DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JULY 15, 1839. NO. 2.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED AND PRINTED BY
W. 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.

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POETRY.

From the N. Y. Knickerbocker.

THE HAPPY HOME.

I love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where Virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And Vice, fell serpent! never basks,
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whispered near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy
With sportive tricks, the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldlings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow,
Lights up the christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm,
Around a resting-place so bright,
And glooming Sorrow finds a balm,
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And Discord rears its front no more,
There Pity's pearly tear drop starts,
And Charity attends the door.

No biting scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And Vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And Fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep.
When pebbles, tossed by boys : t play,
Disturb its still glassy sleep,
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wandering feet forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night
Above the christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimsoned head in death;
And earth's bright ones amid the tomb,
May, like the blushing rose, decay;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid the holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
Where sits the king of glory near,
And executes his perfect law,
The ransomed of earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the christian's happy home.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

When suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in the calamity, or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbor, and, seeing that he is not afflicted with any open or palpable grievances, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and in fact, appear as the very step children of Providence.—For every particular evil which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look up to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious.—Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessaries of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblessed with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterizes another family where they are far less earnestly desired.—Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot, but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and, we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under her absence Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow" (to use the language of scripture)—regards a last surviving son! His every motion—his every wish she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return If he comes on horseback, she hears the foot-fall of the animal while it is as yet beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguished him by his very breathing—his highest respiration, and knows it is her son —Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought, at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she had already parted to the grave Such exactly were the feeling of the Neopolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her *only son.*

It chanced however that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instructions which could be bestowed on him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survice, his only care as far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her from being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatning character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free from the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that by wearing it he would be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather odd; but loth to refuse any thing that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with a view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; every body she found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost dispaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one —a middle aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation To this fortunate dame, the Countess preferred her request, making the circumstance of her case her only excuse for so strange an application.

'My dear Countess,' said the lady, 'spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most *miserable* woman in Naples.' So saying she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor.—This being drawn aside, she disclosed to the horror of her visiter, a skeleton hanging from a beam! 'Oh, dreadful!' exclaimed the Countess; 'what means this?' The lady looked mournfully at her, and after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. 'This (she said) was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with when my relations obliged me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, he compels me to come and survey his remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission.'

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have who bore no such appearance — 'Alas!' she said to herself, 'no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house.*

When she reached home she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquility.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see what great fallacy it is to suppose that others are, more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that we, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured, that, beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble—the luxury of the opulent—even the dignity and worship of the crown—all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter into any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and, imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence—*that there is a skeleton in every one of them.*

FROM AFRICA.—Dr. S. M. E. Goheen formerly of this place, who has spent the last two years at Monrovia in the Colony of Liberia, has just returned in good health, and bright anticipations of the ultimate success of the enterprise in which the Colonization Society is engaged. We learn from him that the present condition and prospects of the Society are more encouraging than they have been at any former period. The inhabitants are turning their attention to agriculture, and find the soil most admirably adapted to it.

He handed us a file of a new paper called "Africa's Luminary," just commenced at Monrovia. In typographical appearance it excels most of the country newspapers in the United States, and the editorial department is conducted with ability. The paper exhibits a pleasing indication of the prosperity of the Colony, and what has been and what can be done towards colonizing Africa, and elevating the depressed African in the scale of humanity.

The Luminary says the health of the Colony, and the extremely light manner in which strangers have been attacked by the prevailing fever, is 'matter not only of astonishment but gratitude to God.'

Dr. Goheen brought with him—what no doubt will prove a most interesting curiosity to the people of this vicinity—a living Ourang Outang—a capital description of which we publish below, extracted from the Luminary. We can testify, from our own observation, to the truth of all that is there said, and we might add that the half is not told.—Its freaks are inimitable, and would make a hypochondriac laugh. If we had time, we would favour our readers with several more extracts.—*Columbia (Penn.) Courant.*

From Africa's Luminary.

THE OURANG OUTANG.

We have seen several animals of the above class in this, and in other countries; but never saw nor even heard of one to compare with the female ourang outang, now in the possession of Dr. S. M. E. Goheen, and to be seen at our mission premises.

Jenny, (for so the Dr. calls her,) was obtained by him about five months ago, from a gentleman of this town, who had purchased her from a native, a few months previously.

She is four years old, and measures two feet four inches in height, being as well proportioned, and as much like the human species in the formation of the different parts of the body, as any of the same class of animals of which we have any record. She was taken quite young by some native Africans, and was clinging to the addomen of her mother when the latter was killed by them. Her teeth are regular and perfect. She has four incisors, and two canine, and six molars, in each jaw, and presents the exact appearance of a human face and head.

The length of time she has been in a domesticated state, and particularly the last five months, have served to develope the astonishing degree of sagacity—approaching almost to reason, with which her species are furnished by the great Creator of man and brute. It is no small source of amusement to us, and quite a relaxation from the constant routine of business and care, to take a peep at Jenny occasionally: see her go through her various exercises, all of which are most obediently performed at the bidding of her master, and mark her diverting powers of imitation. She is chained by the neck to a piece of wood driven in the ground the end of which is about eight inches above the surface. A line just high enough to admit of her grasping it by a slight spring upward, is fastened by one end to the back wall of the kitchen, and by the other to a fine orange tree which shades the spot. Jenny's movements on this tight rope are truly diverting. She not only suspends with ease by either hand or either foot—for her feet are well adapted to all the purposes for which the hand is used—but walks in an erect position on the rope, balancing herself with exact precision by the use of her long arms. When in good humor, (which by the way, is not always the case, for she too, gets into fits of passion, and requires the rod of correction.) Jenny performs some exquisite feats of agility, swinging from side to side; supporting herself by one limb, then by another; lying down on the line, arms and legs suspended; making somersets; and in every possible manner, showing the great activity and quickness of movement peculiar to her race.

Her attempts to open the lock, by which her chain is secured, when her master designs to treat her with a romp among the fruit trees in the garden, and the privilege of picking a sour sop, papaw, or orange are remarkable. Jenny takes the key from the hand of the doctor, sits down on the leg of wood, and very patiently tries to insert it into the hole of the padlock. After repeated failures, all most patiently endured, she succeeds,—the key is inserted, but to turn it around so as to start the spring, is too much for her, and she has to be indulged with some assistance.

The most amusing scene is to witness the effect of music on her nerves and passions:—we sometimes indulge her with a visit in the mission house, take up an accordion and play her a tune. The excitement, the transport she is thrown into, and her various gestures and movements are astonishing. She jumps up and down on all fours for a while; then springs on a chair and has a caper; and sometimes mounts on the back of the chair, giving all the evidence of being perfectly charmed. Should Jenny ever visit the United States, we apprehend she will afford a fund of amusement for thousands of the curious.

Scene in a Sucker Court.—The Illinoisian tells the following amusing story of a scene that occurred during the sitting of one of the Illinois Circuit Courts:

A constable that had lately been inducted into office was in attendance on the court, and was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began at the top of his lungs, John Bell and Elizabeth Bell—"one at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time, *one at a time,* ONE AT A TIME," shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge out of patience.

"*Now you've done it,* NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT," yelled the constable. There was no standing this; the court, bar, and bystanders, broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

Ethiopian Galantry.—It takes a negro to be polite and "do the amiable" in the best and most approved style. During a heavy shower on Tuesday, and while the rain was pouring down in a torrent which would have been set down as a fair opposition to Niagara, we saw a specimen of negro politeness which would take the shine out of some of our "ladies' men." The side-walks were completely flooded and some modern Diana (*Diana* we believe she spells her name) was scudding along under the eaves, with all sail set under an umbrella, and vainly endeavoring to keep some parcel in her hand from getting wet — Her petticoats, too, were all in a drabble, and she had taken one or two reefs in them to keep them as dry as possible. We have never seen any poor creature is such a dilemma.

A "gemman," and a real one of her own color, seeing the bad fix she was in, made the best way he could to the rescue. Bringing his body into the position of a half moon, or rather a pair of half opened compasses, he addressed the dark fair one with

"I sees you's in rader a wos fix dan usual, Miss, 'specially ven de sun shines. Shall I bab de hona to discord you to youa residence in dis dispeptic situation. Hopes I may be permitted to offa my surbices, sich as day is, on dis melancholi occasion, kase its on my rode home and does'nt put me out not in the leas."

Diana blushed sky blue, accepted the proffered kindness, handed over the umbrella which Sambo held entirely over her head, then the parcel which he stowed away under his coat, and in this way they paddled off together. A white man could not have done the thing in better style.—*N. O. Picayune.*

CAUTION TO THE CURIOUS.—When you enter a printing office, be sure to gawk about and read all the *manuscript* you can get your eyes on. It's very polite—very; and besides, who knows but that you may be able to detect some enormous villany, and crush it in the bud! Isn't this a free country? and what business have printers with privacy, they are paid for publishing the news.

2. Be sure to pick up some of the types in the case and examine them, especially if you have never seen any before. Types are not too good to be looked at, are they? Throw them down again when you are done, into one of the boxes—no matter which. Printers should'nt have so many little boxes all of the same size if they want folks to be more particular.

3. Don't forget the *press* I beg of you—its an engine of vast importance to the world.—Take hold of it—it was made to use. Pull the bar up: its not such a mighty lever power, after all—when there is no form on.—There, let go; guess it will go back itself, if those pesty springs are good for any thing.—Slam! bang!!—"Good gracious! have I done any damage, mister?"

Yes, sir, you have probably put yourself to an expense of *ten or twenty dollars* for repairs, to pay for your curiosity!—Herkimer County Journal.