L. D. Jenkins

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 Globe.

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY J. E. DOW.

Oh! lovely is the brilliant bow
That spans the evening sky,
When every thing looks fair below
And every thing on high;
When far the thunder pillar rears
Its lightning gilded form,
And in the distance disappears
The ensign of the storm.

Oh! lovely is the brilliant bow
That spans the arch of God,
When sweet the evening zephyrs blow
And willows gently nod;
When living nature wakes again
To cheer the closing day,
And blushing roses drink the rain,
And brooklets babble gay.

Oh! lovely is the brilliant bow,
As when around the world—
High o'er the dying deluge's flow—
Its wavy outline curled,
And man beheld with glad surprise—
Swift brightening into form
Its glorious colors span the skies—
The witness of the storm.

Gleam on! gleam on! thou brilliant bow,
And cheer the sinking breast,
When rolls the awful thunder low,
And sunset gilds the west;
Gleam on! as I have seen thee oft
Above the rolling deep,
When bending brightly fore aloft,
Thou lulled the storm to sleep.

Verification of Ancient Proverbs.—The following prophecy is said to have been delivered by a British bard, in the time William the Norman, and preserved by some of the monkish annalists, viz: That no more than three monarchs, in direct succession, should ever again reign over these kingdoms, without some violent interruption:

1. William the Norman,
2. William Rufus,
3. Henry the first,

Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.

1. Henry the second,
2. Edward the first,
3. Edward the second,

Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward the second

1. Edward the third,
2. Richard the second,

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch.

1. Henry the fourth,
2. Henry the fifth,
3. Henry the sixth,

Interrupted by the restoration of the house of York.

1. Edward the fourth,
2. Edward the fifth,
3. Richard the third,

Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond.

1. Henry the seventh,
2. Henry the eighth,
3. Edward the sixth,

Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane Grey.

1. Mary,
2. Elizabeth,

A foreign king, (James of Scotland,) called in to assume the crown.

1. James the first,
2. Charles the first,

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch and the establishment of another form of government, in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

1. Charles the second,
2. James the second,

Interrupted by the abdication of that king, and the election of a foreigner.

1. William the third,
2. Anne,

Interrupted by the parliamentary appointment of a foreigner.

1. George the first,
2. George the second,
3. George the third,

Interrupted by the unfortunate incapacity of that sovereign, and a parliamentary appointment for exercising the sovereignty in the person of the Prince regent.

1. George the fourth,
2. William the fourth,
3. Victoria the first,

Whom may God bless, but what is to be the next interruption?—[Liverpool Courier.

[From the Lady's Book for September]

A REVERIE.

"I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau,
If birds confabulate or no."—*Gay.*

I happened one day to call at the house of a friend who resides in a pleasant part of our city. Every thing in and about the dwelling gave signs of wealth and taste. In the drawing room, which was spacious, there were sofas, ottomans, lamps, mirrors, paintings, books, musical instruments, and in short, every thing which an elegant lady could desire to adorn an elegant room.

Fatigued with my walk, and learning that the lady was not at home, I threw myself on one of the soft ottomans, and closing my eyes, was soon passing into a most comfortable drowsiness—the half-sleeping, half-waking condition when one enjoys the full luxury of sleep without its oblivion. In this state the sense of hearing is most acute. Presently a low murmuring sound reached my ear; I listened, and it became articulate. Judge of my surprise when I discovered that it proceeded from the beautiful *furniture* I had just been admiring!

'Dear me,' exclaimed the book-case, 'how tired I am of standing! Let me see—it must be as much as three years since I was posted up here. Winter and summer, night and day, have I been obliged to keep myself bolt upright; I declare I don't think I can stand it much longer.'

'You had better grumble, Mr. Secretary,' said the carpet; 'I wonder how you would like to lie flat on the floor all your lifetime, as I do—and every body trampling you under foot too! Here I lie at the mercy of every one, and it's little mercy I get. I suppose you won't believe it, friend Secretary, but I was young and handsome once; though there's precious little of my beauty left. I am trampled on from sunrise to sunset, besides getting a regular scratch every morning from Betty's broom. Yet I bear it all in silence, and no one ever heard me complain before, nor would you now, only I heard my mistress say something this morning about putting me into the nursery, and getting another in my place.—So goes the world—old friends for new! And I am to go into the nursery! well, if I get amongst my little masters and misses, I shall soon be torn to pieces. I have borne all sorts of weight in my day, but now for the first time I feel the weight of misfortune.'

'Well,' returned the book-case, with a lofty air, 'I begin to think it is desirable to have a *standing* in society. I have always been looked up to at any rate; and, 'though I say it who should not say it,' very few folks have more 'book-learning.'

'Who cares for your book-learning?' cried the centre table. 'I've got in my lap all the books that my lady wants to read. The last London Annual, Bulwer's last, and Maryat's last, and a sketch book, and scrap book, and portfolio of drawings, and somebody's poems—all dressed out like dolls. As for my master he reads his ledger, and the newspaper.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary, though you carry your head so high, you are not thought much of. But you can't help seeing that my mistress *sets* a great deal by me, and *leans* upon me very much.'

'You had better boast of our lady's friendship,' cried the grate, with a face as red as fire; you may depend upon it I am the warmest friend she has in the world, and a *great* comfort I've been to her and my master these long winter evenings. Many's the time, as you know very well, when they have pushed you away, and turned their backs upon you—drawing up to me in the most affectionate manner.'

'If you never get a *push*,' cried the table, 'I believe you sometimes get a *poke*.'

At this home thrust the grate looked rather black. The rug had been lying before the fire quietly, but hearing a neighbor attacked, seemed to think it time to put in a word.—'The grate and I have been warm friends,' it said, 'this many a day, and I am always sorry for its hard knocks—especially as I generally get a peppering myself, and sometimes a singeing too.'

'La, child,' said the hearth brush, 'you needn't fret about the peppering—don't I always brush you off as clean as a whistle?'

'O yes, and leave the marks of your smutty fingers instead.'

Now the rug was a neat little body very choice of a fine plush dress, and much annoyed at living in such a dirty neighborhood.

'You complain of the dirt, do you?' cried the tongs; 'now just look at my face! why they send me head-foremost into the coal-hod every day!'

'Never mind,' said the astral lamp, 'you was made for a *collier*!'

'And pray what was you made for, malapert?' returned the other.

'I am a philosopher,' replied the lamp, 'I throw light on every subject that is brought before me. When my master sits down of an evening to read his papers, he never pretends to see into the writer's meaning without bringing the matter to me. While he is reading, my lady is sewing for her family; she will tell you how much I *lighten* her labors.'

'It appears to me,' said the footstool, 'that a little more modesty would be becoming.'

'Modesty!' cried the lamp in some heat, 'who dares to insinuate any thing against my modesty, when I never appear in company without a veil, although those who have seen me can testify that it conceals a face which would dazzle every beholder. And now, an insignificant cricket, whose standing is so inferior to mine, whom every body looks down upon, and treads beneath their feet, presumes to accuse me of a want of modesty!'

'Peace!' said a soft rich voice in a distant corner of the room; it was the harp. 'Peace! I pray you; why disturb our harmony by these notes of discord? I was dreaming over the sweet song which my lady drew from me this morning. Its soft airs still breathe through my soul. Her touch sent a thrill of delight over my frame, and my heart-strings still vibrate at the remembrance. Your angry words grate upon my ear, and make harsh discord.'

'Yes, and you disturbed me too,' squeaked a violin; 'I was thinking over Yankee Doodle!'

A large pier glass that had been quietly *reflecting* on all that passed, now thought proper to assert its claims to distinction. 'My friends,' it said, 'I perceive that you all have a very good opinion of yourselves, and each seems to think itself of more consequence than the rest. Now I don't wish to presume too far, but it's my candid opinion that our lady would give you all up sooner than she would me. I really think she is on more intimate terms with me than any body else in the world. I am her privy counsellor in every thing pertaining to the toilet. She consults me about the set of every dress, the style of her hats and caps, the color of her ribbons, and the arrangement of her hair. She knows I am always candid; I tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'—This is more than she can say of any other friend. If her cap, or the color of her dress is not becoming, I tell her so, and she gives it up to my opinion at once. She never goes out of the house without consulting me. I receive a great deal of notice too, from the ladies who visit my mistress; they always consult me about their dress, and seem to have as much respect for my opinion as she does. Lately my lady seems to like me better than ever. For night before last, when she returned from a ball, she came to ask me if her dress was in good order. While she was standing before me, her husband came along behind her, and pointing to my face he said, with a smile of tenderness, 'that was the finest face in the ball-room.' Delighted with this compliment, I exhibited a countenance all radiant with smiles and blushes.—Since that, my lady never passes this way without casting a look of great complacency on me.'

'Proud peat!' exclaimed the rocking chair, throwing itself back in huge disdain, 'was there ever such a prating fool? But every body knows you are a *flat*. You have done nothing all the days of your life, but minister to the vanity of the world; and now I perceive that you are full of the same quality yourself. Just consider how much more useful I am. When my lady is fatigued—tired of you and every one else—she comes to me; I take her in my arms, and rock her by the hour together. But she springs out of my lap the moment her husband comes in.'—

I know not how much longer this gasconade would have continued, but just then the door opened, and the lady of the house entered; which had the effect to wake me, and put every thing else to sleep. S. J.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

Col. James Clark, Sen. of this township—a man of the days of '76—has promised to furnish us with some sketches of the exploits of the frontier men. The incident given below is very nearly in the words of Colonel Clark, and may be relied on as strictly true. We trust our aged friend will make frequent drafts upon the storehouse of his memory—and that his example in thus furnishing legendary matter for the amusement and instruction of the readers of the Mail, may be imitated by others of the pioneers.—*Middleton (O) Mail.*

SAVAGE MORGAN.

In the spring of the year 1778 or '79, while posted at a place called Martin's fort, on the Monongahela river, near where Morgantown now stands, Colonel Clark became acquainted with Captain David Morgan, then about sixty years of age. Morgan resided with his family in the fort, but cultivated a farm on the opposite side of the river.

Having one day sent a couple of his children over the river to work in the field, he soon became alarmed, lest they should be assaulted by Indians, who at that time prowled through the forest, striking at the settlers as opportunity offered. Morgan took his rifle, and crossing the river, mounted the fence, where he sat looking at his boys at work.—He had not been long in that position, when, to his extreme surprise, he discovered two brawny savages running across the field towards the children. He quite deliberately picked the flint of his rifle, newly primed it, and then started (at a run) to throw himself between the Indians and his unprotected children—at the same time giving the latter an alarm that sent them scampering towards the fort.

Morgan followed his boys at full speed, both the Indians in chase, until he came to a large walnut, behind which he took refuge, and prepared for a rough tussle with the approaching savages. The Indians, observing Morgan's caution, also treed. Then it was that the aged farther and expert warrior put in practice a stratagem worthy of a Whetzel, a Simon Kenton, or the most crafty savage. He placed his hat on his ramrod and projected it on one side of the tree, so as to catch the eye of the Indians. In an instant the sharp crack of both of their rifles was heard—a brace of bullets whistled through the hat—down fell the *mock Morgan*—the Indians shouted and rushed towards what they supposed to be a dead enemy.

But Morgan's grey scalp was not yet ripe for the knife. He took quick, deliberate aim at the foremost of the advancing savages—fired—the Indian sprang upward and fell forward a dead man. On came the remaining red skin. As he approached, he flung his tomahawk at Morgan's head. Morgan threw up the hand in which he held his rifle, and saved his head, but lost his little finger. In a moment the savage was upon him.—They clinched, and a fierce struggle followed.

The old man tripped his antagonist and threw him on the ground—but in an instant the Indian turned him, and yelled for victory.

Morgan says he laid still a moment to get his breath, expecting the death-blow to be struck. He succeeded, however, in getting one of the fingers of the right hand of the Indian in his mouth, where he held it with a death-grip. The savage attempted to draw his hunting knife with his left hand—but it drew hard, and gave Morgan a chance for his life.

Observing every movement of the Indian with a hawk's eye, he saw the handle of the knife extending above the head of the savage, and in an instant seized and drew it through the grasp of his enemy, nearly severing the hand of the latter. The knife was soon deep in the side of the savage, who rolled over with a grievous death-groan.

When captain Morgan rose upon his feet, he found himself covered with blood, fainting and dizzy. He knew not whence the blood came, nor whence the weakness, until, for the first time, he observed the loss of his little finger.

Re loading his rifle and ascertaining that there were no more enemies abroad, he went to the fort, and procuring assistance, returned, sealped the two Indians, *skinned them*, and afterwards tanned their skins—of which he made a drum's head, razor straps, et cetera. Colonel Clark has often seen him wearing a belt wrought out of this human leather. "Ever after," says the Col. in conclusion, "the neighbors called him *Savage Morgan.*"

DAYS OF OLD.

Forty years ago—Literature meant learning, and was supported by common sense.—Refined nonsense had no advocates, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.

Forty years ago—there were but few merchants in the country insolvent debtors, and they rarely imprisoned for debt.

Forty years ago—young ladies of the first respectability learned music, but it was the humming of the spinning wheel, and learned the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their forte piano was a loom, their parasol a broom, and their novels the Bible.

Forty years ago—the young gentlemen hoed corn, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, writing and arithmetic.

Forty years ago—there was no such things as balls in the summer, and but few in the winter, except snow balls.

Forty years ago—if a mechanic proposed to do your work you might depend on his word: it would be done.

Forty years ago—when a mechanic finished his work, he was paid for it.

Forty years ago—Printers were paid, and therefore were enabled to pay their debts.—What a falling off.—*Old Paper.*

DICKENS.

A London correspondent of the New York Mirror furnishes this sketch of the celebrated author of Nicholas Nickleby:

Charles Dickens, (Boz,) who sat with his pretty wife in one of the most secluded parts of the dress circle, seemed to be more of a lion, than the queen herself. He is a handsome fellow, apparently about twenty-six, a little pale and studentlike in his appearance, but with an eye that seems to take in more at a single glance than an ordinary pair of eyes could do in a whole day. Dickens leads quite a retired life, and is rarely seen in public. He is rapidly reaping a harvest both of laurels and of gold. His habits are sedate and domestic. Occasionally he appears at the Garrick Club, but even there his attendance has of late been less frequent. "So young and so famous! what a pity he is married!" said a young lady. Query, whether he is not in a great measure indebted to the restrictions of a married life, for the leisure and the habits essential to continued and permanent literary success? Would not the temptations of society, where he would be courted and carressed by the wealthy and the beautiful, interfere too much with his literary studies and labors, were he a single man? I merely throw out the suggestion. Its solution must be a matter of considerable interest to authors and artists in general.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrows is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and mellifluous tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe, but the angel voice of a woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.—[*Ex. Pa.*

Woman's Voice.—How excrutiating to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow, is the voice of a scolding woman. Like wretched music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of infernal malignity, and as a cold northeaster, distresses the wearied senses with its sharp and earpiercing tones. Poverty may add much to the power of affliction; the feeling of men may exacerbate for a time the bitterness of woe, but the demon voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delirious irritation, which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its greatest misery.

Stranger, which o' them are voices do you like best?—[*Bostonian.*

INSTINCT.

This wonderful and mysterious power, which invariably leads its possessor right, and never, like man's boasted reason, gets its followers into scrapes, is seldom more beautifully displayed than in the following instance:

In a hive of bees it was discovered that the moth had commenced its ravages, the destruction of the young bees, or the abandonment of the hive by the old ones, was anticipated. In view of the latter alternative, a new hive was placed near the old one.—Shortly after, the bees were seen entering it, each carrying what appeared to be some green leaf. On examining the hive, long rolls of clover leaves were discovered. Looking closely, they were found to consist of separate packages, neatly folded up, and cemented at the edge with great nicety; each package containing a young bee, and a sufficient quantity of nutriment for its support. From the facts, it would seem that the persecuted bees, in order to guard their young in future against the attacks of their deadly enemy, adopted this ingenious device. Had they been actuated by what *man* calls reason, could they have superior intelligence, or greater apparent knowledge of causation?