DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From Alexander's Messenger.

THE NEGLECTED.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

There was a sadness on her brow,
A paleness on her cheek,
For which the tongue was never taught
A fitting word to speak.

A tear might tremble in her eye,
But never leave its lid;
And, but within the aching heart,
Was seen the woe she hid.

She walked among the glad and gay,
And joy shone every where;
They scatter'd roses o'er her path,
She knew the thorn was there.

They worship'd, as the heathens do,
Where e'er her footsteps dwelt;
She felt to what a ruin'd shrine
The blind misguided knelt.

They sang her name in music's strain,
They blest her sunny smile;
They sought to win her youthful heart,
'Twas dying all the while.

They knew not she had fondly built
A temple on the sand,
And that young hopes, within her breast,
Was but a funeral band.

They knew not she had cast her heart,
As if upon the wind;
They knew not she had lived to feel
The desart of the mind.

They wept awhile, that human flower,
When call'd to bloom on high;
But worship now, at evening time,
A star upon the sky.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

MUSIC.

BY MISS TIRZAH MORTON.

What is it steals on balmy wing,
What air serene and light?
It flows in every breath of Spring,
With pure and holy flight.

It breathes in Summer's rosy bowers,
When all around is gay;
What steals the rich perfume of flowers?
'Tis Music's softest lay.

When rob'd in Autumn's yellow leaves,
The forest trees decay—
What is it then the mind relieves?
'Tis Music's softest lay.

When flitting round the wintry fire,
The moments swiftly glide;
Then Music's gentle streams conspire
To smooth lifes ebbing tide.

Where'er we go, where'er we rest,
It still salutes our ears;
It calms the sorrows of the breast,
And soothes our rising fears.

It is the Zephyr's sweetest breath,
That yields a placid calm;
It is the soul's relief in *death*;
The spirit's healing balm.

BEAUTY'S EMPIRE.

What avails thine iron brow,
Strong one of the battle field?
Thou hast met a stronger now,
Render up thy lance and shield,
Yield at last who yielded never—
Beauty reigns on earth forever.

What avails thy purple pride
Monarch, on thy golden throne?
Cast thy haughty looks aside,
Jewelled slave, they sovereign own,
Kneel—thy whole allegiance give her,
Beauty reigns on earth forever?

What avails thy lore severe,
Sage—by midnight taper sought?—
Hark! there's laughter in thy ear,
And thy boasted strength is nought;
Mocking all thy life's endeavor,
Beauty reigns on earth forever.

Ah! her might too well I know,
Caught—made fast—by sweet surprise,
Spare me lips of rosy glow,
Spare me melting sunbright eyes!
Only death my chains can sever,
Beauty rules the earth forever?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "Yankee Notions!"

THE DIARY OF A BROOMSTICK.

The gentlemen to whom I had the honor of belonging, was a young man who had met with great good luck, that is to say, had married a fortune. His spouse was a lady of great personol charms, and considerably his superior in years. My gentlemen, however, having an empty purse and fine figure, very generously overlooked all the objections arising from the disparity ot their ages, and married for love, so he said, and nobody contradicted him. The honey-moon passed delightfully, and all parties ploclaimed it a blessed match. The lady was happy that she had such a fine, gay, pleasant, sensible, good natured husband. The husband was happy that he had so many bank shares and brick houses. This was surely a delightful prospect in life, but like many other delightful prospects, it came to nothing, to the utter astonishment of all concerned.

One evening rather late, I was standing in a dark corner of the kitchen, in company with my two friends, the mop and the warming pan, when I heard the front door shut with more than commou emphasis, About a quarter of an hour after this, Dolly the housemaid, came running into the kitchen, and seizing hold of me, glided off on tiptoe thro' the entry. I had not time to conjecture what could be the cuase of this extraordinary movement, before I heard voices in a pretty exalted pitch in the adjoining room. Something had evidently taken place to disturb the domestic tranquility of those sweet turtle doves, our master and mistress, and Dolly, having overheard enough to excite her curiosity, had crept to the parlor door to listen, taking me with her as a sham, that she might pretend being about work, in case she should be caught eaves-dropping.—So putting her ear to the door, and holding her breath, she heard every syllable of what passed.

My gentleman, it seems had come home several hours later than he was expected, greatly to the disappointment of his better half, who, on the moment of his appearance, set upon him with reproaches for neglecting her. To my surprise, though probably not to hers, he replied in a manner which showed a very recent familiarity with the good creature champaigne, He was very talkative and dogmatical, and threw off all reserve.

'Really sir,' said his wife, with as much sullenness in her looks as she had been able to call up in the three hours she had been brooding over her wrongs—'Really, sir, this is too bad.'

'Too bad? may dear!' answered the gentleman, with a show of the greatest amazement, 'too bad, my dear; what do you mean, my dear?'

'Mean? sir, that is a pretty question, ha, ha!' returned she, pretending to laugh. 'A pretty question what it means when folks complain of such treatment. But you grow worse and worse, sir, tis the twentieth time, sir, the fortieth time—the hundreth time that you have neglected me so, and affronted me so, and mortified me so?' Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

'My dear soul,' returned he in a very soothing tone, 'you are crazy! How can yon say I neglect you? Don't I come home every day to dinner, except now and then?'

'Crazy!' exclaimed the offended fair one, 'it would not be surprising if such doings should drive a woman crazy. Sir, you neglect me shamefully; you neglect your family, sir, let me tell you that and people know it sir; I am ashamed of you sir.'

'You don't say so, my dear,' retorted he, with pretended earnestness; 'ashamed of me? Why, I am not ashamed of you.'

'Ashamed of me!' interrupted his wife, and reddening at the insinuation, 'what do you mean? But I see you care nothing about me; no, you care for noihing but to spend my money with a pack of low fellows.'

'Please to spare your reflections upon the gentlemen of my acquaintance; you are no judge of character, sweet woman.'

'Sir, I tell you I will bear it no longer,' replied the spouse, growing more and more passionate; you are an unfeeling creature, and an ungrateful creature. I think I am entitled to some respect, sir; consider your obligations to me.'

'Obligations forsooth!' said the husband, beginning to feel his temper disturbed at this fling for from his wife. 'Heyday! consider your obligations to me too.'

'What sir, obligations! pray what obligations! Didn't I marry you sir, when you had not a cent in pocket. Didn't I make a gentlemen of you, sir? answer me that.

'And didn't I marry you, ma'am, returned the gentleman, raising his voice, and growing more ruffled, 'didn't I marry you when you was at the point of desperation, with all the horrors of single blessedness staring you in the face?'

"'Tis false, sir!' exclaimed his lady with great violence. 'I had a dozen offers—but I was fool enough to marry you, sir. I saved you from the deputy sheriff—you may thank me sir, that you are not this moment boarding at free cost in Ward No. five.'

'Oho! since you have come to that, said the gentleman, in a very firm tone, and pretending the greatest nonchalance, 'I think quite as much might be said on the other side; for let me tell you, old lady, a young fellow that has prospects, can't be expected to throw himself away for nothing.'

To call a lady old, is an offence, says Cervantes, that none of the sex can forgive. It is the last thing, indeed, which a middle aged belle wishes to be reminded of. Our lady was very touchy opon this point, and she burst out—

'You are an ill-mannered fellow, sir! you are a brute and a barbarian! You mean to kill me with your vile behavior. I wish I may live a thousand years to vex you. I won't stay another moment in your company. Oh! fie! you wretch!'

With this explosion of rage she sprang from her seat, and seizing the door with a most tremendous jerk, threw it open. Now all this was done so instantaneously, that Dolly, who was standing in breathless immobility, leaning against the outside, had not above three quarters of a second's warning of her approach, so that the door flying open in an instant, the mistress and the maid came slap together with a momentum not much inferior to that of two locomotives on a railway. The awkwardness of the collision need not be described, but this was not the worst part of the affair. The lady's temper was none of the sweetest, and the quarrel with her husband had made it a hundred times more irritable than common. Enraged at the thought of having her family quarrels discovered, for she had pride as well as temper, she flew upon the luckless listener, and snatching me from her hands before she could think of a word to say, gave her such a beating that Dolly roared for help, and bestowed internally ten thousand maledictions on the evil spirit of curiosity that had prompted her to busy herself with the conjugal endearments of her betters. The husband was not displeased to find the storm diverted from himself to another object, but was at length obliged to interfere, lest the punishment should exceed the offence. He snatched me from the hands of his wife, and bade the luckless maid go about her business, and forbear eaves dropping in future. But Dolly was not so easily pacified. 'She would'nt stay another moment in the house, not she. Folks needn't think they was to treat their *helps* like dogs that they mustn't. She was as good flesh and blood as any body, she'd have 'em to know. Off she'd go that instant, bag and baggage, and she'd have the law on them for all their gentility.' With these protestations and a thousand others just like them, accompanied with divers tossings of the head and twistings of the nose, she left the house.

The next morning beheld me travelling to Court street, where Dolly told her piteous tale to a lawyer, and exhibited me in evidence. 'Here is the very broomstick to prove it, sir; every word of it is true, and if you won't believe me, you *must* believe the broomstick; two witnesses are enough to hang any body. If there's law in the land, I'll have justice done for me and the broomstick.' 'No doubt on't, replied the learned gentleman; 'leave the broomstick with me, and I'll make a flourish with it to some purpose; but hark'ee, don't say any thing of this affair to any body else. You shall have justice done you, but leave it to me.' Dolly went her way, and the lawyer ran to my gentleman. 'Mr. ———' said he, 'this is an ugly affair of yours; couldn't you make it up? The girl swears she'll have it in the newspapers to morrow. Now, as a friend to you, I should be horrified to see such a scandal get abroad about a respectable family like yours! I would not for a thousand dollars that the affair should get wind.' These alarms had a great effect upon my master and mistress, who by this time had begun to entertain some cool reflections upon the doings of the last evening, and they inquired with the greatest anxiety whether the matter could not be hushed up. "'Tis the very thing I have to propose,' said the attorney; 'the complainant has offered to compound for a consideration.' How much! asked the husband. Five hundred dollars, replied the man of law. —Five hundred! exclaimed the loving couple at once, in the most dismal tone of astonishment. Ay, returned the peacemaker, but I beat her down to two hundred, for I told her she must be reasonable.—The devil confound such reason! exclaimed the gentleman; what, two hundred dollars for half a dozen thumps with a broomstick! I won't pay it. Why then, there's nothing more to be said, replied the lawyer, gravely, and the matter must go before the court. This was an ugly thought to my gentleman. Say a hundred and fifty, said he, and done. My honest friend, the attorney, took a pinch of snuff, and after a few seconds hesitation replied. Well, since you won't offer more, let me have the money and I'll try what can be done with her. Very reluctantly, my fine gentleman drew a check for the money, and the man of law departed, protesting that it grieved him to the soul, but he would make any sacrifices to save his friend's character.

A few days after, came his client to inquire about her cause. She was directed to call again the next week. At the second call, the matter was postponed a fortnight; the next time three weeks; and so on till the unlucky maid became pretty well tired of the law's delay. After a long time, he informed her that the case looked rather bad, and hinted that she had better try to make it up. Dolly, who by this time no longer felt the smart of her bruises, and began to have fears that the case might go against her, readily listened to the suggestion, and inquired how much she might hope to get as hush-money. 'I can't tell,' replied the conscientious gentleman, 'but if you could get ten dollars, I should advise you as a friend to withdraw your action.' 'Ten dollars!' exclaimed the battered Abagail —'well, if you think I'd better'—'Really I do,' replied he; 'take my word as a friend, I wish to give you honest advice; that's always my rule.' The result of this negotiation was, that the ten dollars were paid; and so the matter ended, verifying the old adage—'blessed are the makers of peace, but cursed are the breakers of it.'

From the Genesee Farmer.

"ONLY 3 OR $400 A YEAR"

"Making only three or four hundred dollars a year," says my friend—'Only three or four hundred dollars a year, truly, is slow getting along.' Now my friend was extensively engaged in money operations and land speculations, and was probably making ten or perhaps fifteen thousand a year; and when in answer to his inquiries, I informed him that I was making some three or four hundred dollars a year, he was astonished at the smallness of the amount; with him it was merely the work of a day or an hour. Not so with me, I had purchased a farm in the very suburbs of a fine growing city, and had been looking forward to the time when I should finish pay for the same; and thought then I should be happy and contented.

Soon after this I paid the last instalment due on my farm, and instead of being happy and contented, I put it down as the most uneasy period of my life. Land speculation was then in the full tide of successful operation—many of my friendsor acquaintances had within a few months or a year, made their ten, twenty, fifty, and some their hundred thousand of dollars.—Every thing was locomotive and who could be content to labor on the farm, and only gain 'three or four hundred dollars a year.' There was a much shorter way to wealth. The merchant entrusted his business to the clerk—the mechanic left the work to the apprentice—the farmer, too, was in haste to be rich, and left his business and engaged in land speculation. Some few, to be sure, stayed at home and attended to their own business; but they generally were considered as men without enterprise, and almost destitute of common sense.

But to return to myself. I engaged in land speculations, and in a short time found myself not only a few thousand dollars in debt, but I was successful, property was on the rise, and soon my purchases were worth more than double what I had paid: and the little farm which a few years before had cost me fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars was worth as many thousands. I determined to sell—and was offered fifteen and eighteen thousand dollars. I consulted my friends, but one said it was not enough; another said, do not sacrifice your property, it is worth $25,000, a third said, hold on to it, and soon you will get $30,000. I did so, and now began to think myself a rich man, and as every body about me was rich, a few dollars, or even a few hundred dollars were of little consequence. Thousands and tens of thousands—fine houses—fine horses & carriages—gold watches and gold chains—piano fortes—sofas, and other fine things were all the theme.

But a great change came over the land. Lands failed to advance in price. Bonds and mortgages and notes failed to be quite as good as the ready cash. Many failed to meet their engagements, and not a few failed to be quite as rich as they anticipated. The paper currency failed, the Banks failed, and it is even said some ladies failed from getting married to rich husbends and some failed of getting married at all. In a word every thing failed.

But Mr. Editor I have said every thing failed. Not quite so fast. I have not failed to grow a good crop of the ruta baga turnips. I have not failed of clearing my barn yard in the spring instead of the fall, thus saving the whole value of the manure. I have not failed to fatten my hogs mostly on boiled apples, potatoes, and pumpkins, and from this item alone I have not failed to save more than the cost of all the newspapers I take, five in number. In a word I now do not fail of making my 'three or four hundred dollars a year,' and with industry and perseverance, and with the blessings of divine Providence, I hope I shall not fail in a year or two more, paying the last instalment on my land speculations.

And now, brother farmers, let me say one word to you, and this too, from experience, when you are doing *well*, just leave it for others to do *better*.

From the Cultivator.

LIKE PRODUCES LIKE.

This is true, whether applied to animals or vegetables. It is a law of nature, and therefore immutable. If we would multiply a choice breed of animals, a valuable variety of plants, or an elegant flower, we must take care to breed from the individuals in greatest esteem. Although we may be considered trespassing upon hallowed ground, we will venture to remark, that these truths are not unworthy of consideration in matrimonial alliances. Constitutional defects, intellectual or physical, are often hereditary in man; and an alliance between two persons disposed to pulminary affections for instance, will almost certainly entail this class of diseases upon their offspring. We will not enlarge upon this branch of the subject, but apply our remarks more particularly to the improvement of farm stock and farm crops.

But we may be asked, in the outset, why, if our position be true, do not the seeds of our apples, pears, plums, &c. produce the same fruits as the parent tree? Because, we answer, these fruits, like animals, have two parents, a male and female parent, which seldom belong to the same variety; and having a parent of two varieties, or breeds, it necessarily follows, that the offspring will not exactly resemble either, but partake, more or less, of the qualities of both. In most of our orchard and garden fruits, the sexual organs exist in the same flower; yet, from the varieties that are associated in the same ground, the female organ is liable to be impregnated with the pollen of the male organs of half a dozen other kinds. We have seen this strikingly illustrated in an experiment with the Siberian crab. Seeds of this fruit, which grew in an orchard of other apple trees, produced more than 20 new varieties, all partaking, in some measure, of the peculiar properties of the female parent, and yet none of them exactly resembling it. Yet there is no doubt but that the seeds of the Siberian crab, or any other variety of fruit, completely isolated, during the season of blooming, from all other trees of a like genus, would produce fruits resembling precisely the parent.

The practice of crossing breeds of animals has led to the great improvement of our farm stock. The new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, Indian corn, &c. spring from the accidental crossing of two or more old varieties They arrest the attention of some observing individual, are preserved, propogated, and come into repute for their prolific or other remarkable properties. We have had a field of China beans adulterated by growing in contiguity with the small white and pole beans. Although every bean planted the second year, was to appearance a pure China bean, in their growth many of them sent up runners, and when gathered, a fifth part of the crop was either white or pole beans, with the pollen of which latter the blossoms of the China beans of the preceding year had become impregnated. The artificial crossing of fruits was first practised by Knight, about the beginning of the present century. He began with the pea, with wheat, and the strawberry, and thus extended his experiments successfully to the apple, pear, peach, &c. The varieties of our Indian corn have been greatly multiplied by incidental fecundation; and we heard a naturalist insist, the other day, that all the varieties of this grain had sprung from two species. It is to this natural tendency to mixture, in the cabbage, turnip and radish families, and the heedlessness of the American gardeners in seeding different species and varieties in the same ground, that foreign seeds of these plants are in higher repute than our own—the practice in Europe being to seed each kind by itself, remote from any other species of the family.

From the preceding considerations it must be apparent, that if a farmer would have good stock, he should breed from only the best individuals; and that if he has not good individuals he should procure them, at any reasonable price; that he should select and breed from those which are best adapted to his grounds and his business—whether it be for the dairy, for labor, or for wool.

That if he would have good crops, he must select his seed with care; and having obtained that which is good, he should keep it pure, by not permitting it to become fecundated and deteriorated by growing along side of inferior kinds, and by carefully preserving the best samples to breed from.

MANNERS IN MISSOURI.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of this State, was last year persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at 10 o'clock on the day of Assembly, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted, with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the State House, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber in the lower house on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall and bawled out, "Strangers, whars the man that swors me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials. 'Walk this way,' said the clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry. When the Teller came to count noses he found that there was one Senator too many present; the mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool *who!* with your corn bred!" he roared. "You can't flunk this child no how you can fix it I'm elected to this here Legislatur, and I'll go again all banks and eternal improvements, & if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a woodchuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on jest as soon as you like, for tho' I'm from the back country I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."—After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and tood up his rifle with, "Come here, old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time presenting it to the chairman, who however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "gentlemen, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't think that ar lower room was the groggery, may I be shot."—*St. Louis paper.*

The musquitoes of Florida are said not only to take a grindstone on their backs to whet their bills on, but take a boy along with them to turn the crank! So says the Picayune, and who will doubt such authority?

A steam doctor in North Carolina has discovered a new system by which he can make an entire young man out of an old one, and have enough left to make a small yellow dog.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The Boston Transcript illustrates the "go ahead" principle of every thing now-a-days, by the following interesting items of intelligence:

1. The wife of a fisherman in N. York—Mr. William Tinker—presented him on Thursday with *three little female tinkers.*

2. A Mrs. Dunn, of Detroit, recently presented her loved and loving lord with *three little duns.* These are not 'the worst kind' of duns.

3. Mrs. B. F. Cannon, of New Salem, in this State, on Tuesday night presented her husband with *four small cannons.* This fine little park of artillery is said to be in excellent condition.

A coloured boy from the South was brought before the Judge at Boston on a Habeas Corpus, and when the Judge told him by the laws of the Commonwealth he was free to go where he pleased, the boy innocently answered, 'then I will go back to my Missus.'

The boy was right. He knew his Southern "Missus" would take much better care of him than the Northern fanatical philanthropist.—*Petersburg Constellation.*

Steamboat Racing—Anecdote.—A lady took her passage on board a steamboat at N. Orleans to go to St. Louis, but hearing that the Captain intended to run a race, declined going unless assurances were given that such would not be the case. The master pledged his honor to refrain from the contest, and the boat got under way; the rival boat pursuing soon after neared him fast, and the passengers becoming excited, requested him to put on more steam, which was refused, for the reason above given. The lady was applied to, but would not yield. She was then requested to come on deck and view the other boat, which at the time, was nearly alongside, and fast gaining. Her feelings were immediately enlisted, and she too urged an increase of speed, which was attempted, but not succeeding as as his passengers desired, they suggested that he should use bacon, to make the wood inflammable. The aeswer was, that having pledged his word not to race, he had not provided himself with the article.' Never mind, captain, (said the lady,) you have some on board on freight, use it, use it, my dear sir, *I will pay all expenses, if you beat that boat.*"—*Charleston Mercury.*