L. S. Teachle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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The public's ob't. serv't.
J. D. DUNCAN.
Sept. 2, 1839. ly

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WILLIAM KIRBY.
April 15, 1889 ly

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY WASHINGTON IRNING.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased. "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were now made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into the gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most writhing. The bustle seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the man approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman, who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation.—"Nay, now,—nay, now,—don't take it so sorely to heart." But the mother could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostring of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more,—my heart swelled in to my throat,—my eyes filled with tears,—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

It was some time before I left the place.—On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

But unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

Time passed, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around.—He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated, and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships.—He saw his mother and hastened towards her, but his steps were faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child.—The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye,—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?"

It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of childhood. The rest of the story is soon told—for the young man lingered but a few weeks, and death came to his relief.

The next Sunday after the funeral I have described I was at the village church; when to my surprise I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seats on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black riband or so,—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two such humble attempts to express by outward signs, that grief which passes show.

When I looked around upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and, before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

GEN JACKSON ABROAD.

On Monday of last week the report of General Jackson's decease reached Montreal, and thereupon the editor of the Courier, a *ci devant militaire*, sat him down and wrote a column of obituary for Tuesday. But on Tuesday the paper was filled with foreign news; and so the column lay over until Wednesday, by which time came intelligence that the old hero was not dead. Still the editor did not like to lose his labor—so he published his obituary, with a preface stating the facts, and we copy it, as a somewhat curious specimen of the way in which the 'General' is spoken of by the 'Britishers'—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

"We notice by the United States papers that Gen. Jackson has paid the debt of Nature. There cannot be said to be much love for the General in Canada, for mankind do not feel much affection, usually, for those who thrashed them, and General Jackson did, certainly, give the British a sound, or what his countrymen would call 'a first-rate' thrashing at New Orleans. Our people talk a great deal about cotton bags, and ditches, and the abominably awkward position of our troops, on the day so memorable among our neighbors, the 8th of January 1815; and it is easily explained why they do so, because we all like to assign *good* reasons when we are thrashed; 'tis a foible of man; but it would be better to come out manfully, and acknowledge the thrashing, without making wry faces about the matter. The Great Being never gave us a patent right to victory, notwithstanding the assertion of 'Sam Slick' that the British licked the whole world We must expect a 'Rowland for our Oliver,' now and then as well as others; it is sheer folly and braggadocio to maintain any thing else. If the quiver of Britannia is stuck full of victories, it is as much owing to the great care taken in the equipment of our fighting department as to the excellent material. Some forty years ago, when so much care was not taken, the British arms were tarnished a good deal; for example, in our Dutch campaigns and at the Buenos Ayres scrape. Good soldiers are made by long wars; so Napoleon, that modern Mars, observed, and he is tolerable authority. Accustom a man to the pleasant smell of powder and the musical sounds of passing shot, and he will be indifferent to either of the *agremens*; and when he has become indifferent to them, he will march up with coolness even to such a sample of hell as the breach of Badajos. Quiet, pursy, oily citizens know but of little danger, and having a mortal dislike to it, think a soldier is the spawn of Belzebub because he occasionally makes a table of the bloody carcass of a comrade, off which to eat his grub, not thinking that he himself would do the same had he served the same apprenticeship to the gentlemanly and comfortable calling. He little knows

"Of him who sleeps with head upon a sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking"

and cares about knowing still less the experience of the man of firelock and moustache. Equip a soldier well, pay him well, make him as comfortable as 'circumstances will permit,' and half the battle is won. Let him have a belly full of danger, and shortly you will see him brow beating, *les pequins*, in the most approved style of Saracen, Saladin; or Crusader. That is our opinion of soldiering But to return to the New Orleans affair and General Jackson. If he had not been 'as brave as his sword,' he would not have dreamed of attacking our people on the 23d of December; the force he had was mere militia, and although a militia not unaccustomed to the smell of that delicious compound gunpowder, inasmuch as they had breathed it at such memorable Waterloos as Tippecanoe & the Horse Shoe, when Shawnee and Creek and Cherokee fell before the whiteman, yet still they were militia, and with these he had the *impudent* audacity to attack the advance brigade of our fellows.

"It is true he attacked them at night according to Indian tactics, but it was a brave hiting; and, although we gave them their 'walking ticket,' yet we felt there was another sort of man at the head of the foe than the 'militia' captains of Bladensburg and Baltimore. His conduct, from the day he heard of the landing of the British till they re-embarked, showed the highest energy and the greatest skill. It is not every day in the year militia can be got to 'stand and deliver' their fire as the Yankees did that day, and from such another 'delivery' Lord deliver us If our men could have got over their entrenchments so as to use steel, we have no doubt our neighbors would have 'cleared out,' and this presumption is based on the indisputable superiority of regulars over militia; besides on the opposite side of the river, where the Kentuckians were entrenched, they made no stand against the 85th and the brigade of sailors, because the latter got among them. But they would not let us get round their entrenchments, and we 'caught a tarter' of the largest size. It was a 'caution.'

'Peace be to your ashes, Old General;—though we do not love you, yet we respect you for your conduct. From all we can learn of the dead, we believe that seldom has Nature produced so remarkable an example of energy and courage, and, as is generally the case with such men, he was clear-headed and skilful Courage invigorates the other faculties and renders them highly effective Regarding his Presidential career, we are not so competent to speak; the Whig party call him tyrant, and denounce him as the violator of the Constitution—as the kind of man who would not have hesitated to march into the halls of legislation, and enact Cromwell or Bonaparte. The Locofocos, on the contrary, represent him as the shield and buckler of the democracy, emphatically the People. He certainly did stand in the breach of the Constitution, even if he made it himself, like an indomitable Trojan He could not be frightened or moved, and finally walked off with some *veloed* acts in his pockets, snapping his fingers at the Whigs and the bankers in a very uncivil manner. However he is dead, and we say to his spirit *pax vobis cum.* Sleep in peace, history will give him his due Mankind are not envious of dead men; calumny defiles not the grave—We are all mighty generous when a candidate for fame has passed into the silent tomb. Man is a noble animal, very."

From the Democratic Herald.

MARYLAND—THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE.

We give our readers, to-day, the votes cast at the late election for the Congressional candidate, as returned to the Department of State; by which it will be perceived that the aggregate Democratic majority is 1,078.—By comparing this with Grason's majority in 1838, it also will be seen, that the Democratic gain upon the whole vote of the State, in one year, is 767. But the popular vote being less than that of 1838, the real gain is something larger than it appears to be at the first glance. By computation, it will be found that the whole popular vote, at the recent election, as shown by the subjoined tables, was 54,178, while that of the previous year, was 55,129. This difference will be found in a diminished vote of 22 in the second district, and of 1,675 in the third, fifth and sixth districts: while a gain of 57 in the first of 662 in the fourth, and 27 in the seventh districts; deducted from the first, give the aggregate loss of 951 upon the whole vote of the State.

Now in reference to the prospective vote on the Presidential question, it may be set down with safety, that, all things equal, the progressive increase of the Democratic majority as exhibited above, will be more than proportionally enlarged at the next fall election. And, to this opinion we arrive, first, from the fact that the decreased general vote was principally sustained in Democratic counties; and next: that no reason can be assigned why in those districts where there was a gain, that that gain should not be fully maintained, or even increased perhaps, at the next trial.—And here is our argument:—We have said that the diminished vote in the third, fifth and sixth districts above, was 1,675. Now of this sum, Carroll county gave no less than 299; Frederick, 160; Washington 220; and Baltimore co., 929. The causes which led to this result are well known, and it is now only necessary to say, that on the Presidential question they are not likely again to occur. Here then alone is an aggregate of 1,608 votes to be brought into the field next Autumn, of which it will be found by collating the returns, that 925 at least, are good Democratic ballots; which, as they were cast in 1838 for Grason, will undouttedly be made to tell for Martin Van Buren. So among the increased votes, we here find that 662 were gained in the fourth or Baltimore city and Anne Arundel district, where it will be our own fault if we do not fully retain every inch of ground we gained from the adversary in the late contest. We say nothing of the trifling loss of 22 in the second, or the small gains in the first and seventh districts, although we have much cause for being gratified at the latter; these two districts being reckoned heretofore, and rightly too, as the very strongholds of our opponents.

Reviewing then the whole matter, as elucidated by figures and official returns, we repeat, that the past holds out to the Democratic party of Maryland the strongest inducements for the sober belief, that with the onward progress of principle, the redemption of our good old State from the long possession of the enemy, will be most thorough and complete, at the closing of the great fall campaign of 1840. Let our friends look at the proofs of what they have been able to accomplish already by energy, perseverance, and unity of purpose. Truth *must* prevail. The triumph of the Democratic spirit may be *adjourned*, but the result of our past exertions has given incontestable evidence that it cannot be *avoided*. To do our duty to the cause, we have only to go on in the same straight forward course we have already pursued with so much honor to ourselves and so much glory to the State. We have only to strike hands together with a manly and uncompromising determination to succeed. We have only to cast aside all temporising timidity, all half-way measures, all succumbing to the idle fears of alarmists. We must be honest, frank and bold in sustaining our principles, and be willing at all hazards to go the death in their defence Here has been the secret of our past success; here is the secret of the progress of Democracy throughout the land, and here alone must rest the anchor of our hopes, if we would perfect the work we have already so gloriously commenced Old Maryland *can* be carried for MARTIN VAN BUREN by *at least* 2,000 majority, and it *will* be so carried and even by a greater vote, if the party act in all things as their principles now so imperatively call upon them to act. Figures cannot lie. Look then at what has been done. Look at our growing strength in the State. Look at the noble cause to which we have pledged our faith. Ponder well our present position, and then wisely determine for the future.

Correspondence of the Balt. Republican.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4th, 1839.

The great nation legislative wagon, progresses very slowly, and I see no prospect of an organization Indeed, the more rapidly the debate goes on, the less rapidly does the House advance. The more there is said, the more there is to unsay; and what might have been as clear as the nose on your face, a day or two ago, is involved in a labrynth of fogg, by the progress of argument. All the debate that is had only mistifies the subject discussed; and if we keep on at the present rate, for a day or two longer, every body will be blind and deaf, and as grey as a badger. Indeed, every man in the House, has already become stupified.

To-day, at 12 o'clock, Mr. Garland, the Clerk, called the House to order, stated the subjects before it, and gave the floor to Mr. Duncan of Ohio, who was entitled to it, by the courtesy of Parliament

Mr. WISE asked Mr. Duncan to give way for a moment. He held in his hand, he said, a resolution, prepared by a colleague of his not now in his seat, which if adopted, he said, would, he thought, relieve the House from the difficulty and embarrassment in which it was involved.

Mr. DUNCAN said he would yield, provided the floor would be returned to him, after the resolution had been read The Clerk said that he would be entitled to the floor.—The resolution was then read. It *resolved* that the Clerk be directed to call the roll, omitting only the contested seats; that after it was completed, and it were ascertained that a quorum was present, the House, before it proceeded to the election of Speaker, would take up and decide all the contested elections.

An animated conversation soon took place, in which some half dozen gentlemen at the same moment participated, and which by the way, it cannot be expected any man could successfully report. There was so much confusion about, that it was next to impossible to hear what was uttered.

Mr. Francis E. Rives, of Virginia, as I understood him, objected to some portions of the resolution; but was ready to adopt it in a modified shape. He was, however, very much disposed to have the fate of the New Jersey contested seats decided at once.

Mr. Ogden Hoffman, made a warm appeal in favor of New Jersey, and contended, that the House was bound to admit the Jersey men, on the presentation of the certificate of Gov. Pennington,

Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, presented a resolution, which proposed that the Clerk do now proceed to call the roll of the House, without reference to any contested seats.—He then went on at great length to sustain his resolution; and in doing so, indulged in a strain of bitterness and denunciation. He referred to the alleged threats of a mob; and seemed to be inclined to the opinion that the