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DORCHESTER AURORA

"PRINCIPLES AND M

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

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

From the Cincinnati Journal.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Sober. Touch thee! No, viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall!
Did you not promise?—say—
To make me strong as Sampson,
And rich, rich as Crœsus—
(I'll wring thy villanous neck)—
And wise, wise as Solomon,
And happier than the happiest?

But instead of this, villian!
You've stripped me of my locks—
Left my pocket empty as cuckoo's nest
In March—fooled me out of my senses;
Made me ragged, made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch!

Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance
In this fist, I'll scar the moon
With thy broken skull!

But, one embrace before thou diest;
'Tis best to part in friendship; [*tasting*]

Feeling good. Ah! thou hast some virtue yet;
I always thought 'twas best
To give the devil his due;

Feeling better. And though the devil thou art,
Thou hast a pleasant face,
A sparkling eye, a ruby lip,
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—
'Tis sw-e-eter than the [*tasting*]
Br-e-ezes that ever gambol
Till the break of day
A-mong the beds of ro-o-ses.

Feeling best. My honey, thou shalt not die;
I'll stand by thee, day and night,
And fight like Her [hic] cules;
I'll tea-e-ch the parson [hic] a little wisdom;
I'll pre-e-ch [hic] tem-per ance too;
I'll li-ive on mil [hic] k and 'oney,
And [*falling*] be the ha-hap piest man
on EARTH [hic]!

Bonaparte.—Some curious anecdotes are told of the dethroned Emperor, while John Bull was his jailor, on the Island of St. Helena. On one occasion he was rather merry at the expense of a Captain of a 50 gun ship, who was introduced to him. After inquiring minutely about the weight of metal, &c. the ex-Emperor inquired: 'What chance would you stand of taking a French 74?' The Captain replied, 'If it was blowing hard, so that she could not open lower ports, we would take her, not otherwise.' 'How long,' continued the imperial captive, 'do you think you would be in taking a large frigate?' 'Do you mean French?' inquired the Captain. 'No, American!' replied Bonaparte. The Captain hesitated—the Emperor laughed heartily and took his leave.

"Please Exchange," as the Printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Illinois Backwoods

THE FORGED PATENT

The changes which the last tw have wrought in Illinois, would be to one who has not witnessed them period our settlements were few spirit of enterprise that now perva corner of the State, had not then been awakened. The bluff of our own beautiful river had never sent back the echo of the steam engine. Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised—and from the time it was '*laid by*,' the end of July, till '*pulling time*,' in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except on Saturday. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers, far and near, collected at the distillery, and amused themselves with shooting at a mark, 'trading nags,' and, too often, when the tin cup had passed freely around, in fighting.

This, sir, is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of our oldest settlers deny But to my narrative.

One Saturday afternoon, in the year 1819, a young man was seen approaching with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather distillery, of 'Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract.—As usual on that day, a large collection of people were amusing themselves at Crosby's, who owned the only distillery in that region—was a magistrate, and regarded by the settlers as a rich and great man.

The youth who now came up to the group was apparently about twenty one years of age, of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society. It was evident, at a glance, that he was not inured to the hardships of a frontier life, or labour of any kind But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting shirt of the coarsest linsey woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of deer skin moccasins A large pack completed his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse swap [illegible], the rifle was laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached 'Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal personage among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated; saying that he was extremely ill, and felt the symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for a moment without uttering a word.—Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was 'a yankee,"—a name at that time associated in the minds of the ignorant with every thing that is base. Mistaking the silence and hesitation of Crosby for fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not without money,"—and putting his hand into his pocket to give occular proof of the assertion, he was horror struck to find that his pocket book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing—without even a single letter or paper to attest that his character was honorable—in a strange land, and sickness fast coming upon him—these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The 'Squire, who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue—With a loud and sneering laugh he said, "stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree, if you think to cotch me with that yankee trick of yourn." He proceeded in that inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the '*Squarr*' was powerful, and few dared to displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eye around over the group, in a tone of deep and despairing anxiety, inquired, "Is there none who will receive me?" "Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor, sick stranger, I will shelter you."—Then, in a lower tone, he added, "I know not whether you are deserving, but I know you are a fellow being, and in sickness and in want, and for the sake of him who died for the guilty, if not for your own sake, will I be kind to you, poor young stranger."

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simeon Davis, an elderly man, who resided near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a deadly enemy. Uncle Simeon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore the many persecutions of his vindictive neighbour without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

[illegible] said to him, "poor sick man, your sister is far distant, and cannot hear you—I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark eyed maiden keep her promise.

At length, the crisis of his disorder arrived; the day which was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of waking him from the only sound sleep which he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length, he awoke and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis, and faintly inquired, 'Where am I?' There was intelligence in that look. Youth and a good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and, bursting into a flood of irrepressible tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up, even for a short time He had already acquainted them with his name and residence but they had no curiosity to learn any thing further, and forbid his giving his story until he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson, and his parental home, Boston. A few days afterwards, when Mr Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson saw at the head of his bed, his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it The first thing he saw was the identical pocket book, whose loss had excited so many bitter regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment, that circumstance was forgotten. He examined it, and found every thing as he left it.

This discovery nearly restored him to health—but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honour and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favours upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

A few days after, Mr Davis left home to go to a neighboring village, expecting to be back the same day, but night came and he did not return. So unusual was his absence, that Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached and he was still absent, terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search for him, when her parent came in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, wo begone countenance startled her.

He entered, uttered not a word, but seated himself in gloomy silence. It was in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, during which a powerful struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose, took his daughter's hand and led her into the room where Wilson was seated. You shall know all, said he; I am ruined; I am a beggar. In a few days I must leave this house and this farm which I have thought my own. He proceeded to state that a few days previous, Crosby, in a moment of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded only as an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a forged one, and that he, Crosby, knew the real owner of the land—had written to purchase it—and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the land office. Crosby was right The patent, beyond all doubt, was a forged one—and the claim of Davis to the farm, not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents was a regular business in some of the Eastern cities, and hundreds had been duped.

"It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not how or where I pass the remaining days of my existence. I have a home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would long since gladly have joined her, had I not lived to protect her child, my own, my affectionate Lucy." The weeping girl flung her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. "We can be happy still," said she, "for I am young, and can easily support us both."

A new scene followed, in which another individual was principal actor. I shall leave [illegible] upon my grey hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you." Taking down his family Bible, the venerable old man added, "it is a season of affliction, but we are not forsaken; let us look for support to Him who has promised to sustain us." He opened the book and read, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labours of the field shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while he prayed, they wept tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless, but not unhappy night to the three inhabitants of the neat and cheerful dwelling they were about to leave, and go they knew not where. It was then that young Wilson learned the true value of money; by means of it he could give a shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

All night long he thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land and obtained the promise of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become more fully acquinted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, Sr., was a merchant of Boston, and had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the late war, when the soldiers received from Government their bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he concluded to save them from a sacrifice of their hard earnings, and purchase at a fair price all that were offered. In three years no small portion of the military tract came into his possession. On [illegible] of Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of the principal part of his land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out to see it, and, if he liked the country, to settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son, on his arrival in the State, to lay aside his broadcloth, and dress like a back-woodsman.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois, who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a quarter section of land at Government prices, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on those terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the Judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received enclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles; and, putting the letter and certificate into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer agreeable to promise, on his arrival at Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the design of Crosby with a trembling hand he examined the certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase was the identical farm of Mr. Davis.

Astonished that his friend, the Judge, should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate, and after a moment's examination unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a FORGERY.

An explanation from the young man now became necessary, and calling Lucy into the room, told them his history, and laid before them a pile of patents and bank notes, one after another, till the amount reached thousands.

It was a day of thankful happiness to old Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene, Crosby entered. His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power, and intends to trample on him. He scarcely noticed Wilson, except with a look of contempt. After pouring out his maledictions upon the family, he advised them to leave immediately. The old man inquired if he would give him nothing for the improvements he had made? The answer was, "not a cent."

"You certainly would not," said Wilson, "drive this old man and his daughter pennyless into the world?"

"What is that to you?" replied Crosby, with a look of malice and contempt.

"I will answer you that question," said Wilson; and he acquainted him with what the reader has already learned. Crosby was stupified with astonishment; but when he [illegible] his family fled to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative?—Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion rose up on the farm of Mr Davis, both loved far better the little room where she had so long watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich, but never forgot those who were in want. Cheered by the kind and affectionate attention of his children, old Simeon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence. He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright eyed son of Charles & Lucy the story of the FORGED DEED. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grandchild, that even a cup of cold water, given from a pure motive, shall not lose its reward.

DR. GOLDSMITH.—Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was a great novice in the common occurrences of life. Sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him with whom he was intimately acquainted showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him.—'Stinking!' said Goldsmith, 'in good truth, I do not smell it.' 'I never smelled any thing more unpleasant in my life,' answered the gentleman; 'the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat.'—'In good truth,' said the poet relying on his judgment, 'I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter persisted but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When he had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. 'What ails you now?' asked the poet 'Indeed my good friend,' said the other, 'I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humor: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life.' 'Was it?' said Dr. Goldsmith, 'then I will never give credit to what you say again and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you!'

QUIZZING.—Soon after the death of Jefferson, a sprig of the law in the town of H. had his attention attracted by an old gentleman with a broad brim hat and stern iron countenance, who had just been reading a notice of the death of Jefferson, and was making some remarks about him to the idlers in the bar room.

"Jefferson? Jefferson?—who was this Jefferson?" asked the young lawyer, in a quizzing tone.

"He was the immortal framer of the Declaration of Independence," replied the old man.

"Oh yes! I think I have heard of him; he was an old *carpenter* in Perry county—a good *framer*," rejoined the quizzer.

"No, sir, he was *not a carpenter;* he wrote the Declaration of Independence, such a piece of writing, as you will never be able to write,' the old man replied, in a harsh tone, peculiar only to himself.

"Take care, old fellow! Now this Jefferson was a carpenter, afterwards turned play-actor, and—"

"Judge Huston!" interrupted the landlord, with a low bow, "please walk in to tea."

The poor fellow of the law, it is needless to say, was dumbfounded. He had understood Judge H. was in town, and he called to see him through courtesy, but after the quizzing operation, he found it convenient to be off.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Human happiness.—"I have lived," said the indefatigable Dr. Clark, to know that great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable falsehood; you cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all, keep them all going." Daily experience, we are bound to say, verifies the remarks of the doctor.