L. D. Franklin

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.

The following beautiful piece of poetry is taken from a work entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a youthful production of the author of 'Pelham,' and 'The Disowned.'

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight;—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds the lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feels in youth the feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wide desire,
Delirous, yet divine—*to know!*
Around to roam, above aspire,
And drink the breath of heaven below!
From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye,
In man, the darkest mist of all.

Alas! what boots the midnight oil—
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vain the hope, and vain the toil
Which only leave us doubly blind!
What learn we from the past?—the same
Dull course of glory, gift and gloom!
I asked the future and there came
No voice from the unfathomed womb,
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*

And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth,
Oh, fools! o'er Wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden Youth!
In science wildly do we speak,
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirit drooping on the wing.

Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear;
What deepening tracts of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all besides adore;
To feel amid the world alone—
An alien on a desert shore;
To loose the only ties which seem,
To idle gaze, in mercy given;
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from Heaven!

The following, by W. M. Praed, is not only a beautiful poem, but one of the best charades ever written.—*Phil. Chronicle.*

A CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh:
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring [drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell—
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, aye, call!
The cord of the lute, and lay!
All let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

LAST EDITION.

Friend of my soul, this tankered sip,
'Twill banish care and fear,
'Tis not so hot as gin or flip,
But ah! 'tis good strong beer:
Like THEIR delusive dreams
'Twill gently soothe thy mind
But when next morning beams,
It leaves no fumes behind.

Come take my hat, thy face to shade;
The sun shines hot at noon;
Like Phœbus' rays thy cheeks may fade,
But ah! not half so soon.
For tho' thy charms decay,
Thou still art in my sight,
But Phœbus shines by day,
And leaves us every night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

A TALE.

While on a journey in one of the northern States, I chanced to put up for the night at a small inn, the landlord of which was very communicative, and as I always took an interest in learning the history of a nighbourhood and its traditionary legends, I listened with no small degree of attention to some remarks he made of a singular nature, which I shall give to you, as near as I can recollect, in his own words:

'I have lived,' said he, 'at this inn for upwards of thirteen years, and during that time, have heard and seen some uncommon things, but within these last two years, there has been one more extraordinary than them all. In that space, a man of commanding appearance, and, when absolutely forced into company, of polite manners, has solitarily inhabited the large wood you see on the right, and always shrinks from any communications with any of his fellow beings, yet comes at stated times into the village to procure sustenance; and has money sufficient to supply his wants. He is generally supposed to be crazy, yet exhibits no symptoms whatever of insanity.'

This account, as you may suppose, raised my curiosity, and I proceeded to question my host still further concerning the history of this extraordinary being. In reply to my interrogations, he informed me that he generally went under the cognomen of the Melancholy Man; that he appeared to have no shelter whatever, from the inclemency of weather, and his only companion was a large mastiff. He would describe him, but as to morrow was his regular day of visiting the village, and as my landlord was his agent to procure him whatever he wanted, I would then have an opportunity of seeing him. Although I had intended pursuing my journey on the following morning, yet the desire of viewing such a singular specimen of humanity, determined me to defer it for two days. Accordingly I waited with considerable impatience the next morning, when in compliance with his custom, the melancholy man made his entrance. Never using more words than was absolutely necessary, he stated to the landlord his wants, when he would call again, and immediately returned to the wood he had left. In the meantime, however, I had an opportunity of examining him minutely, and I was never more struck with any appearance. He might have been thirty five years of age, he could not have been more. Manly and majestic was his demeanor, and his every gesture was grace and dignity personified. In his person, rather over the common height, straight, and proportionably thick. With a countenance bold and open, his high forehead, and dark flashing eyes, gave marks of more than ordinary genius. He seemed formed to grace a court, rather than to dwell alone in a mountain forest. His clothes, though fitted to his present situation, were arranged with the most scrupulous attention to neatness, showing he had once been accustomed to move in a different sphere from that he now occupied. Thus have I given you an outline of his person; as to his voice, it was deep and sonorous, and his language remarkably chaste and correct. After he had departed, I could not help wondering, how one so superior to the common herd, should thus abandon all society, should give up all the scenes of high life, in which he had evidently once moved, and exclude himself from all intercousre, except such as was necessary to sustain existence. There was also another mystery connected with him. How did he get the money, with which he purchased food and raiment? He was not known to pursue anything for a livelihood. Could he then be a common robber? Surely not: his appearance forbade such a supposition. Besides no robbery had ever occurred in that section of the country, and nothing like fire arms had ever been seen about him. These thoughts brought on a long train of others, and nothing now occupied my mind but this singular being, & the probable causes that could have led him to such a step. When I went to bed, these reflections still pursued me, and I dreamt about nothing but the melancholy man. They had taken such deep hold of me, that I could not shake them off, and when I arose in the morning, I felt I could not be contented till I had fathomed to the bottom, this uncommon occurrence. As I had just come into a large fortune, and had plenty of time and money at my disposal, I resolved I would not leave the village, until I should have attained the object I had in view, I acquainted my host with my intentions, and although he did not entertain any very sanguine expectation of the success of my undertaking, he promised me all the assistance in his power. That day, I wrote to the friend, to whose house I was travelling, telling him the circumstances, as I have related them to the reader, and informing him of the postponement of my visit on that account. I also made a bargain with my worthy landlord, Mr. Miller, about board, &c. and made an arrangement for a stay of some weeks.

The first thing to be done was to obtain all the information I could, concerning the melancholy man, and for this purpose, by the help of Mr. Miller, I formed acquaintances with all my neighbours, who knew anything at all of him. They willingly imparted what information they had, and by this means, I discovered that many attempts had been made by the curious, to draw from the subject of our narrative, the story of his life. But they had all failed. When it was spoken of in his presence, a deeper gloom rested on his countenance, than that which generally shaded it, or sometimes he would clasp his hands together, as if in agony, and at others, look so threateningly on the inquiries, as to oblige him to desist. I was also told, that on several trees, the name of Lucy Anners was found cut in the bark. It had been often attempted to draw him into general conversation, and once or twice had been done. At these times, he was found to be very well informed, and listened with more attention to literature, and when England was spoken of, to any other topics. After gathering this information, I intended to adopt a plan, which I thought would be likely to succeed. One fine morning, having been told in what part of the woods he then was, I sallied forth, (not, it must be confessed, without much trembling.) on my expedition. Having walked some distance, I found him seated on a stump, buried in deep thought, I approached, and took a seat near him. He did not appear to notice me. 'A fine morning, this, sir?' said I. Without raising his eyes from the ground, he nodded assent. After a pause, I again said, 'have you heard the news from England?' At the word England, he raised his head, and looked me in the face. I perceived that now was my opportunity, and immediately I took advantage of it, by some trivial remarks on the ministry, the proceedings of parliament, &c. He became interested, and before long, we were engaged in an animated conversation. I easily perceived why the villagers had not gained his confidence. They were rude and illiterate men, who were his equals in no respect, and therefore they had never been able to interest him; but by tact and management, I led him on to those points in which I was the most interested. Yet, though he would converse with me on other subjects, he would never touch that of his parentage, or the events of his life, and if I made any illusion to them, he was immediately silent. I discovered enough in this conversation, to find he was a misanthrope, one, who weighed down by the bitterness of great affliction, had determined to retire from the world, and spend the residue of his days in solitude. After this, I had many interviews with him, and not to tire the reader with minute details, I at length persuaded him to leave his present mode of life, and lodge with me at the village inn. This was looked upon by the village folks, as almost a miracle, the more so, as although intimate with me, he could not yet be brought to hold any intercourse with others. Yet, after a while, he was induced to do even this, and indeed, he seemed to be entirely cured of his misanthropy, except when the subject of his sorrows was alluded to, when he would immediately relapse into his former dull mode. By this time, I became firmly and deeply attached to him, for he had all the qualities that could secure love and esteem, and it being inconvenient for me to stay any longer in that place, I determined if possible, to induce him to move with me to my country seat. After much persuasion, to this he agreed, if I would suffer his dog to come with him, from whom he said, he would never part, and he kept his word.

As I assented, we removed, and in my own house he first told me his history, which was, indeed very affecting, and may not be uninteresting to my readers.

William Grey, the reputed father of our hero, was one of the most wealthy of all the gentry of England, and his company was much sought by his superiors as well as his equals. James, his son was of course nursed in the lap of luxury, and received the praises and flatteries of the visiters of his father. Every thing that could be done for him was done. He had the best instructors, and possessing more than ordinary talents, he was well versed in ancient and modern learning. He was introduced into the best society, and his father's influence and wealth, secured him a cordial reception. One of the families, among whom he spent much time, was the ancient house of the Anners. Sis Ashby Anners, who now had possession of the family riches and honours, was a man of the world, in the most complete sonse of the word.—The emotions and passions that sometimes stir in the breasts of other men, were entirely stifled in him, all that reigned in his heart, was cold, calculating selfishness. He could inflict any injury, he could witness every distress, even in his nearest friends and relatives that he might advance his own dignity, or increase his own stores. No thought ever entered his head, but that of aggrandizement, and to this, was every thing made to bend. Far different was his lovely daughter Lucy Anners, she was the pure, uncontaminated child of nature. She possesssed in an eminent degree, all those feelings and emotions, that render our fallen nature amiable and lovely. Her ear was ever open to the cry of pity, the sorrows of others ever touched her heart, and like an angel, she listened and wept that she might soothe and relieve. Nor were here her personal charms less remarkable than those of her mind. A figure that might rival in brightness and symmetry, the fairy sylph, and eyes whose laughing blue could chase each sorrow far away: a face which beauty of proportion, regularity and delicacy of hue, all combined to render perfect, a skin as fair as alabaster, teeth white as the driven snow, and lips whose beautiful pouting red, had obten caused the bee to mistake them for some delicious flower, formed one of the most elegant persons England ever saw. Was it any wonder, then, the visits of James Grey, to Stanrook Hall, were very frequent? Was it any wonder the flowers of Lady Lucy's garden, were more handsome than any one elses? Neither was it a wonder that Lady Lucy blushed at the entrance of James Gray, or that she thought his arm was a better support than that of any other gentleman's. Oh! no, these were no wonders at all for James Grey and Lady Lucy Anners were in love. Nor was Sir Ashby long in perceiving it, and it pleased him well.—He knew the high repute in which the Grey's stood, he knew their vast wealth an he was satisfied. James' father was also favorable to the match. For reasons best known to himself, he wished to give his son an independent fortune, under any circumstances, and as Lucy Anners was sole heir to her father's entailed estate, he well knew his son would, at her father's death, come into the property. Thus "all went merry as a marriage bell."

The day had been set for the wedding, and the dresses were preparing, when William Grey was taken suddenly ill, and after lingering a short time expired. It appeared on the incontestible evidence of several old servants, who during their master's life, concealed the secret, but at his death revealed it that James was illegitimate, for although his father married his mother immediately after his birth, yet it was not before it as was generally supposed. Thus were James' hopes blasted. He was suddenly cut off from those large possessions he had beed taught to look on as his own. His former gay companions forsook him; all his flatterers now scoffed and sneered at the illegitimate. He had never been used to misfortunes, this was the first he had felt, and he almost fell under its weight. 'But, surely,' he thought, 'she will will not reject me, nor her father, after his many protestations of regard.' He sought him, as a friend with whom he might advise. He told him his situation,' Well, what do you want with me?' was the cold reply, he entreated, he implored him not to separate him from his daughter. Sir Ashby said,

'Young man, listen to me. Do you not know, we all in this world are swayed by interest, and do you think, I will debase my noble house, by uniting it with a bastard, without even wealth to recommend him? No! never! Never more enter my house. No communication must hereafter take place between us.'

With these haughty and repulsive words, he turned away. James did not reply, from amazement and despair. He sought Lady Lucy—she only was faithful, and the story of his sorrows made her young and tender heart bleed. She assured him she would never love another, but she could not marry against her father's will. That will was soon expressed, and in two days afterwards, notwithstanding her entreaties and supplications, she was the bride of a rich old Count. Her spirit sunk, and the bridal festivities were scarcely over, ere she was a lifeless corpse. Grey swore, never again would he stay in the society of men. The morning after her interment, he took ship for America, and in obedience to his oath, lived in the manner I have described, receiving remittances to support him, from a rich benevolent uncle. His dog was his only companion, and a faithful one he was, for often had he defended his master from the attacks of wild beasts. I had somewhat reconciled him to live as other men, but he could never be wholly reclaimed. He was often subject to deep fits of melancholy, and in one of them died in my arms.

Horrible Effects of Hydrophobia.—We learn that a horse belonging to Mr. James Haggerty, living in Christian, below Fifth street, Southwark, which was bitten by a rabid dog, about a month since, was observed to be taken very sick on Saturday morning, after having drank a bucket of water, and so rapidly and violently did the hydrophobia spasms increase upon him, that as he was haltered in the stall, by ten o'clock he had bitten the flesh all off his fore-legs, shoulders, and whatever else his halter allowed him to reach himself. His agony is described as so intense, that he would take a piece of flesh clear out at every attempt, and mouthful after mouthful was torn out in quick succession, during the piteous moanings of the poor beast, while his teeth would snap together, so as to be heard plainly for some distance. He however soon became so furious that he broke from his fastening and raved round the stable, until, through fear that he would break out, and to end his misery, he was humanely knocked in the head.—*Philadeldhia Ledger.*

CULTURE OF TURNIPS

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century this valuable root was cultivated only in gardens, or rather small spots, for culinary purposes; but Lord Townsend, who attended King George the First in one of his excursions to Germany, in the quality of Secretary of State, observed the Turnip cultivated in open and extensive fields, as fodder for cattle, and spreading fertility over lands naturally barren, on his return to England, brought over some of the seed, and strongly recommended the practice which he had witnessed, to the adoption of his own tenants, who occupied a soil similar to that of Hanover. The experiment succeeded; the cultivation of Field Turnips gradually spread over whole country of Norfolk, and has made its way into every district of England. The reputation of the county as an agricultural district, dates from the last improvements of heaths, wastes, sheep walks, and warrans, by enclosing and manuring; the fruits of the zealous exertions of Lord Townsend, and a few neighboring land owners, which were, ere long, imitated by others. Since these improvements were effected, rents have risen in that same country from one or two shillings to twenty shillings an acre; a county, consisting chiefly of sheep walks and rabbit warrens, has been rendered highly productive; and by dint of management, what was thus gained, has been preserved and improved, even to the present moment. Some of the finest grain crops in the world are now growing upon land, which, before the introduction of the Turnip husbandry produced a very scanty supply of grass for a few lean and half starved rabbits.

Mr. Colquehoun, in his "Statiscal Researches," estimated the value of the Turnip crop annually growing in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, at fourteen million pounds sterling, (equal to upwards of 60 millions of dollars.) But when we further recollect, that it enables the agriculturist to reclaim and cultivate land, which without its aid would remain in a hopeless state of natural barrenness, that it leaves the land clean and in fine condition, and also to insure a good crop of Barley, and a kind plant of Clove, and that this clover is found a most excellent preparative for Wheat, it will appear that the subsequent advantages derived from a crop of Turnips must infinitely excede its estimated value as fodder for cattle." (Sir Wm Scott in the Quarterly Review.) As I have undertaken to "assist the Young Gardner," I shall proceed to point out the most proper means of cultivating this truly valuable vegetable in his garden.

The preceding remarks show the kind of land that may be made capable of producing not only Turnips, but other things of equal value. It must however be granted, that some soils naturally suit particular kinds of vegetables better than others, and that in general, exotic plants will succeed best in such soils as are nearest like their own native soil. As we have not always a choice, I would inform the Young Gardner, if he has a very high soil which is not suitable for vegetables in general, he may sometimes get two crops of Turnips from it in one year, by sowing seed for the first crop early in March, and that for his second, in the middle of August. For general crops, it will be better to have ground manured with short rotten dung, or compost, containing a considerable proportion of coal, wood, peat, or soaper's ashes.—Ground that has baen well manured for preceding crops, and also ground fresh broken up will suit well for turnips.

Previous to sowing Turnip seed, the gardner should procure a suitable quantity of lime, soot or tobacco dust, so as to be prepared for the attacks of insects. It should be recollected that Turnip seed will sometimes sprout, within forty-eight hours after it is sown, and that very frequently whole crops are devoured before a plant is above ground. A peck of either of these ingredients, mixed with about an equal quantity of ashes, or even dry road dust, sown morning and evening for the first week after sowing the seed, would secure an acre of ground provided it be so contrived that the wind carry it over the whole piece of land and as it often changes, this may be affected by crossing the land in a different direction every time as the wind may serve. As some very erroneous ideas have been extensively circulated in respectable periodicals, respecting the cultivation of this valuable root, I would earnestly recommend that particular attention be paid to the time of sowing the seed, for if the first crop be not sown soon enough to be gathered early in July, they are seldom fit for the table, being hot, strigy, and wormy; and if the crop intended for Autumn and Winter use, be sown long before August, unless it be a very favorable season, if even they escape the attacks of insects and reptiles, they often get so defective, that they seldom keep the winter. To have turnips to perfection, they should be hoed in about a month after they are sown, or by the time the plants spread a circle of about four inches, and again, in about a month from the first howing, leaving them from six to nine inches apart, they they will yield the cultivator more profit this way, than when left to nature, as is two frequently done.

It is generally admitted that one pound of turnip seed is amply sufficient for an acre of ground, yet some will use considerable more, because of the difficulty of distributing so small a quantity of seed regularly broad cast. This difficulty is however obviated by sowing the seed in drills, and although it may seem a tedious process to those who have no other means of doing it than by hand, the facilities afforded of hoeing between the rows, more than compensates for the extra labor. I once induced a friend of mine to sow four ounces of turnip seed, in drills a foot apart by which means he made it extend over upwards of half an acre of land, and by hoeing the plants twice, he had the gratification of pulling four hundred bushels of handsome Turnips, which is more than is generally taken from an acre of land, cultivated in the ordinary way.

The Farmer.—Happiness seems to have fixed her seat in rural scenes: The spacious hall, the splendid equipage and pomp of courts, do not sooth and entertain the mind of man in any degree like the verdant plain, the enamelled mead, the fragrant grove, melodious birds, the sports of beasts, the azure sky, and the starry heavens.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that in proportion to our population, too many leave the occupation of agriculture for other employment. It this arise from its being considered that the employment of the farmer is not respectable, it is a great mistake. Every thing is honorable which is useful and virtuous. This is an employment instituted by God himself, and by him particularly owned and blest.

It is that on which every thing depends.—True it is laborious; but then labor brings health, is the foundation of the farmer, is the condition of independence, his little dominion is his own, his comforts are his own, and he is not at the mercy of the public whim and caprice. It is not necessarily the case, in this happy country especially, that the farmer must be a stupid, ignorant man. He is taught in his youth the first rudiments of education, and has many spare hours to read. In the heat of the summer's noon, and by the long winter evening's fire, he has much time for his book, and in this country they are placed within the reach of all.

Thom's Statue of Washington.—Thom, the sculpturer of Tam O'Shanter and his interesting family, has just completed a Colossal statue of Washington, of which the N. York Gazette says:—

It is a statue of Washington in citizen's dress nearly eight feet high, (lacking just two inches of it.) The likeness is excedingly striking and exact, so far as we can judge from all the portraits, and in profile especially, it conveys, at least to our mind, the most imposing impression of George Washington, that has ever been before it. The statue is cut out of stone from the quarry at Little Falls, at Patterson, New Jersey, which appears to be a favorite material with the artist. The noble and commanding attitude of the hero, the perfect keeping in which every portion of the person and dress is executed, and the grace and ease and naturalness of the whole figure, are most admirable. The statue is certainly not faultless as a likeness, for it lacks amplitude of forehead, and it strikes us that the artist, though he has succeeded admirably in catching the expression has, not quite succeeded the mouth is too small and the lips are too thin; but that the statue is taken all in all, the very best representative in stone, of the Father of his country, we do verily believe. There are more 'classical' efforts of art, for there is nothing classical at all in the composition of this statue. It is simply natural, that is all, and therefore calculated to exhibit to future generations, Washington as he actually was.

Passions.—To enjoy happiness by gratifying our passions, is like warming one's self by a burning-glass.