DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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"WE STOOP TO CONQUER."

This insulting motto, which was borne so triumphantly in the procession at the British Whig Convention at Baltimore, has called forth from the pen of a private correspondent the following indignant rebuke. Let it be read and preserved.—New Era.

THE DEMOCRAT'S REBUKE.

You stoop to conquer!'—curse the thought—
The lip that spoke—the hand that pened it!
Our country never shall be bought,
Nor conquered, while *we* can defend it:
As braves the storm—the mountain rock,
As cleaves the cloud—the eagle's pinion,
We'll meet oppression's battle shock,
And triumph o'er oppression's minion.

You 'stoop to conquer!' who are you?
That from your mountain height descending,
Break fashion's cobweb barriers through,
And with the sons of freedom blending,
With golden bribe and treacherous smile,
Sow the vile seeds of rank polution,
And with your reptile slime defile
The temple of our Constitution?

You '*stoop* to conquer?'—stoop from what?
High pinnacles of lofty stations?
What proud pre-eminence is that,
Whence ye descend to conquer nations?
Poor nurselings of the federal stye,
Fed on the husks of aristocracy,
Ye quail in fear beneath the eye
Of nature's true and tried democracy.

You 'stoop to *conquer*'—whom? the free
Inheritors of glory's banner,
Who never yet have bowed the knee,
Nor sung oppression's loud hosanna—
Children of sires whose valor tore
From tyrant brows the diadem,
And in the march of nations bore
The first proud trophy won from them?

'We stoop to conquer!' May the name
Of him who bore that banner linger
Forever on the roll of shame,
A mark for scorn's unmoving finger,
May they who hailed that banner when
Its dark folds to the air were given,
Traitors alike to God and men,
From freedom's home in scorn be driven.

Back to your dens, poor drivelling fools—
Born in corruption's darkest regions,
Fit only for the servile tools
Of tyranny's accursed legions:
The hearts of freemen, while they keep
Watch o'er the rights their sires bequeathed them,
Shall blast with curses loud and deep,
The words ye breathe, and lips that breathe them.

[*From the Montreal Herald.*]

SACRED PLEDGE OF LOVE.

We had in our possession on Saturday, the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkable good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her dauther, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the Bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the hand writing of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by name falsely—I am the Lord—Levit 19th chap. 12th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath.—Math 5th chap. 33d verse.' On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," in his hand-writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave. The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all, so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love."—The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deep rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies, from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl," the song which begins:

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, wss to be removed to a better and a happier world.—Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writing.—Witness as follows:

"Ye banks an' braes an' streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
An' there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Hieland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says: "This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr that the bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both, over its purling waters.—This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's Life of Burns, we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow) "very sad about something;" and though the evening was a cold & keen one, in September, he wandered into his barn yard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him.—To these entreaties, he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, & his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barn yard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another moon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they still stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?

BARREN CREEK SPRINGS MEETING

The Democratic Committee of arrangements for the meeting at Barren Creek Springs on the last 4th of July, sent to us last week, for publication, the following letters of gentlemen who were invited to attend, but owing to various circumstances were prevented. We were not able in our last paper to insert these communications, now however, we cheerfully give them place, and hope our friends will bestow upon them an attentive perusal.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 30th, 1840.

Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 13th instant, inviting me to unite with the friends of the Administration, in celebrating the 4th of July next, at the Barren Creek Springs, in Somerset county, (Maryland.) It would afford me much pleasure, to unite and mix my feelings with yours on the contemplated occasion, and to bear my humble testimony in favor of the present Chief Magistrate. I know he is *honest, capable,* and faithful to the Constitution."

If sentiments or toasts should be given, please to present the following in my name:

Martin Van Buren, the present Chief Magistrate—"He is honest, capable & faithful to the Constitution."

The reason why I cannot be with you, is a prior engagement to meet our Democratic friends, on Independence Square, in the city of Philadelphia on the same day.

Yours with great respect,
FELIX GRUNDY.

WASHINGTON, 19th June, 1840.

Gentlemen:—I have been honored by your note, inviting me in the name of the Democratic party of Somerset county, to attend a general meeting to be held on the 4th July next at Barren Creek Springs.

I regret that my official duties will not permit me to accept your invitation. I have already declined several of the same kind, within the last few weeks, which I hope will be received as a sufficient apology for not accepting yours.

With great respect, I am, &c.
J. C. CALHOUN.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 1st, 1840.

Gentelmen:—Not being able to accept your polite invitation to celebrate the 64th anniversary of American Independence with you, I take the liberty to send you a sentiment for the occasion, and beg you to receive my respectful acknowledgements for the honor you have done me.

Respectfully,
Your fellow-citizen,
THOMAS H. BENTON.

The month of July, and its glorious days—In 1776 it gave us a declaration of Independence from European Kings; in 1840, (in the passage of the Independent Treasury Bill,) it gives us independence from monied kings at home.

WASHINGTON, June 20th 1840.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 13th inst. inviting me, "on behalf of the Democratic party of Somerset County," Maryland, "to attend a general meeting of the friends of the National Administration, to be held at Barron Creek Springs," on the 4th of July next, came to me yesterday. The continued session of Congress, and the certainty that a final adjournment of the session cannot take place as soon as the day you name, enables me to say, thus early, that I shall not be permitted to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit your State, and form an acquaintance with the republicans of your county. The loss is mine, not theirs; and it would not become me to express regret that an attention to public duties of the highest character compels me to forego a personal pleasure, however desirable.

Will you accept my thanks for this mark of your personal regard, and permit me to offer, through you, to the meeting you represent, the enclosed toast.

The pending Presidential contest. A soldier, who *will* not *speak*, against a statesman who *dares* to *act*.

I am Gentlemen,
With the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
SILAS WRIGHT Jr.

WASHINGTON, June 22nd 1840.

GENTLEMEN: It would, I can assure you, afford me the greatest pleasure to accept your very kind invitation to unite with my Democratic fellow citizens of Somerset County, in celebrating the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. Having never visited the Eastern Shore of Maryland, it would be a source of high gratification to me to be able to extend my acquaintance with its inhabitants. I must, therefore, regret that a previous engagement for the 4th of July compels me to decline your invitation; if indeed it shall be in my power, consistently with my public duty, to leave Washington upon that occasion.

With sentiments of great respect,
I remain yours sincerely,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES, U. S. June 29th, 1840.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter inviting me to attend a celebration of the 4th of July at Salisbury, has been before me for some days.—Nothing could give me more pleasure than to comply with your request, so politely communicated, and I have purposely delayed answering your letter, in hopes that I might be able to do so—but finding the nature of my engagements such as to forbid the anticipated pleasure; I must beg that you will be assured that my feelings are with you. Nothing is so much needed or is more likely to be attended with beneficial results to our whole country as a fair, open and manly discussion of all the great questions which now convulse the public mind. Such a discussion you seem to anticipate on the day alluded to. Believing in the soundness of the political doctrines of the party of which I am an humble member, and feeling the most solemn conviction that those doctrines need only be fairly understood to be universally approved, it would have given me a high degree of pleasure to have contributed my little mite to their exposition. I am rejoiced to hear that the Whigs of "old Somerset" are willing to meet the friends of Democracy in fair debate. It augurs well for the returning moral sense of that party, and affords a gleam of hope that they will yet come to a proper appreciation of the peoples intelligence; hitherto they have *ensconsed* themselvis behind "cider barrels" and other barriers equally impregnable, from which it has been impossible to withdraw them. I congratulate our Democratic friends in "Somerset" upon the prospect now before them, of learning something of the principles of the great whig party, who "make no declarations for the public eye," and my regret at not being present on the occasion is increased from the reflection, that it may be the only opportunity I may ever have of learning the principles of the party. I trust but little has been said about the contemplated discussion—"at least that it may not have gotten into the news papers," for in that event I am quite certain that orders would have issued from "North Bend" or Washington City," to make no declarations that may commit the party.—I congratulate the people of the United States upon the dawning prospect of getting at the opinions of the Whig candidate for the Presidency, through his friends in Maryland—for as in a "fair discussion," the speaker may fairly be presumed to echoe the sentiments of his party, or the head of his party, we shall be told, upon "something akin" to reliable authority, whether General Harrison is for or against a United States Bank—What he thinks of a tariff for protection—What of internal improvement by the general Government—Whether it is still "a matter very near his heart to see the whole of the surplus revenue expended in buying the slaves of the South"—and above all will it continue to be his policy to make no further "declarations for the public eye," whilst he is writing private letters to his abolition friends in Congress to secure their influence and the votes of their fanatical constituents.—Will he stubbornly persist in refusing to answer respectful inquiries propounded by his fellow citizens, whilst his distinguished friend (Mr. Crittenden of Ky.) declaims that "it does not comport with the dignity and character of a *gentleman* to be thus interrogated." All these things will be alluded to no doubt and no doubt appropriately explained, and I confess I was more than curious to hear what [illegible] be said—and I would have been pleased to know whether *aristocracy* intended to adhere to "log cabins and hard cider" or whether they only "stoop to conquer."

I have no doubt you will have a rare feast, gentlemen, so much so that you will be unable to consume it. The Whigs have been so long storing away their opinions that they must have a massive collection by this time and if they ungarner them all in Somerset, you will have enough to feast the whole political world. The only fear is that such food will nauseate the stomach of plain Democrats—for though not usually composed of the most delicate materials, they cannot stand a dish that would vomit a crockodile.

I am gentlemen very respectfully,
Your ob't. serv't.,
A. G. BROWN.

WILMINGTON, June 17, 1840.

Gentlemen:—I received yesterday your letter of the 13th inst. inviting me to attend a general meeting of the Republicans of Somerset county, to be held at Barren Creek Springs on the 4th day of July next.

Though I feel truly sensible of the very undeserved honor conferred upon me by your invitation, and willing as I am at all times to lend my humble aid in sustaining the principles of the Republican party, yet circumstances will not permit me on the present occasion to accede to your request. The contest between the Whigs and Republicans in this State is becoming each day more excited, and will certainly be a close one, though with fair prospects of success on our part.—My engagements here in reference to that contest are so numerous, that I shall hardly be able to comply with them without the neglect of my professional avocations; and had I even more time to spare, the strength and zeal of our opponents here, will require every effort I can make to sustain our hopes of success. I regret most sincerely that I cannot therefore, without the neglect of duties I have to perform in my own State, attend your meeting on the 4th prox. You have my best wishes that the meeting may produce the full effect you desire, nor do I doubt that frequent and full discussion will secure, soon or later, in all parts of our country the triumph of those principles for the success of which the Republican party is now contending.

Believe me, gentlemen,
With sincere respect,
Your obedient serv't,
J. A. BAYARD.

ANNAPOLIS, July 3d, 1840.

Gentlemen:—My arrangements were all made to unite with my friends at Barren Creek to-morrow, in celebrating the day, which, sixty-four years since, gave existence to the only free government the world has seen, in which the just rights of the people, and their political agents for its administration have been properly balanced.

I regret very much this morning to find, that our friends of this county require that I should attend one of two meetings to be held to-morrow, at which my presence they say is necessary, not only on public account, but to meet charges personal to myself.

Under these circumstances, I am compelled to forego the pleasure I should have derived from a meeting on such an occasion with my old friends of Somerset, to whom I beg you will explain the cause of my disappointment and my regrets.

As I cannot join in your festivities, I beg leave to offer the following sentiment:

The Day—Well devoted to the preservation of the principles of Government which our ancestors sixty four years since put every thing at hazard to establish.

With great respect,
I am gentlemen,
Truly yours.
J. MURRAY.

CAMBRIDGE, June 23d 1840.

Gentlemen:—Some days ago I had the honor to receive your polite invitation to attend a general meeting of our friends, at Barren Creek Springs on the 4th of July next. It would give me great pleasure to be with you on the contemplated occasion—I am doubtful whether it will be in my power, owing to some engagements I have here.—If I am enabled consistently to dispense with them, I shall with great alacrity embrace the opportunity to be with our political friends on that day which is so glorious in our annals. More than three score years have told their tale, since our gallant ancestry boldly *divorced* themselves from the shackles of British thraldom. In defiance of the revolutions of time, we still maintain our proud position of a free and happy people. It is true that the wheels of Government have been occasionally embarrassed, but still our course is onward and victorious. In the distribution of events, another *divorce* of an urgent character, has become necessary.—The connection of an in[illegible] nature [illegible] State, should be sundered.—The peace and quiet of the country should not be disturbed by the bickerings of such an unnatural match—They had better be parted before any more damage is done. If they were *cordially* to embrace, it would terminate in *hystericks* to one side or the other. The country has emphatically pronounced that the unholy union shall be dissolved. It would be strange indeed, if the nuptials should be again *solemnized*, under the auspices of that "available" political pastor of North Bend, and the festivities of the occasion enlivened with goodly potations of *hard cider*. If it did nothing else, it would ruin the cause of temperance, according to the Rev. Mr. Bacon.—This will never do—The people will not retract—they will not falter in an honest cause.—The fog created by the hard cider effluvia is passing away.—If any have lost their way in the mist, they must look over their reckoning and get again upon the right track. We shall soon, very soon, have an open field and a clean sky.—The Democrats of the country now begin to move—one effectual blow more, and the enemy will retreat and disband forever. It is impossible that the intelligent freemen of these United States will entrust their dearest interests to the *keeping* of such an 'available' chieftain as Harrison. Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Democracy, will as certainly overcome the combined powers of Whiggery, as surely as the election comes. I have confidence in the firmness of the American people.—They are not to be operated upon either by the blandishments of whiggery or by its panics. They will no more be deceived by the modern and new-fangled catch of hard cider availability, than by the exploded dogmas of ultraism. It certainly would have been much more creditable to the whig party, manfully to have brought out their best team, either Webster or Clay, & made the strongest fight they could under a gallant leader, than to have submitted to the two-fold mortification of first running a candidate of feeble powers, and then to be badly beaten. The whigs have lost their tone. They have, however, in the history of their progress, tried their noble war horse Clay, but they were discomfitted.—They then brought out three nags—Webster, the giant and "godlike" campaigner of the North—White, trained on our course, and ever before swift and victorious, and Harrison, an old charger, sometimes victorious, often beaten, but who still champed the bit. They were all distanced in the race by the "Flying Dutchman," who beat all three together—now we are to have a match race. The course is thought to be better for an "available," representing in his own person the principles of all three. The hero of North Bend is supposed at present to be in much *better keeping* than before. They have gotten him well rubbed down, and the stimulating effects of hard cider are supposed to have a most happy and potent influence.—Chance, if they dont fairly break him down by hard whipping this time. He certainly is carrying too much weight for his shattered nerves. Federalism, anti Masonry, Abolitionism, Bank abuse, unsophisticated whiggery, sticking to him like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, are rather too heavy to allow him to be fleet and *surefooted*. It dont require a prophet, looking into the signs of the times, to see that he will be worse beaten than ever. The penetrating eye of a Tallmadge, may see things not easily discernable by ordinary mortals, but he is stopped by the record.—*His fancy is entirely too strong for his facts.*

Yes, gentlemen, whoever lives to celebrate the 4th of July 1841, will witness in the Whig Camp nought but a catalogue of empty cider barrels. Harrison, I am in hopes, will still be in good health and quietly attending to the duties of his Clerkship in Hamilton county, and I trust by that time the whigs will see the utter folly of the game they are playing, and come up in truth and sober earnestness to the rescue of the country, by aiding the Administration in its patriotic efforts to establish the Constitutional currency—in endeavoring to regulate the Banks, by placing them upon a solid foundation and protecting the community from their lawless abuses—That they may no longer be subject to the fluctuations of the bloated paper system, which is certainly one of the greatest humbugs of the day. In a great country like this, with such multifarious sources of prosperity, the sturdy yeomanry want steadiness in the standard of value. A see sawing game of hide & go seek, in the circulating medium, is their greatest difficulty. Give them stability in this, and all the powers of the great globe cannot stop them in their high road to prosperity. We are gradually working through the obstructions of the ill-regulated and monstrous paper system. The political atmosphere is now disturbed by the vagaries of this swollen monster, which has burst asunder the cords of the law. But the day is not distant, when this now omnipotent violator of whole pages of your statute book, will be brought under proper subjection to the laws of the land. God grant, that our Independence of all thraldom, foreign and domestic, may be

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