Littleton D. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1839. NO. 51.

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.

A NEW SERIES.

A desirable opportunity for New Subscribers.

The Fourth Volume of the
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZIN
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW,
will commence on the 1st of Jan. 1839.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Two large volumes of nearly one thousand pages are published every year.

This popular work will in future, be printed with *NEW TYPE CAST EXPRESSLY FOR THE PURPOSE*, on fine thick paper, well stitched in a neat cover.

☞ *Valuable Engravings will be frequently given.*

The Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review has attained a standing that insures its continuance; and the commendatory notices of the most respectable portion of the press attest its merits and popularity.—Each monthly number contains Seventy-two, extra-sized Octavo pages, and presents MORE READING MATTER THAN A VOLUME OF A NOVEL. It is published at little more than half the price of any other Magazine in the United States, yet contains as many ORIGINAL PAPERS as any other Monthly Publication

WM. E. BURTON, Editor & Proprietor, *Philadelphia.*

The following distinguished Writers fill the pages of the Gentleman s Magazine with Original Contribution.

Professor Ingraham, author of The South West, Lafitte, Burton, etc. Captain Marryatt, author of Peter Simple, Japhet, Jacob Faithful, etc. Miss Catharine H. Waterman, Philadelphia. "The American Hemans."—The Hon. R. T. Conrad, Philadelphia.—David Hoffman, Baltimore. George Walters, Esq., Washington. James F. Otis, Boston and Washington Mrs Fanny Kemble Butler, Philadelphia. Leigh Hunt, England.—Morton M'Michael, Philadelphia. C. F. Wines, author of Two Two Years in the Navy, Letters from Boston, etc. Andrew M'Makin and Ezra P. Holden, Editors of Saturday Courier, Philadelphia. Douglas Jerold, author of the Rent Day, etc., England. J. F. Elder, Editor of the Columbia Spy, Pa. J. Houston Miffiin, Philadelphia. James Montgomery, author of Satan, England — Joseph C. Neal, author of Charcoal Sketches, Philadelphia. The author of An Actor's Alloquy. J. Hall Bready, Philadelphia. N. C. Brooks, Editor of Monthly Museum, Baltimore John Frost, Professor of Belles Letters, Philadelphia E. Pinckney Morton, Bangor, Me. Joseph Price, late Editor of New York Mirror. William Landor, Philadelphia. T. G. Spear, Philadelphia. L. A. Wilmer, Baltimore. Richard Penn Smith, author of the Disowned, Caius Marius, etc—Alexander Dimitry, Washington. A. Harlbut, Pa. Thomas Dunn English, Pa. J. Ashbel Green, Phila. John Jones, Baltimore. Philander S. Rutter, A. M., Pa.—Charles P. Illsley, Editor of the Portland Transcript, Maine.

ETC. ETC ETC.

The Review Department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited praise from all points of the literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extract from rare and popular works Translations from the lighter portions, of the French, German, Spanish and Italian authors, occur in every number. *Copious and Anecdotal Biographies of eminent men of the day, with Engraved Likenesses*, will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

The Editor respectfully requests attention to the following list of the various popular articles which have been published in regular monthly series during the progress of the existing volumes—most of these papers are still continued, besides the general variety of the contents.—

The experience of a Modern Philosopher.
A Series of Tales entitled Leaves from a Life in London.
Poets and their Poetry, with Biographical and Critical Notices.
Pages from the Diary of a Philadelphia Lawyer, by an eminent Member of the the Bar, Play-House People, by the author of an Actor's Alloquy.
Unpublished Portions of the Life of Vidocq, the celebrated French Minister of Police.
Mirabilia Exempla, by a Metropolitan.
Extracts from the Journal of a Passenger from Philadelphia to New Orleans, by Professor Ingraham.
Scissible from the Blank Book of a Bibliographer, presenting many rare and valuable details.
Biographies, in full, of Commodore Stewart, with a Portrait and view of a Sea Fight.
Biographies, in full, of Zingham, the Negro Queen.
Biographies, in full, of Boz, Dickens, with a Portrait.
Biographies, in full, of Prince Puckler Muskau, the celebrated German Traveller.
Biographies, in full, of Pagnanini, with a Portrait.
Biographies, in full, of John Reeve.
Biographies, in full, of Dr. John Faust, the German Sorcerer.
Biographies, in full, of the Duchess of St. Albans, formerly Mrs. Coutts.

The Second and Third Volumes, of nearly one thousand pages, contain
THE CELEBRATED ANNIVERSARY REGISTER, & *Monthly Calendar of American Chronology.* Complete for every day in the year.

Subscribers, forwarding a Five Dollar Bill, may command a year's subscription and the remittance of these two volumes, in numbers, by the mail. Or any friend, or well wisher, transmitting the names of Five, or more subscribers, at Three Dollars each, will receive the two volumes for 1838, containing the Calendar free of expense.

For the convenience of subscribers, various combinations have been formed, wherein the transmission of a Five Dollar bill will save material trouble.

A Five Dollar bill of par value, will command Two years' subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine—or two copies for one year, if sent to one direction.

A Five Dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and one years subscription to the Lady's Book, published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Godney, at Three Dollars per annum.

A Five Dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and, one years subscription to any of the popular Weekly Papers published in Philadelphia; and the proprietor pledges himself that both periodicals shall be duly forwarded to the given directions. By this means, subscribers at a distance may save postage and discount, and depend upon the receipt of their chosen works.

A Ten Dollar bill, at par value, will command two copies of the Gentleman's Magazine for two years, commencing with the first number, and ending next July—a series of four volumes to each copy. Clubs of Ten and upwards will be allowed the usual agency, if the numbers are sent, free of expense, to one direction: thus, Ten Subscribers, receiving the work in one monthly parcel, will be charged but Twenty Dollars if the money be sent in advance, and free from postage and discount.

Single copies of the Gentleman's Magazine cannot be obtained. A year's subscription must be paid: and at the termination of the time paid for and agreed upon, the subscriber must intimate his intention of discontinuance, or pay the ensuing year upon demand.

Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

POETRY.

THE PLOUGH.

When Adam with his blooming rib,
By the behest of Heaven,
From Paradise, his native home,
All sorrowing was driven.
The curse primeval, though so hard,
A blessing was I trow,
That she should nurse her little babes,
While he should guide the Plough.

So, our great ancester became
A farmer of the soil,
And millions of his children, too,
Are sharers in the toil.
We clear and beautify the fields;
We drain the miry slough;
We wield the sickle and the flail,
And guide the sturdy Plough.

Of all the stations here on earth,
The farmer ranks the first,
Though some may reckon him debased
For toiling in the dust.
'Tis Nature's calling he pursues,
As, with a sweaty brow,
He turns the sods all upside down,
And guides the sturdy Plough.

When spring in all its merriment
O'erspreads the fields with green,
And nought save notes of joy is heard,
And naught but smiles are seen,
The farmer turns his tillage lands,
And who's so happy now,
As he while whistling to his team,
He guides the shining Plough.

Domestic joy full well he knows,
And, it mayhap a care;
For none must think to be exempt
From common lot and share;
His wife, she deems it her concern
To milk the bonny cow,
And cheer her ruddy husband, as
He guides the sturdy Plough.

For love of wealth some get ensnared
In speculation's toils,
And others, when disasters come,
Are scrambling for the spoils;
Still does the prudent farmer pay
To industry his vow,
Nor heeds the struggle nor the strife—
But steady guides the Plough.

Good rule and order he maintains;
He lives in peace with all;
And, to defend his country's rights,
He's ready for a call;
Now, to be ever thus content,
Say, wight, would ye know how?
'Tis but to mind your own affairs,
And steady guide the Plough.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

When distance severs kindred souls,
Affection's lasting tie ne'er rends;
But fancy roves where ocean rolls,
And loves to dwell with absent friends.

Then smiling hope's delusive ray,
Its care dispelling influence sends,
And gilds the hours that pass away
From those we love—from absent friends.

O! can there be in life a charm
More sweet than retrospection lends,
When dwells the heart with rapture warm,
On past delights and absent friends.

That soothing charm I would not lose,
For all the bliss that wealth attends;
Its joys that ne'er a calm infuse,
So sweet the thought of absent friends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MERCY O'MORE, OR LOVES ROGUERIES.

"It is not that my heart hath swerved
From what it ought to be;
Oh, fondly hath that heart preserved
Each little thought of thee."

A bewitching creature was Mercy O'More. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, you would not meet with such another dear, delightful, clever, captivating darling. All the boys of high estate and low estate, rich and poor, acknowledged the fascinations of Miss Mercy, and no one was ever known to be thrown into any other than an extatic state, when Miss Mercy favored him with a smile of that dear, delightful, dimpled face of hers! O, it was quite enchanting to have such a smile beaming upon one. Talk of the sun! There never was a ray from that glorious luminary that fell so warmly upon the heart of created man, as a smile from the sweet face of Mercy O More. There *was* a man who declared that upon his heart Miss Mercy had made no impression; and people said, in consequence, that he had no heart at all; but he had, and a pretty good one, too, as the sequel will show. It happened, too, that, this very identical young gentleman with a hard heart, or a heart with a hard covering, was the only one whom Mercy herself had fallen in love with.

'Well, Florence, darling,' said Sir Maurice O'More, one day, to Mercy's sister; 'and so you believe that our beauty is fast caught in love, too, with that unloving Englisher, Harry Perceval.'

'I do, indeed,' was the reply.

'And what makes you think so?'

'I can interpret downcast eyes, and gentle sighs, I warrant. 'Sister!' said I, to-day, 'sweet sister! what think you of the gay young bachelor, our visiter?'

'A goodly man enough,' she said: and then —'*heigho!* heigho!' she sighed. Do not mark that? 'That goodly man,' said I, 'will make some pretty maiden's heart ache.' 'I do not doubt he will,' she straight replied; and then she turned the leaves of many books, but nothing pleased her there; she tried her pencil too, but after making many crooked lines, and nothing else, she blamed the unskilful maker of the crayon, and snapt it in a pet; her gay guitar she said, was out of tune; and then her harp—alas!—she swept her fingers over the strings, but the only music which they made was the echo of her sigh.'

'And from this,' said Sir Maurice, 'yot infer that she loves?—Well, well, time will show.'

It is possible that Henry Perceval may have felt the soft passion creeping upon him, and not wishing to become a Benedick, he resolved upon flying from the dangerous neighborhood of Mercy O'More. Certain it is that he called to him his man, Barney, a *jontleman*, who officiated in various capacities, valet included, and ordered him to pack up all his traps.' 'For,' said he, 'Barney, we leave this place to-morrow morning.'

'Sure you won't!' said Barney.

'Sure I will!' responded Harry Perceval. 'They want to persude me that I'm in love with Mercy O'More.'

'And you could do worse than be in love with her,' said Barney.

'Could I?' said his master; 'But I don't happen to be in the mind just at present to do anything so desperate. I'm not to be caught with her beautiful bit of the blarney.'

'Don't you be talking of the blarney master,' replied the faithful domestic. 'Mayhap you hav'nt been rubbed upon the blarney stone yourself. By my conscience, I've heard you whispering such things into the years of the English girls, that St. Patrick himself couldn't beat, with the blarney stone at the back of him.'

'Hush Barney! No tale telling out of school.'

'Say fie to yourself master. Isn't it yourself that's libelling the red cheeks and bright eyes (blessing on em!) of Miss Mercy? Ah, master? whenever I catch the twinkle of those eyes, I feel a great coat warmer all the day after. Och! such eyes! such diamonds!'

'Irish diamonds—ey?' said his master.

'No sir; the genuine! Then, such cheeks! red and white, laid on by the hands of Lady Nature herself, round about, like the *cherry-bins* heads at church. Then her lips! Och! that's murthuration!'

'You are romantic, Barney,' said his master.

'You may say that,' was the reply; 'I'm just the boy for that same.'

'Well, well;' ejaculated Perceval, suppressing a smile. 'By this time to morrow, Barney, you and I will be on the high road——'

'To matrimony, sir?'

'No sirrah, to England'

'You'd better be merciful, and lead Mercy to the altar.'

'And tie myself up in a halter, afterwards. No, no; I'm not bound for the gulph of matrimony yet.'

Thus saying, Harry turned round, and perceived a tall and lanthorn-visaged young gentleman, whom he heard breathe a heavy sigh, hanging down his head.

'Hallo!' cried Harry, 'Who are you?'

The stranger heaved another sigh.

'Are you dumb, sir!' asked Harry.

The stranger shook his head.

'What ails you? Speak.'

The stranger heaved another sigh and exclaiming 'Mercy O'More!' hastily retired.

'Poor unfortunate gentleman,' exclaimed Harry. 'What a vixen this Mercy must be A fury incarnate! I wish I was a thousand miles off.'

Turning again he beheld one of the prettiest, wildest, most good natured looking, little flower girls he had ever encountered, who dropped a modest curtsey, and was passing onward, when Harry caught her apron, and asked what her name was?

'Kathleen, if you please, sir,' replied the girl—'Kathleen, the flower girl, if you please—who gathers blossoms from hill and dale, for the gratification of her customers. Will you buy? Here are roses and lilies: but they are for the gentle and the good.

'And am *I* not good?' asked Harry.

'La, no; you're a man Here is heart's ease for the forsaken lover; Will you buy? And here are some pretty tulips: Do you love tulips?'

'*Your* two lips, of all the world, my pretty Kathleen.'

'La?' cried the girl, blushing and simpering; 'Will you buy?' They may suit *you*, for they are bright as the blutterfly.'

'Am *I* like a butterfly?' exclaimed Harry Perceval.

'Why, no; not *quite* so pretty;' was the reply

'Ey! my dear wench,' said Harry, 'I should like to be better acquainted with you.'

'Should you indeed! Well, that's very kind, for nobody thinks of any pretty girl now, but Mercy O'More. I was once a beauty, sir.'

'And are you not still—still—still most beautiful?'

'Ah, that's flattery,' said the girl. 'But the young men all thought the same once.—Before Miss Mercy came into the neighborhood, I was the loveliest, happiest, and gayest of girls; everybody envied me, for I was universally beloved. I had then twenty lovers and a half—real ones too.'

'Twenty and a half!' cried Harry.

'Yes. The half was Cormoc O'Casy, a very good natured *bit* of a man, rather tender here, sir, (touching her forehead.) Nature, in creating him had made a slight mistake, and transferred the soft place from the heart to the head. He never told his love, but only used to squeeze my hand when he bought a posey, and sighed shockingly—'*O dear!*'

'And did that merciless Mercy rob you of all these?'

'Ah, she did. There's not a lover can be kept from her.'

'It is very strange,' said Harry Perceval, 'that for her capricious smiles they should have forsaken the pretty Kathleen.'

'Isn't it, sir? There must have been some witchery in it, for they all of them, on their bended knees, swore they loved me dearly. Ah! those were happy times, when, the day's labor being ended, I selected one from my many suitors, to accompany me in a moonlight ramble among the hills & vallies, glades and glens, by wood and lake, each scene a paradise, and I the presiding spirit! And when the sun was sinking beneath the distant hills, its last glories were accompanied by the music of my beloved——'

'Ah!' cried Harry, 'a guitar?'

'No; a jew's harp. He played so sweetly that my spirit wept as the divine melody fell upon my young heart; and when the great round moon arose, our hearts were entranced with bliss.'

'I see it,' cried the enraptured youth. 'I picture the romantic scene—earth, heaven, and water; moonlight, paradise, and a jew's harp! O delightful!'

'Yes, very; except when a shower of rain visited us; for then my love, would run away.'

'Run away! Now, can there be on earth a man so vile? Run away from such a simple innocent girl as Kathleen? Kathleen, that man was a villian.'

'Was he, indeed?'

'Kathleen, your charms, your innocence, your delightful simplicity, entitle you to a suitor of superior rank. Mercy O'More has not one half your attractions. She is precious ugly.

'I am not 'precious ugly,' am I!' asked the flower girl.

'*You—you!*'—cried Harry. 'No; you are all perfection: you are—you are—Zounds—I feel—I feel——'

'Do you feel ill?'

'Ill? Yes—no, not ill, my dear; but I have the heartburn sadly.'

'Shall I fetch you a little chalk and water?'

'Oh, no: the only medicine that can effect my cure lies deep in those lovely eyes: let me gaze on them until my own dull orbs shall draw it forth.'

'O, sir!' cried Kathleen, blushing deeply.

'Let me gaze, and gaze again,' exclaimed Harry! '*'Tis* thus that I would fortify myself against the witchcraft of Mercy O'More.'

'Would you, indeed?' replied Kathleen, with such an arch expression, that Harry half suspected she was something more than she seemed; but her subsequent replies removed his suspicions, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon having discovered one of the most artless, and unsophisticated girls in the world He was already half in love with her, and before they parted he had made Kathleen promise to meet him again. Presently afterwards, Barney arrived with intelligence that all his master's moveables were packed and ready for departure. 'Unpack them again,' said Harry Percevel: and Barney wondering, at his master's fickleness, retired to obey the new orders. A fortnight passed, and Perceval had grown more reserved in his behavior to Mercy O'More; and he stole out every evening, after dinner, to meet the pretty Kathleen, with whom he was so much enamored that he at length resolved to marry her.

"I am going to get married," said he one day to Sir Maurice O'More.

'Is it possible?' said the baronet.

'I knew I should surprise you. You will be more surprised when I name Mrs. Harry Perceval *clert*. I am resolved to do justice to modest merit, Sir Maurice; for what is fortune given to us for, but that we may bestow it in rewarding virtue and goodness?'

Sir Maurice admitted the justice of the enthusiast's opinion.

'And, therefore, I intended to marry Kathleen Nolan, a poor, but beauteous peasant, whom I adore."

Sir Maurice expressed a wish to see the charmer; and Perceval promised to bring her next night.

'But,' he added, 'be sure and keep Mercy out of the way; for she would laugh at me.'

And the next evening the charmer was conducted into a little parlor at Sir Maurice O'More's and there the lover, the lady, and the baronet, spent a very pleasant half hour. Perceval had made Sir Maurice acknowledge that Kathleen was more beautiful than his daughter Mercy, though Sir Maurice, qualified the admission by declaring it to be his opinion that he had seen Mercy, when she used to dress her hair in a profusion of ringlets, look quite as beautiful as her rival. But Perceval insisted that it was quite impossible Mercy could look like Kathleen, or talk so fascinating as Kathleen, or be half so loveable as Kathleen. And then it occurred to the lover that it was time to depart, and he said as much; but Kathleen did not stir from her seat.

'Come, Kathleen,' at last he said, 'we must go.'

'O, no; not just yet,' she replied, in a tone more fascinating than anything Perceval had ever before heard, even from her lips; and running her fingers over the strings of Mercy's harp that stood near her she played one of the national melodies with such delightful expression, that Perceval seizing her hand and kissing it ardently, cried aloud that he was the happiest man in the world; and Sir Maurice said he ought to be.

'You *do* love me a *little?*' asked Kathleen archly.

'Love you!' cried Perceval, 'to distraction! to madness!'

'Then,' said Kathleen, 'suppose we ring the bell, and let sister Florence come in to witness our happiness!'

'What!' cried Perceval.

'What!' echoed Sir Maurice.

Kathleen removed the clustering curls from her cheeks and brow, and displacing some marks which she had pencilled upon her countenance, was discovered to be no other than Mercy O'More herself, who had hit upon this method of winning the heart of the man she loved.

Need we add that the bell was rung in compliance with Kathleen's request, and that Florence came in to witness the happiness of her beloved sister; and that Mercy relinquished her right and title to the ancient and honorable name of O'More within a month at the nuptial altar!—*World of Fashion.*

TECUMSEH.

Tecumseh was the sworn enemy to the Americans. Indeed he detested the whole white race as heartily as Carthagenian Hannibal did the Romans, and was the ally of the English because he was thus afforded a better opportunity to wreck his vengeance on the descendants of those who had taken possession of the soil, which rightfully belonged to the red men, and who were rapidly sweeping the Indian from the face of the earth.—Tecumseh was endowed with courage, a quality which is not one of the characteristics of the North American Indian; he also possessed a mind of uncommon vigor—and in his general character as well as in his implacable hatred to the whites, he resembled the celebrated Sachem, Philip of Mount Hope. We have heard a little anecdote of Tecumseh, which will serve better than a volume of description to depict the character of this extraordinary man.

A short time before the battle of Tippecanoe, a talk was held between General Harrison and Tecumseh. The General arrived first at the appointed place, which was an open spot, carpeted with the green sward, & covered only by the panopy of heaven. He was accompanied by his suite, arrayed in full regimentals, and presenting a gay and imposing appearance. Soon after, Tecumseh approached the spot, clothed in splendid Indian military costume, which was well calculated to display his athletic form. His manner was not that of a suppliant. His bearing was as haughty as if worlds were at his disposal; and he advanced towards the spot where Harrison awaited him, his step was firm, his form erect, with the head slightly thrown back, his features stern and rigid, and his nostrils were distended like those of a war horse when he scents the battle from afar. Indeed his whole appearance was that of one who asks no favor, but, goaded on by contempt and hatred, breathes nought but defiance upon his enemies.

As Tecumseh proudly approached, General Harrison rose to receive the Chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, 'Your white father requests you to be seated.'

Tecumseh cast upon the American General a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation. '*You* my father?' said he 'No. The sun (pointing to the luminary in the heavens) is my father; The earth, (pointing to the ground) is my mother; and (throwing himself on the ground) I will rest no where but on her bosom!'

The annals of Roman or Grecian history will hardly furnish a reply to equal, in drandeur and sublimity, this of the untutored Indian.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

Return of the Jews to Palestine.—Many accounts recently received, state that great numbers of the Jews have gone to their native country, Palestine. The number now, it is said amounts to about 40,000 and is rapidly increasing by large annual additions of this scattered people from all parts of the earth.

If ever a prophecy was most literally and remarkably verrified, it is that given in the holy volume, that this people should be persecuted by, and scattered throughout every kingdom and nation under Heaven; and we believe the prophecy will be equally verified in regard to their return to the holy land—the land of their ancient firesides, worship and homes, from which they have been for many years driven. The present appearances seem to indicate that the day is not far distant when the chosen, though erring and deeply punished people, shall re-visit and occupy as a nation, the long forsaken banks of Jordon, where the Psalmist once turned his sacred lyre, and uttered his prophetic songs; the blighted plains of Gallilee, where once the Saviour wended his way to cheer the disconsolate; the ruined city of Jerusalem, once the terror of surrounding nations; the forgotten temple, whose walls once echoed back the accent of that voice, "which spake as never man spake." It is by no means beyond the bounds of probability, that ere the lapse of a few years this once populous and fertile country, so celebrated in sacred history, may be again occupied by its owners, and again the song of praise swell her solemn temples to the God of Israel and the *Saviour of the world.—Dov. Gaz.*

Penn's Maxims.—William Penn's maxims are little sought after in the present day, but nevertheless deserve an occasional revival. He says of method, that it goes far to prevent trouble in business; for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time, and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.

Another:—Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it

A third:—Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.