DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE LOVER'S APPEAL TO THE PAINTER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

How! paint Julia in colours,
From earthly mixture made!
Presumptuous mortal! what art thou,
That would'st my love degrade?

Go! dip thy brush in heaven
When bluest are the skies,
The deep, warm hue of summer,
To paint those laughing eyes!

And clothe its point in sunlight,
With a shadow here and there,
If thou would'st give the gleaming wave
Of her luxuriant hair!

Be sure thou be not sparing;
But with hand all free and bold,
And generous in its daring,
Pour on the glowing gold!

And when it floats around her,
Like a fountain spray of light,
With its rich ripples bathing
Her shoulders soft and white.

Then gaze again above thee,
And if the dying day
Has left its burning blushes there,
Oh! snatch the rosy ray!

And round her sportive dimples
Those hues of beauty trace,
Till heaven itself reflected seems
Within her radiant face!

Alas! the tints of loveliness.
If thou could'st thus obtain;
The lustre of the lovely tress,
The cheek's transparent stain.

What will they be with all thy care,
Without the impassioned soul,
That pleads so eloquently there,
And animates the whole?

From the New York Knickerbocker.

DARKNESS.

DARKNESS, I love thee!—when the last faint beam
Of day hath faded from the summer sky,
How sweet to wander by some gentle stream,
While all around Night's sable shadows lie,
And catch the plashing of a distant oar;
To hear faint voices borne upon the wind,
And gaze far on, nor view the verdant shore,
That boat, those voices, scarce have left behind!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the sudden swell
Of music bursts on the enraptured ear,
And chains the spirit with a mystic spell,
Like sounds unearthly from some hallowed sphere;
We turn to look upon a fair young brow,
Shaded with sunny tresses, on a cheek
Flush'd with deep feeling; and what meets us now?
Sadness, and darkness, for the form we seek!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the lighting plays
Through cloud piled masses with a lurid glare,
Flash following flash, in one bright liquid blaze,
While peals of thunder shake the troubled air:
And when, like infant on its mother's breast,
Who sobs to sleeep, its gust of passion o'er,
The storm is gone, and winds and waves at rest,
I love thee then as dearly as before!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the full heart thrills
With untold rapture—power of utterance gone;
Tear after tear, the downcast eyelid fills,
Flush after flush comes mantling, and alone
With one loved being, with whose destiny
Ours is close link'd—no sight, no sound
Breaks on the stillness; yet we feel an eye
Beams on us, in whose life our own is bound!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the midnight hour
Tells that thy reign too soon will pass away;
When hearts are bared before that unseen Power
Too oft forgotten 'mid the light of day,
And as the rushing memories come back.
Of days, and hopes, and friends, I long
To soar away to yon bright star lit track,
Whose glories, Darkness, round thy path way throng!

J. C.

A SCENE IN MONTE VIDEO.

It was in the month of July, 1819, that I happened to be in the port of Monte Video. A cruel and bloody war at that time raged between the authorities of Monte Video and Artegas, a chieftain, unpolished and uneducated, but whose native shrewdness and valor commanded the admiration of the wild and half savage inhabitants of the Banda Oriental, and whose ambition prompted him to put himself at their head and declare for independence. At this time the "rights of man" were but little regarded at Monte Video.—Despotism, oppression, martial law and its attendant evils, triumphed over liberty and justice. Americans were objects of especial dislike—not only on account of the freedom and happiness which were known to reign in their country, but because *their privateers*, under the flag of Artegas, who owned not a ship or a seaport, with commissions bearing his seal and signature, were roving over the ocean, and capturing every Portuguese vessel they fell in with. Americans were, therefore, viewed by the inhabitants of the various parts in the Brazils with distrust—they were disliked, and were not unfrequently treated with insult and indignity.

At this time there were two or three American vessels lying in the harbor of Monte Video, there being peace between the United States and Portugal. One of these vessels was the beautiful and fast sailing brig Ariel, commanded by a very worthy but high spirited Yankee, named Richardson, belonging to a port in Massachusetts Bay. In consequence of the reasons to which I have alluded he had met with some difficulty at the custom house, and was ready for sea. On the morning of his intended departure, he was getting his anchor and making sail, a boat from the guard ship, came along side; an officer sprang on board, and informed him that two soldiers had deserted the barracks the night before and there was reason to believe that they were secreted on board his vessel. Captain Richardson, who knew there was a severe penalty attached to an offence of this kind, conscious of his innocence, told the officers that there must be some mistake in the matter, as the men could not be on board—but he was of course, welcome to search.—The search took place, and after a little while, the deserters were found stowed away in the fore peak! having been brought off the night before by some of the crew, on shore on liberty, and of course without the knowledge or consent of the captain or mates.

This discovery put an end to all preparations for sailing, the cable was again played out, and the sails furled. Captain Richardson was with little ceremony, ordered into the boat, and conveyed on shore, where a guard of soldiers took charge of him, and escosted him to the Admiral of the Port, a part of whose duty it was to take cognizance of such matters. The Admiral was a fierce, swarthy looking man, of short stature, but a powerful frame—a frown of malignity constantly rested on his brow: he delighted in the wanton exercise of the almost unlimited power with which he was at this time invested. He delighted in acts of cruelty, and knew nor cared nothing for the principles of justice.

When the offending American was brought before him, and his crime explained, a gleam of savage joy for a moment lighted up his countenance, which soon, however, gave place to a scowl of fearful import. He listened with impatience to the testimony of the boarding officer, who stated the facts of the case; he would listen to to no explanation from Capt. Richardson, who loudly and repeatedly disclaimed any criminal intent or knowledge of the act. But this, said the Admiral, was altogether useless; enough was proved to convict him of an attempt to carry away from Monte Video two Portuguese soldiers, in contempt of the laws prohibiting such an act—and he conceived that it was his duty to inflict upon him exemplary punishment, as a salutary warning to others. And without further ceremony he ordered the astonished American to be conveyed to the quay or landing place, lashed to a gun and severely flogged on his bare back!

The sentence was executed upon Captain Richardson in the most unfeeling and brutal manner—his back was shockingly lacerated—but he bore his sufferings, amid the jeers and shouts of the populace who were present without a murmur or a groan. When the officer had performed his duty, he was freed from his fetters, and insultingly told by the Port Admiral himself, who had witnessed the punishment that he might now go on board his vessel and proceed to sea—carrying with him a token of Portuguese justice! Richardson answered him but by a look breathing scorn and defiance—and hastened into his boat, which was waiting for him at the landing place. As his men rowed him on board, he said not a word—but the convulsive twitchings of his features showed that although all was fair without, the passions were busily at work within. He went into his cabin and changed his clothes, disguising himself in such a manner, that he could not easily be recognised. He loaded a pistol with two balls, put it into his pocket, and went on deck. He then caused the brig to be got under weigh; and ordered the mate, who was a faithful and intelligent officer, to proceed over the bar and heave to for a couple of hours; and if he, the captain, did not come on board within that time, to make the best of his way to the seaport in the United States to which he was bound. He then ordered his gig, a beautiful four oared boat, to be lowered and manned, and proceed to shore

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when Capt. Richardson landed at the quay. He told his men that they must remain in the boat, ready to shove off and pull for their lives at a moment's warning. The men, who were attached to their commander, promised the most implicit obedience to his orders, at the same time declaring that they were willing to peril their lives in his defence, if necessary. He sprang on shore, but owing to the alteration in his dress he was not recognized by any person on the quay, although all remarked his hurried gait, and the fierce and determined expression of his countenance. He looked around him for the admiral of the port, the tyrant who had punished him unjustly, and, as he thought disgraced him forever, unless he could wipe out the stain on his honor, with the heart's blood of his adversary. At this time the admiral was standing near the walls of the battery, in the midst of a group of officers, to whom he was apparently with much savage glee relating the morning's adventure. Richardson advanced towards the group with his hand in his pocket, resting on his cocked pistol. When within a few paces, he drew forth the weapon, pointed it at the admiral's head with unerring aim, and pulled the trigger—at the same time exclaimed, in a voice rendered by the impulse of revenge, almost preternaturally loud & clear, "Die, Tyrant, Die!" The bullet sped and did its work. It lodged in the brain of the admiral, who fell to the ground a corpse.

Richardson turned, and rushed towards his boat—aware that that was his only chance of escape. But the great work of vengeance was accomplished, and whether he now lived or died was with him comparatively of trifling consideration· However he resolved to strive as long as possible for his life. Some soldiers who witnessed the deed, hastened to intercept him in his flight—but Richardon, who was at all times a powerful man, and who now seemed imbued with supernatural strength, caught the bayonet in his hand as it was directed to his bosom, and wrenched the musket to which it was attached, from the grasp of the owner, then wielding it as a club, he felled every one who dared to impede his retreat, until he reached his boat, into which he bounded, and ordered his men to give way with all their strength—and in and almost incredible short space of time after he had gratified his revenge he was a hundred yards from the quay, proceeding with astonishing velocity towards his vessel.

The officers had by this time recovered from their stupor, into which they had been thrown by this unexpected act. They now gave the word to the soldiers to fire at the boat, and the bullets whistled around the head of Richardson and his gallant crew; but he, nowise daunted, rose in the stern sheets, and with one hand he grasped the tiller and directed the course of the boat, he shook the other clenched hand in defiance at the officers, soldiers, and citizens, who by this time had crowded, in immense numbers, the landing place there.

Boats were now manned from the quay, and from the guard ship, and sent off after the retreating boat. But Richardson had got the start of his foes, and dashed across the shoals at the entrance of the harbor, in the direction of his brig. His mate had literally obeyed his instructions, and the Ariel was lying too, with all sail set, but with her main top sail to the mast, just clear of the shoals, and out of gun shot. He reached the deck with his brave men, unharmed—the gig was hoisted up the jib set, and the after yards filled—and as the beautiful brig glided rapidly away from his pursuers, Captain Richardson cast a look upon the towers of Monte Video, fast lessenning in the distance:—"Farewell," said he, "I shall never return hither—I have been deeply injured, but that injury has been fearfully avenged."—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

THE LOAFER—A SOLILOQUY.

"The seat itself is well enough, it is substantial, and it reminds me of abundance; but I can't say I like these hooks, they are an annoyance to the covering of the head; mine, however is a shocking bad hat. If one of the steaks which have hung here was before me, well dressed (I can say as much of myself,) I would waive invitation and fall to—I hate ceremony. I feel rather chilley—I will make a philosophical experiment, and see if there *is* any heat in that moonshine; there certainly should be, for she borrows her light from the sun, and it would be a pity if she did'nt get a little heat along with it. They say the moon is inhabited, I wonder if any poor, lonely, disconsolate devil there, like me is looking at this dark colored planet. There is a more just appreciation of merit in the moon, or any other planet, than on this one. I have seen a more loafer-looking gentleman than I am, clothes and all, at the bar before now, and our legislature halls are full of 'em. There is no coming at merit from outside appearance. Now I, for instance, look as ragged as a shellbark hickery—but I have a soul as big as this market house. Trouble and love, and whiskey, if its new, will deprave a man no matter where he graduates; but I am too proud to beg, and a little to lazy to pound stones.—There is no chance for the display of genius in any thing Mr. McAdams has left for his successors—it is servile imitation he would except of us. I would try poetry if I could borrow a garret—an attic I should say to be classic. If it were not for the social qualities of my heart, I would imitate Cincinnatus and go to agriculture, but I'll wait until some of these agrarians are entrusted with the distribution of the sub-divisions of the public domain—I wish I had been a State, when the surplus was distributed. I should have been rich now, and unembarrassed with poor kin. I cannot account for the bad taste of the mosqueitoes, for if they were to go a little farther they would fare better, and sup on the rich blood of a well fed gentlemen—he would never miss a quart, I have none to spare; thus it is the whole world is picking at me! and the Coroner will in all probability, pay me the last visit. The dreadfully oppressively polite attentions will, drive me to a reformation in spite of my vagrant habits. "I will abjure sack, live cleanly, take physic twice a week,' and become a temperance lecturer; and then I shall make as striking a hit as other great geniuses have before me, including a converted Jew, There is only one step from the ridiculous to the sublime: converted, inverted, and subverted.

ORIENTAL BEAR HUNTING.—"Will the *Sahib* not kill another bear?" asked the Jaggadar, with a knowing look, as the two sportsmen were about to move off. 'To be sure we will,' exclaimed both the young men in one breath, 'if you will only find him for us.'—'*Kamah* can find him,' replied the savage, with a confident air; 'follow me.' The Jaggadar spoke thus assuredly, from having remarked that the dead bear was a male, and knowing that, if he followed the track backwards, there was little doubt that it would lead him into the hiding place of the female and her cubs. As good luck would have it, the trail led him in the direction of the camp, a circumstance which induced our two sports men to follow the rapid strides of their conductor with double alacrity. After pursuing a tortuous course through an almost impenetrable jungle, for upwards of a mile, the trail suddenly ceased on the edge of a small muddy stream, the opposite bank of which rose to a considerable height and was composed of huge splintered masses of rock piled upon one another in wild confusion. 'We are not far from her now,' said Mansfield, cocking his piece ready to be used at a moment, whilst old Kamah waded across the stream, and hunted about like a hound at fault, in hopes of finding a continuation of the trail amongst the bare rocks; but their hard surface afforded no vestige of foot marks even to be experienced eye of the savage. The indefatigable Kamah had climbed more than half way up the rocky bank, hunting with the eagerness of a terrier, and poking his nose into every crevice which afforded the slightest probability of concealing a bear, when, on turning the angle of a rock, he suddenly started back, and beckoned, with easy gestures, for Mansfield to come across. At this moment a terrible growl was heard: the Jaggadar, casting a hasty glance over his shoulder, sprang without hesitation from the dizzy height into the bed of the stream; and ere he reached the water, the infuriated bear appeared on the very ledge of rock which he had quitted, giving vent to her impotent rage in a prolonged roar, and glaring with the malignant eye of a baffled fiend, on the intended victim who had so narrowly escaped her jaws. Quick as thought, Mansfield fired his unerring rifle, and the bear rearing up to her full height rolled headlong down the rocky steep, falling right over poor Kamah, who had not yet had time to scramble out of the water. The Jangadar, had hardly uttered a yell of astonishment, when he found himself firmly clasped in the deadly embrace of the bear, and felt her hot breath blowing upon his cheek.—Twisting his body round, with the agility of a wild cat, he avoided the first grasp which she made at his head, and, knowing full well that he had nothing else for it, thrust his naked arm without hesitation, between her expanded jaws, seizing the root of her togue with the desperate grip of a man who is determined that nothing but death shall force him to quit his hold. A deadly struggle now ensued, the two combatants—each equally savage in his own way—rolling over and over, and like two incarnate fiends, in the midst of the muddy stream, now crimsoned by the blood which flowed copiously from the wounded bear. And it was well for the Jaggadar that she had been wounded, else the contest would have speedily ended. Mansfield stood for some time anxiously watching their movements, with his fore finger resting on the trigger of his rifle, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him an opportunity of firing into the bear; and more than once the weapon was raised to his shoulder, but so quick were their evolutions, that he did not dare to rist a shot. For an instant the shaggy hide of the bear appeared upon the surface, and ere it could be well distinguished, its place was supplied by the dusky figure of the savage, his teeth firmly clenched, every sinew in his wiry frame strained almost to cracking, and his blood shot eyes starting from the sockets, in consequence of the dreadful pressure he endured. 'This will never do,' exclaimed Mansfield, hastily throwing down his rifle, and preparing to plunge in the water; but ere he could do so, the blade of old Kamah's hunting knife was seen to flash brightly in the sun, and next moment he started to his feet, with a savage yell of triumph, flourishing the blood stained weapon above his head, whilst the lifeless body of the bear floated slowly down the stream; he had just withdrawn it from her heart.

AGRICULTURAL.

ON THE APPLICATION OF LIME.

It is well known the farmers in several counties of Pennsylvania, have long been in the habit of liming their lands with great liberality, and with the most beneficial results. On this subject we copy the following recent communication from a Chester county farmer to the Farmer's Cabinet.

The discussion respecting the application of lime as a manure, reminds me of the anecdote of the old man giving advice to his son. "Put your lime," he said, "if possible, on your sod before it is ploughed. If you can't put it on before it is ploughed, put it on as soon as possible afterwards. And if you can't put it on after it is ploughed, then put it on the best way you can."

My design, at present, is to communicate a few facts, which have come under my immediate observation, and the result of the experience of others, in the application of lime as a manure.

In this vicinity it is becoming almost universally the practice, to apply the lime to the sod, the year previous to its being planted with corn. With this method several advantages are connected. First, the lime may be hauled and spread, at any time during the season—say in May and June, between corn planting and hay harvest. Second, the crops will derive much more benefit from its being put on the land some length of time before it is ploughed, than to put it on just at the time of putting in the crops. It has been duly ascertained, that one of the principal effects of lime—is, the decomposition and bringing into action, the inert vegetable matter in soil.—When lime is spread on the soil, it comes into more immediate contact with the grass and grass roots, than when the ground is first ploughed; in fields which have been partly limed on the sod, then ploughed, and the remainder limed at the time of planting corn. I have observed in ploughing up corn stubble that the part limed on the sod, ploughed up much mellower, than that limed after the sod was ploughed; presenting a rich vegetable mould not observable in the other part of the field.

There are no kinds of crops which have come under my observation—namely, corn, oats, barley, wheat, rye, potatoes, clover and timothy, but what are benefited by lime, with the exception of flax. Where flax was formerly raised to great perfection, a very inferior article is now produced since the application of lime. This has almost led to the abandonment of its cultivation in many sections of the country.

Oats, however, if the lime is applied fresh the season it is sown, will rather be injured than benefitted by it, in preventing it from ripening. I have seen oats, in fields which had been recently limed, send up an indefinite number of suckers or young stalks from the roots—which together with the parent stalk, would scarcely ripen if allowed to remain the whole season in the field; and the stubble would sprout up profusely after a crop was taken off. But when the lime has been applied a year or two previous, it is decidedly a benefit to the oats. Lime can be applied with advantage, whether put on fresh, or left exposed to the elements till it becomes cold. This has been exemplified in the application of mortar from old buildings which had been known to produce lasting effects. I have been told by a person who has had much experience in liming, that he has had clover to succeed better, after putting it on fresh slacked and hot, than in any other way.

If these facs amount to any thing, it appears that lime applied in whatever form, is a stimulant to vegetation. But the form and manner in which it may be most advantageously applied, I leave for others to determine.

Farmer's evenings.—In one respect the farmer has the advantage of almost all other classes of the laboring community, his evenings he has to himself. While the mechanic has to labor from morning till nine o'clock in the evening, the farmer's day commences with the rising and the setting sun. Although the industrious farmer finds many little jobs of work to which he very economically appropriates his evening leasure, yet the greater part of the long winter evening he can appropriate to his amusement and instruction. In no place do we see more cheerful countenance than around the blazing fire upon the farmer's hearth. There, at the merry apple paring, or at the neighborhood collection, or even in the family circle alone, do we find social happiness in its purest simplicity.—What an opportunity this for an acquisition of knowledge! What farmer who improves these opportunities can but be intelligent?—And what instruction so interesting as that which gives him a knowledge of his own employment? Here we would suggest the importance of every farmer having a supply of agricultural books and papers. It seems to us that no one can be insensible of their utility. If this should be a suggestion of self interest, which we do not deny, still we believe it coincides with the interest of the farmer. We will no enlarge on this subject, as we apprehend it will not convey that knowledge which we recommend. We will barely say, that we expect our subscribers to increase as the evenings lengthen.—*American Silk Grower.*

Rise of the Lakes.—The New York Journal of Commerce says:—A gentleman who has just retnrned from the West, states that forests of oaks has been killed by the rise of the waters in the Lakes, and that some of the trees, on being cut down, are found to be marked with the growth of a hundred and forty years, thus proving that during that long period, the waters had not before been so high as at present. The Cateract of Niagra has gained in grandeur, while many cultivated farms are now only to be found under Water, and the city lots which had been sold for thousands of dollars, are in the same submerged condition. Dwelling houses, barns, &c., "in the water and out of the Water," and the fences which once divided estates, now only divide "watery wastes." The rise has been regularly going on for seven years, and irregularly for seven more. It is, however, stated in the Buffalo Advertiser, that within the last two or three months, owing probably to the great evaporation by heat, the water has fallen a few inches. Lake Erie is now about 4 feet higher than in 1835, and Lake Ontario about 6 1 2 higher.

Another Uneducation Being.—The Gazette des Tribuneaux gives the following story under the title of "The New Casper Hauser, which is curious if true—'The day before yesterday, in consequence of information given by a poor woman named Willand, who, after being six months in the Hotel Dieu, was at the point of death, a commissary of the police repaired to the lodging of her husband, a painter in porcelaine in the Rue Popincourt, No. 40. In a dark closet belonginging to Willand's lodging, he discovered rolled up, rather than stretched, upon a heap of damp straw, a young man, about 20 years of age, whose haggard countenance, emaciated and bent body, and almost powerless limbs, gave proofs of long suffering, insufficient food, and continued deprivation of fresh air and exercise. From the various admissions of Willand, and the information collected by the commissary of police from the other inmates of the house it appears that this unfortunate youth has been kept a close prisoner, and subjected to continued ill treatment since the day of his birth He never went out of his parents' room, was never seen by any body, and, in fact, his existence was never suspected. The motive of this horrid treatment has not transpired.'