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DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE BEAUTEOUS ROSE TREE.

BY REV. MR. PIERCE.

In a sweet spot, where wisdom chose
Grew an unique and lovely rose;
A flow'r so fair was seldom borne,
A rose almost without a thorn.

As months roll'd on, the spring appeared,
In genial rays the rose matur'd;
Forth from its root a shoot extends,
The parent rose-tree downward bends.

"Offspring most dear, (she fondly said,)
Part of myself! beneath my shade;
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold and bloom in beauty here."

Thus had the Rose tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken,
The gard'ner came, and with one stroke,
He from the root the offspring took.

Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain
Which made the Rose tree thus complain:
"Dear little darling, art thou gone—
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known,
Removed so soon, so suddenly.
Snatch'd from my fond, maternal eye!
What hast thou done, dear offspring, say,
So early to be snatch'd away?
What! gone forever?—seen no more!
Forever I thy loss deplore."
As thus the anguish'd Rose tree cried,
Her owner near her she espied,
Who in these gentle terms reprov'd
A plant, though murmuring, still belov'd:—

'Cease beauteous flower, those useless cries'
And let my lessons make thee wise.
Art thou not mine? did not my hand
Transplant thee from this barren sand,
Where once a mean unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want?
Unknown and unadmired I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground;
With studious art improv'd thy form,
Secur'd thee from the inclement storm,
Made thee my unabating care?
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken;
Think not that hidden from thine eyes,
The infant plant neglected lies;
No—I've another garden, where,
In richer soil and purer air,
It's now transplanted there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.

"Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the fond darling of thy heart;
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear,
In future time, and plant thee there,
Where thy now absent off'set grows,
And blossom a celestial Rose.

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive rose,
With deeper blushes red'ning now she glows,
Submissive bows her unrepining head,
Again her wonted fragrance shed,
Cried, 'Thou has taken only what's tine own,
Therefore, thy will, my Lord, not mine, be done.

From the Saturday Courier.

HOPE FADETH AWAY.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

Away delusive dream of joy,
Vain meteor of the mind;
Thou art but fancy's gilded toy,
That floats upon the wind.

Even as the lightning's lurid light
'Lumines yon clouds, that roll,
So art thou for a moment bright,
Within the human soul.

But when the lightning's glare expired,
Midnight doth hold her reign;
So when the fickle flame retires,
The soul is dark again.

I saw a brilliant bubble rest
Upon a silvery stream;
Floating upon a billow's breast—
'Twas like hope's fairy dream.

Around its globe in life and light,
Was pictured every scene;
Dark woods and lovely landscapes bright,
And fields and groves of green.

The concave and the brilliant band
Of golden globes, were there;
As though some tiny painter's hand
Had sketched their forms in air.

I grasped the beauteous bubble bright,
To gaze on it alone;
But ah! it broke—its pictured light
And landscapes, all were gone!

Even thus, I said, is hope, when seen
Floating on life's bright stream;
Its pictured lights, of gold and green
In brilliant beauty beam.

But as we grasp it to survey
The charms that o'er it spread;
Heaven fades, its pictures pass away,
And all its lights have fled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PENNY WEDDING.

A circumstance of a very engaging nature occurred last week at a house in Broadway not a hundred miles from the Bowling Green, which almost realized the tale of Aben Hassan. One evening a smart young mechanic, 'dressed to the nines,' as Ben Bowline says, might have been seen wending his way along Broadway. His air is thoughtful, and his step light and elastic, betoken that

"Some unaccustomed spirit
Lifts him above the ground."

But lest some punster should suspect an invidious insinuation in the quotation, we declare that it was not the spirit of alcohol, but the spirit of love which inspired him.

He was going to be married!

That night a pretty fille de chambre had consented to crown his constancy with full possession, as by law allowed.

With a beating heart he approached the door, and gave the accustomed signal, expecting it would be opened by his "own true love," for they had fondly deemed their secret confined to their own bosoms; instead of which it was answered by another—and before he had recovered from the effects of his disappointmet, he was desired to follow his conductor, with which request in the bewilderment of his senses he mechanically complied. As he followed in silence, wondering and uneasy, his small remains of presence of mind were completely put to flight, when a door being thrown open a flood of light poured forth which prevented him for a period distinguishing the surrounding objects. When he recovered his perceptions, the scene around appeared like fairy land, so that the poor fellow began to doubt his own identity.

It was a long saloon, furnished with eastern magnificence, and filled with beings that seemed to his astonished senses to belong to another world. Angelic countenances smiled on him upon every side—but there was a lurking mischief in their smiles which convinced him that the object of his visit was known to them, and that the preparations he beheld were in some manner or other connected with his fate. He was saluted by name, congratulated on his approaching happiness and bantered in a hundred ways by the beautiful but tormenting creatures around him.

His embarrassment had now reached a painful hight, when the lovely Miss H. (the graceful Titania of this fairy throng) stepped forward and addressed him in the kindest manner,

"Don't be alarmed," said she, with her sweet voice, "you are among friends, and to convince you"——she turned to the laughing group of beauties, who formed a close half circle, in the center of the room—evidently for the purpose of concealing some object in the rear, and addressing them in a mock-dramatic style—

Fairies attend!
Good elves obey your Queen,
Withdraw the veil
And let the maid be seen.

And at the word deploying to the right and left, the fair conspirators disclosed the bride elect, dressed in her nuptial ornaments, the gift of her mistress—blushing, laughing and crying, supported by two youthful attendents, who were soothing and caressing her. The sight of her restored at once the confidence of her enamored swain; he advanced, and took her from her young protectors, 'with a smile on her cheek and a tear in her eye.'

The ceremony was soon after performed by a minister who had been invited for the purpose, and they were made one 'flesh,' amid the laughter and encouraging smiles of the gay and happy throng.

But this was not all; the fair originator of this petit comedy (the beautiful Miss H. of Georgia, a decendent of one of the signers of the declaration) set on foot a collection for the new married pair, for the purpose of establishing them in business, which soon amounted to a considerable sum.

We are much pleased with the anecdote. This is as it should be. Conduct like this, converts the relative position, of master and servant, from one of proud superiority, and bitter dependence, to one of affectionate regard and amiable condescension.

This is the great secret by which the old nobility of Europe stil preserve among their immediate dependents. that strong personal attachment, which equals, perhaps exceeds, the most bigoted era of the feudal times. We remember in our youth to have heard many anecdotes of this kind related of the late Dutchess of Gordon. It was her custom on the marriage of a favorite or deserving domestic, to give what is locally called a penny wedding, (a subject which has been admirably illustrated by Wilkie,) when it was an understood thing among the numerous guests invited by the whole hostess, that they were expected to contribute towards a purse for the young couple. But the pecuniary advantage was perhaps not so much considered as the gratifyng attention thus shown them. It infused kindly feelings into the cup of servitude, and prompted them to perform cheerfully their duty 'in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them.'

From the United States Gazette.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE POWER OF ENGLAND.

Recent intelligence from Porto Bello and Bogota, in New Grenada says, that the British squadron has blockaded Porto Bello on this side and Panama on the Pacific side, and ere this, probably, have taken possession of the towns, in consequence of some insult offered to the British consul at Bogota.—(We like this promptness on the part of the British government; they are ever alive to a true sense of their dignity, and resent insult offered by any officer of a foreign government to their agents, with that promptness which always ensures their redress.) We may, ere long, hear of their taking possession of Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, and thus secure to themselves the entire control of that portion of South America; but this is not all—these points being in their possession they may, *and will* construct a ship canal or a rail road, and lay the whole commerce of the world, passing *that way*, into the Pacific, under heavy contribution, in the way of tolls. aided by their efficient navy, and the possession of an island or two in Oceana, command the trade of the entire Pacific ocean and the East Indies; these things, rest assured, are in embryo. Let us look at the present power of England, carrying in our mind the shrewdness of her diplomacy, backed with a powerful navy, and then draw such conclusions as the facts will justify.

England at this time possesses a navy in the highest state of perfection, consisting of 700 vessels, probably 500 of which, could be put in readiness for sea service in 90 days; she always has in readiness, on what they call the "home station," a fleet sufficient to command the British channel; this, with her great naval dock yards and her well fortified "iron bound coast," make her "lord and mistress there." She has Gibraltar commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean, her island of Malta, commanding the southern portion of the Mediterranean, and the island of Corfu the eastern, with a fleet of men of war, of 25 or 30 sail, scattered over every portion of that sea!

Pass from the Mediterranean down the coast of Africa, and we there meet *her* strongly fortified at Sierra Leone, with all the necessaries for supplying her navy on that coast, giving her the entire control of that portion of Africa. We pass then to the island of St. Helena, a strongly fortified sea girt isle, with all the conveniences for her navy, cruizing in that neighborhood. Then comes the cape of Good Hope, too important a point, taken in connection with St. Helena, for England not to hold, so she took it from the Dutch; thus securing to herself the entire control of that portion of the sea, now traversed by the commerce of the world, bound to India. We then pass to her strongly fortified point and naval station at Bombay, and view her large naval force there, commanding the Arabian sea and the Persian and Arabian gulfs; thence to the island of Ceylon, and up to Madras. All these and other points are in possession of England, well fortified, with a large naval force in their neighborhood giving to her the entire command of the East India seas.

We then pass to the islands in the Pacific ocean, and we there find the St. George's cross waving in the breeze from the flag staffs planted on several of them, as a mark of possession, and that possession supported by the presence of a man of war. These points we have named, taken into connection with the probability of their having Panama on the Pacific and Porto Bello on the Atlantic, will support us in the opinion that Great Britain is aiming at the contol of the entire commerce of India and the Pacific. She even fells disposed, and has shown symptoms to doubt *our* possessions on the Pacific side the Columbia river.

Now let us look nearer home, and see if she is not aiming at the control of the West India trade and that of the Gulf of Mexico! We first view her in the north, at the very threshold of our doors, in possession of an immense tract of country, with strongly fortified points on the sea side, and her impregnable naval station, Quebec, on the St. Lawrence; in the south, adjacent to our coast, lies her islands of Bermudas, now being made a strongly fortified naval station; thence south within 60 or 70 miles of our Florida coast, lies her cluster of Bahama islands; still further south we see her island of Jamaca, the rendezvous and naval station for her West India squadron. Looking on the eastward and southward we see the islands of Antigue, Dominico, St. Lucie, Barbadoes and Trinidad, all in her possession; next, may we not look in the direction of Cuba, and see the St. George's cross flying on the battlements of the Moro castle? This will be so, sooner or later, either by purchase or conquest—by conquest! if the British Ministry so decide—for they have the naval strength to do it with and we do say, let the British government will it so, and the island of Cuba will be in their possession ere 12 months pass by.

The island of Cuba in her possession, added to that of Porto Bello and Panama, and these in connection with her present possessions, supported by a powerful and efficient navy, would still make her the proud "mistress of the seas." With an eye to the future greatness and power of this republic, she is fortifying herself, by her shrewd and deep diplomacy; securing every important point deemed necessary for her present and future benefit, but she says to *us*, you are an own daughter and we think kindly of you, look on you with a paternal eye, and are willing to watch with care your growing greatness; then let us tell you in good faith you have territory enough, you do not want Texas, you need not a navy! your coast does not require to be well fortified, we will never quarrel with you, our daughter; thus tickle us with straws until we fall into a slumber, forget our navy, our fortifications, our all!—arousing from this dose, we find the lion's paw upon us, England powerful; her navy master of every sea, and the millions of commerce of this great republic, with our thousands of ships and tens of thousands of our citizens, on the high seas, paying tribute to the British crown!! our manufactures and surplus agricultural produce, shut out from every quarter of the globe—and why? because England has seized on every point, and has a navy to keep up her power.

Great Zoological Arrival from Africa.—The expedition penetrated beyond Caffraria, and 300 leagues farther north into the interior of Africa, than any European or American traveller is ever known to have done before. It was thought by the expedition at one time, that they saw the mountains of the Moon and the sources of the Nile. They represent the interior country as very thinly inhabited by a race differing from the negro, Hottentot. or Caffre, and mild and gentle, except when excited. Occasional deserts but much heavy timber was found—wild game of every description; also abundance of wild animals, which were sometimes dangerous. A huge African Lion was caught thus:—He suddenly leaped from a copse completely over three of the mules, and landed among the nettings, which they were carrying with them to entrap smaller animals. His roar was tremendous, and his exertions to disentangle himself frightful; but one of the men, with great presence of mind, threw over him an additional quantity of nettings, and he was finally secured. He is now very docile. and measures nineteen and a half feet from his nose to the top of his tail. His like was probably never before exhibited in any civilized country.

The greatest curiosities are two large Giraffes, one of the most remarkable quadrupeds of the animal kingdom, the most difficult to preserve alive, and the most sought after by European Potentates to adorn their zoological collections. Ten thousand pounds were offered for them at the Cape to send them to Europe. This superb animal, commonly called the Camelo-Leopard, has a fawn-like neck and head, towering some 30 feet in the air, and with fore legs so long and hind ones so short, that he seems to stand in a perpendicular attitude. He is covered with a soft short fur of fawn color, with regular white spots, and his eye is large and of a beautiful hazel color. He divides the hoof, chews the cud, and feeds on the leaf of a tree of the mimosa genus, called by the natives *Kaneap*, by the planters *Kameldoorn*. The one at Paris had several small crumple horn'd cows, of the Egyptian breed, brought with him to furnish milk. But we abstain from extending this notice of the Giraffe farther for the present, as we hope soon to see in person these first specimens ever brought to America—having been hitherto too costly and too difficult to preserve for our market, and procured only with immense difficulty to pamper the luxury of courts. There are also brought out several Black Ostriches, a huge Condor, a new species of Baboon, several beautiful Gazelles, two splendid African Leopards, a large Hyena, and numerous minor animals. What a pity it is that some naturalist or historian did not accompany the expedition.—What a flod of new light could he have poured upon a subject which so deeply interests the world—a *terra incognita* to which so many learned societies of Europe have directed their researches, and in attempting to explore which so many gallant lives have perished. But it was left for Yankee enterprise, stimulated by the omnipotent impulse of gain, to have accomplished had they so desired—more than all the Mungo Parkes, Bruces, Clappertons, Denhams, Laings and Landers have ever done. We still cherish the hope that some intelligent person connected with the expedition will publish a diary and plain, unvarnished detail of facts, every one of which being entirely new, will possess a charm however minute the narrative.

Slave Case.—The public attention has been for some days past directed to an interesting slave case, which has occupied the attention of our courts, thus far, without having yet been finally disposed of. It appears that in the year 1833 a felony was committed in Virginia—by fifteen negroes—who made their escape to the north, and concealed themselves as was supposed, somewhere in this state. A requisition was thereupon made (by the state in which the felony had been committed,) upon Gov. Marcy, for the apprehension and delivery of the fugitive felons to the authority of that state. Upon that requisition, Gov. Marcy granted the necessary warrant, upon the authority of which the fugative in question was arrested by officers Nash and Boudinot, handed over to Mr. Waddy, Marshal of Northampton, Virginia, and by him committed to prison. He was subsequently placed before the Recorder, upon a writ of habeas corpus, sued out by his friends; but as it could not be proven that the individual to whom the Governor's warrant had reference was the one now in custody, his liberation was demanded by his council, Messrs. Dresser and Sedgwick. The Recorder, doubtful of the identity of the black, refused to have any thing to do with him—neither liberating nor holding him in custody. In this state of things, Boudinot, the officer again arrested the felon, upon the Governor's warrant, and again threw him into prison; things stood in this position on Friday last, when the prisoner was brought before judge Irving, who decided that he should be placed in the hands of Waddy, the Marshal, and by him delivered into the keeping of the authorities of Virginia.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Junius identified again.—The Inverness Courier states that some letters have been discovered among the papers left by McPherson, the translator of Ossian, which may lead to the discovery of the authorship of Junius Lachlan McLeane, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, is pitched upon to be the new author. He was bred to the study of Medicine, but become a political writer and adventurer in London, and rose to some eminence. He was once Under Secretary of State, in which capacity he might have become acquainted with State secrets. Having been sent out to India by Government, in 1776, he was shipwrecked and drowned on the passage; a circumstance that may account for the non-revealment of the secret as to the authorship of Junius. His papers were all lost at the same time.

PROMOTION AMONG PRINTERS.

"Abraham Ten Eick and Ralph Vorhees, to be Master Commandants; they are both practical printers."

The above comes second handed. If men are astonished at the promotion of printers, they are fools. In law, if a *case* is to be submitted, who knows more of *cases* than the printer? If men are to be *impressed* for the Navy, who knows more about *press* work than a printer—and we can add that they are not behind in the management of a *chase*. If the pulpit need an occupant, who so fit as a printer?—Experiance has made him acquainted with *monks* and *friars*; and his eloquent parts of speech—striking *dashes*, forcible *notes of exclamation*, entitle him to great consideration. A printer is at any time capable of being an inspector of flour—for his *brand* is the brand that guides the public. If the Post Office Department has a vacancy, he is at once fit for it—he is a man of *letters*. He is an accomplished botanist—for he deals in *flowers*; an inspector of liquors from his knowledge of *proof*; a banker, because he is a good judge of *paper*, and, in fact, perfectly fit for an office of trust, because he *justifies* whatever he *sets up*, and govers his *form* by accurate *rules*, ergo, Printers should stand the first chance of promotion.

Splendid.—A writer in the Knickerbocker says, 'rosy lips are only the glowing gateways to beans, pork, and cabbage!!'

AGRICULTURAL.

ON PLOUGHIN.

There seems to exist quite a diversity of opinion in regard to the proper depth that land should be ploughed. Many, and in our opinion too many, advocate shallow ploughing. "What 's the use," say they of ploughing up the sand and burying up the manure and the soil out of the reach of the plant? "Let us reason together." What 's the use of ploughing at all? Is it not that we may pulverise the soil and bring it to such a state that the little roots and fibers of the plant may shoot out and gather up whatever they can find to nourish it? Is it not to incorporate the manure with the soil and make it of a uniform consistency as it regards quality, &c.

Now the deeper you make the soil the deeper will the roots plunge, and the deeper and more extensively the plunge the more nourishment will they be likely to find, and the less liable will they be to injuries from drought. Plough deep; don't fear burying the manure so deep that the roots will not find it—they will go as deep as you can by any plough ever yet made. It is possible you may not realize as good a crop the first year, by burying the manure so deeply, you will not lose it; the next year you will have a deeper soil—and in a short time, your land will of course be worth double depth of soil. What makes the intervals and bottom lands so much better than most uplands? Is it not depth of soil? Aye, but nature made that. Take nature's advice and make yours so. If nature had made a plough of the elements and buried her vegitable matter deep, and made a soil tenfold more valuable for it, follow her example. She did not do it all at once, neither need you if you are not able.—If you think you have not manure sufficient to make such a soil the first year, or must have the benefit immediatdly, act accodingly, but begin immediately. If you can plough but four inches this year plough six the next, and increase annually till you get the soil deeper than you can get the point of your plough.—We may appear somewhat dogmatized in our advice; but that is of little consequence provided we can dogmatize some into practice who are now utterly opposed to it. What runs a farm out, as it is called? Is it not shoal ploughing, a scratch over the soil, as if you were afraid of getting out of the reach of the sun and air? We may verily believe this is the principle cause. The remedy must be the reverse of managemen .

CANADA CORN.

We consider it proper at this Time to call the attention of the farmers in general—and paticularly those who have suffered a loss of their crops from the unfavorableness of the past season—to the yellow early Canada corn, which has been cultivated here, with such success, as to leave little room for doubt as to its superiority in overcoming the difficulties to be encountered in our ever-varying climate. Five acres of this corn was raised the past season, by Mr. Hatch, of the Poughkeepsie Hotel, on his farm two miles below the village. It was planted the first of June last, has yielded sixty bushels to the acre, perfectly sound and in as fine condition as any we have ever seen.—We understand that it was perfectly ripe by the 10th of September, and will generally come to maturity in about ninety days. The land on which it was raised was in good condition. Mr. Hatch has been applied to by fifty-four of our first farmers, for one hundred and fifty seven bushels of his corn for seed this year.

Poughkeepsie Eagle.

The Press Triumphant.

Mr. Duvernay, late editor of the Minerve Montreal, has gained a great triumph over the Attorney General and judge, who imprisoned him for 30 days, and made him pay a fine of £20 for an alleged libel on the Grand Jury. The decision has been reversed in England, and the £20 refunded.

Small Pox in Brunswick, Me.—A letter from Brunswick dated 18th inst. states that the varioloid is prevaling there to a great extent; no cases however had proved fatal.

The snow at that date was on an average three feet deep.

It is believed that 500,000 persons at Paris have been down with La Grippe. The number of medical visits to them, at a moderate computation, must have been a million and a half, and cost a million of dollars.

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