DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Delaware Gazette.

THE LOAFER'S LAMENT.

Air—EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the wharf, a poor broken down
loafer,
The beard on his black chin had long been
unshorn;
For whisky he sigh'd, but his last spree was
over,
His pockets were empty—his shinplasters
gone.
But a grog shop attracted his eye's sad devotion
For he knew that inspired with brandy's
emotion,
He had reeled in that floor like a ship in the
ocean,
As he walked to the bar for a smaller of rum;

Sad is my fate, said the heart broken loafer,
The dog and the tom cat to shelter can flee,
But I a'nt got a coat my poor carcase to cover
And nobody cares a rum smaller for me—
Never again in green Washington square
Can I take a sweet snooze—for the consta
ble's there —
He'd carry me off in a style mighty queer,
And march me to jail in the skip of a flea—

Whiskey, my loved one!—tho' sad and forsa
ken—
In dreams to the bottle I joyfully come—
But alas! in a stall in fish market I waken,
With the skin of my throat just as dry as a
drum;
Oh cruel fate—will thou never replace me
In a grog shop again, where no constables
chase me—
Where the busters I once knew, again shall
embrace me
And call for more liquor to welcome me home.

Where is the tavern that stood by the market,
Where nine times a day for a julip I'd call,
And we jolly souls all the evenings would
lark it,
Busters and friends!—we have wept for its
fall!
No more in that temple the jolly boys meet,
No longer we loafers each other may greet,
They tore down the tavern to make a new
street,
In sadness I saw them demolish the wall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing
One wish alone my poor bosom will draw,
And bequeath to that kind heart, a loafer's
last blessing
Who'l give me a smaller to moisten my craw,
Then asleep on the stall, where my legs
cease their motion,
I'll dream that I float in an achohol ocean,
And quaffing its waves, sing aloud with devotion,
Whiskey I love thee best when thou art raw.

From the Baltimore Sun.

THE JUBILEE.

Written on the 4th of July, at the request of a beautiful lady.

Hail Freedom's jubilee;
All hail the brave and brilliant band
Who for their homes and native land
Proclaim'd with firm and fearless hand
The reign of liberty;
And pledged their honor, fortune, fame,
To give a mighty nation name.

All hail the heroes brave;
Hail liberty's immortal sires,
Who boldly lit the battle fires;
Who dared to strike the blessed blow,
That bade a wondering nation know,
That men determined to be free,
No pow'r, no chain can bind;
They burst the bonds of slavery,
And in the majesty of mind,
Detest the slave,
Who dares to bow beneath the nod,
Of any pow'r save that of God.

Hail glorious Washington!
Who led the brilliant band of braves,
To glory or to gory graves;
And from the limbs of liberty,
Sever'd the chains of slavery;
Who victory won,
And saw a wondering world admire,
Freedom's illustrious son and sire.

Hail Carroll, hail to thee!
Last one of that illustrious band,
Honor'd in every liberal land;
For thee and thy immortal name,
The poet's pen, the tongue of fame,
The song of liberty
Shall give; and o'er thy silent grave,
Garlands shall grow to grace the brave;
And many a youth shall at thy shrine,
Feel glory glow on hearts like thine.

MILFORD BARD.

STANZAS.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts, as mine;
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled, pure remance,
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance·

And each could tell his tale of youth—
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion—more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penned, in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days—
Of maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear—
Of kisses on a blushing cheek—
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak;
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them *what we see them now!*
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?—
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that *one* being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all *she* said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy when far from her—
If that one form which we adore
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more,
Why do we love—if love be vain?

From the New York Mirror.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves & cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
Percival.

Beautiful language! Love's peculiar own,
Not for the cold, the careless to impart
By such sweet signs the silence of the heart.
Pickersgill.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.
Percival.

When this new language is understood by our youthful readers, they will find it a source of pure and elegant amusement, as they can then hold sweet converse and pour out the fondest and most secret wishes of the heart without the tedious intervention of words. Every flower represents a sentiment; and a boquet when offered to the object of affection, thus becomes the fanciful medium of conveying the most tender and unutterable things We have selected this from a thin and rather scarce volume, purporting to be issued from the city of roses; but not being ourselves deeply skilled in botanic lore, with the assistance of a kind and learned friend, we have corrected its imperfections.

Acacia Rose—Robinia hispida—Friendship.
If I do vow a frindship I'll perform it.
Shakspeare.

Acacia, yellow--Virgilia lutea—Elegance.
Trifles themselves are elegant in him—*Pope.*

Almond flower—Brabeium—Perfidy.
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
and ne'er a true one.—*Shaks.*

Amarinth, globe—A. globoso—Unchangeable.
Unalterably firm, his love entire.—*Milton.*

Ambrosia—A maritima.—Love returned.
She was beloved—she loved—*Shaks.*

Amaryllis.—Splendid beauty.
With looks too bright and beautiful for
such a world as this.

Anemone—Windflower.—Expectation.
For him she breathes the silent sigh forlorn,
Each setting day, for him each rising morn.
Darwin.

Adonis.—Pheasant's eye.—Sorrowful remembrances.
Regretted raptures, long remembered woes.
Rogers.

Arkansas Coreopsis.—Coreopsis tinctoria.—I
would rather not answer.
If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
My choice is made; for I must you refuse.
Dryden.

Arbor vitæ—Thuja occidentalis—Live for me
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
Doddridge.

Auricula—Primula.—Avarice.
Nor love his peace of mind destroys;
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
Dryden

Althæa.—Consumed by love.
My heart's on flame, and dies like fire.
* * * To her aspire.—*Cowley.*

Bachelor's button.—Ranunculus acris pleno.
I with the morning's love have oft made
sport.
When I said I would die a bachelor, I did
not think
I should live till I were married.—*Shaks.*

Balm.—Melissa.—Syn pathy.
A world of earthly blessing to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Shaks.

Bluebottle.—Centaurea cyanus.—Constancy.
But I am constant as the northern star.—Ib

Belvidere.—I declare against you.
Miserable most, to love unloved.—*Shaks.*

Balsam apple.—Momordica.—Impatience.
Impatience waiteth on true sorrow.—Ib.

Bay leaf.—Laurus.—I change but in dying.
No: let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart are spun,
That could not, would not be undone.
Campbell.

Cypress—Cupressus sempervirens.—Despair.
The lifted arm of mute despair arrest,
And snatch the dagger pointed at his breast.
Darwin.

Biographical Notice of the Late Prince Talleyrand.—A complete narration of the life of Prince Talleyrand would be nothing less than the secret history of a most important epoch, commencing with the first appearance of the great revolution in France, and ending only with the present time, when the body of that illustrious statesman is not yet rendered to the silence of the tomb. All that we intend to attemt is, to give our readers a few of the principal dates and events that serve to mark the outlines of his eventful existence, reminding them that those who are now young may probably become old before all the secrets of the Prince's life can be expected to be fully before the public.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevento, in the holy Roman empire, was born at Paris in 1754. He descended from one of the oldest and most illustrious houses of France, which, during the middle ages, were lords of the district of Quercy; and at an early age, as a younger brother, was destined for the church. His ecclesiastical education was formed at the seminary of St. Sulpice, and his talents for public business were already so strongly developed that, in 1780, he was named Agent General of the Clergy. In 1788 he was consecrated Bishop of Autun, and the year after was elected deputy of the clergy of his diocess to the states general. The political career of the prince during that momentous period is well known; Mirabeau perceived the extent of his abilities, and signifies himself as one of the most powerful and versatile of the men of genius who then abounded in Europe. He proposed several most important measures to the states, among others the suppression of titles and the appropriation of the property of the clergy to the wants of the public treasury. In 1790 he was named president, and in the same year officiated at the alter in the Champ de Mars on the day of the national federatioe. He subsequently consecrated the first constitutional bishops, and for this was excommunicated by Pope Pius VI. His resignation of the bishoprick of Autun, and his election as a member of the directory of the department of Paris, followed soon after. He was left by Mirabeau as one of his executors, and in 17, 92 was sent into England on a secret mission, together with M. Chauvelia the embassador. It will be remembered that the English administration under Mr. Pitt, after favorably receiving the French envoys, subsequently ordered them to leave the country within 24 hours. M. de Talleyrand returned to Paris the day after the famous 10th August, and was indebted to Danton from a narrow escape from assassination: He then left France for the United States, and remained there engaged in commercial operations till 1796, when he was recalled by a decree of the convention. In 1797, after the 18th Fructidor, he was appointed minister of foreigh affairs, and supported with the most impertutable *sang froid* the attacks made against him by all parties. Two years afterwards the 18th Brumaire occurred; Napoleon became first consul, and M. do Talleyrand continued as foreign minister. In 1803 a brief from Pius VII released the ex-Bishop of Autun from his ecclesiastical ties, and he shortly afterwards married Madame Grandt, of Hamburg. The reval of Fouche and M. de Talleyrand then followed, and to the ultimate advantage of the latter, who, on Napoleon becoming Emperor in 1806, was elevated to the rank of Prince of Benevento, and grand chamberlain of the empire.—The next year he was succeeded as minister by M. de Chamaugny, Duke de Cadore, and was named vice-grand elector; but from this period his aleniation from Napoleon may be dated. He disapproved of the Emperor's aggressions in Spain, and in 1814, was appointed President of the provisional Government of France until the arrival of the Count d'Artois. We need hardly remind our readers that he was French commissioner at the Congress of Vienna, and that on the final return of Louis XVII, in 1815, he resumed the portfolio of foreign affairs as President of the council, but resigned before the end of the year from his disapprobation of the tendences of the government. From thit period he remained near the person of the Sovereign in virtue of his title as chamberlain, ultimately became the leader of the opposition in the Chamber of Peers. The revolution of 1831 found him, though advanced to a venerable old age, not too old for the service of his country, and he proceeded to London as ambassador, where he remained till 1835. After this time, the Prince has rested under the shadow of his diplomatic laurels, ample enough to include within their branches the treaties of Amiens, of Luneville, and of the Quadruple Alliance. His death, and his reconcilement with the church, we have just witnessed.

We will not attempt to make any observations on the character of Prince Talleyrand, variously estimated as it is, and necessarily must be for some time to come, by the distorted views of party prejudice. His detractors say that he changed to all systems, and to all men; his eulogists, that he remained consistent at all times, and that he withdrew his support only when what it was given to had ceased to coincide with the political system which he had adopted for himself. The truth perhaps, lies between the two.—*Gagilnami.*

"HAIL COLUMBIA."

From Waldie's Journal of Belles Letters.

Judge Hopkinson—We present our readers with an American anecdote, from the pen of a valued correspondent, respecting the composition of "Hail Columbia," by Judge Hopkinson, which will be new to most of our subscribers.

Mr. Editor—Though you are aware that the Hon. Judge Hopkinson is the author of Hail Columbia, you may not know the circumstances under which it was written. I have heard the history of the song more than once, and hope it may find a place of record in some corner of your Journal, and be secured from oblivion.

In the year 1798 when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than histrionic powers called one morning upon his friend Mr. H. and, after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If" said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it; but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done, yet I think you may succeed. Mr. H. consented to make a trial, and requested Fox to call in the evening to judge of the result.

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sung them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills and placards announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c.

The theatre was crowded, the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times and again encored, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus.—Night after night Hail Columbia cheered the visiters of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distingushed author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten.—The streets in which he resided was on the occasion crowded, and Hail Columbia broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Gennessee Farmer.

BRIEF HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

A subject too much neglected during the middle of summer is the extirpation of weeds. If the nourishment which goes to support the weeds on some farms were applied to the crop, the owners would soon get rich. Weeds are as injurious to the crop as a herd of intiuding cattle, and should therefore be removed with as much determination.

There is one rule which will apply in destroying all weeds of whatever kinds; this is, that they cannot obtain access to the air.—Hence weeds the most difficult of extirpation are soon routed by cutting them off as fast as they appear above ground, or by burying them repeatedly with a plough.

Repeated ploughing for destroying weeds is best whenever they have obtained possession of the ground, as in case of Canada Thistles, St. Johnswort, and some others; and indeed it is much better to devote the ground a year or two to clearing, where they have spread extensively, than to lose two thirds of the use of it by them perpetually.

Some weeds are easily removed with a common hoe, as for instance, mullens, thistles, &c, which infest pastures; cutting them off at the surface of the ground generally destroys them at once. Docks are very easily removed when the ground is softened with rain, by pulling them up.

In order to prevent the trouble of destroying a field of weeds, they should be watched and rooted out at their first appearance, when it will not cost a thousandth part of the labor. Canada thistles, milk weeds, oxeye daisy, couch grass, charlock or field mustard, and others, whenever they first appear, should be immediately destroyed.

Whole fields are frequently seen covered with a luxuriant crop of the large field thistle; if they were cut and raked with a horse rake into large heaps they would make excellent manure.

Farmers should use every means practible to obtain and preserve all the manure that can be done—They should recollect that a good load of manure properly applied, is better than a silver dollar. What most needs attention now, is to preserve the manure which remains unspread during summer, to prevent its wasting by fermenting and evaporation.—This is effected by covering it with a coating of earth mixed with about one quarter lime.

Farm implements should always be of the best kind, even if they cost considerably more; if a workmen with a good tool can do one-third more labor, he will soon repay the additional cost.

The advantages of frequent stirring of the earth among crops have been sufficiently proved—"a rusty hoe in summer is a sign of a poor farmer" But the practice of *hilling* in cultivating hoed crops, is injurious; and it is found by experience that in all common cases, preserving the surface of the ground flat or nearly so is much preferable. For this reason, the *cultivator* should be used in preference to the one horse plough; and if the rows have been planted straight and even, all the weeds may be cut up by it within two or three inches of the plant.

Mowing should not be commenced until the stalks of grass begin to change a little to a brown color, or when the seeds are approaching maturity. A greater quantity of nutriment is then contained, the hay is sweeter to the taste and is not so tongh as otherwise, and the hay is more easily dried. Grass beaten down by rain, should, however, be cut before it becomes injured in this way while uncut.

A defect in curing hay, and more especially clover, is drying it too much in the sun. The more improved practice is to dry it partially in the swarth and finish by what is termed the *sweating* process, or drying in small cocks, the heat of a very slight fermentation assisting. The labor of spreading is thus saved, there is little injury from exposure to dew, and the thin leaves & succulent stalks become equally dried together. Where this plan has been tried many successive days of rainy weather have not prevented the making excellent hay: and indeed, while the outside of the cock is wet by the falling rain the interior has been constantly drying by the slight heat generated. Every farmer should at least try this method, and every one who tries it fairly, adopts it.

We still see, in many places, the common hand rake employed to collect the hay on the meadow: This should no longer be tolerated. When it can be raked by a horse with one fifth the expense, it is surprising that so many adhere to the old practice. If farmers are unwilling to procure a revolving rake, let them at least provide themselves with the common horse rake. The cost is only two dollars, and it will pay for itself in less than half a day, and in half an hour, if a shower of rain is coming upon a crop of new hay attach the draught ropes to the outer teeth cut to about one third the length of the others, and no difficulty will be found in manageing it.

We last year saw a meadow of fifteen acres raked with a common horse rake in about six hours of time actually employed, a part of which yielded three tons to the acre; and the whole of the hay was drawn to the stack, chiefly from the winrow, by the horse and rake, sufficiently fast to keep a strong active man (who had previously laughed at the plan) hard at work all day to pitch it on the stack. By regulating properly, by means of the handles, the pitch of the teeth, loads were collected which were a load for one horse to draw. One man only (without any rider) was sufficient to manage it. It abridged the labor so much, that cutting the grass was more than two thirds the work done on the meadow. On extensive and smooth meadows, we would by all means recommend the revolving rake in preference to any other, and the hay sweep (described last year in the Farmer) to collect and draw it to the stack or place of deposit. But the common horse rake may be used on any meadow, if not intolerable rough.

Mowers should commence work by four o'clock in the morning, when the air is cool and the grass moist, and then they may rest in the heat of the day.

In harvesting grain it is much better to cut it a few days before it is perfectly ripe, than to allow it to stand too long. If cut when not entirely ripe, and bound up *before the straw becomes dry, it will derive nouriehment from the stalk* sufficient to ripen it before the sheaves become thoroughly dry.

The great advantage of cutting early rye, the grain is not wasted by shelling, the straw is worth more, and it enables the farmer to drive business and prevent losses from bad weather and other delays.

Lodged and rusty grain should in all cases be cut as soon as admissible, as little is gained by suffering it to stand long.

Whenever is necessary to leave grain upon the field after it is cut, it should be put up so as to withstand any rain without injury.—This may be easily effected by placing about six sheaves closely together, pressing their heads to a point, and capping the whole with a seventh. The cap is made by binding a a sheaf firmly near the lower end and spreading the staw on all sides by breaking it down over the band.

Something New.—We have been shown the most ingenious article of furniture we have ever seen or heard of. It was invented by William Woolley, (a gentleman already celebrated for his invalid and hospital bed,) and manufactured by W. Sommer, at 422 Broadway. It was an article which had the appearance of a sideboard of the modern construction, with a marble slab. It contained a draw at top, and seemed to have every convenient arrangement of that useful appendage to the dining or sitting room. The doors of this novel sideboard being opened, a bedstead, bed and bedding were drawn out on castors, and in two seconds a perfect and beautiful bed was ready to receive its occupant; in two seconds more the bed was rolled into its hiding place and the doors closed upon it, and without the necessity of folding up the bedding. The operation of this ingenious bed was like magic. We have never seen anything in the shape of a secret bed so perfectly secret as this. There was also an article invented by Mr. Sommer, which was very ingenious; it was a secretary of very novel form and construction, decidedly an article of luxury and great beauty. We must not forget to observe that the workmanship of the articles in this warehouse could not be surpassed. All who admire ingenuity and masterly skill should call and look at them.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Cincinnati Advertiser says of *Ex-President Jackson*—"It gives us great pleasure to state that, by information direct from the Hermitage, we understand that the health of the hero and patriot is quite restored; that he is in fine spirits, and entertains his friends with his accustomed hospitality and elasticity of mind, having the utmost confidence that his favorite state has rejoined the fold of democracy, and that federal whiggery no longer prevails in Tennessee. To the honest democrats of Ohio, this will give pleasure unalloyed, as not a man in the party can be found who will not rejoice in the restored health of their favorite hero, or who does not breathe an ardent desire for a long life & good health to the *man who has filled the measure of his country's glory.*

☞The Albany Argus says that Governor Marcy returned from the Frontier on Friday last.

Major General *Macomb* arrived at Oswego on the 16th, and proceeded dirictly to Sackett's Harbour. General *Brady* was already at the same post.

About 200 regulars of the U. S. A. under command of Captain Gwinne, 1st Infantry, and Captain McCall 4th Infantry, had departed from Oswego for Sackett's Harbor.—*Balt. Rep.*