DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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TERMS.

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Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them and charged accordingly.

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POETRY.

From the Columbus Journal.

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

Oh yes, I take the papers—
Their trifling cost is never missed,
Although I've stood for forty years
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warriors—Faust released
Earth from the terrors of her kings,—
He twirled his *Stict* and darkness ceased,
And morning streamed along the East,
On Freedom's burnished wings.

Oh yes, I take the papers,
And sons and daughters—tall and small—
For they have been through thick and thin,
The pastime of us all.

'Twas nobly said that should a star,
Be stricken from the dome of Night,
A printing press—if stationed there—
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers,
Or taking pays not when they're read,
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"
And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opes the wide domains
Of Science—scatters Education
All o'er the land, life April rains;
And yet his labor and his pains
Are half his compensation.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

I.

'Tis so! and earlier had been were my pride—
That pride which gives nobility of soul,
Less careful to defend than fond to hide
The feelings, fondness only could control;
But the Promethean energy that stole
The fire from yonder planet trodden height
To patient suffering guided me! it goal
Is now attain'd, and I grieve not the flight
Of *hope, joy, friendship, fame* and *love's* once dearer light!

II.

For I've been made a stoic of the heart,
By all the 'ledger'd' feelings of the race,
Of which I am a perishable part,—
A race less pure in soul that fair in face.
Oh! could I back to boyhood's source retrace
My life's swift current—could I feel again
The golden pleasures and the fond embrace,
Of Love, and eyes whose light, by lake or glen,
"Was light from Heaven," I would not foster hope as then!

III.

And joy more bright, but flatterings less than hope,
Whose gleam is trasient, is a fickle thing,
Just as the flower, which Nature's breathings ope,
Will, even expiring, speak the power of spring;
And still might she her Siren numbers sing;
But, ah! her song, to him whose heart has felt
Her fallacy, no confidence can bring—
Ephemeral are her rainbow ints—they melt—
And dying, show the wastes in which our bosoms dwelt.

IV.

FRIENDSHIP, thou fairest, truer far than either—
Than hope or joy—thou hast our loftier trust,
For they with all their witcheries link'd together,
Are to experience, but as tombless dust:
The hand might wither and the sabre rust;
But thou should'st have firm virtue to endure,
Yet art thou too unfaithful and *unjust*,
And the more man confides, the more impure
Art thou to woo and win and leave him less secure.

V.

FAME, of the trumpet of inspiring tone,
Upon our tombs proud epitaphs might write,
And sanctify our names in crumbling stone,
And light her torch above our charnel night:
Nations with praise our prowess oft requite
While mental labor animates our clay,
And richly honor intellectual might
With wealth and laurel crowns; but what are they?
Th' enjoyments of an hour—the pageant of a day.

VI.

And LOVE, victorious and transcendent pow'r,
Man's strength and weakness, thou who dost combine
Hope, friendship, joy, to bless his wandering hour;
Even thou'rt of earth—albeit thou'rt deem'd divine,
Millions have worship'd at thy glorious shrine,—
A shrine by beauty and bright eye-beams lighted,
And warm'd by virgin bosoms. I repine
That oft those lights are quench'd and we benighted
While life's most sacred flower is, in the darkness, blighted.

VII.

Yes! I repine, yet in repining, smile,
Because thy potency directs the soul,
Up, up, beyond each planetary isle,
Which dweleth there beyond the world's control:
Where, when their spheric lustres cease to roll,
"The word of God" has made for us a home,
And, when his mandate peals from pole to pole,
And the archangelic trump, from field and foam,
Calls the obedient dead, our happy souls will roam.

VIII.

I've heard in youth of earth and eartly joys,
The sound was music to my bounding heart;
And *over*heard that sorrow oft destroys
The bright illusions which those joys impart;
That down the check of smiles the tear will start;
But Truth was tame and tiresome, then to me,
I saw but of the world the guilded part,
But now "the silver veil" is gone I see
That world as wisdom taught—a mask'd deformity.

THE MERCHANTS DAUGHTER.

A sketch, found in the portfolio of the late Toby Temperance, Esq.

At the close of a fine summer day, at an open window, in a large and elegant mansion in B-- street, Boston, sat Louisa Harcourt, her head reclining on her hand, which was partly concealed by her dark chesnut hair, which hung in graceful ringlets over her face. She appeared lost in thought.

At a little distance from the window sat her mother, an arisrocratic looking lady, in a rich dress, which, sparkling with jewels, contrasted strangely with her daughters white muslin dress, and beautiful hair, ornamented only with a gold band.

'Louisa, dear,' said her mother, 'how dull you are this evening; you have not said a word for an hour. I expect Mr. Palmer every moment, and I hope you will stay and see him.'

The young lady raised her head and displayed a most beautiful countenance. Her features were small and very regular. Her skin of alabaster whiteness. Her cheek was pale, and the eyes, which were deep blue, were filled with tears. Rising to leave the room, she displayed a beautiful, slender form, rather smaller than the ordinary height.

Louisa Harcourt was eighteen years of age. When twelve years old, she became acquainted with a young man named Henry Seymour, two years older than herself. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, from friendship into love.

Henry always met with a welcome at Mr. Harcourt's until he began to see the course things were taking. About two months previous to the commencement of my tale, Henry, after passing a pleasant evening at the Harcourt's, had taken leave, and was just closing the door, when a servant stepped up, and said Mr. Harcourt wished to say a few words with him. Entering a room, and closing the door, he began as follows: "Mr. Seymour, I have observed, of late, your acquaintance with my daughter has been more intimate than I could wish. With your means, you are not able to support her (if she became your wife) in the style and splendour to which she has been accustomed. I am, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting you would discontinue your visits for the future. I hope you will not be offended for my asking this of you. I feel it my duty to do it, and I hope our friendship will continue as unbroken as heretofore.'

Henry sat for a moment stupified. Then starting from his seat without making any reply, left the house never to enter it again.

The night was dark and gloomy. Making his way as rapidly through the street as the darkness would permit—and going which way he knew not—he had unconsciously returned to the house just left. He paused—and while looking up at the window of the room he knew to be Louisa's chamber, a person entered the room with a light. It was Louisa!—Coming to the window, she closed the shutters, and all was dark again. Rushing from the place he exclaimed, 'Oh God! must I suffer thus! and for the want of money?"

Two days afterwards he was at sea, on a voyage to India.

Henry Seymour was an orphan. His mother died when he was about two years old, and at eleven he lost his father. An uncle, the nearest surviving relative, was appointed his guardian, and being a professor in an academy, some miles from Boston, at his request Henry went there to reside. Here he received a superior education. And it was here he first saw Louisa Harcourt, who, after having finished her education, returned to the city.

Henry being deprived of her society, and not relishing the duties of teacher, for which his uncle had intended him, requested him to obtain a situation for him, in some store in the city. A merchant from Boston being in that town, Henry applied to him for information. Pleased with his manners, he proposed taking him into his own store, on trial, which proposition was accepted, and the next week Henry was installed clerk in a dry good wholesale store in Kilby street. By his correct deportment and strict attention to business, he gained the love and esteem of his employers, and on his twenty-first birthday, was to have become a partner in their establishment. Instead of which, he was on his way to India, where we will now leave him for the present and return to the Harcourts.

On the afternoon of the day following Henry's uncourteous dismissal, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt with their daughter were sitting by the fire—Louisa reading a new work which Henry had left with her the evening before. She had not been informed of the state of things—when just as Mr. H. was about to tell her, the servant announced Mr. Palmer. "Show him up, immediately," said Mr. Harcourt. And in walked Augustus Palmer, esq. the rival of Henry Seymour.

He was rather short and slim. Hair dark, and a pair of whiskers adorned his face, which, if they really belonged there, must have had more time to grow than himself.—He was dressed in a green frock coat—light colored pants—and was, on the whole, a complete dandy, with a sort of what-do-you-want-to-know for look, which rendered him very disagreeable.

Mr. Harcourt received him with great cordiality. Mrs. H. was all smiles. But Louisa scarcely lifted her eyes from the book, to say 'good afternoon, sir.' -and then continued reading, as if no person beside herself was in the room.

"What is the matter with your friend Seymour?" asked Mr. Augustus Palmer. "As I passed his house this morning, a truckman was carting away some furniture which I took to be his. I sent my servant to inquire; he returned bringing me word it was Mr. Seymour's, who was to leave for Canton in the ship Leo, at twelve o'clock."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Louisa, laying down her book, and looking at Mr. Palmer, to see if he was not trifling with her feelings.

"Impossible!"

"Positively true," observed Mr. Palmer, taking the evening paper from his pocket, and read: 'Passengers in the ship Leo, cleared for Canton this morning, Mr. Henry Seymour, of this city.'

Miss Harcourt sprang from her seat. Taking the paper, she read the paragraph and sank motionless into her mother's arms.

Mr. Palmer took his leave In a short time Louisa revived. She asked her father if Henry had said any thing about it. Mr. Harcourt then told her of his interview with Henry and of his leaving the house without returning any answer.

That night Louisa was seized with a violent fever, which threatened to prove fatal—but in the course of a month she was able to leave the room.

From that time she refused to see any one, and never went abroad; her longest walks were in the garden back of the house.

Augustus Palmer, after repeated visits without once seeing Louisa, was heard to say (when leaving the house for the fifty-sixth time unsuccessfully) that 'Miss Harcourt must be a vulgal young lady not to appreciate the worth of a young gentleman that half the girls in Boston were running after.'

Things continued thus about two years, till one evening, Louisa and her mother were waiting for Mr. Harcourt. It was some hours behind his usual time of leaving his business. Mr. H. had thought of, and told, every reason or delay, that her imagination could suggest and was on the point of sending a servant to ascertain the cause, when the door was opened violently, and Mr. Harcourt rushed in, threw himself on the sofa, and exclaimed,

'I am a ruined man! a bankrupt! a beggar!' Mrs. Harcourt nearly fainted. As soon as she was composed enough, Mr. H. stated the circumstances. He had risked his fortune in one great enterprize. All he was worth was in a ship at Canton, about to cross the ocean, and on which he could not effect an insurance. She sailed in company with another vessel. When five days out, they were attacked by pirates, who are numberless in that part of the ocean. The ship belonging to Harcourt was captured. The other escaped. On her return, the captain waited on Mr. Harcourt and informed him that his ship was set on fire about three hours after the capture, and from the long continuance of the light, must have been entirely destroyed.

But how did Louisa meet the dreadful tidings? Far different from either father or mother. When Mr. Harcourt had finished speaking, those features that had not been seen to smile for two years, were now radiant with joy. 'Thank heaven!' she exclaimed, 'I too am poor. They cannot deny Henry admittance now!'

From that moment it was evident her health was restored. The feeble step was exchanged for one proud and firm, which indicated any thing but a fall from wealth to poverty. The next day all their remaining property was taken. They were obliged to leave their elegant mansion for a small house in an obscure part of the city.

Louisa must now work to obtain a livelihood. Was she ashamed of it? No! With a heart full of joy she applied (under an assumed name, which Mr. Harcourt insisted upon) to an establishment for the employment of female poor, and obtained work for her needle. By her industry they were enabled to live comfortably, and even happy.

Henry Seymour reached Canton in safety; and immediately commenced trading and speculating. In all his undertakings success attended him. His small capital greatly increased A chance for a large speculation presented itself; Henry embarked his all, was successful. He realized a fortune.

A vessel was to leave for his native country. He immediately took passage. It was Harcourt's ship. As has been stated, they were captured by pirates, who after leaving their own vessel set fire to it.

Having confined the crew of the ship below, they began to examine their prize, and finding a barrel of rum. they drank to intoxication. For several hours the air was rent with their cries. At last all was still. Presuming the pirates were in a state of insensibility, the crew broke through the hatches, and found them stretched around the deck, about forty in number. Placing them in the boats, they lowered them into the water, and cutting the rope sent them adrift. Hoisting all sail, they steered for home. But adverse winds, & bad weather kept them two months beyond the time in which a passage is usually made, and immediately on his arrival at New York, Henry left for Boston. He reached the city about dark, and proceeded to the house formerly occupied by the Harcourts. He rang the bell. An Irishman came to the door.

'Does Mr. Harcourt reside here?'

'Maister Harcourt?' asked the Irishman.

'Yes.'

'No indade, not he,' was the reply.

'What does the gentleman want, Patrick?' said a little boy, coming to the door.

'Mr. Harcourt. He resided here about two years ago.'

'Yes, sir, but father said he has failed. He had a ship taken by pirates, and burnt. That made him fail two months ago—and he has not been seen since.'

The truth now flashed upon Henry's mind. 'He no doubt thinks—said Henry to himself as he left the house not knowing which way to go—'He no doubt thinks the ship is lost and himself ruined. Oh God! what can have become of Louisa: perhaps at this moment suffering for want, among strangers.' The thought maddened him. 'I must find her—I *will* find her, *now!*' he exclaimed, still pursuing his way in any direction he happened to take. A plan occurred to him. He would go to the crier, and have it declared throughout the city, that the ship C——— supposed to have been burnt by pirates had arrived safe at New York. The Harcourts, if they were in the city, would hear of it, and all would again be right.

Turning down———street, he observed a young lady come out of a house, on which was a large sigh, 'Employment given to Female Poor.' From the slight glance he obtained of her face, he thought it was Louisa. He followed her; she turned up a court, and entered a small wooden building; a few moments afterwards Henry knocked at the door. It was opened by Louisa Harcourt. She did not recognise him, he was so altered.

'Do you not know me, Louisa? Have you forgottem me so soon? Have you forgotten Henry Seymour?'

She made no answer, but fainted and fell into his arms; he called for assistance; Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt came; Henry gave Louisa to Mrs. Harcourt, and requested to speak to Mr. H, They entered a room; Henry made himself known; communicated the joyful intelligence; and concluded by saying, 'I have now one favor to ask Permit me to visit your family as one friend visits another.' Mr. Harcourt seized his hand. 'Henry, we will never part. Take my daughter for your wife, if you think her worthy of you. Try to forget all that has passed, and it will not be my fault if we are not happy.

Louisa and her mother entered the room; all was explained. Henry passed the evening relating his adventures, and retured to his lodgings the happiest being alive, with the exception of the Harcourts.

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Pryer, (one of two ladies who had been coining scandal all the morning,) 'I wonder who is to live in that elgantly furnished house in M———street.'

'Dont you know?' said Miss Findout.

'Why you know Harcourt, who failed about three months since!'

Yes, we were intimately acquainted,' replied Mrs. Pryer, who had never been inside their house.

'Well they are to live there, Young Seymour, who went to Canton two years since, has married their daughter, and is to stay with them.'

'Indeed! I thought they refused him because he was poor.'

'They did. But he made a fortune while in Canton.'

'How some folks get rich,' said Mrs. Pryer, taking leave of her friend. 'Farewell, Mrs. Findout.'

FAREWELL READER!

THE KNOWING SQUAW.

Actions by young ladies for breach of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilization. But what spot in the world is not now civilized, or about to be civilized? In half a dozen years more the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling green.

In the Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair or brown one, of some distinction in the woods made her complaint to an old chief of the faithfulness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage than the young chief turned on his heel, and choose to marry somebody else. The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honor, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject As amongst the Indians there are yet no professed lawyers, justice is not quite so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of the frequent visits of the young warrior to the wigwam; of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco, and eating their venison, whenever he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statement being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welsh flannel, three fox-tails, and a scalp. The lover was then called on He denied the charge of affection altogether. With an air which could not be exceeded by the air of a man of fashion, he said, that though it was true he had visited her father's wigwam, he had done it when he had nothing else to do, when the beavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to "the feathers and flannel," he acknowledged that he had given them, but had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech the squaw gave a loud scream, and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and whether guided by the judgment of the case, or touched with the sufferings of the squaw, brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken-hearted fair one—a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen beaver-skins. The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the squaw, recovered from her swoon, sprang on her feet, clapping her hands with joy, and crying out, "now I am ready to court again."

THE NEWSPAPER.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events which are passing in the busy world; it is a never failing source of amusement; and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent being, should take at least 1 newspaper. And the man, who, possesed of property sufficient to make himself easy in life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge. is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

Secrets of Health.—With regard to exercise, judge between the two following extremes: A fox hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age; but then he is all exercise and no thought.—A sedentary scholar shall not be able to get drunk once in a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise. Now the great object is neither to get druuk, nor be all exercise, nor all thoug; but to enjoy all our pleasures with a sprightly reason The four ordinary secrets of human life are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

The Baltimore Sun, after giving an account of the attempted robbery of a hen-roost, states that people who keep chickens ought also to have a dog. *We* say, that people in cities who keep either chickens or dogs, ought also to have a *lickin'*—*Boston Times.*

Let the editor of the Times come to this city and try that thing—if he does not get sick of it before he 'licks' half of the persons that keep dogs and chickens here, then we will acknowledge that one Bostonian can 'lick' ten Baltimoreans.—Balt. Sun.

The Prince de Joinville has written to the editor of the Boston Post, informing him that he will not be in that city before the 18th or 20th inst. It is hinted that he will stop with the Post man while in Boston, and the latter has accordingly sent his dickey into the country to have it bleached. Why, friend Post, you must be green, to suppose "his highness" will be satisfied with codfish and Taunton turkies while he stays in Boston.—Ib.

A "Civilization Society" has been established in Cincinnati. Glad to hear it; hope they will civilize the editors of that city *what* go into the theatre puffing "long nines."—Ib.

An Eccentric Clergyman.—An eccentric Scottish clergyman, by the name of Paul, was a great favorite with the ladies, and, on leaving his parish, he preached from these words: "And they all fell on Paul's neck and kissed him," which, it is said, proved true to the letter.

The following is given in Bell's Life, as a satire on the recent paragraphs in American papers on *absence of mind.*

The latest American.—A gentleman who had occasion to go to his wine celler, lit a candle for that purpose, and walked down his own throat. He did not discover his error till the candle was blown out by the wind on his stomach.

Specie Payments.—We learn that at a meeting of the officers of the Banks of Baltimore, held on Monday, it was determined to ask the Banks in the Eastern, Southern and Western States to meet in Baltimore or Philadelphia, in the course of the ensuing month, for the purpose of fixing on an early day for the general resumption of specie payments.—*Balt. American.*

The oldest town in the United States.—It is said St. Augustine, in Florida, is by more than forty years the oldest town in the United States—it was founded three centuries ago by the Spaniards. Houses in it are yet standing, which are said to have been built forty years before Virginia was colonized.

LATEST FROM CAPE PALMAS.

By an arrival at Boston, intelligence down to the 18th January, has been received from Cape Palmas, the settlement of the Maryland State Colonization Society on the coast of Africa. All the letters received concur, in representing affairs at the Colony in a happy and flourlshing condition. The Niobe, which sailed from Baltimore on the 17th Nov. arrived out after a pleasant passage of forty three days. Two were born on the passage, making 87 emigrants in all—landed.

The health of the Missionaries is represented as good, and their cause as prosperous.

A Revolting Murder, was recently perpetrated in East Union Township, Wayne county, Ohio. The victim was a woman by the name of Botebaugh, who, it appeared in testimony before the Coroner, was by some means enticed out of her dwelling during the night, and inhumanly murdered. by beating and strangulation. The next morning, the two children of the deceased (aged about 10 and 12 years) gave the alarm, and a search was instituted by the neighbors, and continued until Friday, when the body was found buried in a ploughed field belonging to Mr. William Cunningham, some three fourths of a mile form her residence. Another grave was also found, where it is supposed she was first buried, and afterwards removed to the place where found.

Cunningham was subsequently arrested and committed to prison, charged with the foul deed.