DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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I'LL NEVER THINK OF THEE.

BY CATARINE WATERMAN.

I'll bind my brow with laughing flowers,
I'll join the gleesome train.
And pass away the smiling hours,
Where joyous pleasures reign;
I'll weave with them the mazy dance,
With bosom light and free,
And life shall be a sunny trance:
I'll never think of thee.

And I will sing for them the songs
That we have together sung,
And strains that breathe of traitor's wrongs,
And gentle bosoms wrung;
Of budding hopes and sunny smiles,
That linger'd but to flee,
Of lovers fond, delusive wiles,
But never think of thee.

I'll meet thee in the festive hall—
And other gallants near
Shall lead me where their tones shall fall,
Of praise upon thine ear;
And ever as I meet thine,
My voice shall speak in glee,
And joyously I'll linger nigh,
Nor never think of thee.

I hear a footstep—hither now
My recreant lover flies,
Come proud disdain upon my brow,
And anger in mine eyes;
I feel his kiss upon my cheek,
He lowly bends his knee—
I know my heart is very weak,
I'll *never think of thee.*

THE STARRY NIGHT.

The pale round moon was floating bright,
Amidst the blue of heaven;
The stars shed forth their holy light,
Upon the dewy even.

I gazed enraptured on the scene,
To see each twinkling star,
That shone so pure and so serene,
From its bright home afar.

Then memory with its magic power,
Unveiling all the past;
Recalled each joy each happy hour,
Too blest, too pure to last;

The friends I lov'd in childhood's day,
Whose hearts now beat no more;
The eyes that shone with friendship's ray,
Whose lustre now is o'er.

I thought upon my spotless youth,
That sunny, cloudless hour;
When on my heart the star of truth
Shed all its radient power.

And then I thought upon the cloud,
That hung upon my brow;
That once with youth's bright visions glow'd,
So sad, so dreary now.

I thought again—a stormy day
Will oft grow calm at night;
So all life's clouds may pass away,
And leave our sky as bright.

And oh! a wish then crossed my breast,
Upon that glories even,
"To flee away and be at rest,"
With friends long since in Heav'n.

THE TWINS.

"I tell you as 'twas told to me."

In the summer of 18—, I had occasion to visit the town of N——, beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut river.—My business led me to the house of B——, a lawyer of three-score and ten, who was now resting from the labors, and enjoying the fruits of a life successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that attracted my attention. It represents a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful. Pray, sir, what is the subject of it?" "It is a mother and her twins," said he; "the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it." I turned my eye upon B——, he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," said he, "and I will tell you it." We accordingly sat down, and he gave the following narrative:

"During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

"The time came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety, with both friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertion. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark.

"He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. 'Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.' To their astonishment, Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

"The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot. 'And suppose,' said the sheriff, 'that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to search you in the British camp.' 'I had thought,' said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.' 'I do know you, indeed, said the sheriff; 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S——.' * * * The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

"I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideraton, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of the Judges; never before, or since, have I felt such an interest in a client. I plead for him as I would have plead for my own life. I drew tears but I could not swerve the judgement of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty, than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon if he would ask for it. I drew up a petition, and requested him to sign it, but he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God and my king; but it would be hypocricy to ask forgiveness of these men, for an action which I should repeat were I placed again in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition.—If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man, for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed to be his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges, and tell them that I place not my fears, nor my hopes, in them.' It was in vain that I pressed the subject and I went away in despair.

"In returning home to my house, I accidentally called on an acquintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted your attention. He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture,' said I, "is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?" 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand: and the twins are cherubs' 'Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture—'tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman? My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that they were, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions I asked no further questions; I seived the picture, and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side and left the room.

"In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while the tears stole down his cheeks, his eye glanced first at the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it, and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted and Stedman was set at liberty.

LYING TAUGHT TO CHILDREN.

A spirited writer in the Annals of Education specifies several ways in which the art of lying is taught. It is taught in families and in schools. Lies are told to children by hundreds and thousands long before they can speak. This may be done by looks and actions, as well as by words. All deception, in view of the writer, is lying—and undoubtedly he is correct. How much lying, then, there must be in the world.

We will give two or three examples, illustrative of the ways in which lies are told to children, and by which they are taught to lie:

"You have something on your table, or about your person, which your child manifests a desire to obtain. You tell him it is not fit for him, or attempt to conceal it.—How long will it be before he will take another degree in the same craft, and attempt to deceive you in words? It is but a step from the lie in countenance to the lie in action; and but another step from the lie in action, to the lie in word or in deed.

Take another example. The child is ill. We wish him to take nauseous medicine.—He is assured that it is agreeable to his taste. We sip a little, and assume a cheerful appearance and countenance. But he soon learns that he has been deceived; and how long will it be before he loses all confidence in our veracity; and not only so, but is encouraged to repeat, in his own way and sphere, our own unhappy example?

"As a child grows older, and becomes more and more acquainted with society, especially that part of society which ought to be known to him most favorably, does he find a more strict adherence to truth in those around him? Rather does not everything in this respect wax worse? Does not he find falsehood current everywhere, and almost on all occasions?

"Parents, brothers, and sisters smile and look kindly to visiters, and urge them to stay longer, or call again soon; with a thousand of the like assurances of friendship, and yet how common is it as soon as they are out of hearing, not only to criticise their character and manners, but to show by our looks and actions, if we do not say it in words, that we are glad they are gone."

These examples might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. They will prove sufficient, however, for our purposes, if they awaken the attention of our readers to this subject, so that they see how wide spread is the sin of lying, practised in ten thousand ways daily, both by parents and children. The evil is alarming, and should be checked. Parents and all who have charge and instruction of children should see to it, that they deceive not either by word or actions. Children are imitators, and are naturally more disposed to imitate a bad example than a good one.

THE WIDOW.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow was driven by the furious north wind Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In the most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, *and yet not alone.*

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She prayed that morning, "Give me this day my daily bread," but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open and shut again, and found deposited in her entry, by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feeling on that night, God only knows! but they were such as rise up to Him—the Great Deliverer and Provider—from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion; and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God!—An angel, with noiseless wing, came down, stirred the peaceful breast of a child, and with no pomp or circumstances of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.—[*The Watchtower.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF OFFICE.

The following letter might have been written by a young man in Arkansas to his mother in New Hampshire, and might not—we do not endorse it. It seems that the young Yankee had lately received the appointment of postmaster in that State, and that he presumes a good deal upon the strength of it.

[*New Orleans Picayune.*

WILDCATSVILLE, *Rattlesnake Co, Ark.*

Dear Marm:—You haint the least idea in the world how I'm a gitting along out here in this Rackansack country. They've lately appinted me post master in this town, and I'm expectin to get the office of justice of the peace afore long. I've had three cases left out to me already. One on 'em was wheare a feller had gouged out another chap's left eye, and neither on 'em was sartin sure whether he was at the top or bottom when the thing was done. I knew all about it just as easy, 'cause I was watchin all the time—so I decided the case accordin.

This is a great country! Why marm, the corn here grows as high as witch hazels, or cherry trees, and the cottin and other fruit beats all calculation.

I'm makin' my eternal fortin here just as fast as I can. I can du anything a little smarter than any on 'em, 'ceptin playing cards, but I du think they rather go ahead of me at playin lu and poker, 'cause they almost always win my money.

You know them shirts you'd made for me and didn't know how to forrid on; can send 'em by mail now, as I don't have any postage to pay in consequence of the virtue of my office. If the watermelons are ripe I wish you would send on tu or three, also them tu pair of nankeen trouses I hadn't room for in my trunk when I started. You'll find a button off on one pair unless you've sow'd it on since I left, and while you are about it you might as well let out that gather in the bottom of 'em—I expect I've grow'd a little since I left hum. Send 'em all by mail—they won't cost me the first red cent.

I've now been here nearly nine months and my health has been first rate nearly all the time. The only sickness I've had worth a mentionin has been the billious fever twic't, the congestive fever onc't, the fever and ager occasionally, and the dumb ager all the time.

Marm, I wish you to give my luv to Eunice Homes, and ask her if she recollects that time we went to Hepsey Stearn's quiltin! I wish Eunice was out here now. If you see Zack Stearns tell him he may keep that knife I cum away and forgot, as one blade was broke out and it aint no great account.

I feel as tho' I had a shake comin on, so I must stop writin. Don't forgit the shirts and trouses. Your luvin son,

EBEN PETTINGILL.

N. B.—Apples is quite scarce out here, I would ask you to send on a barrel by post, only I'm afraid they'll lumber up the mail.—You can send a peck any how.

DANDIES.—As I was passing up Westminster street the other day, I was very much amused at a few remarks made by two little urchans who were trotting on before me.—They had just met one of our modern dandies whose upper lip was pretty considerably shaded with dark, grizzly-looking hair.

"What's that?" asked the younger lad.

"That," replied the other, "why that—that is—I dont know what they call it belongs to the caravan."

"To the caravan!—why I wonder how it got lost? Perhaps it will bite!"

"No, I guess not; poke a stick at it, and see."

Not at all afraid, the younger did run after it, and cooly *poked a stick at it.* "You impertinent little rascal," exclaimed the exquisite, turning suddenly round. "desist, or I'll chastise ye, dam' me, if I will not!"

"Hey?" cried the astonished urchin.

H-a-y!—yes, you low, vulgar, ill-born, illiterate scamp; I'll absquatalise you in an instant"—and elevating his foot to effect his purpose, and as ill-luck would have it, a seam gave way, and one leg of his pantaloons was entirely ripped apart.

"Burst his boiler! burst his boiler!" screamed the lads and away they scampered.

The best of the joke was, three ladies stopped by the way and witnessed the whole affair, apparently with much gratification.—Providence Journal.

NOBLE GENEROSITY.—At a meeting of an association of the Methodist Episcopal church in the south, preparatory to celebrating the centenial anniversary of Methodism, and for the purpose of establishing a fund, the interest of which, a part is to be applied to the support of superannuated ministers, their widows and orphans, and the cause of education; Col. W. C. Preston, member of the U. S. Senate, from South Carolina, being one of the audience, rose in the congregation and briefly stated that he did not belong to the Methodist church, neither did any of his family, but added that he considered himself under peculiar obligations to that branch of the Chistian church, it being mainly through the instrumentality of his grandmother, who was the sister of Patrick Henry and a member of the Methodist church and had charge of his education, that he occupied the station he now held in the U. States, and then added; Mr. Secretary put my name down for *one thousand dollars!* which was promptly done, and as promptly paid.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a young man fond of ladies' society.

I like to see the ladies encourage young men, more on account of their good characters, than their good clothes.

I like to see a young man wear his old coat until he can afford to buy a new one.

I like to see economy without meanness; when you are invited to take a ride 'tis as little as you can do to pay the toll.

I like to see a man's income excel his expenditures; 'tis more disreputable to be seen in the custody of an officer, than to be considered poor.

I like to see a young man attend to his business first, and pleasure afterwards.

I like a good reputation; it is the best capital in any business.

I like sincerity—the genuine article, not the counterfeit of hypocrisy.—*News.*

A Shocking Sight.—A new married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance, observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new married couple fall out so soon."

Excellent Advice.—Call on a business man in business hours, only on business—transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.

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