L. D. Teackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JULY 29, 1839. NO. 4.

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.

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Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

POETRY.

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

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

SING NOT OF HOME.

BY A. T. LEE, U. S. ARMY.

Ne'er sing to me of Home. I've stood
Once more within my native dell;
Where falls the light on waving wood,
And cliff, and stream, remembered well;—
Beneath the verdant ivy bower,
I've watch'd the bee upon the flower,
And heard from out the locust tree,
The sky-lark's morning melody,
As sweet upon my ear as when,
To joys I ne'er can know again,
It woke me from my childhood sleep,
To ramble forth through grove and bower,
And gather by the mountain steep,
The berry red and dewy flower.

Sing not of Home!—but yesterday
I could have listened to thy lay,
For I had cherished in my brain
A will delusion, false as sweet.
I thought, when I beheld again
My native mountain, stream and plain,
Despair and I would no more meet.

An exile, with an ocean wide
Between me and my native land!
For long, long years my spirit sigh'd
For that sweet hour, when I should stand
Again where sweeps the mountain breeze,
Among my own bright forest trees;—
Alas! alas, I little thought
That hour would be with sorrow fraught;
That in one glance the hope would perish,
My soul so long had learn'd to cherish.

My sister's cheek was bright and fair,
My brother's heart was warm and brave;
The willow sweeps the hillock where
They sleep together in one grave;
And many a morning dew hath wet
The grass above my father's head;
And where no blade hath sprang up yet,
My mother sleeps,—God rest the dead!

And she, the flower and pride of all,
Who mingled in the moonlight dance;
My first love, in a stranger's hall,
I met the cold and careless glance,—
But thanks to heaven for that one joy,—
She knew me not;—no eye could trace
A feature of the laughing boy
Upon my dark and altered face.

Thus to my childhood's home I came,
A stranger—knowing, but unknown,
Heard many a well remember'd name,
Breath'd only to the dead my own;
No kindred now with man I claim,
But in the wide world, stand alone.

My boat is on the beach below,
My bark is on the white sea foam,
One song for thee before I go,
But not of Home,—oh, not of Home!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Book.

EMILY WATERS.

——Forswear the bowl:
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.

ARMSTRONG.

Emily Waters became an orphan at fifteen years of age. Prior to which event, her father had given her a good education, and instilled the pure principles of Christianity into her young mind. She was suddenly bereft of both her parents, whom she had dearly loved, by one of those terrible occurrences which are so frequent and disastrous on the rivers of our country, making the hearts of so many family circles bleed for the havoc of their members—a steamboat explosion. They had joined the tide of emigration to the far west, with the intention of seeking a home in that delightful region, where with industry and prudence, they expected to obtain a good support, and leave at their death, an only and beloved child, not entirely dependent upon the world for a precarious livelihood.—They had left Emily behind them, until a home should be provided for her, when lo! father and mother were both suddenly cut off—the overflowing waters of the Mississippi engulphed their disfigured and lifeless bodies, with every soul on board that ill-fated vessel, never to surrender them, until time shall have run its course, and the sound of the last trump shall be heard. Thus, just springing into life, a beautiful and fragile being, without resources, without friends, unprotected, was Emily launched upon the unfeeling world, to meet with whatever of happiness or of misery, kind heaven saw fit to portion her with.

It is true, there was one individual upon whom she might rely in this hour of wretchedness, the first she had ever experienced—which she did, with all the confidence and pertinacity of woman's love, when that passion for the first time has taken possession of her breast. This person was Cecil Waters—to whom she had surrendered all the budding affections of her youthful heart. They had been waiting a considerable period for a favorable moment to be wedded, when she heard of the shocking catastrophe which had befallen her parents. Many long days and nights, in bitterness and sorrow, did the orphan girl, in the solitude of her chamber, bewail their fate, than whom none were more kind or better loved.—Methinks I see her now as I beheld her on that occasion, sitting alone in the twilight of her apartment, with her eyes swollen and red, and face streaming with scalding tears, her fingers empurpled with blood, which was ready to start forth, as she rung her hands together in agony—the very impersonation of grief. She would not be comforted—the rod had stricken too deeply, and nature was too exquisitely wrought for a time, to admit the voice of sympathy and consolation. It was many days before even her lover was received by her, so holy, so absorbing was this feeling, and then, with but a portion of the joyous alacrity with which he was accustomed to be greeted.

She married Cecil Waters—reluctantly, certained: but this reluctance, however, did not arise from any disinclination on her part towards him, for they had been long betrothed to each other, and ardently attached. It arose from the knowledge that their union would not receive the blessing of his father, who had expressed strong objections against his son wedding a portionless women. It was after many repeated and urgent solicitations on the part of her lover, that she finally consented to marry him, in opposition to his father's expressed will and interdiction, and for which disobedience they were to feel almost immediately the unpleasant consequences—consequences which nearly drew perdition upon them both.

Mr. Waters was wealthy, proud, and opinionative, little inclined to accede to any act which in his judgement was unlikely to increase his consideration with the world or of adding to the many thousands existing in his coffers; the virtue, the faultless beauty, and cultivated mind of the young woman, or his child's happiness being at stake, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—it would not flatter his vanity, not augment his importance in the eyes of the multitude. After the marriage, consequently, Cecil was informed from his parent's own lips, that whatever expectations he might have formed of receiving assistance from him, he must now discard forthwith.

"You have disobeyed me sir," continued his father, in anger; "you have disobeyed me sir, and upon your own head must fall the fruits of your wilfulness—your own exertions must now give you a livelihood, or else you must bear the latter consequences of want—from me, hereafter, expect nothing! I have brought you up, reared you with tender care, your least wants supplied, fulfilled all the duties demanded from a father to his offspring—and this, this is my reward—this is your gratitude! Ingrate!—from this time I know you not—begone—hence, begone, sir!"

They parted—not to meet again, until one of them had drank deep of sorrow and want and wretchedness—and the other, lay cold, rigid and senseless, in his winding sheet, gone to his account. But we must not anticipate.

Accustomed to idle and luxurious habits and unused to any settled plan of obtaining a support now, when his fate had become joined to that of another—now, when most in need of assistance and an encouraging hand—Cecil found himself friendless and a beggar. Poverty, of itself, however discouraging to the young when first starting in the race of life, is commonly the chief cause of their success, particularly when correct principles, early instilled into their minds, is joined with industrious and frugal habits—indeed, in our country, scarcely without an exception, these are the best fortune that can be given to youth. Wealth is proverbial for its instability—a thousand casualties may in a moment imperish the richest—it is not so with honorable employment, the truly noble and efficient means of obtaining independence. With these in his possession, he is not poor who choose to exercise them—they are richer far in bringing interest than stocks which declare the largest half yearly dividends; all is clear profit, cent per cent without drawback and without loss. Happy would it have been for young Hampton, had his education been in accordance with them—if, instead of idleness and unsettled pursuits, he had been inured to some regular business or employment—he would then have been comparatively independent of the smiles and patronage of any individual—could have laughed to scorn those who pretend to withdraw their countenance, because he had chosen to act for himself, in taking to his bosom the woman he loved.

This change, however, which came over the prospects of the young man, lost its wonted and legitimate effects. Instead of bearing up gallantly, as a race horse impatient to run his race and win the offered prize, after a few ineffective exertions, he drooped in spirit and effort, and at last, relinquished all attempts, as though fate had shut up every possibility of success to him—and what was far worse than all, with inactivity he quickly imbibed vile habits, whose touch, as with the wand of the evil one, turned what was amiable into contamination, and what was once strong into incapacity. In a word, intemperance obtained the mastery over that, which was not shielded by pure and high minded principle.

* * * * *

In a narrow and obscure street of our city, the character of whose neighborhood was of questionable respectability, there stood a two story frame building, which from its dilapidated appearance, would denote to the passer by, that it had not for many long years felt the renovating hand of either painter, carpenter or mason. Its begrimed and dirty front scarcely presented a trace of the coat of white paint it had once received, and its broken windows, there not being an entire pane of glass left in any of the six which faced the street, gave it a forbidding and desolate aspect. The interior of this domicile, for it was still inhabited by a number of wretched families, was not less gloomy and time worn, than its exterior was uninviting, and it needed no inordinate stretch of the imagination to conceive its occupants as being among the most wretched, if not the most debased, of the human kind.

In a dark and badly ventilated chamber, upon the second floor of this building, were two individuals. One of them a young man, about twenty two years of age, though his pale attenuated appearance would declare him to be some five or six years older than that, was lying upon a straw pallet in a corner of the room. His companion was a young female, who was sitting by his bedside, with a painfully anxious expression of countenance, and watching every gesture and movement of the invalid.

There was no furniture in the apartment, save some few articles actually necessary for the preparation of the most simple meals, if we except an old pine wood table, deprived of one of its leaves, which was standing near the bed, with some powders folded up in white and blue paper, and several vials containing medicine, lying upon it; two chairs, and the bed standing in one corner of the room. In the fire-place there was a small clay furnace and a handful of burning charcoal, upon which was a tin vessel, apparently containing some nourishment or drink for the sick man.

The natural gloominess of the chamber was now thickened as the dusk of evening was fast approaching, and flickering light of the charcoal fire being unsteadily reflected thro' the apartment and upon the countenances of its inmates, gave a wild and somewhat supernatural appearance to every object, which was heightened by the noise of the boisterous and stormy elements without, as each fresh gust of wind struck upon the old building, causing its roof and sides to groan, and threatening their displacement, if not the destruction of the building itself.

The clamour of the storm awoke the invalid. He asked for drink, which was immediately given him by Emily, for she it was who was so sedulously nursing her sick husband. After having drank, with his wife's assistance, Cecil sat up in bed, and in a tone of soft endearment she enquired if his fever had abated.

'How do you, dearest? Do you feel better, my husband?' and with a napkin she wiped the moisture from his forehead, which had gathered there from his slight exertion. He answered faintly.

'I feel something better, Emily—though I am feeble, very feeble.' And Cecil's hand, as he reached it forth, trembled as though its owner was far advanced in years, and decrepitude confirmed his assertion. 'A little better,' he continued, after a short pause, 'it is a hard trial to be sick—to be laid prostrate and helpless as an infant; but I should not repine—for you, dear girl, have been a guardian spirit to me throughout the whole time of my painfully tedious days and sleepless nights. How can I repay thee for all thy care and goodness towards me—me, who am so unworthy of receiving kindness at thy hands! Do you not detest me, Emily, hate me, the degraded, the fallen, the dishonoured! Do you not wish that I were—'

His wife, with weeping eyes, flung herself upon his bosom and sobbed aloud as she cried, 'No! no!—Detest you, my Cecil! You! my own dear husband—never!—nor are you indeed so fallen, Cecil, but all may yet, all will yet be well—not dishonoured—not degraded!'

'Kind, sweet girl!' he responded passionately as he drew her still closer to his bosom. 'Kind sweet girl!—your husband has ever been blind to thy virtues—he knew not the angel he possessed in his Emily—until now, he never half appreciated thy sweetness, thy worth, thy goodness! Insensate that I am!—and, oh! horrible thought! that pain, and misery, and sickness, produced by cursed *rum* should be the means of this blessed knowledge! How can I requite thee, for all my injustice and brutality towards thee!'

'Nay, dear Cecil, you must speak no more on this subject. As your wife, I have done no more than my duty, in making you as comfortable as our circumstances would permit—and we must thank the great dispenser of all things that they are no worse—but get well soon, and I shall be well repaid. No! you must speak no more now,' she continued, interrupting him, as he was about to reply, and placing her hand over his mouth, 'you must speak no more now, I am fearful of your having injured yourself already—compose yourself to sleep, and when you awake, you will be enabled to converse without evil consequences ensuing.'

'No! Emily, no—I must speak now,' he cried, as he gently freed himself from her—'*now!* for I may again relapse into that dreadful state, where all was anguish and horror, and annihilation—now, when I feel that asseverations made, will be recorded for weal or for wo, as they may be kept—now, before I am free from danger, and the issues of life and death are still at war—now, whilst I know what I am speaking and promising—Yes! hear me, Emily, and bear witness, as I promise now, before high heaven and before thee—that, if it please God to raise me from this bed of danger and suffering, I will become temperate—never to permit that damned liquor, rum, in any shape or form, to pass these lips again—never—so long as this immortal man is cognizant of willing and doing—so help me God!'

'This is a fearfully solemn promise, Cecil,' said Emily; 'but to me, not all the wealth of the Indies nay, the whole world to me, is poor and pitable, indeed, in exchange—to lose all hopes of its strict fulfilment. My petitions, dear Cecil, shall be incessant to that God upon whom you have so solemnly called to enable you faithfully to keep this resolution, for without his assistance the strongest of us is week. Now my husband, lay your head down upon your pillow, for I fear this excitement will delay your recovery—say no more at present, but lie down and may your dreams be sweet, and sleep healthful and refreshing.'

After Emily had smoothed her husband's pillow and given him some drink, the invalid composed himself to sleep, with a conscience more enlightened of its burden, and a mind more free from the anxieties of life, than had been his portion for many months previous—such being the reward of correct and virtuous resolves, when made in a true spirit.

And the wife, the young and virtuous Emily, she who was as beautiful in mind as in her person lovely—though in the deepest poverty and wretchedness, was well fitted to grace the magnificent abodes of the gay, the rich, and the elegant—what were her feelings at this moment which she felt to be the crisis of her fate—what did she do? what was the state of her mind? To enter fully into her feelings and impulses is impossible. It must suffice to note some of the outward acts of the unhappy woman—unhappy—no! she was not unhappy—for at this moment Emily felt a dawning of hope within her breast, she felt an inward feeling of self-applause, which is the tenant of his bosom alone, who has done what is to benefit his kind—*she had redeemed a man*, her husband, from beastley intemperance—a man, the image of his Maker, who had debased his godlike faculties, and fallen to the level of brute beasts. She was calm, and sat by his bedside, with a heart beating high with a promise of happiness for the future. Observing that he had fallen into a tranquil slumber, she sunk upon her knees, and resting her arms upon the bed, with her hands clasped in each other, she lifted her eyes toward heaven, and there arose in a soft and subdued tone of voice, from the lips of the sick man's wife, a prayer, pure, fervent, and humble, full of praise, full of thanksgiving, full of hope. She finished her prayer, and arose from her kneeling position, when a sweet and gentle confidence took possession of her soul; she felt that her petition to the throne of grace, for her husband's forgiveness and speedy restoration to health, was heard and granted. Excellent woman! excellent wife!

Thus was Cecil Waters, by that scourge of our land, brought low upon his bed of sickness, just escaping with his life, and depending solely upon the scanty earnings of his young and hapless wife, for indispensable necessaries to prolong his wretched existence. Well might he say to her, 'how can I requite thee?' She, a feeble woman, who had watched at his bed side, administering to all his wants, performing all the unpleasant and not less arduous duties of nurse, day after day, and night after night, soothing him in his pain, cheering him in his moments of gloom and despondency, and when spared from his couch, slaving for his support—he can never requite her.

But Emily had her reward—those endearing words and warm embrace—that promise of reformation which opened a hope for the future; and more than all, the conscientious discharge of her duties as a wife, and love for her husband, brought their recompense.—What trials and hardships will a wife not undergo—what misery and deprivations not endure, for the man whom she truly loves!

Cecil rapidly recovered his health, and was weaned forever from his intemperate habits. He now conducted with propriety and decorum, and ere the year was past, the church numbered him among its communicants. From humble beginnings and untiring industry, being cheered forward by his faithful Emily, he gradually acquired sufficient to live in an easy and comfortable manner. His father died unreconciled with his son, leaving all his wealth to a benevolent institution. This event, however he may have felt the wrong his parent had done him, caused no regret or ill feeling in his mind.—Time past over their heads tranquilly. One, an example of what a man can effect, when when he chooses to exert his reason, rather than follow the dictates of a degrading sensuality—the other, a heorine in a field, more truly noble and exalted, than the conquering of empires.

A. M.

TIPPOO SULTAN'S THRONE.—The Sultan's throne, we are told, being too unwieldly to be conveyed away, was broken up. It consisted of a howdah, or armed seat upon a tiger covered with sheet gold; the ascent was by silver steps, gilt; the canopy was equally superb, and decorated with a costly fringe of whitepearls all around it. The eyes and teeth of the tiger were of glass; it was valued at 50,000 pagodas, or upwards of 25,000l. sterling. The sheet gold alone was estimated at 40,000 pagodas. Every inch of the howdah contained an Arabic inscription chiefly from the Koran, and superbly stamped, being raised and polished in the most beautiful manner. A gold figure of a bird, covered over with the most precious stones was fastened to the top of the canopy; its beak was a large emeral, its eyes were carbuncles, the beast was covered with diamonds; on its back were many large jewels, fancifully arranged; while the tail, made to resemble a peacock, was actually studied in the same manner.—The whole was so formed as to have the appearance of plumage, and so closely set that the gold was hardly to be seen.

Leather Cannons.—In 1681 leather cannons were used by the Swedes with considerable success. They were considered an improvement upon the wooden cannon then in use, and which consisted of thick staves of wood bound together by iron hoops.