DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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DORCHESTER AURORA,

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POETRY.

WOMAN.

When half creation's work was done,
Just formed the stars, the glowing sun,
And softly blushing skies;
And wide across earth's dewy lawn,
Gleam'd the first glances of the morn,
And flowers began to rise—

Clad in her robe of tender green,
Nature delighted, view'd the scene,
Pleased with each novel form;
As from each sweetly op'ning flower,
From hill and vale and shady bower,
She cull'd some lovely charm.

She took the balmy violet's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tear of night—
Tho' the young beam of rising day,
Had melted half that tear away,
In the first stream of light.

And now in elegance array'd
Her last, her fairest work she made,
Almost a seraph's fame;
To animate this form was given,
A gentle spirit sent from Heaven,
And Woman was her name.

Then on her softly smiling face,
She lavish'd every winning grace,
And every charm was there—
Upon her eyes the violet blue,
Upon her cheek the rose's hue,
The lilly every where.

Yes, on that eye was seen to play,
The lustre of the stellar ray,
The diamond's humid glow;
She threw to form her bosom's globe,
Life's tender flush and beauty's robe,
On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue,
And pearls appeared beneath;
And blest Arabia seem'd to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark! hark! she speaks, and silver strains
Melodious floating o'er the plains,
A nameless joy impart;
The nightingale has caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fond Nature cast her glance around,
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day-diffusing sun;
On woman last—her darling child—
She gaz'd and said, with accents mild,
'Creation's work is done.'

From the Saturday Courier.

THE FAREWELL.

BY ADAM DRINKWATER.

Farewell to thee! land of my birth,
What now are thy pleasures to me?
For alone and unfriended on earth,
I must wander heart-broken from thee!
Should I think other lands will supply
The peace that mine own could destroy?
For 'tis sad that our pleasures should die,
Ere the heart has forgot to enjoy.

Yet thy beauties have gone to decay,
Or perhaps I can see them no more;
For the smiles that had brighten'd my way
Nor gladden nor cheer as before,
The tomb o'er the love of my youth
Has closed, with my hopes and my fears;
And the plodges I gave of my truth
Were redeem'd by my sobs and my tears.

Thy blessings no longer can give
The feeling that strengthens the heart,
Or the wish that we ever might live
To taste of the joys they impart.
Thou may'st bloom, but my eye cannot see;
Thou may'st smile but my breast cannot feel
Of the beauty and pleasure that be,
Or the charms and the love they reveal.

And why should I mourn to depart,
Since 'twere sorrow too much to remain?
For they that were glad with my heart,
Breathe no more to console me in pain.
And when, with the briny rough sea,
I shall blend the warm tears that I shed—
If my memory should wander to thee,
'Twill be but to think of thy dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Le grand œuvre.

It is worth while for an American to go to Paris, if it be only to see the mud in the streets, hear the boys with their baskets of pears crying *Cinque Anglais pour un sous,*" and be henpecked by a knowing valet, who leagues with the tailor, the barber, the chambermaid, the shopkeeper, and the washerwoman, to cheat his master and divide the spoil.

Hary Cuthbert was a young fellow of easy fortune, easy temper, easy to be persuaded, and easy to be led either right or wrong. He was without a profession, and free from the necessity of studying or practising one. He was moreover well looking, and not altogether unworthy the attention of young ladies as well as their mammas. To the former, his good looks and agreeable qualities were subjects of frequent commendation; and to the latter, his fortune made him an object of interest. He accordingly found it so easy to please, that pleasing soon ceased to be worth his while in his own opinion. He persuaded himself he had so many sources of pleasure within his reach, that it would be the height of folly to marry until all these were exhausted. He went the rounds of all, and got heartily tired of each in its turn.

'What a confounded dull place is this city of ours,' said he one night to himself, after spending three hours mentally discussing the question whether he should go to a party, where he was sure of meeting the same company, the same everlasting confectionary, and the same fat sleepy fiddler he had seen at every melee during the season.

I won't go, shoot me if I do,' cried he aloud. 'I won't go—I'll go—I'll go—to Paris!'

The idea of performing this grand feat dilated his imagination into something like sublimity, and he strutted about the room like the conqueror of a world. All that he had read, all that he had heard from his youth upwards, had united to instil into his mind a settled faith in the smazing superiority of the earth, the air, the water, the skies, the houses, the hotels, the men, women, children and above all; the cookery of Paris. No Welchman ever more devoutly believed the moon was made of green cheese, than our hero did that Paris was a mis-spelling of Paradise. Accordingly he sold his horses, his little wagon, his pointer dogs, his seat in the private box, and every thing he could sell; purchased bills on La Fitte, embarked in a Havre packet, was sea sick all the passage, and at length put his foot down in Havre de Grace, a city without grace and without beauty. Every body wanted to show him the curiosities; but he was altogether assured that there was nothing in France, or indeeed in the whole universe, worth seeing but Paris. Accordingly he turned himself round three times at Havre, picked up a pin, and went up to Paris in the steamboat, that paddled about three miles an hour, and every time she fetched her breath, puffed out a whole volume of scalding steam.

'She's no more to be compared to the North America, than an oyster boat is to a Havre packet,' thought our hero; 'but never mind, wait till I get to Paris.'

As they sailed up the river they passed a succession of old worm eaten, weather-beaten towns, gray with age, and decrepid with decay. There was not a soul to be seen in the streets, except now and then a bare headed friar or a ragged beggar.

'New York is worth a hundred such old rusty mausoleums,' quoth Harry Cuthbert; 'but wait till I get to Paris.'

The steamboat broke down, and it was necessary to stop at a village, in the midst of extensive vineyards. Cuthbert had heard & red the most touching descriptions of the vineyards of France, and of the beautiful women that assisted in gathering the vintage, which was just now commencing. He ran into the country like a chicken let out of a coop, and after searching a great while, at last managed to make a clumsy-looking peasant to comprehend that he wanted to see a vineyard.

'Ciel!' answered the peasant in a coarse voice, 'Monsieur has got one right in his nose!'

The peasant spoke rather bad English. Our hero put his hand to his nose, but instead of a vineyard only found his whiskers. The good natured peasant, understanding his perplexity, pointed out the precise location.

'Zounds,' cried Cuthbert, 'I mistook it for a great field of cabbages!' He then made a slight bow to the peasant, and thanked monsieur for his politeness.

'Eh! Monsieur!' exclaimed the other, in a passionate tone—'Eh bieu! monsieur!—I am one demoiselle! monsieur—diable—hah! monsieur indeed!'

'A woman!' exclaimed our hero, as he surveyed her man's hat, coarse jacket, short petticoat, which he had mistaken for small clothes, and wooden shoes; 'a woman!—a specimen of the beautiful French peasantry! but never mind—wait till I get to Paris.'

In approaching the city, he was surprised to see what a muddy, filthy little scoundrel of a river was the celebrated Seine. It looked and smelt just like a kennel. He compared it with the purer Hudson and the transparent Sound, and said to himself, 'is it possible that this can be the beautiful Seine?—But never mind—wait till I get to Paris.'

To Paris he got at last, and the first salutation he received was a bite from a great dog he attempted to pat on the head.

'Is it possible,' said he, that a Parisan dog should be so ill-bred as to bite a stranger?

'He takes monsieur for a Jan Bull,' said a bystander.

As Cuthbert threaded his way through narrow muddy streets without sidewalks, crowded with a tolerably ragged, ill looking rabble, and lined on each side with old black looking houses a dozen stories high, he thought to himself, 'Can this be Paris? One of our bright, smiling, thriving, animated American cities is worth a dozen such Babylons. But never mind, I suppose I have not got into the genteel part of the town yet.'

He arrived at the hotel, took a suite of apartments, and hired a valet to take care of his person and superintend his education.

'Ciel!' cried the valet, as he contemplated Cuthbert's costume—'Diable! where did monsieur get that coat?'

'It is the latest London cut,' replied our hero modestly.

'Ah—ho!—one Jan Bull!—I thought so. But if monsieur goes into the streets with such a coat he will be mobbed.'

'What have they mobs in Paris?

'Oh yes, every day, and all night. You will be torn to pieces if you go out in that coat.'

Rather than be torn to pieces, our hero agreed to send for a tailor and get measured for a new one. The artiste came and made him sixty bows, for every one of which he charged a franc in his bill. The valet received a commission for bringing the tailor a customer, and the Jan Bull coat into the bargain, which he took with great indifference, saying he could get something for it of the old clothesman.

Towards evening Cuthbert thought he might venture upon a visit to one of the public gardens, in a short roundabout jacket. The women upon the Boulevards were all sitting outside of the houses, dressed in their best, to be admired by the men, who as they passed, would turn round and ogle them in the politest manner possible.

'I'll not be out of fashion,' said Cuthbert, and ogled them too. But they only laughed at his short jacket, and called him a Jan Bull. He passed the market on his way, and the poissardes saluted him with some of the finest strains of their eloquence. 'It is possible,' said he, 'that the women of Paris can swear?'

When he came to the gate of the garden he found a gen d'arme, with a musket and bayonet and a tremendous pair of whiskers, who saluted him with a 'Jan Bull fourtre'—and would not let him enter on account of his short jacket.

'Is it possible,' quoth he again, 'that the gens d'armes of Paris can be so rude?'

He retired home in disgust, and complained to the valet.

'Sacre!' said the valet. 'Did monsieur disgrace me by going out in that razee? I must take better care of you.'

Accordingly he commenced a most rigid system of superintendence; never lost sight of his master, except when there was an absolute necessity for his absence in arranging some plan for picking his pocket. He fell into a passion, and sometimes almost into fits, at Cuthbert, for speaking bad French, eating *epigrammes d'agneau* before *brochet aubleu;* breakfasting in his coat instead of his robe-de chambre—and a thousand other crying enormities, made him so *triste* that more than once he was on the point of committing suicide. He got our hero a dancing-master, a fencing master, a language Master, and all sorts of masters, and his money melted away like butter before the sun.' Never was an unfortunate single gentleman so henpecked by a valet as was our hero. 'Zounds,' cried he, 'I might as well be married to a shrew, as yoked to this inquisitor!' But the valet was so polite in his despotism, and so useful, that he could not think of throwing off the yoke and declaring himself independent. One day however, the valet was so despotic on the subject of a cravat, *a la-Tatma,* which he insisted was a thousand times more genteel than the cravat *a la-Byron,* which Cuthbert had a sneaking kindness for, that our hero gave him warning.

'Ciel!' exclaimed the valet, casting up his eyes; 'Ciel! have I lived to be turned out of doors by one cochon republican!'

This was at night. Cuthbert went to a soiree at the American minister's, and when he came home was surprised to find neither valet nor any thing else at his lodgings. Monsieur had cleared out himself, and cleared out every thing he could lay hands on.

Our hero called for the master of the hotel, of whom he got six dozen bows and nothing else. He went to the police. The directeur turned to his book, where he found a full length likeness of the valet in the person of a worthy gentleman, who was vehemently suspected of being one of the greatest rogues in the city.

'Here he is,' cried the directeur, and read over the description, 'the very man! I've had my eye upon him these six months.'

Cuthbert was a little nettled that he had not been cautioned against the fellow by the police, as they knew where he was, and so expressed himself to the directeur.

'It is not our business,' said he.

'Not your business to see that strangers are not imposed upon?' said our hero, warmly.

'Certainly not. We take care that strangers don't impose upon us; the strangers must take care of themselves.'

'Is it possible,' thought Cuthbert, 'that this can be the celebrated police of Paris I've heard so much about.'

The directeur was a good natured man, considering he was a police officer, and seeing the perplexity of his visitor, told him he would recommend him a valet who could be depended upon. In half an hour the man called, and Cuthbert hired him at once on the recommendation of the directeur of the police. He was one of the cleverest fellows in the world, and the politest of all possible valets, only he had a habit of see sawing backwards and forwards, like a man rowing a boat.

He did not cheat Cuthbert above half as much as the other. But the good fortune of our hero in having such an honest, polite valet, was not fated to last long, in about two months and a half he came to his master, and making divers bows, expressed his extreme mortification in being obliged to leave him.

'But why?' said Cuthbert. 'Are you dissatisfied with any thing?'

He made divers other low bows, and placing his hand on his heart, replied with great sensibility, that it would give him supreme pleasure to stay longer, but he had a particular—a very particular engagement.'

They parted the best friends in the world, and Cuthbert thought he would go to his friend, the directeur of the police, and get him to recommend another valet. Having announced that his servant had left him and that he wanted another—

'O ay,' replied the directeur; 'poor fellow, his time has expired.'

'Not at all,' said our hero, 'his month was only half out.'

'I mean,' said the directeur, his leave of absence from the gallies expires day after tomorrow, and he has just time to save his neck by making all the haste he can for the coast.

'The gallies,' exclaimed our hero, astonished and indignant.

'Ay, the gallies,, replied the other coolly It is the custom to allow the galley slaves, who conduct themselves properly, a recess from time to time, during which they are allowed to come up to Paris, and earn what money they can, under the surveillance of the police. They make the best servants in the world, for they know we are watching them, and that a single crime would bring them from the gallies to the gallows. I have one in waiting that I can particularly recommend.

'Thank you,' said Cuthbert, making a respectful bow, in acknowledgement of this friendly offer, 'I—I believe I shall be my own valet in future.'

'Cochon!' muttered the directeur between his teeth, as our hero departed, saying to himself, 'is it possible! I always thought, always heard, the servants in Paris were the best in the world; but never mind; servants all the world over. The aristocrecy must be a superior sort of beings.—I will see a little more before I judge.'

On his way home, being full of thought, and not minding his way, he ran full against a decent sort of man, who called him a 'Dem Jan Bull,' and made such a route that a mob soon collected, with svident symptoms of hostile views towards Monsieur Jan Bull From this dilemma he was relieved by a gentleman, who bowed very politely, took him under his protection, gallanted him out of the crowd, made him a low bow, and disappeared.—'Come,' thought Cuthbert, 'there *is* some politeness in Paris after all.'

When he got home his watch was gone.

'It must have been that route who called me Jan Bull,' quoth our hero. He was mistaken, it was the polite gentleman who made him so many bows, and gallanted him out of the crowd.

The next day he went to dine at a famous restaurateurs, named, as I think, Bamel, who lived on the Boulevards des Ratiennes. The waiter gave him a bill of fare a yard square, the contents of which were enough to confound Heliogahalus himself.

'I don't understand French well,' said he; 'this puzzles me.'

'Eh bieu, Monsieur,' replied the waiter, conceitedly; there is the language of the court and the language of the kitchen.'

'It looks like the inventory of an apothecary's shop,' said Cuthbert.

'Bah!' cried the waiter with disdain, 'does Monsieur compare the illiterate apothecary to the scientific cook? Peste! these Jan Bull's are great betes,' added he aside.

Cuthbert selected some of the hardest words he could find, and ordered his dinner.

'Diable!' said the waiter, 'we shall be eternally disgraced with such a dinner as this.—Um—Filets de sole a la Provencale—um—Filets de sole a l'Italienne—um—Filets de sole a l'Anglaise—um—Dem Jan Bull!—saumon a la Genevoise—um—Anguille a la Tartare—um Hereng, sauce moustarde—um—Carlet en matelotte Normande, Dianle! Poisson! O ciel! And he went out, tearing his hair, to order this infernal dinner.

The cook swore upon one of his copper saucepans he would sooner break his three-pronged fork, lay down his sceptre and emigrate, than cook such a dinner. Even the very scullion demurred, and there was great danger of a general rising in the kitchen.—The cook forthwith went to the editor of the Constitutionel to demand the insertion of an article denouncing a fish dinner except on fast days, and that night all Paris was in an uproar about religion and the Jesuits.

In the meantime the waiter was despatched to represent to our hero the utter impossibility of cooking such a dinner any where in Paris.

'Well then,' said Cuthbert, in a passion—go and serve up the cook's head in a 'charger for my dinner, if you like.'

The eyes of the waiter dilated.—'The head of the greatest artiste in all Paris—Ciel!'

'Ay, the greater the artist the better dish his head will make.'

The waiter dissappeared, and in a few minutes the cook rushed in, spit in hand, his eyes glaring like two bright sancepans.

'Monsieur,' said he, griting his teeth, 'Monsieur, hey dem! You want my head for dinner, hey?'

'Yes, you won't give me any thing else, I must have something.'

'Eh bien! Pestes! Diable! Sacre! O ciel! You cook the best head in all Paris for your dinner!' and he stamped about the room, repeating 'Bete! Cochon! Jan Bull!' which was the climax of all. 'These Anglais have no more respect for the fine arts than a republican!'

The cook would have certainly gone distracted if our hero had not pacified him by the assurance that he wanted his head to eat, in the hope that he should be thereby inspired with his genius, and become the greatest cook in Paris.

The artiste was delighted, made a thousand bows, and declared that if Monsieur would leave the dinner to his discretion, he would serve him up one that should make him the envy of all the kings in the universe, not excepting Charles the Tenth. Thus this momentous business was settled without blood shed, and Cuthbert at last dined upon several dishes that he thought must have been made up after an apothecary's prescription. This observation being communicated to the cook by the waiter, who hated the cook because he interfered with his perquisites, had a fatal effect upon his spirits. He pined away, never cooked a good dinner afterwards, mistook *Carrottes a la Flamande for Aspelges en petits pois,* and finally was found one morning suspended from the crane of the chimney with the little turnspit licking his feet.

Our hero frequently went to fashionable parties, where he saw people of high rank, and was introduced to some of the beauties of Paris.

'Is it possible,' thought he, 'These dukes and marshals actually look just like men I have seen in my own country, and behave very much like the well bread peeple there As for the ladies, they are certainly pretty enough—but one need not go out of Broadway to see pretty women any day in the week.'

After being in Paris about three months, Cuthbert found it was possible to be ennui even in Paris. It is impossible to be always eating and seeing sights, and besides the winter was setting in, Cuthbert never encountered such a winter. It was worth going to Paris to see. He never saw the sun for six weeks. The whole country was in tears, and so was the city. If it did not rain, it drizzled; and if it did not drizzle it misted. The windows ran dew drops day and night, and as did the walls, the bannisters, and every thing inside the house. One day as he was sitting disconsolate in the midst of the world of waters, he said to himself is it possible this can be the delightful climate of Paris?'

Just then a few drops of water trickled down on his head from the upper ceiling. 'It must be the deluge,' thought he, and ran up stairs where he found Mi Lord Anglais, an Englishman and fellowlodger, sitting on the bed fishing with great gravity and reading old Isack Walton, meanwhile.

'What luck, my lord?' said Cuthbert.

'Middling,' quoth Mi Lord Anglais—I've had symptoms of a glorious nibble. Pray be so good as to send my servant with a boat to take me off this island.

'I'll not stay any longer to get mil dewed in this amphibious place,' cried Cuthbert, as he sat brooding in his room, and listening to the waters as they trickled down the walls, inside and out. The next morning he was ready to set out.

'Whither so fast?' cried Mi Lord Anglais, who had finished his fishing match.

'I am going to America.'

'Is it possible! What can induce you to go there?'

'To see the sun.'

'O, if that's all, I advise you to go to England.'

Cuthbert did not go to England, but to the United States, where he saw the sun shine on the happiest of all happy nations; and beheld eyes that sparkled as bright as the sun. In counting up the sum total of his gains and losses in Paris, he found himself a few thousand out of pocket. He ought to have staid longer, and he would have seen what the French really are when inspired by the love of liberty. Had he been there during the the three days, he would have witnessed something worth going to Paris for—the triumph of a great nation.

'But I have gained great experience,' said he; 'I have found out that a man who sells his own lands to go and see those of other people, is a great blockhead.'

Cuthbert is now married and settled down, as an independent country gentleman, and when he sees people half mad at the idea of going to visit Paris, he smiles but says nothing.

P.

Earthquake in Mexico.—Mexican papers to the 22d December, received by the New Orleans Bee, contain particulars of the late severe earthquakes with which that country has been visited. The Bee says: "Successive shocks of an earthquake have almost totally destroyed the town of Acapulco, while the gorgeous city of Mexico itself was subjected to a violent and prolonged shock; happily, however, in the latter instance no injury resulted. The details of the earthquake at Acapulco are frightful. Repeated shocks of extreme violence and devastation have nearly reduced the city to a mass of ruins. The houses were overturned, and dashed to fragments; the churches irreparably injured, the walls of the *Campo Santo* destroyed, the whole city thrown into a state of deplorable consternation, and the inhabitants compelled to pass the night in the fields and roads adjacent to the town. When the morning dawned hundreds beheld themselves houseless and reduced to utter indigence. Fortunately for the satety of the citizens, the dustruction occasioned by the shocks was so gradually, as to afford them time to save themselves; hence the loss of life was inconsiderable.

Osage Orange—Or Maclaura Auranta.—M. Mathew Bonafous, Director of the Royal Garden of Botany and Agriculture at Turin, reports, that the leaves of this tree are a substitute for the Mulberry as food for Silk Worms. In the event of early frosts, cold or backward season, one tree, twelve or fifteen feet high, will serve to feed during the first and second stages, the worms produced by two or three ounces of eggs. It is common in several of our south-western States, where it rises to a height of 30 and 40 feet, with a stem 6 to 8 inches in diameter. It leaves early; its branches are thorny, and it will stand uninjured, a degree of cold that would destroy the foliage of our hardiest Mulberry trees. The fruit is indifferent. The tree makes a good hedge, and should be cultivated by all our northern silk growers. It can be had of most of our nursery men, in this, and other large cities in the Union.—*New York Whig.*

——o—o——

CAUTION.—Our brethren of the press are cautioned against a scoundrel who calls himself Joseph Johnson, and professes to be a portrait painter. He is an Englishman by birth, about five feet five inches high, thick sett and about twenty-two years of age. By his pleasing manners, and a number of certificates in his possession from gentlemen in Philadelphia and New York, in testimony of their high opinion of him as a painter, but which are believed to be forgeries,—he succeeded so far as to ingratiate himself into the good opinion of one of our tavern-keepers for board, and obtain a small amount of printing, which having accomplished, he immediately absconded without paying for either. He is supposed to be somewhere in Philadelphia, as he left Wilmington for that city. We trust our brethren of the press will *paint* him as large as life, & in proper *colors.*—*Del. Gazette.*