L. D. Slackle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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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 Providence Journal.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

"I am for plain simple love, without any embroidery."—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

"A fair face will wither—a full eye will wax hollow—but a good heart is the sun and moon, for it shines bright, and never changes."—*Shakspeare.*

I love thee! but I do not think
Thy form is perfect grace—
Nor that the charms of Venus dwell
In the features of the face—
I love thee— but I think I've seen
A smaller foot than thine,
I also think I've seen before
An ankle much more fine.

I love thee! but a brighter eye,
A ruddier cheek I've known,
A whiter forehead, and a mouth
Much prettier than thine own—
I love thee! but I know I've seen
A whiter neck and hand,
And tresses that more lightly waved,
When by the breezes fanned.

I love thee! but I do not mean
To flatter thee, and swear
That thou art perfect and divine,
When I don't think you are—
I love thee—But if thou my love
Dost scorn, I never do
Intend to pine away and die for thee—
And yet I love the too.

I love thee! for I never saw
One of the woman kind,
More richly dowried with the gifts
Of a pure and noble mind:
I love thee! for there never was
A heart more true than thine,
Or that could touch so thrillingly
Responsive chords in mine.

Consumption.—There is a dread disease, which so prepares its victim as it were for death, which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change, a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life; a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death; a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from; which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.—Nicholas Nickleby.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes which befell an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance in the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at elbow, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under strings of names which I no more understand than their composition, or they my *gaucheries*. Resolved to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *out* to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! It was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth in a flame, I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with the expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired, I could hear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain, so, quietly abandoning the point, opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exercising the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders.—Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted, I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death" said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March were not yet over Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *corfleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the corfleur had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and now as I gazed despondently on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of the nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appefite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great proportion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself; as I raised my person, and saw, as I glanced my eye round the table, that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of.—Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrific voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cul flower which was now plastered over her face like an emoulient poultice, fairly killing the spider and blinding an eye of the Lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

'Mon dieu! Mon dieu!' exclaimed the astonished fair.

'Mon dieu!' was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

'Have you cut your hand!' inquired one.

'No! no—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider.'

'What a quantity of entrails!' ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished, the spray of the execrable vegetable, had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

'What a monster must it have been,' observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, 'I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower.'

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

'Look at your pantaloons,' he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma I had been setting on the fatal pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sar! bete! sac r-e" the r in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained—we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, and filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget the spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eye forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a 'fiacre' and arrived safely home, heartily resolving, that to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

Beautiful Extract.—The creations of the sculptor may moulder into dust; the wreath of the bard may wither; the throne of the conquerer may be shivered, by an opposing power, into atoms; the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of the youth may be disappointed; but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—*virtue*—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God; it is written on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth. The rock cracker, who possesses it, is more noble than the intriguing statesman. I would rather be in his place, I would rather have the "inward glory" with which the poor man "is crowned," than overshadow the world with my martial banners. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Raphael, the inspiration of a Byron, the eloquence of a Mirabau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here; but if I possess it, then shall I tower above them all, when the guilty shall tremble in their sacred places, as they behold the "heavens roll together as a scroll.

North Point Monument.—We are informed that Col. Howard has applied to the War Department, where it is thought a list of the names of all who were at the battle of North Point is deposited, for the purpose of having them placed in the Monument, to be erected on the ground.

POLITICAL.

INDIANA—DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.

At an adjourned meeting of the Democratic party of the State of Indiana, held in the Hall of Representatives at Indianapolis, on Saturday the 10th February, 1838, at which General Samuel Milroy, of Carroll, was called to the chair; Wilson Thompson, of Fayette, and William Casey, of Posey, were chosen as Vice Presidents; the chairman of the committee appointed at a previous meeting, to prepare an address to the people of Indiana, being called upon, reported from that committee.

We give an extract from the address:

For the sword our modern nobles have substituted the purse; and for the gauntlet of the knight, the strong box of the broker. It is not from within an embattled fortress, but from behind a mercantile counter, that the war is now waged; and it is waged in defence, not of the *Feudal*, but only of the *Funding* system. The offensive weapons are checks at sight and bills of exchange; and (if a very indifferent pun may be pardoned) the only *notes* of defiance that herald the affray are those from under the hand and seal of a bank president and cashier. In fine, the men who now stand up in array against Democracy are not a steel clad aristocracy of barons, but a moneyed aristocracy of bankers.

Banks and bankers! Oh, what a rallying cry is that! How surely does it call up in defence of moneyed privilege and corporate power, the lords of the counting room—the chiefs of the exchange! And how accusation upon accusation pours upon us! We aim to ruin commerce, to destroy credit, to fetter enterprise! These are the least of the many crimes eagerly laid to our charge. How honest the accusations are, we will not inquire; how true they are, is a more important question; and to that we speak.

We say, then, that here is no war waged against commerce or credit; no, nor against banks. Here is no assertion that, in their proper place and under due restriction, banks are not a benefit to the community. When money-changers set up their tables and drive their trade within the temple of freedom, it is a Democratic duty to upset the encroaching tables and expel the intruders thence; but it does not follow, because such unhallowed encroachment is resisted, that money-changers, in their own proper sphere, are useless or mischievous.

It is not, then, the question in debate between the two present political parties, whether the numerous family of banks shall exist, but only whether Government out of that family shall select one as a bride. The Whig party contends that such a marriage is suitable and expedient, while the Democrats assert that the proposed union is a virtual divorce of our Republican Government from its early love, from its first fair bride, liberty.—They appeal to history in proof, that any alliance of Government, save with liberty alone—any unconstitutional concubinage, be it with Church or with Bank—results in injury to itself, and in evil to the great family over which it presides. The Democratic party protests, therefore, against this governmental polygamy.

To effect this ill-assorted alliance on the one hand, and to resist it on the other, are, respectively, the great objects of the political parties that now divide the United States.—Other differences, broad and important there are, indeed, between these parties, but none that constitute more clearly the party Shibboleth than this; none that more distinctly stamp the principles which still divide, as fifty years ago, they divided, the Democratic party and their political opponents.

And here, again, there will be an outcry. Fifty years ago! The very sound is offensive; it calls up visions of secret conventions and Federalism. Be it so. It points us at least to the time and place of birth of the two parties; and it is useful thus to revert to our political parentage.

Let us go back fifty years, then, and ascertain what, at the first birth of these parties, were the feelings and objects of each.

What a bold, broad line was drawn, in those days, between Democrat and Federalist! There was no distinction without a difference then When, in May, 1787, the convention of delegates met in the old State House of Philadelphia, to frame a Constitution for the United States, plainly and ably did the two distinct parties state their principles and advocate their projects. Hamilton, Harris, Pinckney—these were the champions on the one side. Franklin, Madison—these the leaders on the other.

And what were Alexander Hamilton's principles? Hamilton, the elegant and profound; Hamilton, the candid and fearless statesman, the amiable and honorable citizen, the idol and boast of the party, whose brightest ornament and best support he was. What were his views in politics and plans of government? They are to be found, in careful detail, at pages 73, 84 and 5 of the fourth volume of "Elliott's Debates," and well worth reading and remembering they are. It was on the 19th of June, 1787, he laid them before the convention, and thus they read: A Senate to be elected for life. A House of Representatives to be elected by those voters only in each State possessed of a freehold qualification of two hundred and fifty dollars; to serve for seven years. These two Houses to have the power of passing all laws without exception. The President to be elected for life and to have an unconditional veto, beyond the reach of a vote, even of two-thirds of Congress. The State Legislatures to be abolished; and the Governors of the States to be appointed by the President.

These were the wishes and projects of the great apostle of the then anti Democratic party. And skilfully and eloquently did he support them, in the debate that ensued upon their proposal. After alluding to the fact that other and very different proposals were before the convention, he adds: "My situation is disagreeable, but it would be criminal not to come forward on a question of such magnitude. I have well considered the subject, and am convinced that no amendment of the articles of confederation can answer the purpose of a good Government, so long as the State Governments do, in any shape, exist." And after going into a history of the Governments of ancient Greece, in proof that no alliance of the States could be made effectual, he adds: "I despair that a Republican form of Government can remove the difficulties. I believe the British Government forms the best model the world ever produced; and such has been its progress in the minds of many, that this truth gradually gains ground.' Again: "All communities divide themselves into the *few* and the *many*. The first are the rich and the well born; the others are the mass of the people. The voice of the people has been said to be the voice of God; and however generally this maxim has been quoted and believed, it is not true in fact. *The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right.* Give, therefore, to the Senate a distinct, permanent share in the Government. They will check the unsteadiness of the House of Representatives; and, as they cannot receive any advantage from exchange, they therefore will ever maintain good Government. Can a Democratic House, who every two years revolve in the mass of the people, be supposed steadily to pursue the public good? Nothing but a permanent body can check the imprudence of Democracy." And, a little further on: "It is admitted that you cannot have a good Executive upon a Democratic plan.—See the excellency of the British Executive. He is placed above temptation; he can have no interest distinct from the public welfare. *Nothing short of such an Executive can be efficient.*" And still further: "I confess the plan proposed is very remote from the idea of the people. But the people are gradually ripening in their opinions of Government;—they begin to be tired of an excess of Democracy."

Such were Hamilton's plans; and such his reasons in support of them. Others of the party followed on the same side; among them, Morris of Pennsylvania, who plainly declared: "The Senate ought to be composed of men of great and established property—an Aristocracy; men who from pride will support consistency and permanency; and, to make them completely independent, they must be chosen for life, or they will be a useless body Such an Aristocratic body will keep down the turbulency of Democracy."

These doctrines constitute the true, honest, original creed of the Federal party. To his dying day, they were openly held and avowed by him whom the Whigs still delight to honor—their first mover—Alexander Hamilton. Even after the Democratic plan had been adopted and was found to work, Hamilton talked about a "trial being made of this thing of a Republic," and protected that ere long the people, as he phrased it, would "tire of their excess of Democracy." That they have not yet been tired of it, is not the fault of that party, which under the various names of Federalists, National Republicans, Conservatives, and Whigs, has ever, following in the footsteps of its great champion, leaned to the side of Aristocracy.

Do we charge, then, upon the Whig party of 1838, the same designs as were broached by their predecessors in the convention of 1787? No. They would sanction, just at present certainly, no such Aristocratical innovations. Yet would it be very unsafe to endorse for some of the master spirits among them—the elders of the family, a Shaking Quaker would call them—or to say, that such dreams do not, even now, mingle with their ulterior views. Not even they ever avow any such intentions, except now and then, under some such excitement as the late vaunted New York victory Oh, no; they are not clumsy enough for that. To do them justice, they commonly obey one half of the