# DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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## POETRY.

### THE FORSAKEN.

It seems, as tho' but yester-eve,
Thy parents fondly smil'd
Upon the blooming loveliness
Of their angelic child.

Yet years of sadness have been sped,
And thou wert early taught
The sorrows which must ever throw
A shadow o'er thy thought.

Fair pupil of a bitter school,
What buried secrets burn
Within that deeply trusting heart's
Now desolated urn.

How many joys like summer buds,
That fade when young and bright,
Lie withering in that sepulchre,
By love's untimely blight.

How many early dreams are cross'd,
How many visions lay,
Of promised hopes, within that tomb,
Fast sinking to decay.

Fond hearts are sad and fearful things,
As e'er to woman given,
Who barter oft for love of earth
Their hermitage of heaven.

Upon a frail and sandy shore
Her shrine's of promise rise,
"They build too low for happiness,
"Who build beneath the skies."

Was it a crime in thee, to put
Thy every joy and trust,
In one as feeble as thyself,
An erring child of dust?

To garner all those treasur'd hopes
Of youth's unsullied mind,
Upon an unprotecting shrine,
The sport of every wind?

'Tis woman's lot to deeply trust.
And deeply be deceived,
'Tis woman's lot to wreck her heart
Where once that heart believed.

But 'tis His will, whose mighty hand
The winds and waters hold,
To wound its peace, that it may come
Back to the Shepherd's fold.

C. H. W.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The following paper is copied from the last number of the Western Monthly Magazine, a literary journal conducted with marked ability, and published at Cincinnati, in a style creditable to the press of that city.

### THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"She, in the working of whose destiny,
The man of blood and victory attained
His more than kingly height"

THE CONQUEROR.

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon; and given to every thing about him the tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her lord, was from first to last "the child of destiny."

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and a queen of France—the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under sentence of death.—When her bed was taken from under her because she was to die in the morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so; that she should sit upon that throne on the ruins of which Robespierre then stood triumphant, and when asked in mockery, to choose her maids of honor, since she was to be queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked up to her. On that night, which was to have been her last on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier, her first husband would have lived; had his fall been but one day later Josephine would have been among the ten thousand victims whose names we have never heard. But he fell on that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and, through her, her husband was appointed to the army of Italy. Step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested upon her head; the second part of the prophecy was proved true, and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life.

And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and more grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition, and chasten his aims; he was an emperor: he wished to found an empire, and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thoughts of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end, hardened and narrowed, the general came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone, his playfulness was checked; he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hours with that familiar love that had so often made her heart leap. She saw that her hour drew nigh.

It was the evening of the 20th of November; the court was at Paris in honor of the King of Saxony. Josephine sat at her window, looking down upon the river, and musing on the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation, "MON AMI!" He embraced her affectionately, that for an instant her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to the chair, placed herself at his feet, and looking up into his face, smiled through her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the Emperor

'Not with you sire.'

'Bah,' said he quickly, 'why call me sire!' these shows of state steal all true joy from us."

'Then why seek them?' answered Josephine

The Emperor made no reply. "You are now the first of men,' she continued, 'why not quit war, turn ambition out of your councils, bend your thoughts on the good of France, and live at home among those who love you.'

"Josephine," said he, turning his face from her, 'it is not I, it is France that demands the sacrifice.'

'Are you sure of that, my lord?' said his wife; 'have you probed your heart to the bottom? is it not ambition prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me? for think not, Napoleon, I misunderstood you; are you sure it is the love of France?'

Every word spoke touched him to the quick; and rising hastily, he replied, 'Madam, I have my reasons; good evening.'

'Stay, sire,' said she, taking hold of his arm, we must not part in anger. I submit. Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It is not in my nature to oppose your will; I love you too deeply. Nor shall cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If you still go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you, if reverse comes, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, and in the hope that sometimes you will think of me.'

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife deeply and long. Her submission to his stern resolve; her calm, but mournful, dignity; her unshaken love, moved even him; and for a moment affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again; but in that moment her face and form had changed. Her eye and her whole person seemed inspired! He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window, and threw it open. A thin mist rested upon the Seine and over the gardens of the place; all around was silent, among the stars then before them, one was far brighter than the rest. She pointed to it,

'Sire,' she said, 'that star is mine—to that, and not to you, was promised empire, through me, and through my destinies, you have risen; part from me and you fall. The spirit of her that foresaw my rise to royalty, even now communes with my spirit, and tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk assunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame, and sorrow, and with a broken spirit.'

He turned away sick at heart, and overawed by the words of one, whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed in resolves and counter-resolves—and then the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced; and, as he said himself at St. Helena, from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced—but her love did not cease, in their retirement she joyed in all his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his foul ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence, remained as he left it; she would not let a chair be removed. The book, in which he had been last reading, was there with the page doubled down, and the pen that he had last used was by it, with the ink dried on its point.—When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and France, and her last words expressed the hope and belief 'that she had never caused a single tear to flow.' She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave, not alone by princess and generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument bears only this inscription.

'EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE.'

What a fund for future writers in her character and fate; and what a lessen to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

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THE NEW TIMES—NEW MODES OF LIVING—NEW FASHIONS—NEW PRICES—SIMPLICITY AND SO FORTH.—Every body, the *Millionairies* excepted, and they are always frugal and economical, for that is the way they win their millions, must begin to accommodate himself or herself to the new times. Simplicity is now and henceforth to be the order of the day. The men must not visit the tailors often. The women must keep away from the milliners. The bottle of wine must not go so freely upon the table. Family dinners must be given instead of parade-dinners. The old times must come back, when a friend could pop in and see a friend without pomp and display—with a place for him at table, if he is there at the eating hour—with a wife glad to welcome, and not reddening her cheeks if she has on a calico frock—no silver forks—no rich china dining service—no servants in livery—no *bonbons*, grapes, whip sillabubs, and so on.

Our beloved country has been running stark mad for the eight or ten years past. Our pretty ladies have been floated over sea in those floating palaces of ours to while away a winter in a Parisian *soiree*—to be made happy by the quadrille or mazourka of some Baden Baden in summer—to be captivated by the delicious softness of Tuscan melody, or dazzled by Roman pomp, and enervated by Neapolitan effeminacy—and when they come home to this matter of-fact land of ours, they come bewitched with visions of European glory, and bewitching all of us, for who in his heart, man foremost and first of all, can withstand the temptation of asking eyes, or the mellifluous eloquence of rosy lips?

They ask, and they win; and *Eyes* have won cities which a Napoleon stormed in vain; and empires have thus fallen where the battle axe and the pike have for naught shed oceans of blood. A hard-hearted husband is he whose soul is not touched by what the eye of his wife demand, and a monster he must be if he can withstand the asking lips. Women thus win only by asking. They ask for palaces, and they have them, conjured up Aladdin-lamp fashion, not by the magic of old, however, but by the magic of credit and bank paper. They ask for cottages, and they come, and country seats, and estates, and gorgeous furniture, upholstery, and trappings, and jewelry come with them. The milliner transfers them from sweet country girls, as they were—the Venuses de Medicis of the American forest—the Dianas of the woods—into Egyptian caryatides, supporting columns of head dresses, or Egyptian mummies stocked and bandaged, as when they came out of the inmost recesses of the Pyramids. The lusty waist of that *beau ideal* of Grecian beauty that captivates the world on its pedestal in that jewel of a room in Florence, the good, firm, generous foot, the compact, strong and hearty body, that looks as it had been fed on Yankee Indian pudding, and could run six miles an hour without being out of breath, would horrify a belle now-a-days!

The fact is, our sweet country women, the prettiest on eath, in spite of fashion—and dolls though they love to be instead of WOMEN—have got some wrong ideas in their heads; unless we who are beginning to be bachelors can get them out, the beginning is the *begun*, and bachelors, alas, we shall be, floating houseless, homeless, heartless, and hapless, down the sad tide of time; for who, now-a-days, dare marry, unless he has a Tattersall's, a millinery, a furniture warehouse, an upholstery shop, a jewelry manufactory, one railroad at least, two towns in lithograph, and two banks in Wall street. Think of a poor horrified husband, who has been sleeping to the age of twenty five in a boarding-house in Broadway, in a room just big enough to make a respectable sized man a coffin, dining in a cellar in Wall or Water street at two and six pence a day, met by his beloved Angelina three weeks after marriage, with her arms thrown around his neck, and her head on his shoulder, with a 'my dear,' or 'dearest,' (*dearest* is a word that always finishes a poor man quite up,) "did you see Mrs. Robadil Bellino's beautiful French handkerchief last night? Oh, how charming it was; and can't you now, *dearest*, just give me the money to buy one such?" "But, my dear, it cost 500 francs in Paris!" "I know it; but then you know, if one goes into company, one must *appear* as others do." Think now of the attitude, and then of the request; and who would not buy for the wife he loved, the handkerchief, cost what it may?

Here is the error. The wife is in the wrong, when she says she must *appear* as others *appear*. Others appear! *Can* old Mrs. Ugly appear like the Maid of the Mist whom the fog has blanched, and Nature has modelled in the choicest perfection of beauty? People cannot appear alike; and it is the pride of a man of genius and of a woman of genius, while they *seem* to appear like others, *to be* as unlike them as possible. What nonsense, then, is this attempt at appearance? when, if reputation, fashion, or admiration be what one seeks, all can be won, not by imitation, but by creation. For example: every body decks and adorns a house with mahogany, but Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, was made beautiful and glorious by his old oak tables and his old oak chairs.

There is not a palace in that street of palaces in Genoa, not even the one which robbed Venetian gold to adorn it, so beautiful as simple Abbotsford, with its oak furniture, oak panelings, oak every thing. Simplicity and taste have their triumphs as well as gold and gilding. One of the most delightful little country seats there is in the lake country, in England, is that of the traveller Hamilton, who abused us, none to his credit; a house it is on a solid ledge of rock, with walks cut out around it, his little garden patches made of earth brought there, yet all arranged so tastefully that, in its simplicity, it is more beautiful than the frowning palace of the Duke of Gordon. So, in the interior of a house, a wife may honor herself, and make her home charming by *not* appearing as others appear. Instead of magnificent Ottomans, Persian carpets, vases, and candelabras, and flashing mirrors, a cabinet of shells may have a place.

A library of well-chosen books is a prettier ornament than a Parisian mirror. A painting or two, a piece of statuary even, if one has the means, shows that there is a soul in such a house for the fine arts, that needs but developing; but what of beauty, what of service to the mind, or to the budding intellect of a family of children, is there in twisted pieces and dove-tailed joints of mere mahogany? Home is a woman's empire, and taste and science may make that home cheering, which wealth can never do. A few flowers, a few birds, cost less, and effect much more, What one admires in the character of the French women, and what gives them an influence over men which the women of no other nation have, is their consummate tact in uniting the useful and the beautiful. The classic arts of Greece and Rome are studied by them even in so small a thing as arranging the tapestry of a bed chamber; and yet the same woman who will do all this, and even direct the making of a chair after the mode of the Pompeii, buried for hundreds of years, will go into a kitchen and make up a dinner of little or nothing, in the way of a *material*, as it seems to an English or an American eye, which a prince might dine upon, and be proud of too. Such women, then, can afford to seem extravagant; but, after all, now a-days, there is little or no extravagance in France, though there seems to be much.

Would that we could learn from Europe only all the good, and reject all the bad. The attempt to engraft European fashions upon American institutions is preposterous, and, when it does not make us ridiculous, will ruin those who attempt it. Simplicity is the genius of our institutions, and severe, rigid simplicity will alone save them. Extravagance, stimulated by the political contests of the times, is teaching us a lesson now, which may do us good. Every thing must come down, and a great revolution is going on in prices, men, manners, fashions, and the times. The old dynasty is shaken from its throne, and a new dynasty is about coming. New York is a city of merchants, traders, and mechanics, and the attempt to make it any thing else is all nonsense and humbug, while death under our laws is such a terrible leveller. Thus, the going a visiting at 10, 11, and 12 o'clock at night, is an invention of the aristocracy over sea, who select this hour not that they like it, but to distinguish themselves from the merchant and others, whose avocations are such that they must work days and sleep nights Then, again, the extravagances of wealth are the inventions of a people where the law of primogeniture prevails; where the army and navy, and the church, are open exclusively for the younger sons—where property depends not upon credit, but is barricaded and hedged up by estates, tail and entail—in formation and by remainders, devised and contingent, withed by all the formalities of the feudal law.

Our People are a business People, and *ought* to be an economical and frugal People. We play the fool when we ape Europe in its magnificence, and the attempt seems very like what is called a "lightening bug" setting its little blaze in opposition to the broad glare of a noon-day sun. God has given us a country to WORK in. Our destiny is traced out by the finger of Providence in the current of our majestic rivers, and spoken in the thunder of our cataracts. Every thing in this continent of ours bears the impress of SUBLIMITY. We are giants in a giant land—princes all of us, and of the royal blood, with the characteristics of liberty, political equality, and self-government. If we keep ourselves AMERICANS, each one of us has more to be proud of than any monarch of Europe upon the throne—and the day will come, when the Rock of Plymouth will be more famous in history, and a place more eventful, than the Palatine Hill with its Remus and Romulus.—*New York Express.*

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*An Editor in Trouble.*—The following good-humoured article, with its bill of fare appended, is from the Tuscahomian, published in Mississippi. We would only remark, in reference to this worthy editor's case that his 'sufferings is *not* intolerable,' for it might be far worse with a man who has, thus far, plenty of corn cake every day in the week:

'This is our 48th No. and luckily for us it is that the volume is so near its completion, for never was a poor devil of an editor so nigh being 'starved out' as we are 'at this present writing.' Ay, we are threatened with starvation! Think of that, ye rump-fed scribes, who thrice a day regale your luxurious bellies on mutton-chop, roast beef, dumplings, and perchance, turtle soup and fricased chickens, (Zounds! how our mouth waters!) washing the same down your pampered gullets with old October brown and bright, or sparkling Champagne! Think, ye 'good, fat, sleek-headed,' pure, and unbribed Whig editors, who are constantly crying out against the 'spoils' men, and 'the party's liberality to its editors—think of a democratic editor, a whole hog Van Buren and Gholson man, so nigh starvation, that one No. 3 mackerel per diem, and a half bushel of corn meal for a fortnight, is almost his whole allowance. This is no exaggeration. Towns and town officers and individuals owe us trifling sums for printing, and, although we have dunned and dunned them, with an obstinate perseverance, week after week, though our colums, we can't induce them to call and pay their debts; we cannot collect money enough to furnish ourselves with the luxuries of pork and flour; neither of which have we been able to procure during the last four months. As for party patronage, we would not give a picayune for the patronage of the whole democracy, if a fair display of its benefits has been exhibited to us. If we had ever dreamed of being *'rewarded,'* we might with truth exclaim—

'Howe! Howe! where are the 'SPOILS' thy glowing fancy picture?'

EXTRACT FROM AN EDITOR'S DIARY.

*Sunday*—Corn bread, molasses, and coffee.
*Monday*—Corn bread, coffee, and mackerel.
*Tuesday*—Corn bread, potatoes, and salt.
*Wednesday*—Corn bread, coffee, and mackerel.
*Thursday*—Corn Bread, mackerel, and potatoes.
*Friday*—Corn bread, potatoes, and salt.
*Saturday*—Corn bread, mackerel, and onions.

[A true bill.] Attest: DEVIL.

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THE INDEPENDENCE.—The Boston Post states that this vessel is now lying off in the stream, and nearly ready for sea. In every respect, she seems to command unqualified admiration, and the result of reducing her from a 74 of the 2d class, to a double' bank frigate has fully justified the experiment.—It may be doubted whether a more elegant model, or spacious, commodious and manageable ship of her class can be found in the navy of any country.—She has a battery of sixty thirty-two pounders—viz: thirty long guns on the main deck, and an equal number of medium length on her spar deck.—She is pierced for 64 guns, and her stern ports may in an exigency be readily converted into a battery, by changing the position of the aft or bow guns.—The aggregate weight of the guns on the main deck is 1796 cwt., and on the spar 1505 cwt.

The officers of the Independence are worthy of her and their country. COM. NICHOLSON, her commander, is an officer of high character—both professional and personal, and respected and even beloved by those who have hitherto sailed under him. LIEUT SLIDELL, her first lieutenant, is the most distinguished officer of his rank in the service, to the honor and advantage of which he has devoted nearly his whole life. For many years he has also labored assiduously and eloquently with his pen, to urge forward important improvements in the equipment, manning, discipline, and education of the Navy—subjects which have been ably discussed by him, particularly in the North American Review, to the pages of which. he was formerly a contributor.

The Rev. Mr. Wilbank, has received the appointment of Chaplin, and will also discharge the duties of Professor.

The Independence will probably sail in about seven days, and after conveying the Hon. George M. Dallas and family to Cronstadt, will proceed to the Pacific, where she will become the Flag Ship on the Brazilian station. It is supposed that she will be out three years.

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*Musical Dog.*—There is a dog in this place said to have a wonderful ear for music. We do not know that he barks more musically than many others of the canine race, but he goes to the singing school regularly, and appears to take great interest in the performances, pricking up his ears, as much as to say, "You see I too have an ear for music." He appears to be moved entirely by musical impulses. If any one passes the house singing a tune, he rushes out incontinently, shakes himself, and becomes as docile as a kitten.—At sight of a bass viol, he plays all manner of antics. He goes to church as regularly as the most devout, and squats himself near the pulpit, to have a full view of the choir. He heeds the sermon but little, but when the singers commence, he is on all-fours very quick, and if he does not keep time with his [illegible] the quivering of his frame shows clearly that he is overpowered with unspeakable emotions. When the Wandering Piper was here he was sulky enough, slinking away and curling his tail between his legs—a circumstance which seems to show that he knows what good music is.—*Claremont (N. H.) Ea.*

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*Naval.*—The Board for the Examination of Midshipmen, whose warrants bear date prior to the 1st January, 1832, will assemble at Page's Hotel, in Baltimore, on Monday, the 22d inst. and will be composed of the following officers: Commodore James Biddle, President; Com. M. J. Woolsey, Captains George C. Read, Joseph J. Nicholson, and David Connor. The mathematical examiners are Edw. C. Ward and P. J. Rodriguez.

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*Paupers in High Life.*—A London paper, the Weekly True Sun, publishes the whole pension list of the English government, and applies to it the rigid features of the new poor law, comparing the different modes of treating the poor pauper, and the "State pauper." It is said to be the deadliest thrust ever aimed at the pension list. The editor furnishes the following analysis:—"Royal paupers 3! He-paupers of title, 68!! He-paupers of no title 152!! She-paupers of title, 74! She-paupers of no title, 720!!" Making a total of 1018. It is stated that the annual payment to the out-door paupers is £145,000; average of years paid, 20; amounting to £2,900,000.

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*As you were.*—During the late war with Great Britain, a dashing belle, who is now an affectionate mother, found her progress arrested as she passed down Court street in Boston, by a flood which prevented her passage to the opposite walk. She paused to consider her situation, and anxiously looking towards the desired haven, when an honest tar, with a canvass hat, and blue ribbon, inscribed "U. S. frigate Constitution," bore up and reconnoitered her position. Without any apology or ceremony, he encircled her waist with his muscular arm, and wading knee deep through the water, landed lady Sensitive on the opposite shore. More vexed than rateful, our belle curled her pretty lip, and said "you are an impudent fellow, sir."—"Belay that, my dear," said Jack, "I'll make you fast again." Suiting the action to the word, he lifted her the second time, and refording the stream, placed her again where he first found her, observing with a good natured laugh—"An you love your moorings so well, hearty, smoke my binnacle, but you may lay at anchor there." The above is true. The lady has grown wiser and less sensitive since this lecture on squeamishness was read to her, and she frequently amuses her friends by relating the anecdote.

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THE GRAND SEIGNIOR AND AMERICAN OFFICERS.—Our last London papers contain a letter dated Alexandria, March 4, 1837, which states that the government at the latter place had received intelligence that the Grand Seignor has determined to employ American naval officers in the command of his fleet, and that measures have already been taken to carry this resolution into effect. If Mahmoud Ali, says the writer, should come to the same determination, the combined fleets of Turkey and Egypt would then present a formidable front against such a naval power as Russia, whose fleet at present is little better manned and efficient than theirs, & not so well paid, and who would be thus placed decidedly at a disadvantage.