraft in Scotland was at SPOT—the scene of our present story.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of *intemperance* that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county, Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject.—*Balt. Amer.*

And as yet its march of ruin is onward still! It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circles—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart—bereaves the doating mother—extinguishes natural affection—erases conjugal love—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health;—death, not life. It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers, fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers—feeds rheumatisms—nurses gout—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your alms houses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It contemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds: It is the life blood of the gambler; the aliment of the counterfeiter—the prop of the highwaman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar—respects the thief—and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation—reverences fraud—and honors infamy. It defames benevolence—hates loves scorns virtue—and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring—helps the husband to massacre his wife—and aids the child to grind his parricidal axe. It burns up man—consumes woman—detests life—curses God—and despises Heaven.

It suborns witnesses—nurses perjury—defiles the jury box—and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters—corrupts elections—pollutes our institutions—and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen—and debases the legislator—dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and *insatiate* with havoc, it poisons felicity—kills peace, ruins mortals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin.

A GOOD STORY.

'One seldom hears a good story now adays. The following is not bad. A year or two ago there came to the Lion at ———, a pleasant looking, bustling, great coated commercial travellor sort of body. Well landlord, what have you got, he? oyster sance, eh? bottle of sherry, good, eh? send me up. Dinner was served, the wine despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

'Waiter, said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin, 'waiter I am awkwardly situated.'

'Sir?' said the waiter, expecting a love letter.

'I cannot pay you.'

'Sorry for that sir, I must call master.'—(Enter landlord.)

'My good sir, you see this is rather awkward—good dinner! capital! famous wine! glorious grog—but no cash.

The landlord looked blank.

'Pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to day—good house yours, a great deal in the bill way.'

The landlord looked blue.

'No difference to you of course?—a pleasant house here—plenty business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bill.'

'There's my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go.'

'Ah, but I must go without paying. Let us see—bill 17s 9d; let us have a pint of sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it.'

'Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir.—I will have my money!'

'Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly for I shall have to pass this road again.'

'None of that sir,—it wont do with me, pay my money or I'll kick you out.'

The stranger remonstrated, the landlord kicked him out.

'You will repent this,' said the stranger. The landlord did repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger entered the Lion Inn—the landlord looked very foolish—he smiled and held out his hand—I've come to pay you my score as I promised.'

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness. 'So many swindlers about, there is no knowing who to trust, Hoped the gentleman would pardon him.' 'Never mind landlord, but come let's have some dinner together, let us be friends. What have you got, eh? a couple of boiled fowls, eh? a little ham of your own curing? good!—greens from your own garden? famous! bottle of sherry & two bottles port; waiter this is excellent.'—Dinner passed over, the landlord fobbed and nobbed with the stanger, they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord went to attend to his avocations; the stranger finished his comforter of brandy and water and addressed the waiter;

'Waiter what is to pay?'

'Two pounds ten shillings and three pence, sir, including the former account.

'And half a crown for yourself?'

'Makes two pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, sir,' replied the waiter, rubbing his hands,

'Say two pound thirteen shillings!' said the stranger, 'and call in your master.'

(Enter landlord, smiling and hospitable.)

'Sorry you are going so soon sir.'

The stranger merely said with a fierce look, 'I owed you seventeen and six pence three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it.'

The landlord began to apologize.

'No words, sir, I owed you seventeen and you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you, you would be sorry for it, I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings (and quietly turning aside his coatsail) *you may pay yourself in a check on the same bank, for I have no money now.*—Bell's Weekly Messenger.

PICAYUNE WELLERISMS.

'Looks are nothing, behavior is all'—as the monkey said ven he vas dead drunk.

'Beauty is skin deep'—as the fish voman said ven she stripped the eel.

'Oh fly not yet'—as the mullet said to the fish hawk.

'Hope I hav'n't hurt your feelings'—as the thistle said to the sick man.

'I can't bear him,'—as the snail said ven the horse stepped on her.

'I'm not fond o' races'—as the terrapin said to the cripple at Ascot.

'Vat a troublesome vorld'—as the spider said ven she mended her veb arter the loafer vallied through it

'They did it in spite of my teeth'—as the jack ass said ven they physicked him.

'I never heard the like'—as the cat said ven three of her kittens crowed.

"It's family dinner'—as the hen said ven she swallowed a nest of ants.

'I'm chief mourner'—as the snake said ven they pulled out his teeth and cut off his rattles;

'He can't run far'—as the tavernkeeper said ven he shot a bed bug with a double barrelled gun.

Ben Johnson—A vinter, to whom he was in debt, invited him to dinner, and told him that if he would give him an immediate answer to the following questions he would forgive him the debt. The vinter asked him, 'what is God pleased with? what is the devil best pleased with? what am I best pleased with? Ben, without the least hesitation, gave the following reply:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sins;
The devil's best pleased when they persist therein;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine,
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

A PRINTER'S ANECDOTE.—It used to be related by Corporal Nymn, a printer, well known for many years in this town as being more remarkable for his odd humor than the length of his purse, that while he was travelling from Lowell to Boston, he was met by a high way man, who politely (as is the custom of those gentry) demanded his purse.

'My dear sir,' quoth Corporal Nymn, I perceive you don't know me!

'That is nothing to the purpose, sir, give up your purse immediately,' demanded the highwayman.

The corporal repeated with an earnestness which could not be misunderstood, 'positively you don't know me.'

"Well,' said the highwayman, somewhat surprised at the manner of the corporal, 'who the devil are you?'

'Why I'm a printer.'

'A printer did you say! Whew!—I'm off—d—d dry picking.'

Important—Northeastern Boundary.—We learn by last night's mail that the Commissioners and Engineer appointed by Governor Kent of Maine, to explore the disputed territory, and if possible to ascertain the true boundary line between Maine & New Brunswick, arrived at Bangor on Monday the 19th inst., and that their efforts have been crowned with complete success.—*Easton Whig.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A drunken fellow, not long since, staggered into one of our most respectable victualling cellars, and greeted the attendant with a familiar "how are you?"—"who are you," said the host, "are you drunk!" 'Aye,' said the bacchanalian, 'drunk enough! and have been every day for two years! My brother Josh and I am ingaged in the temperance cause; he goes about delivering lectures, and I give samples of intemperance. Now shan't we get up a reformation.,"

The Maysville Eagle of October 31st says, the Ohio rives has risen about one foot since last Friday.