G. D. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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ETC. ETC ETC.

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Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

POETRY.

THE NIGHT ERRAND OF A KNIGHT ERRANT.

"His love tale he did pour,
In converse sweet, the time flew on."
[*Old Ditty.*

The night was dark, and keen the air,
As forth from home I sped,
To seek my Kate, th' angelic fair,
Whom soon I hoped to wed.
A glimpse of moonlight did disclose
My love, well wrapped about—
"I hope your anxious mother knows,"
Said she, "dear John, you're out?"

Beneath a spreading tree, we drew—
(The question did evade,
For should I tell the truth, I knew
She'd chide me,—gentle maid)
To walk I pressed her, but "Ah! no,"
Said she, with artful pout,
"I can't, for mother doesn't know,
Indeed, that I am out."

In converse sweet, the time flew on,
We heeded not its flight;
And while we talked, we might have gone
Ten miles, I'm sure we might.
We kiss'd—"now, John," said she, "do go,"
(I saw she had a doubt,)
"I'm sure your mother does'nt know,
My love, that you are out."

I left—and in the road to get,
I crossed her garden neat,
When, lo! a trap, which had been set
For thieves, caught both my feet!
How to escape, I did not know,
Alas! I dared not shout,
For Kitty's mother did'nt know,
You see, that she was out.

A storm came on, the thunder roll'd,
All night I there was bound,
A huge bull dog, who fiercely growl'd,
To watch me, stalked around.
Next morn, a servant let me go,
Who whispered (stupid lout)
"Young man, your mother didn't know,
Last night that you were out."

Straight home, with rail-way speed I ran,
Nor paused e'en once to breathe:
And now I'm safe, I think I can
To others counsel give;
"By me take warning every beau,
And do not rove without
You're sure your anxious mothers know,
Young blades, that you are out."

Population of the U. States.—The Boston Times facetiously says:

Editors are making estimates of the population of the U. States at the next census.—One puts it at eighteen millions, another sixteen, and so on, according to their various notions of addition and multiplication. We set it at seventeen millions four hundred and nineteen thousand five hundred and sixty-three and one third. If any one can get nearer than that, it is because they don't know any thing more about it than we do.

Reported for the New York Express.

MEETING OF THE FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY.

According to the appointment the females of the Society held their private meeting in the Spring street Church on Wednesday last Mrs. Hawkins, the Lady President. The short, newly married women who had conducted the business on the previous day, took their station on the platform beneath the pulpit, and the members, amounting to a hundred or a hundred and fifty females, seated themselves in the body of the Church. Resolutions were offered and debated with considerable warmth. First there was a discussion about the propriety of using the title of Mrs. and Miss to the society. A lady rose and spoke briefly in favor of the signs and distinction between the married and single members being kept up. It would have a great influence on immoral men did they know that unmarried women had resolved to withhold their countenance from them. Married women held no such influence over the young men as that possessed by the unmarried, therefore the greater number of single ladies who would consent to enroll their names as such, the better. An old woman arose—she knew of a young man a mortal enemy to moral reform. While he was contending against the society in her presence one day she told him that a certain young lady very beautiful, accomplished and virtuous, was a member of it, and after that he could not say another word,—Therefore she was in favor of the motion.

The president asked if the ladies were prepared for the question and those in favor of it were requested to arise. Two or three very beautiful girls who were too young and pretty to be ashamed of a state of single blessedness, arose with a fair proportion of matrons, young and old, handsome and ugly.—The negative was called, and up started a host of old maids all in a flutter of excitement who voted the pretty girls and handsome matrons down in a twinkling. They exchanged glances of triumph, and sat down, to enjoy the victory. A magnificent Lady of about forty, who was remarkable for an extraordinary resemblance to a plate of the "English Mother waiting for the Harvesters," illustrated by N. P. Willis, and to be found in one of the old Tokens, sat directly in front of us. We observed a subdued smile trembling about her fine mouth which was answered by one of the beautiful girls, who seemed to enjoy the defeat of her party with a good deal of comic humor.

Considerable excitement prevailed among the ladies for a time after the loss of this vote. Then several other questions was settled without debate. It was decided that members should address the president while in debate, instead of each other. That no body should speak more than three times on a subject without especial permission, and so on.

Then a set of resolutions were proposed. The first contained a resolve that all ministers of the gospel who did not preach on the seventh commandment were guilty of gross neglect of duty. A tall, modest looking woman proposed an objection. She thought the censure conveyed in the resolution too sweeping, in her opinion there was something of presumption in a body of women attempting to set themselves up as monitors of a class of men supposed to be fully competent to take care of the public morals. Here a young lady, a smart looking girl—or it might be a married woman—with prominent eyes and a face rather intellectual than otherwise, started up from a pew near the pulpit, and flourishing a silver pencil case in her hand began a set speech, rounding off her periods like a lawyer in his first plea, and speaking as one having authority. For her part she was in favor of the resolution. Ministers were but men, and when they neglected a manifest duty, it was the right of women to admonish them. She could see no presumption in it.—They had arrogated to themselves in that resolution, no right which did not belong to them as a society organized for purposes of moral reform. They ought of course, to admonish ministers respectfully, and in a proper manner. She thought the form of the resolution was in no way two strong.

There was a little more debating pro and con before the resolution was adopted.

Then came up a resolution condemning all works of fiction, particularly religious fiction as injurious to the morals and well being of society.

A tall thin woman, in a leghorn bonnet, and black ribands, got up, and in a queer voice made a speech. She hoped that resolution would pass. Story books were dreadful things. She felt the importance of keeping them from the young. She had seen the effects of them in her family. All fiction was awful. She felt—she knew it. She could not bear to have a word said against that resolution.

Mrs. Day here arose and seconded the resolution and sat down. A soft sweet voice from the neighborhood of the magnificent quakeress drew general attention that way. It came from the beautiful girl whom we mentioned before. She turned her mild blue eyes on the "Mrs. President," and with a smile that might have won its way into paradise, inquired if it was meant to convey a sweeping denunciation against *all* religious fiction. If so, she begged permission to move an adjournment. She could not presume to vote against the holy parables of our Saviour, or such books as the Pilgrim's Progress.—She proposed that most religious fiction be substituted for *all*.

This modest address was answered by the owner of the prominent eyes and the silver pencil case who arose, and in a clear trumpet like voice, which filled the church not unpleasantly, said that she should advocate the resolution in its present form. She had read light reading—the effect had been deleterious. She found it difficult to fix the mind on serious subjects. Fictions were all untrue; they told about people that never did and never could exist: there are no such men and women as we read of in novels, no such incidents as are given in them.

The parables were not fictions, but truths; they are illustrated by events that *might* have happened.—The imagination was the great channel by which sin and impurity was let into the soul. Fiction was to the mind what spiritous liquors were to the body—they intoxicated only. She was for the resolution in its broadest sense.

Here the beautiful girl arose again. She had never taken the parable of our Saviour in a literal sense; she believed them to be thus in their application, but that they would come under the sweeping censure of the resolution in the present form. She agreed in the assertion that the imagination was capable of abuse, but it was an attribute granted by our God, and ought to be cultivated.

Here, she of the silver pencil case again started up. There was a great difference between cultivating the imagination and stimulating it with fictions in her opinion. She sat down and her modest opponent smiled, and quietly proposed her amendment.

Mrs. President, said the owner of the silver pencil case, it is not rulable to admit an amendment if it is objected to—I object to the amendment." She sat down with considerable increase of dignity. The President looked puzzled—the blue-eyed girl smiled quietly—then a voice sounded from near the pulpit, which made half the lady reformers start to their feet. We could not see the speaker's face, nor hear more than a few of the disjointed sentences, as they rushed over the congregation—a perfect Niagara of words Fiction!—trash of the Devil—Devil—derived of the evil one—exterminated from the face of the earth—were all that we could gather from the torrent. The noise died away gradually, and then an old lady told the story of two young ladies who would read novels. She talked to them and they gave up all but religious fictions. This was just as bad, and she had all to do over again, but she made out to convince them at last.

Here the woman with queer voice, said, "Mrs. President, I can't sit still and see the resolution altered one bit, my family has suffered so. I don't think we have any right to bring up the Holy Bible and criticise it. I do insist upon it, I cannot bear to let that resolution be altered."

A very pretty modest woman here arose in the body of the church and asked, if all religious fiction was condemned, what was to be done with Sunday School libraries? The lady President smiled, and said she was glad to hear that question asked: and this led to another animated discussion which ended in passing the resolution by a heavy vote. The lady of the blue eyes and golden hair, whose amendment had been so cavalierly dismissed by her antagonist of the silver pencil case, turned with a smile of resignation to the quakeress, and some one proposed an adjournment which was seconded and carried, after which the lady of the pencil made another short speech regretting the thin attendance, and hoping that her sisters would all be encouraged and be punctual.

In the afternoon five other resolutions were presented and debated with equal spirit, till at length the ladies becoming rather more excited than true philanthropy seemed to require (as ladies sometimes will on such occasions,) the meeting broke up to assemble again in a social way at No. 13 Vandam street, where the ladies talking about the moral state of the community over a cup of strong tea, with other nice things to match, become very amiable, social and benevolent under its pleasant influence, and entertained the gentlemen, all friends of moral reform, who joined them in the evening in the most praise-worthy and exemplary manner.

"None of your jaw," as the Philistines said to Sampson.

INTERESTING EXTRACT.

"And this is the Dead Sea, and below these dark waters are the sites, perhaps the ruins, of Sodom and Gomorrah, such as when the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. There is a tale that nothing living, not even a bird, can ever cross this sea. But there is no need of imaginary stories to heighten the desolation of the scene, and we, as well as other travellers, can testify to its inaccuracy by our own observations. We believe, however, that its waters are unfavorable to animal life; and, though a shell or two may be occasionally picked up upon the shore, yet these have been probably brought down by the Jordan. The water is excessively bitter and nauseous; and, if additional evidence were wanting, we also could testify to its great gravity, and to the buoyancy of the human body, when immersed in it. It is only by much exertion, and for a very short time, that any one can get and remain below the surface.

"We went from here to the Jordan, and struck the river where tradition says the children of Israel passed over, when they first entered the Land of Promise. On the west side is a low bottom, and on the east a high sandy bluff, and the shores of the river are covered with aquatic bushes The water was thick and turpid, and the current rapid, and too deep to be sounded, 'for Jordan overflowed all its banks all the time of harvest.' And here did cross the Jewish nation, over this turbulent stream, 'on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.' And we followed their route to Jericho, the frontier city of the Cannanites, where 'the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.' There is no city now to take, nor are there any walls now to fall. There are a few miserable hovels, made of rude stones and mud, and the ruined walls of a building of the middle ages, where the wretched Arabs burrow, rather than live. Jericho has disappeared as completely as her rival cities, which sunk before the wrath of the Almighty. And it requires an effort to be satisfied that there the great miracle which attended the entrance of the Jews into Canaan was performed, though the truth of the denunciation is before the eyes of the traveller: 'Cursed be the man before the Lord that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho.'"

Thus speaks L. Cass, American Minister at Paris, who, in August, 1838, stood upon the shore of the Dead Sea, traversed the trackway of the Israelites through the wilderness, and noted the place of their passages across the Red Sea.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF "LE BEAU SABRURER."—There is something very touching in the following sketch of the death of "him of the snow-white plume"—the hero of two hundred fights—

"Who sleeps his last sleep, who has fought
his last battle,
Whom no trump shall awaken to glory again."

Murat called to his death.—Whilst poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences, so incontrovertibly true, the door of the chamber slowly opened—Giovani Della Cassa entered, and with downcast eyes announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour.

Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calm—not the slightest change was visible in his countenance—not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. He met the hideous features of this far more terrible of deaths with as much indifference as he had faced it when it was disguised under the trappings and the panoply of war.

Taking in his hand the cornelian seal on which was engraved his wife's image, he gazed on it and kissed it, and then again dwelt on the miniatured features of his four children on which he dropped a tear. Desiring that the cornelian he then held within his hand might, after death, be taken from his grasp and given to his wife, and the miniature to be buried with him, he walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up in double file twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded, and upon this thrilling operation King Joachim stood, looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blind-folded, he mildly rejected with a smile; then placing his right hand, which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a calm, strong voice, "Spare the face—aim at the heart!"

Twelve muskets answered to the words, and sent twelve balls into the breast which had never harbored any other feelings than those of generosity, benevolence and virtue.

The engraved cornelian and the picture were taken from his strong death grasp.—His mutilated remains, together with the portraits of his family, were buried in the very church which had been erected by his munificence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious end of the illustrious warrior, whom death had respected in more than 200 battles. He was in the 48th year of his age, and the eighth of his reign over Naples.—[*Maceroni.*

THE VINE AND OAK.—The following beautiful allegory is from the interesting Algic Researches of Henry R. Schoolcraft, esq:

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. 'Oak,' said the ivy vine, 'bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me.' 'My support,' replied the oak, 'is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb, even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

'But I wish to grow independently,' said the vine, 'why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependant upon you.' 'Nature,' answered the oak, 'did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon, among the trees The trees will begin to say,—It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody then will admire thee, or pity thee."

"Ah me," said the vine, 'let me escape from such a destiny:" and with this, she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The Boston Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1839, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of literature. The subject treated of, is the benefit of Printing:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder till the fierce hosts filed to new victories and carnage, the pale looker on might have fancied that nature was in her death throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the son of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Veniz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes? The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed like a whirlwind to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself through all countries and all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations of captains from Wal the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these moveable types of Jahannes Faust.

Superior Johnny Cake.—The Ladies annual Register for 1839 says the following recipe will make a Johnny Cake fit for any alderman, mayor, editor, or other dignitary in the land:—Take one quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful salæratus, one tea cup of wheat flour and indian meal, sufficient to make a batter of the consistency of pancakes. Bake quick, in pans previously buttered, and eat warm, with either butter or milk. The addition of wheat flour will be found to be a great improvement in the art of making these cakes.

Creation, a Catastrophe.—The Boston Post states that some down easter thus describes himself—"I am a real catastrophe—a small creation—Mount Vesuvious on the top, with red hot lava pouring out of the crater and routing nations—my fists are the Rocky Mountains— arms liberty poles, with iron springs. Every step I take is an earthquake—and every blow I strike is a clap of thunder—and every breath I breathe is a tornado—my disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off at a flash—when I blast, there'll be nothing left but a hole three feet in circumference, and no end to its depth!"

An Astonishing Feat.—A man at the Hunting Park Course, on Monday afternoon, undertook to run twenty miles in 2 hours and 30 minutes, which feat he performed in 2 hours and 27 minutes, without intermission, thereby winning the wager of 1000 dollars, in three minutes less than the specified time.