DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

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

From the *Religious Souvenir for* 1839.

AGRICULTURE.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

How blest the farmer's simple life!—
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free, 'mid the scented fields.

When Morning woos, with roseate hue,
O'er the far hills away,
His footsteps brush the silvery dew,
To greet the welcome day.

When Sol's first beam in glory glows,
And blithe the sky lark's song,
Pleased to his toil the farmer goes,
With cheerful stems along.

While noon broods o'er the solitary sky,
And sunbeams fierce are cast,
Where the cool streamlet wanders by,
He shares his sweet repast.

When twilight's gentlest shadows fall
Along the darkning plain,
He lists his faithful watch dog's call,
To warm the listening train.

Down the green lane young hurrying feet
Their eager pathway press;
His loved ones come in joy to greet,
And claim their sire's caress.

Then, when the evening prayer is said,
And Heaven with praise is blest,
How sweet reclines his weary head,
On Slumber's couch of rest!

Nor deem that tears his dreams alarm,
Nor cares, with corroding den;
Without, his dogs will guard from harm,
And all is peace within.

Oh, ye who run in Folly's race,
To win a worthless prize!
Learn, from the simple tale we trace,
Where all contentment lies.

Ho! manarch! flushed with glory's pride!
Thou painted, gilded thing,
Hie, to the free born Farmer's side,
And learn to be a king.

SONG OF THE HENPECKED.

Oh, her hair is dark as the midnight wave,
And here eye is like kindling fire,
And her voice is sweet as the spirits voice
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork
And her arms as strong as a bear's;
She pulled my hair and she gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got me an eye that's made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's now.—
The wig is curled in corkscrew curls,
And the eye is in a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I am not a bit afeard:

For I've bound her over to keep the peace,
And I've bought me a crab tree cane—
The justice will come and the constable too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,
And my eye a month in the patch,
I never thought that the torch of love
Would light such a brimstone match.

A real Caleb Quotem.—The Baltimore Sun says there is an editor down east that goes a little ahead of all creation. He is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes counterfeit Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children.

ROBINSON AGAIN.—The Philadelphia Saturday Courier says that a gentleman of that city has received a letter from Louisville, which states that the individual in the bloody affray in that city under the assumed name of Gales, was RICHARD P. ROBINSON, the murderer of Helen Jewett!!

From the American Museum.

THE ROYAL PROFESSOR.

We grant altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.
Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as his pigs squeak:
That Latine was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
He was in logic a great critick,
Profoundly skilled in analytick.
For Rhetorick, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
In Mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brake or Eira Pater;
For he by geometrick scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and trangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight,
And wisely tell, what hour of the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

HUDIBRAS.

SOME persons think that all mankind are born with mental capacities alike. How preposterous the idea! that, when the mass of inert matter is wrought into innumerable diverse form, and when animated existence appears under every specification of colour, figure and energy, that immaterial and divine essence, the mind, should exist in all rational beings exactly the same, evincing no modification and discovering itself in but one development; and that all the grades of intelligence are purely adventitious—the effects of circumstance, education and observation.

Consult Nature! Behold the great hierarch of day, eldest of the suns of light when God said, 'Let light be, and light was,' and then contemplate the pale star that gems the coronal of night—from the mountain, whose proud head o'ertops the clouds, turn to the lowly plain and more lowly valley—from the lion-hearted sea, whose roar is heard around the globe, turn to the purling rivulet—from the unwieldly Kraken of the North to the sportive shrimp—from the elephant, beneath whose tread the earth quakes, to the chirping grass hopper—from the soaring condor, that cleaves the storm cloud, to the tiny midge that quivers, like a moth, in the sunbeam—from the mountain oak to the pliant ozier—from the blazing diamond to the dull and opaque sand stone, and by analogy of reason, as you run through the different *genera* and *species*, and the innumerable shades of variety in the same species, you must come to the irresistble conclusion, that the Creator has specified in man every grade of intelligence,—diversified by various degrees of power, brilliance and energy—the majestic intellect that is calculated to grasp the universe—the patient investigating mind, slow yet successful in inquiry—the penetrating mind that, like a sunbeam, at a glance comprehends truth—and the dull, opaque mind, that neither has light of itself nor can reflect the light of others.

But without any process of reasoning, observation must establish the fact, that there is an infinite disparity in the minds of different individuals; for many, possessed of every facility for expanding their intellects and devoting their days and nights to unremitting study, are never able to attain to distinction: while others, not enjoying like advantages and bestowing less attention, rise to eminence and obtain an enviable fame among men. And this difference of mental ability is alike obvious, whether we look at the great *arena* of intellect, the world, where often by mere mental energy, the obscure hind has risen above nobility itself, to sway the rod of empire—or, at the *cradle* of intellect, the gymnasium, where the careless and erratic, though gifted son of genius, bears away the scholastic prize from the dull and plodding student.

But to our story. And now smile not, gentle reader, when you find the above philosophical reflections designed as an introduction to the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' for one of the principal *personæ dramatis* of our story, though munificently endowed with the riches of the understanding, was poor in outward circumstances. Clara Lawson was the daughter of humble and obscure parents. Her mother was a native of New York, and, after a short acquaintance, married an Englishman, greatly her senior in years, who, after living with her about three years, converted what moveables she had into money, and abandoning his wife and infant daughter to the charities of the world, embarked for New Orleans, where he fell a victim to the diseases of the climate and his own licentiousness.'

Clara's mother thus stripped of every thing, had no friends to whom she could apply, but was dependent upon her own exertions for a precarious subsistence. The occupation which she adopted was that of a washerwoman; and although her earnings were small, she was enabled by a strict economy to provide for herself and child fare sufficient, though homely, and procure comfortable attire, though of the coarsest fabric. Time passed on, and she was generally known throughout the city as the 'melancholy washerwoman with the pretty child;' for from the hands of no other did the linen come as purely white, or the frill or ruffle as neatly plaited. And never was any epithet better applied than the above to Clara and her mother; for the face of the one was motionless as the sea of oblivion, while that of her child was like a rivulet flashing in sunlight and dimpled by the soft fingers of every zephyr.

The Melancholy of Mrs. Lawson had nothing in it of dissatisfaction with outward circumstances, or of repining at labour to which her constitution was unequal—it was the deep settled gloom of a mind where the sun of hope had ceased to shine—of a heart whose warm feelings unkindness had congealed. She was young and ardent, and attributing to her suitor excellencies that, in him, had only an imaginary existence, gave her hand to him with all the devotedness of woman's first love; and when the clouds of errour were dissipated, and the creations of fancy gave way to painful truth; in the midst of unkindness she endeavoured to 'hope against hope;' and even when he had abandoned her and her infant, continued to cherish the recollection of him who had won her early affections; as the ivy enfolds the ruined, rotten trunk of its early embrace. Her bruised spirit would have sunk beneath the pressure of sorrow, but maternal love nerved up her strength, and enabled her to make exertions for her child that she could not have made for herself. Often when she would have fainted over her wash-tub with fatigue, the sight of Clara, as she sported over the green with a countenance like an angel, inspirited her, or her innocent laugh as her little arms plashed in the water playing with the soap-bubbles, or her soft voice as she hummed the infant hymns her mother had learned her.

Modest merit is unobtrusive of its griefs & is permitted to suffer, while forwardness is hearkened to and relieved from its very importunity. Although the thin form of the heart broken woman for four years was seen gliding like a spectre along the streets, during the week, laden with the clothes of her daily toil, and her little child with piles of linen, over which her bright locks fell in ringlets like sunbeams on flakes of snow; and although every Sabbath they occupied the same humble seat at church, no one had inquired into their destitute condition, nor had endeavoured to put them into a way of earning a livelihood more suited to the mother's failing strength. 'The melancholy washerwoman and her pretty child' came from the lips of many, as before, but was a sentiment of the lips, in which the heart had no share. It created no charitable desire to cheer the melancholy of the one, or shield the frail, unprotected beauty of the other from the chardships and snares of an evil world.

Paler grew her cheek, slower the step, and more stooped the figure of the lone daughter of sorrow, yet with her wasted hands, worn through the skin by attrition, she continued late and early to ply her accustomed labour, while deeper and deeper shadows spread over her countenance—the dull twilight of life darkening into the night of death.

It was a morning in May; the sky was flushed with the rosy tints of the rising sun; and the hum of the distant city; with the gush of waters and the song of birds, came like the music of enchantment on the fresh air, scented with the breath of the flowers of spring. Every thing around smiled in the beauty and peacefulness of Eden. Deeply did Mr. Letour and his warm-hearted lady drink the influence of all that surrounded them: for the virtuous and charitable alone are calculated to enjoy the calm beauties of nature. They had risen earlier than usual, had continued their walk beyond the precincts of the city, until they came to the humble suburban habitations of the poor. The sun had not risen, yet the smoke was curling up among the clustering boughs of the weeping-willows from the fire in the open air, where, beside the spring, the slendor form of the washerwoman bent over her daily task. They had often marked the sorrowful countenance of the deserted woman as she and her little daughter took away weekly and returned the clothes which they gave her; but the peculiar hardness of her fate had not presented itself to them until, in their morning ramble, they saw the unmitigated toil to which she was subject, and contrasted her cheerless poverty and wakeful labors with the extravagant and indolent day-slumbers of the wealthy. If the luxurious inhabitants of the city would give to morning exercise the hours they waste in feverish sleep, and witness the hardships and the toils which the poor, late and early, have to undergo for a scanty subsistence, how often would pride and haughtiness learn a lesson of humility—how often would avarice listen to the dictates of charity, and the glow of benevolence expand the breast that wraps itself up in its own narrow interest.

As they approached the cottage, the cries of a child, from the thick bower of willows, arrested their attention. They proceeded hastily to the spot from which the noise came. The water was bubbling in cauldrons over a brisk fire—confused heaps of dry clothes dotted the green grass over, like islands—there lay masses that had already been washed, in twisted rolls piled together—there stood the tub with its contents from which the excited bubbles had scarcely disappeared, and beside it lay extended the washerwoman, as she had sunk down from exhaustion—pale, motionless, stiffening in death. Beside the corpse was her little child, with her face buried in her arms, weeping aloud. In the firm grasp of the dead was a crumpled letter that she had received that morning, which told the story of her woes. It bore the post mark of New Orleans. The letter was from her husband, and was full of touching penitence for the manner in which he had behaved to her, and entreaties for her forgivness. The conclusion wss by another person that gave an account of his death. Labour and ill health had reduced her form to a mere skeleton—hope, the oil of life, was extinct, and the sudden excitement had quenched the feeble light of existence, as the gentlest breeze extinguishes the dying snuff that flickers in the socket. Restoratives were resorted to, but in vain—the sufferer had reached that peaceful clime where the 'weary are at rest.' The dead was committed to the tomb, and her orphan child found a home in the family of the charitable Letour.

Clara was now in her eighth year, and was taken by Mrs. Letour into her nursery to assist in taking care of her young children.—She had received from her mother some elementary instruction, and was able to read with considerable ease. Madame Letour had been educated in Paris, and was a woman of handsome acquirments, having, besides a knowledge of the modern languages of Europe, an acquaintance with the ancient classics, together with the belles-lettres. She spent the half of each day in the nursery with her children, instructing them. The sprightliness and good sense of Clara soon attracted her notice; she made her a pupil with the class of her own daughters, and in the different studies to which she directed her attention was pleased to see her make astonishing progress. During five years Clara continued in the family, doing service half the day, and devoting the residue to study, and in that time obtained an education such as few young ladies had then an opportunity of getting. She was tall and well grown for her age, and her countenance was ever lit up by intelligence and cheerfulness. If she had any faults they were those of excessive energy of character, and of her mixing with the world in her infancy; a confidence bordoring on forwardness; a lively perception of the ludicrous, and a keenness of wit and satire that, while it excited wonder, created fear.

About this time, a certain Miss Margarette Lawson, an antiquated maiden lady on the wrong side of fifty, the eldest and only surviving sister of Clara's father, came over from England. She found out her interesting niece in New York, and took her to reside with her in one of the little villages in the western part of the State, which for sake of convenience, we will call Bloomingville. How much soever Miss Margarette might resemble her brother in features and national prejudices, she certainly had nothing of his extravagance—for a more sparing housewife never lived: and, by a rigid stinting of table and wardrope, she had not only kept unbroken the principal of a small bequest made to her in her more girlish days, but had laid up also some guineas of the interest. Some few dresses of coarse grey stuff, comprised all her every-day wearing apparel—while a rusty silk gown, venerable enough in cut and colour to have belonged to her great-grand mother, with a black silk hooded mantilla, made up her dress of state for extraordinary occasions.

Four years passed away in the village of Bloomingville, and Clara had grown up to womanhood, and a beautiful and interesting girl she was, truly—yet she seemed a flower destined to "waste its sweetness on the desert air!" for her high-toned sentiments and mental acquisitions were ill understood by the inhabitants of the village in which she lived, who were noted for a plainness and simplicity bordering on stupidity. Reader, take an example, and "*ex uno disce omnes.*" Shortly after Clara came to Bloomingville, she asked one of the rustic beaux of the place if he liked novels. 'Novels! Novels!' responded the interrogated, 'can't say, for I never eat any, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young 'possum.' The reader, no doubt has met with this anecdote twenty times; but as there is the same interest in determining the place of origin of a good story, as of fixing the birth place of a great man, I am sure he will feel indebted to me for establishing its locality, although it is not likely that as many cities will strive for the honor as contended for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The school-master of the place, a tall handsome personage of twenty four, was the only one, in any degree, able to appreciate Clara's abilities: yet Reading, Writing, and a limited knowledge of figures, Grammar and Geography, were the radius that described the *cyclopædia* of his lore. The slight pretensions which Herman Lincoln had to learning, established something like a community of feeling between them, which soon grew into a warm attachment.

I hope my readers will not hastily conclude to despise my humble hero of the birchen rod; but will recollect that, in 1800, (to which date the above history belongs,) the village schoolmaster who could read Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, and cypher through Gough's Arithmetic, was no inconsiderable person—and if, in addition to these, he had a smattering of Grammar and Geography, and could survey and plot a field, was set down as a prodigy. To resume, however, Herman certainly was the only one of any intelligence or reading in the place, and he had drawn upon himself the envy of the young rustics, on account of supplanting them in the affections of the village belle, though their envy had nothing of bitterness in it, for he had grown up among them, and his amiable disposition prevented any feeling of the kind.

The months of July and August were a busy season;—and, as the youngsters were too much engaged in harvesting to attend to books, Herman took advantage of the recess of school to visit the West, where he had some friends. Clara found the village rather duller than usual, after he had gone, and availed herself of his absence to pay a visit to the friend of her childhood, Madame Letour, in New York. She was received with the greatest kindness by her benefactress; and, after spending seven or eight weeks in a very delightful manner, returned home, bearing many little presents that she had received,—and among others, all the necessary cosmetics, perfumes, powders &c. &c for a fashionable toilet. These, to be sure, were not needed to deck Clara's peerless beauty; but Madame Letour was a French woman, (which is another name for *rouge*, and delighted in perfumes; and human nature is so constituted, that, in making presents, our self-love often induces us to present what *we* prize, without consulting the taste or the circumstances of others.

Important changes often occur in the space of a few weeks. During Clara's short absence, revolutions to her highly important had taken place in the small village of Bloomingville. The sun was nearly set, as the stage rolled in sight of the place. The eyes of the maiden were directed to the elm trees, through which a glimpse was caught of the school-house. The door opened.—The swarm poured forth, with laugh and song, and merry shout, and hats and bonnets tossed in air. And now the maiden's heart fluttered, and the colour came and went on her delicate cheek—and now she caught the glimpse of her—could it be?—her own Herman. The figure emerged from the shade. It was not the tall manly form of her lover, but stood in the light, in outline, more like a short, thick sack of wool, than a human being. But was he the teacher? Was there no other person in the room? Did not that small white-washed log habin of twenty feet by twelve, contain one of more estimation, in her view, than all the opulent proprietors of the princely piles of brick and marble that she had seen in New York? No! The locking of the door—the bundle of books under his arm, and the pompous, philosophical strut of the stranger, dispelled all her hopes, and left but little more to doubt or fear. Her lover was dead, dismissed, or had removed forever—a fresh instance of the inconstancy of mankind—even a parting farewell unsaid.

As she come near, a group of children who were behind the rest, and who seemed to be particularly intent on their books as they walked along, confused voices reached her, like the hum of bees; and presently she could distinguish *hic, hæc, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus—bonus, bona, bonum, boni, bonæ, boni; spero, speras, sperat, speramus, speratis, sperant,* &c. out *O tempora! O mores!* such pronunciation—such barbarous Latin had never been heard since the days of Romulus! I should mention that the inhabitants of Bloomingville were a mixed population.—There was the deep guttural accent of the German, the broad Irish, and the stammering American mouthing Latin. The sounds mingled together, were like the confusion of Babel, or the yell of triple headed Cerberus himself. It was past all doubt. They had a new master, and a linguist.

Clara entered the house with a melancholy heart. Scarcely had she embraced Aunt Margarette, before the old lady, in breathless haste, informed her that 'they had gotten rid of that fool of a fop Lincoln, who knew nothing at all, and had gotten in his place an English gentleman, a royal prophesier of all kinds of larnen—who knew every thing.—Lincoln writ on that he was sick, in delicate health, and expected to come as soon as he got well: but see Clara dear! they warn't going to wait, but took the royal prophesier.' Clara could scarcely refrain from tears—yet indignation at the manner in which Lincoln had been treated, and irritation at the language of her aunt, gave her energy, and she replied to her aunt in a warm manner. 'Professor, I presume you mean, aunt!—and, as the gentleman professes every thing, I would *prophesy* that he knows nothing. I suppose that he is some boasting *blockhead* that has come to this country to prevent his *head* from being brought to the *block*. He is certainly no gentleman to undermine another, especially when he is confined to a bed of sickness.—I cannot see why people should be so foolish as to drive from among them those they know, and take in strangers, about whose talents and morals they know nothing, as if no one had any brains or worth, unless he came from over the sea.'

'And why arn't it so, Miss? Don't the choice of every thing come over the sea—wines and silks and the like, and why hain't folks there more brains too? Arn't they more lightened?'

'Why, as to that I can't say,' replied Clara, 'but *if* they have more brains over the sea, most persons take care to have their heads *lightened* of a large portion—for I generally find them as addle-pated as you seem to think the Americans.'

Clara here perceived a tremendous cloud on Aunt Margarette's brow, and hastened to escape from the torrents of abuse that followed; but, as she tripped up stairs to her room, she heard repeated the words—'impudent—fool—and personal 'flections.'

The next morning Clara was confirmed that she was correct in the estimate which she had made of the Professor's abilities, by the perusal of the following card, which her aunt produced:

"*A Card.*—Henry Hardigan, Royal Professor from London, where he has taught several of the princes of the blood and nobility, announces to the public that he has taken the Academy in the village of Bloomingville, where he will teach the following branches: Orthography, Kaligraphy, Brachygraphy, Reading and Geography, Numerics, Optics, Catoptrics, Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Algebra, Fluxions, and Saxeopontine Constructions, the Mathematics analytically, synthetically and geometrically, Demonology, Psychology and Mythology, Ontology and Dontology. Also, all the ancient and modern Languages, together with whatever is comprehended in the most extended cycle of the cyclopedia of art and science. Great attention paid to the morals of the pupils, and the most polite perfections and genuflections of the finished courtier instilled. Terms moderate."

It was true, the faithful services of young Lincoln were forgotton. Parents were anxious to procure for their children the blessings of an education which they had not themselves; and, with a pitiable credulity, which is still an American characteristic, exalted a foreigner over one identified with their own interests and honor. The Royal Professor was engaged, and the inhabitants of the village of Bloomingville expected the goddess of Wisdom to break a shower of knowledge over the place, as Jupiter had formerly done a shower of gold over the Rhodians. Plain English and useful knowledge were eschewed—and to please the importunity of the children—to pay proper respect to their teacher, whose dignity might not brook plain learning so well, and furthermore, to gratify the foolish vanity of parents—boys who could not tell the difference between the centre and circumferance, or distinguish a noun from an interjection, were forthwith put into Latin. The children were delighted with the change—the change of teachers, and the change of lessons. Each one looked with contempt on his former studies and the teacher that superintended them; and looked forward to the period when they should become *royal professors* themselves, and have *royal* times of it, and take very Parnassus by storm.

(*to be continued.*)

A TRIAL which is exciting deep interest is now in progression at Philadelphia, before the Court of Oyer and Terminer. The defendants are Harry Chauncy, William Nixon & William Armstrong, and are charged with the murder of Eliza Sowers, the first as principal, the two latter as accessories. Chauncy is a physician of the Thomsonian school, and it is alleged that in an endeavor to produce an abortion, he gave the deceased medicine which caused her death. The most able counsel of the Philadelphia bar are engagad on both sides. No part of the evidence will be published until the trial is over.

MR. RIVES.—The Richmond Enquirer, in noticing the late speeches of Mr. Rives in the Senate, shows its great reluctance to loose Mr. R. from the democratic ranks, and professes to think that Mr. Rives would retire rather than retain his seat by the co-operation of the whigs. We hope that Mr. R. may still save his usefulness as a statesman, and that he may prove too wise to be entrapped by the snares of the enemies of his whole political life. He will do this best by returning to first principles, a good rule in case of both.—*Virginian.*