D. D. Teachle

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVENTURE IN A STEAMBOAT.

Having been frequently invited by a maternal uncle, who had removed in early life from Lancashire, to a village on the western coast of Argyleshire, to pay him a visit, I at last got matters so far settled as to have a few months at my own disposal, which I thought could not be turned to better account than in paying my respects to my worthy relation.

As I set out with the intention of exploring as much as possible of the romantic scenery amidst which my uncle had located himself, I embarked at Blackwall on board the 'Duchess of Sutherland' steamboat for Inverness, intending to cross from thence to Skye, and some others of the Western Isles.

My present object is simply to narrate an adventure, which occurred to me during my southern trip; I shall not, therefore, attemp to describe the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands. After spending a few days admiring the wild grandeur of the island of Skye, I left Jean Town by the 'Maid of Morven' steamer, for Oban, a beautiful little village on the main land, near which my uncle resided. The morning was delightfully still and calm; but the valleys and lowland near the coast were shrouded in a thick veil of mist, while, probably, the sun shone in all its splendor on the towering peak of Ben-Storr, covered with eternal snow. There is something awfully grand in standing, as I have often done, on the summit of a lofty mountain in the brilliant sunshine of a summer morning, and hearing the busy hum of life ascend from the dark sea of mist spread out underneath.

As we advanced on our voyage, the mist still continued to cover the "face of the waters" so thick that, in spite of all our precautions, we run foul of a large brig lying at anchor in the sound of Mull. All was now confusion on board, nor could the extent of our damage be ascertained, till something like order had been restored. It was then discovered that our mizzen mast and larboard quarter bulwark had been carried away, and the funnel knocked down, by which one unfortunate fellow was killed, and several others were more or less injured.

After remaining more than two hours in this helpless condition, we got matters so far righted as to be able to continue our voyage.

The impenetrable curtain of mist that had hitherto veiled surrounding objects from our view, was suddenly withdrawn, as if by the hand of an enchanter, and the bold outlines of the wild scenery of the island of Mull, on the one hand, that of the rocky coast of the "windy Marven" on the other, were reflected on the glassy surface of the water, undisturbed by a single ripple, except in the wake of our disabled ship. As we neared Aros, a small boat was descried making towards us, evidently bringing an accession of passengers, and on its nearer approach, we observed it contained, besides the rowers, a lady and gentleman—the latter dressed in the Highland costume. The boat being secured alongside, the lady was handed on board by her companion, who, however, immediately quitted her, hurrying down the side, as if wishing to escape observation, was rowed off in his little skiff, which soon diminished to a small dark peck in the distant horizon.

Our fair fellow passenger was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen years of age,—diminutive in figure—a lover would say *fairy like*—but a perfect model of symmetry—a complexion of the most delicate hue, shaded by a profusion of dark glossy ringlets, and a pair of such bewitching eyes!—so dark and expressive, but so exquisitely soft! Her whole attention, since her arrival on board, had been directed towards the skiff, which evidently bore away a loved object—a brother, perhaps,—no—he must have been a lover; the expression of that "last, long, lingering look," directed to the tiny bark, too clearly indicated the state of her feelings—she had been separated for a time, by circumstances over which she had no control, from him who whispered into her ear the soft voice of love—who had first taught her young and guileless heart to beat with feelings of emotion in his presence, or even at the sound of his name, and with whom she hoped to be united on some future day, by the most sacred and endearing ties Observing that the part of the vessel she occupied, probably for the sake of avoiding observation, was that which was left unprotected by the removal of the bulwark, I was proceeding to disturb her reveries with the view of warning her of the danger to which she was exposed; but just as I was in the act of addressing her, she suddenly turned round, and perceiving her perilous situation, lost her presence of mind, and fell overboard. My first impulse was to plunge in after her; but recollecting that I was but an indifferent swimmer, I threw over a long bench which had been detached from its place by the collision with the brig, and immediately followed it. All this was the work of a few seconds. On emerging from the "vasty deep" after the first plunge, I perceived my fair companion struggling in the water at no great distance. Animated by that superhuman strength with which the prospect of saving a fellow being's life sometimes inspires one, I struck out, encumbered with clothing that at another time would have sunk me, with apparent ease, and succeeded in reaching the drowning girl, just as the "world of waters" was closing over her. After much difficulty I gained the floating bench where I was able to sustain my fair charge in comparative safety, until we were picked up by the boat sent from the vessel to our assistance.

Every means which the limited accommodation of our ship could afford, or kindness suggest, was used to restore the "vital spark" which had been so rudely assailed in its frail tenement. Our efforts were at last successful; in the course of two hourse she had sufficiently recovered to thank me in the warmest terms for the life I had saved, and begged to know the name and address of one to whom she owed a debt of eternal gratitude. I presented her with my card, bearing as I afterwards found, my name only. In a few minutes our vessel was alongside the quay of Oban, and leaving it to continue its voyage to the south, I hastened to the nearest inn to disencumber myself of my wet garments.

One evening about six months after the events related above, I went to Haymarket theatre, to see that talented writer and actor, Sheridan Knowles, perform in one of his own popular plays. After the performance was over, I was making the best of my way through the crowd in the lobby, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a tall military looking personage dressed in the Highland garb. As I was admiring the fine proportions of his tall and manly figure, which his Celtic habiliments set off to the best advantage I heard a person near me utter some scurrilous national reflections, which were evidently intended for the ear of the Highlander. The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the athletic mountaneer, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at my head, under the impression that the offensive epithet had been uttered by me. Seeing his brawny arm sweep towards me like the wing of a windmill, I had barely time to "duck," and my hat flew to the other side of the lobby.—I could not but acquiesce in the justice of the summary vengeance which his offended nationality prompted him to take, however I might deprecate his selection of myself as the object of it, and therefore began to remonstrate calmly with him; but he was in a towering passion—gave me the *lie*, and, handing me his card, exclaimed, "If you are a gentleman, you shall give or receive satisfaction according to circumstances." I had no alternative but to except the proffered card, which I accordingly did, and, giving him mine in return, we parted.

On reflecting on what had passed, I could not help cursing the folly, to say the least of it, of those hotheaded mountaineers, wearing their national dress in a place it is so likely to draw forth remarks which their irascible tempers can so ill brook. I believe I was led into this train of thoughts by the very agreeable prospect of being shot through the head, before my adversary could be convinced of his mistake, merely because a blackguard followed the instinct of his nature in uttering abusive language. Before I was up next morning, I heard a loud voice on the stairs, asking my servant whether his master was up, and presently a loud knocking at the door of my bedchamber. I hastily arose, and on opening the door, was not a little startled to see my tall friend of the preceding evening standing before me. Doubtful of his intentions, I at first held the door partly open; but his good humored smile, and the friendly offer of his hand, soon banished all fear of violence. "Mr. B——," cried the impetuous Celt, "I beg your pardon—not for striking you:—because I *then* thought you had insulted me—but for doubting your word when you calmly remonstrated with me. From what I have since learnt of you, I believe you incapable of uttering ungentlemanly language, or falsehood;—and now, if you accept my apology, I have a favor to ask—come to breakfast with me; I will introduce you to an old acquaintance of yours. Ask no questions, but say you'll come." I at once accepted the apology and the invitation, and dressing myself walked away with my new friend, glad to find that my anticipations, of a hostile meeting had not been realized. After half an hour's walk we arrived at —— square, where my conductor informed me he was *quartered* at present The door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment, where the first object that met my wondering eyes was my fair steamboat companion—the beautiful girl I had been the means of saving from the "watery element" during my excursions in the Highlands.

It appeared that she had been married about three months before, to her cousin, Lieutenant Roderick M'Lean, of the —— Regiment —— the same who accompanied her on board the steamboat, and to whose acquaintance I had been introduced in such an unpleasant manner on the previous night.

His wife, with whose aunt they were at present residing, had accidently seen my card and recognizing it, eagerly asked her husband how he came by it. He at first thought, from her anxious look, that she had discovered his quarrel at the theatre; but she soon convinced him of his error, by producing another card—the counterpart of the one in his possession, except the address. This was enough—he had often heard the adventure of the steamboat, and longed to thank the preserver of his dear Emily; but from the unfortunate omission of my address, all his efforts to trace me had failed, till chance threw me in the way.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer and Gardener.

CAMBRIDGE, Md. Feb. 27, 1839.

E. P. Roberts—DEAR SIR—I have seen in your valuable paper an editorial request, "that such as may have used lime from shells, will favor the public, through your columns, with results," &c., and you most truly add, "the subject being one of deep importance to a very large portion of the agriculturists of the country."

Your request, it seems, is particularly elicited by a communication signed 'Subscriber,' on the effects of *oyster shell lime*, rather discouraging.

I am pleased to find, upon reading the communication referred to, that the author acquits you of coincidence of opinion with him—in other words of being a "particeps criminis" in this very singular offence against experience, reason, and I might add, against the laws of nature herself.

I had flattered myself with the possibility, until I had read the paper, that in your multifarious avocations, you might have misconstrued it, but I found on the perusal, that no other meaning can be forced upon it, than that *oyster shell lime* has no efficacy as a manure.

By what process has your author arrived at this conclusion against oyster shell lime, as a manure? Inasmuch as it is in hostility with competent testimony, in Europe, as well as America, it should, if intended to operate on the agricultural interests of the country, have been very particular, very strong and conclusive.

Nous Verrons:—In 1832 he made 'a compost of equal parts of *oyster shell lime* and *rich earth*, collected from fence rows,' and 'the result was exceedingly favorable;' but, he is 'convinced, it was partly owing to the *rich earth* and *deep ploughing*.'

Of the truth of this conviction, the warmest advocate of lime from shells, or stone, can entertain no doubt.

It never has, to my knowledge, been contended, that lime, of itself, without other manures, as well as good culture, was sufficient to consummate the best wishes of the agriculturalist, in 'favorable results.'

Any two kinds of manure, not incompatible in their nature, made into a compost, and used, may, each of them, be very reasonably supposed, to have contributed *"partly,"* to a "favorable result:" but yet, this affords no argument against either; and in the conclusion, your author draws from it, against oyster shell lime, he is palpably guilty of a *non sequitur*.

In the spring of 1834, your author spread about four thousand bushels of oyster shell lime on twenty-four acres, or about one hundred and sixty-seven bushels per acre, and without effect on his corn, or timothy; he does not say whether the land was rich or poor, light or stiff, wet or dry; if poor, and light, the quantity, by my experience, was about three times too much; and no benefit, but, rather an injury might have been expected: if wet, even though rich, no advantage should have been anticipated by the general consent of mankind.

In 1837 he applied one hundred bushels to the acre, and had no effects from it; and throughout all his reports, as well as this, he names none of the conditions under which this, or any of them were made, and from a knowledge of which, only, fair conclusions could be drawn, from his, or any other experiments: and from his omission of *these accompanying circumstances*, which are essential to a due appreciation of his several and unfortunate results, in their bearing upon the subject in question, no validity can attach to his objections, founded upon them against the use of oyster shell lime, under, *suitable conditions;* and the reference is reasonable, that the author not having made himself acquainted, by a previous practice, or study of this subject, was not himself apprised of their necessity, for his experiments, or reports; and consequently, that he really did not call in their aid on either occasion, to authorize the expectation of "favorable results" which are experienced by others.

From this particular designation of *oyster shell lime*, it is taken for granted that your author means to discriminate in favor of *stone* lime.

Upon this discrimination, I will make a few remarks, because I have found, that a *preference* has been frequently given to *stone* lime, over *shell* lime, though I never before heard the opinion, that shell lime had no effect.

The idea of the inferiority of *shell* to *stone* lime, I repeat, is not unusual; but I maintain that it is erroneous, as it regards either mortar or manure

I maintain, though against fearful odds, I am aware, that *oyster shell lime* is *superior* to *stone lime*, for both *mortar* and *manure*, or for any purpose for which *"lime"* is used.

By a frequent analysis of stone lime—and during the last fall in particular—of a parcel, which I had purchased, at the highest price, and said to be of the best quality, I have found, from thirty three to thirty-six per cent of *"fine silicious sand,"* whereas the oyster shell lime is nearly pure, having only two or three per cent of *"animal carbon."*

These facts are unquestionably true; and may be tested; or open to all who doubt: and, they establish this truth—that a given weight of *"lime"* from *oyster* shells contains nearly fifty per cent. more of the pure substance, than the same weight of *"lime,"* from the *stone*, contains: that is, by so much the purer is the *lime* obtained from *oyster shells* than *that* from *stone*.

But, "lime," "gold," "silver," "copper," and all bodies in nature, are identified, valued, or depreciated, by their *respective, natural, inherent properties*. It would be absurd to say, that "gold" obtained from one ore, was inferior to that obtained from another kind of ore; from whatever source derived, the *properties* of the metal will be the same; and equally unquestionable, is the truth with *"lime."*

But it may be said, that admitting the *natural, inherent properties* to be identical, yet there are *accidental*, or *acquired properties*, which may increase, diminish, destroy, or, in some way, alter the substance, materially.

It is clear, that both the kinds of lime in question, are liable to this influence; yet take them—*cæteris paribus*—oyster shells and the stone, each prepared in the same manner, and with the same care, and they will produce "lime," having each the *same identical properties;* though more or less alloyed with foreign matters; and the difference of *purity* will be in favor of the "shell," as before stated, by nearly fifty per cent in similar *weights*.

Theoretically, then, it would seem, that no question can be entertained on the subject; and in fact, that *oyster shell* lime, is really preferable to *stone* lime, inasmuch as it is purer.

Practically, I think, that the heterodoxy of your author is equally *concluded;* and that whatever may be the *properties* of *"lime,"* they will be found, to develope themselves, in equal degree, under equal circumstances, be its *source* what it may.

Common experience teaches that lime of any kind, which has been *air slacked*, or, in other words, which, from exposure to the atmosphere, has become a carbonated hydrate, is *unfit* for *mortar*.

The same experience has taught us, that *shell lime* is carelessly prepared, and as carelessly exposed, in common practice, by farmers and others, for many months, for occasional brick work, when at leisure; whereas, the stone lime is carefully made in well constructed kilns, and immediately barrelled for future use: hence, its superiority for mortar, generally acknowledged: *reverse* these *accidents*, and you will *reverse* their *characters*.

This accidental, or artificial superiority of the stone lime for mortar, has given rise to its superior reputation for *strength, in general;* and it is a vague, erroneous idea, not founded in *nature*, but in *art;* or rather in a *want* of *art*.

One of the most sagacious and experienced masons in Baltimore, confirms the preference of shell lime, over stone lime for mortar; that it is better, and as he termed it, it will go further, if *well made* and *preserved;* and he must be correct, because, as before stated, it contains nearly fifty per cent more of *'lime,'* by *weight: by volume*, the disparity would be much less, because the foreign matter of the stone lime—'silicious sand"—is heavier than that of the shell lime—"animal carbon"—and many more pounds would be found in a bushel of the former, than the latter; and thus by the difference of their specific gravities the disparity would be *reduced*—that is, it would be less by the bushel, than by the pound.

For the purpose of *manure*, the carbonate a state which lime soon acquires by exposure to the air, and the one, in most instances, the most suitable, the preparation, if it be well burnt, and protected from water, is immaterial; and the two kinds in question, must necessarily exert equal energies in the ratio of their *purity;* and subject also to the conditions of their application, with this difference, only, that the animal carbon,—the impurity of the shell lime, is superior, as a manure, to the silicious sand,—the impurity of the stone lime.

You ask for experimental results, &c.:

I have used *oyster shell lime* as a manure, upon various denominations and conditions of land; at first indiscriminately, until taught otherwise by my experience, and that of others, among whom stands most prominently, Mr. E. Ruffin, the author of perhaps the most valuable essay extant, on "Calcareous Manures," where science teaches practice, to wit: That upon wet lands it is labor lost to apply it; upon others, that it should be varied in proportions; in my opinion from one hundred and fifty to thirty bushels per acre, graduated by the equivalent matters on which it may have to act.

I will finally remark, again, that I have for many years—*with a continuando*—used oyster shell lime, as a manure, on an extended scale; and have experienced from it, the most favorable results, a detail of which would fill your paper unnecessarily.

Unfortunately, we have in Dorchester but few shells, in comparison with the demand; no lime stone, and no marl. My chief supply of shells is obtained from Baltimore, with much cost and trouble, for which I am amply remunerated.

You will be so kind as to pardon the length of my paper, occasioned by a general view of the subject, not intended when I commenced it.

As the purport of your request, is to collect evidence, "on a subject, (as you truly express it, of "vital importance;" and, as *anonimous* evidence cannot, in the nature of things, though perfectly true, be *available*, in any case, I will add,

I am, respectfully,
JOSEPH E. MUSE.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE BACHELOR TRISMEGISTUS.

Your bachelor is a man of woes unutterable:—he is the sport of ill fortune, and is despised of men. He is the victim of a curse, and like Cain, wears a mark by which he is known and avoided.

Bachelor, *that is born of woman, is of short continuance and full of trouble.*—Melancholy encompasseth him like the mist of the morning—gloom and sadness envelopeth him like the dust of the evening.

There is not so afflicted a thing as your bachelor. And what dreadful minutes tells he o'er, no one can know who has not sinned against the world in this way. He is cursed systematically, syllogistically, syllabically, and without reservation,—positively, comparatively,—unsparingly, absolutely, exemplari-