L. D. Seackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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NATHAN C. BROOKS,
J. E. SNODGRASS;
Editors and Proprietors.

Nov. 26, 1838.

POETRY.

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

The following lines, by Mrs. Maclean, better known as L. E. L., or Miss Landon, have a melancholy interest, now that her "star has left the kindling sky." They appear in the January number of the New Monthly. Mrs. M. was married during the last summer to the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, on the African coast, and died suddenly in October, in consequence of a dose of Prussic Acid, incautiously taken. The day previous, she had sent home the first volume of a new novel, and the manuscript of a work to be published periodically.

THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright. familiar face;
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose beyond our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land.
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
Whom I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says we meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love:
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below tho wave—
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
They loving rays should write.

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

O, fancy! vain as it is fond,
And little heeded too!
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you. L. E. L.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

THE OCEAN STILL FOR ME.

I've been on Continent and Isles,
When war and peace dwelt there;
And wandered o'er the ruined piles,
And breathed their perfumed air,
But where a scene so wildly grand,
So boundless, or so free,
As when in distance sinks the land—
The Ocean still for me!

The gilded halls of kings I've trod,
And mingled with their crowd;
I've wander'd where Alhambra stood,
The beautiful, the proud!—
But not for me are scenes like these,
Nor valley, brook, nor tree,
The sea tost bark, the wave, the breeze,
The Ocean still for me!

I've wander'd over field and fen,
O'er mountain, vale, and wood,
And hunted midst the deepest glen,
And woo'd its solitude.—
But give me still my Ocean home,
The ever merry sea;
Contented ever there I'd roam—
The Ocean still for me!

I've been where earthquakes shook the pole,
Upon the trembling land,
Seen mountains from their basis roll,
And cities crushed to sand;
As other will, I love the wave,
And its wild revelry:
Home of the daring and the brave—
The Ocean still for me!

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new lights, or blue lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston—though after he is gone, the people may relapse into their enite Unitarain paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay him the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of those wonderful theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten cent pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flame. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quit possession of pews for which the owners had paid, were entirely broken down; every body took that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times. took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of wnom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particulaaly on the requirments of the great precept of brotherly love—upon the beauty of universal benevolence—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies of lite, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, 'there was not a dry eye in the place;' the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected, he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchief wiping away the water that the orator, like Moses, had by strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and strait while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not slow to observe this; for in addition to the evident slghs of deep feeling which he exhibited his face was rather a handsome one.

He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no 'kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow, after one or two domestic looks and fluttering pauses she said in an under tone:

'Pray, sir, is there any thing the matter with you?—You appear to be unwell.'

"Ah? madam,' breathed Mackay In a whisper, 'I am a poor paralytic, and lost the use of my arm. Though my tears have flown in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away.'

In an instant the fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes: the fair Samaritan seeming to rejoice in the first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with a right good will. When she had done M. looked unutterable obligations but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was nothing thought of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succouring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater; but the moment that it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn, ihe deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom, being so intent upon her object or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in the church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place, 'nods and becks,' and wreathed smiles, were the order of the day. The men held their heads down and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noise of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow up to this point, feeling strong in the conciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good looking face, heeded not the gaze of the mirthful; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat pocket for his gloves. Though the most unkind cut of all was yet to come for Mackay, having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, turned and, bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear.

"Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine looking Roman nose like mine than upon such a queer little snub as you have.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

PISA, Dec. 2, 1838.

This city stands on the banks of the river Arno, about 15 miles from Leghorn, 6 miles from the Mediterranean, and 50 from Florence; and next to the last named place, is the largest city in Tuscany, having a population of about 75,000. The buildings, with respect to style, like the location of the place, are between those of Genoa and Florence—The main streets are wide, and well paved, and the quay on either side of the "*Arno,*" (which river runs through the city,) is one of the finest in Europe. Being uncommonly healthy, Pisa is a stopping place for invalids, who resort here from different parts of Europe, as well as travellers on their way to Rome, and other parts of southern Italy, who also stop here. Since my arrival, although the streets are sloppy, I have been constantly on my feet gratifying a growing curiosity, by viewing some of the *sights* that are here to be seen—the grandest of which, by the way, you have a view of at the head of this page,* viz: the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, and the Baptistery. The building of the former was begun upwards of 660 years ago. It is 190 feet high, declining 13 feet from its perpendicular, and consisting of 8 stories, adorned with 207 columns of fine granite; it was formerly the belfry for the Cathedral, and although some of the bells are still at its summit, yet from its age, and declining position, it is no longer used as such. The next to the left, is the Cathedral (or Duomo.) It is like many other Catholic Cathedrals, in the form of a cross, built nearly 800 years ago, and is one of the most grand and beautiful buildings I ever saw, consisting of all kinds of marbles. The eastern front is ornamented with about 50 columns of different marbles (one of porphrey)—the doors are of bronze, beautifully embellished, with figures in bass relief, and the arches over them with a mosaic work of different colored glass, representing scriptural history. The inside of the church is magnificent. Upwards of 70 lofty columns, support a narrow gallery (with balustrade of inlaid marble,) and 12 superb altars, decorated with mosaic bronze and marble figures, appropriately fill the surrounding recesses, while rich paintings, and a profusion of gilt work adorn the walls. The Campo Santo or ancient burial groued, (a view of one of the sides of which you have in the print,) comes next. It was commenced in the year 1218, and is a large rectangle or square, surrounded by about 50 small arches or arcades of marble, and paved with large slabs of the same, with figures and inscriptions thereon, relating to the dead whose remains they cover. Under the arcades, and around the building are about 100 marble statues, of some of the illustrious characters who flourished centuries ago, and whose remains now lie in marble sarcophaghi, beautifully ornamented with the work of the chisel. Around the walls are paintings of scriptural history; the latter serve to show the great improvement which has since been made in that art. Upwards of 600 ancient families of Pisa, besides many personages of different nations, are said to be buried in this famous Campo Santo.—Consecrated place—having but recently mused away an hour about this sacred spot, I could now, indeed, well indulge in the effusion of serious thoughts. I will not, however; but as I have not before named my feelings on a similar occasion, permit me for a moment to recur to them. It was when I visited the beautiful burial ground near Leghorn, and there stood by the monument erected over the grave of John Harrod, a Baltimorean, and a son of J. J. Harrod—excuse me, I know I am digressing; I'll therefore resume my dull task, and go the fourth and last building in the print, the Baptistery. It is an octagon, chiefly of white marble. In the inside of the building, opposite an ancient bronze door, is a marble stage, elevated two or three steps; before the stage, and in the centre of the building, is a circular fount, around and attached to which are several marble basins, for the immersion of infants, and one for adults; there is also near the fount, an ancient pulpit, of curious workmanship, supported by six or seven marble columns, of irregular lengths, and resting on sculptured marble, of various device, for their pedestals. As the practice of immersion after the manner which was in vogue at the time of its building, has for several centuries been discontinued, the Baptistery, like the Tower, is not used, or even opened, except for the visits of strangers.

*With this letter we have received an engraving, containing a view of the several buildings, &c. mentioned above, which we regret could not be engraved in time for our paper.—EDS. SUN.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH.

From Allexander's Weekly Messenger.

A farmer had a dilligent and faithful servant, who had worked a long time for him, without receiving any wages. But, at last, it came into the man's head that he would not go on any longer without pay; so he went to his master, and said, "I have worked hard for you a long time, and I trust that you will give me what I deserve," But the farmer was a great miser, and knowing that the man was simdle hearted, he took threepence, and gave *him one for* each year's service. The poor fellow thought it a great deal of money to have. So he said to himself, "why need I stay here any longer, and live on bad fare? I can now travel into the world, and make myself merry." So saying he put his money into his purse, and went off. As he jogged over the fields, singing and dancing, he met a dwarf, who asked what made him so happy. "Why," said he, "I have a light heart and full purse, and why should not I be happy? I have saved up my three year's earnings, and have them all safe in my jacket."

"How much may it come to," said the dwarf.

"Full three pence," replied he.

"I wish you would give them to me, for I am poor," said the dwarf.

The man pitied him, and gave him all he had. Then the dwarf said to him, "Since you have so honest and kind a heart, I will give you three wishes—one for each penny."

Then the countryman said, "There are many things that I like better that money; first, I will have a bow, that will bring down every thing I shoot at, secondly, I will have a fiddle, that will make every body dance that hears it; thirdly, I wish that every body will do what I want him to."

Then the dwarf gave him the bow and fiddle, and went his way. Our honest friend journeyed on as before; he had not gone far, before he met an old Jew; close by them was an oak, on the top branch of which was a thrush singing merrily; the Jew said, "Oh what a pretty bird? I would give a great deal of money to have such a one." "Would you," said the countryman. "If that is all, I will soon bring it down." Then he took his bow, and shot it, It fell into some bushes at the foot of the tree. The Jew crept into the bush to get it; and just as he got into the middle, his companion took up his fiddle and began to play a very tune. The Jew jumped up and began to caper about in the air. At last the thorns tore his clothes so that they hung in rags about him, and the blood run down in streams, then he cried out,

"Master! master! what have I done to deserve this?"

"Thou hast shaved many a poor soul close enough," replied the countryman; so he played another tune. The Jew offered money for his liberty, but as he did not come to the musician's price, for a long time he danced him along brisker and brisker, and the Jew bid higher, and higher, and at last offered him a round hundred florins, which he had just gained by cheating some poor fellow. When the countrymen saw so much money he consented; so he went on much pleased with his bargain.

Meanwhile the Jew crept out of the bush half naked and in a piteous plight, and began to ponder how to take his revenge. He went to the judge, and said that a man had robbed him of his money, and beaten him besides.—The judge sent out officers to bring up the accused wherever they could find him.—He was soon caught and brought up for trial.—The Jew began by telling his story, and said that he had been robbed of his money.

'No! you gave it to me for playing you a tune,' said the countryman. But the judge told him that was not likely, and cut the matter short by ordering him off to the gallows. As he stood on the step he said 'my lord judge, grant me one request.'

'Any thing but thy life,' said the judge.

'I do not ask for my life,' said he, 'but let me play on my fiddle for the last time.'

Then the Jew cried out, 'No! no! don't listen to him.'

But the judge said, 'It is only for this once, he will soon be done.'

The fact was, that he could not refuse, on account of the dwarf's third gift. The Jew said, 'bind me fast, bind me fast.' But the countryman seized his fiddle, and struck up a tune, and at the first note, the clerks, judge and jailor, were all in motion; at the second the hangman let his prisoner go, and danced too; and by the time he had played the first bar of the tune, the Jew, judge, court and people who had followed to look on, were all dancing together.

At first, it was merry and pleasant enough; but at last when there seemed no end to either playing or dancing, they began to cry out, and begged him to leave off; but he did not stop until the judge had not only promised to give him his life, but to return to him the hundred florins. Then he turned to the Jew and said, 'Where! you vagabond, did you get this gold?'

'I stole it,' said the Jew, in the presence of all the people, 'I acknowledge; and that you earned it fairly.'

Then the countryman stopped his fiddle, and left the Jew to take his place at the gallows.

The Hon. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, has authorized the Harrisburg Key Stone to say that he does not desire to be a candidate for the Vice Presidency.