DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1839. NO. 29.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED AND PRINTED BY
WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

The "AURORA" is published every Monday at $2 50 a year, one-half to be paid upon the receipt of the first number. Subscribers may discontinue the paper at any time by paying for the time they have received it, but not without, except with the assent of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1 00; each after insertion 25 cents—when larger, in proportion.

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

POETRY.

"Fair Ruler of the Visionary Hour,
Sweet Idol of the Passionate and Wild,
Enchantress of the Soul."

I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

I saw a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair
Come one by one—the eldest first,
And took their station there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,
And with familiar tread;
They gathered round with joy to feast
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board, the father sate,
A smile his features wore;
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form arrayed in rags,
A near the threshold stood;
A half-starved child had wandered there
To beg a little food.

Said one—"Why standst here my dear?
See there's a vacant seat,
Amid the children—and enough
For them and thee to eat."

"Alas for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
"No rights have I amid yon group,
I have no father there."

O hour of fate, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far resounding trump of woe
Shall summon forth the dead;

What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
I have no father there.

BABYLON.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

"Oh! sweet o'er Judah's distant hills
The wandering Zephyr mourning sighs;
And sweetly gush the crystal rills,
And sparkle 'neath the tranquil skies;
And light waves, in the moon's bright beam
Along the blue lake's beach deplore;
And Jordan rolls his hallowed stream
All silent by the lonely shore!

Oh, sad o'er Salem's mournful walls
The mantling ivy's tendrils cling!
There, lone, the solemn night bird calls,
There folds the bat, his blighting wing!
And o'er the Temple's crumbling stones
The loathsome serpent leads her young—
And dreary Desolation moans
Where erst the songs of gladness rung!

For Judah's sons in exile stray,
And Judah's daughters weeping roam—
Far from their own loved land away—
Lorn Captives in the Oppressor's home;
And while their souls in anguish mourn,
And sigh to view the natal hearth,
Loud is the foeman's taunting scorn
And wild the Godless heathen's mirth!"

LOVE BY MOONLIGHT.

Give me the hour of the moonlight eve—
The night breeze gently sweeping,
As fondly it struggles its wings to weave
With the sweets of the flowrets sleeping,
And the streamlet is lulling to love and to rest
The treacherous stars that repose on its breast!

Give me the hour, when the lucid sky,
With the moon's cool light its gleaming,
And the exquisite fire of my love's eye
With purity's ray is beaming.
And nought but the delicate glow of her cheek
Confesses the fondness her glances bespeak!

Give me that hour, to the wretch unknown
Whose heart was never glowing
With love's holy rapture, nor dares to own
The tear of affection flowing;—
Oh, ne'er may the sunbeam of beauty be thrown
On the soul that refuses its essence to own.

H. T. T.

From the Gentleman's Magazine for November—Edited by W. E. Burton.

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. III—THE SEDUCER.

PIERRE MARCEL was the cultivator of a small but profitable vineyard, on the banks of the Garonne, a few leagues from Toulouse, where the principal part of his life had been passed in the almost daily occupation of tending his vines, and rendering his little plot of ground the fairest for many a mile around. In early life his wife, whom he had passionately adored, had fallen the victim of a lingering illness, leaving him an only child, a daughter, whom he cherished both for its own and mother's sake, with unusual tenderness. The little Louise was the solace of his days, and the prattle of her infant tongue sounded to him the sweetest music nature could invent; but when her growing years gave token of equalling her mother's beauty and symmetry of form his satisfaction was unbounded to think that he alone, without a mother's fostering hand, had reared a flower so lovely. Oft, when working in his vineyard, would he pause as his daughter tript by with fawn-like step, and gaze with true affection on his heart's dearest object, whilst in his mind he conjured up bright dreams of the future, and tried to trace her coming years.

A short distence from Marcel's house was the chateau of the Marquis de St. Brie, who was usually resident there with his daughter. The family of the Marquis consisted only of his daughter and a son, an officer in a light cavalry regiment. A friendship more strong than those usually subsisting between persons of different stations in life, had grown up betwixt Louise and Emile de St. Brie, and it had been one of the chief amusements of the latter to instruct Louise in those accomplishments she herself so much excelled in, often remarking, that her pupil was so apt that she should soon have little left to teach her.

The notice taken of his daughter by Mam'selle St. Brie, was most gratifying to the feelings of Marcel, who daily saw her gaining those accomplishments he so much coveted for her, but which he had feared he should be unable to obtain. But few pleasures are unalloyed, and however great might have been the satisfaction he felt at the notice taken of Emily, yet there was but little in the reported attentions of Henri St. Brie, who was staying at the chateau.

Henri was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that manly dashing cast which so often takes the heart by storm, ere reason has time to bring its tardy succors, and show that the advantages of a handsome person and fascinating manners are totally eclipsed by the blackness of a heart formed in total contrast to the rest. He had been but a day at the chateau before Louise was marked as the victim of his seductive arts. He foresaw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirment of her affections an easy task; but with all her simplicity, she she entertained such high notions of honor, as to make his success rather doubtful; but still he thought that one who had seen but the fairest side of life, could but ill combat against the wiles of one versed in all its deadliest ways.

He sought every opportunity of being in her company, and by a thousand assiduous attentions won his way, imperceptibly in her affections. He pretended his passion was of that fervent kind which drove every object but respect from his imagination; and vowed, could he but gain her reluctant consent, to make her the future Marchioness de St Brie. There was but one thing he stipulated; and that was, for the marriage to be performed in private, since he feared his father's anger, unless he could, by degress, break the circumstance to him. There was so much plausibility in this, that she could not believe he spoke other than the language of truth. The cloven foot had in no one instance as yet shown itself, and she felt convinced his affections were as pure, and as fervent, as her own. She yielded her consent to a private marriage.

Henri protested she had made him the happiest of men, by her consent, but still there was one thing more, the marriage could not be performed with that secrecy which was so necessary, elsewhere than in Paris.—Would she go there? To this she demurred that the absence from her father, without any reasonable excuse, would be the cause of so much anguish to him, that she would not for the world he should feel; but even this scruple was overcome by the promise of Henri, that on their return her father should be informed of all that had taken place, when the few hours of uneasiness would be more than compensated by the pleasure he would receive on hearing of her happy marriage.

Paris, with all its charms, had less attraction for Louise than her simple home on the Garonne's banks. She lived in the most studied seclusion; passing her melancholy hours in thinkiug of her father, and what must be his feelings concerning her long-continued absence. She felt she had made but a poor return for all the care and solicitude bestowed upon her. Henri, it was true, had been unremitting in his attentions, and his love appeared still as fervent as ever; but he always evaded the conversation when she pressed him concerning their marriage, and she found herself in a fair way to be a mother, ere she was a wife.

"Henri," said she, one day, "will you fix the day for our marriage? When you consider my situation, your delay is cruel in the extreme."

"Yes, yes, dearest, next week. By-the bye, has Madame Girau sent home the beautiful shawl I ordered for you?"

"Some time ago; but I have not looked at it; I have been thinking of something else,"

"Of what, dearest?"

"Of the time when you mean to fullfil your promise."

"Just look out of the window, dearest, and tell me what you think of the horse I purchased yesterday?"

"Oh, Henri! if you love me, I beseech you name the day; I have been unhappy, very unhappy."

"Now you are beginning to tease me again."

"Nay, do not say I teaze you; I ask you but to keep your faith with me."

"Really you are more pertinacious than ever, but I cannot stop now, I have an appointment with———."

"Henri, answer me! Am I to be your wife or not?"

"My wife! why are you not my wife as firmly as you can be such? What are the cold formalities of the world that would give you the right of being called my wife?—Would they bring affection? No; they would rather bring abhorrence and disgust. As Louse Marcel you will ever be to me the dearest object of my heart' but as my wife I could not love you, and will not do that which would make me hate you for ever."

Louise was almost motionless with surprise; it was so different from all he had ever said. These then were his true feelings.

'I thank you, sir,' she at length replied, 'at least for your frankness. I will be equally so; and since I am not to be the wife, I will not submit to the dishonor of remaining another day as the mistress of Monsieur de St. Brie. We part, sir, this instant for ever.'

'Stay, Louise, where are you going!' but ere he had time to stop her, she descended the stairs, and reaching the street, contrived to evade his pursuit.

'Psha!' he exclaimed, 'what a fool the girl is; but she'll soon come to her senses, so I'll leave her to herself.'

Marcel would not at first give any credence to the report that his daughter had gone with Henri St. Brie. No, no; he was convinced some accident had happened which prevented her return. She was too amiable—too good to listen to such a villain. Bad, even, as St. Brie was, he would not rob him of such a a daughter, the only hope of his declining years. Could he have the heart to dishonor one so beautiful, so fair? No, no; it was not in human nature to be so black. But months rolled on, and his dear Louise came not; every search and every endeavor to obtain tidings of her had proved fruitless; but amidst all his complaints he never uttered one word of reproach against her. He became altogether an altered man; neglectful of every thing, avoiding the society of his former friends and associates, and scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his own dwelling. It was a cold and bitter morning, in the middle of an unusually severe winter, that he went, more by the force of habit than otherwise, to look after the inmates of his stable. He had his hand upon the stable door, and was entering, when he thought he heard a low moan, he turned round to look from whence it proceeded; and a few steps before him saw a woman lying on the ground, partly covered by the falling snow.

'Poor creature,' said he, 'hast thou lain here during this bitter night; had'st thou been my wort enemy I could not have refused you shelter. Here, let me lift you in my arms, and carry you into the house. Eh! what do I see! Merciful heavens! it is my poor Louise. She is dying fast, and there is no help at hand. Oh! speak to me, Louise! for heaven's sake, speak! Not a look! not a word!'

The distracted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of some warm cordials brought her to herself; it was but to hear the recital of her sufferings and her prayers for forgiveness. She had arrived at her father's house on the preceeding evening, but had not dared to enter, and overcome by fatigue and cold, she had fallen where he found her. Her delicate frame was unable to withstand the shock she had sustained, and after lingering a few days, closed her eyes for ever on the world, happy in the assurance of her father's true forgiveness.

Marcel had attended his daughter day and night, indulging to the last in the vain hope of her recovery; and even when life was no more, watched her cold corpse with the utmost anxiety to see if it were not death's semblance. But when the last worldly offices were performed, and he found that he was then alone in the world, for weeks he shut himself up in the chamber where she died, refusing to see or speak with any one.

It was some months after the death of Louise that I was sitting in the Tuileries Gardens, watching the crowd of loungers passing to and fro along the principal avenue; amongst those who seemed to attract most attention was Henri St. Brie, upon whose arm was leaning a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom I could not fail to recognise as his wife, to whom he had been married only a few days. He appeared to be relating something which seemed the source of much amusement to booth, when suddenly the smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him. I turned in the direction in which he had been looking, and perceiving nothing but a poor haggard and emaciated looking man, whose dress bespoke him a native of one of the distant provinces, leaning against one of the trees. His gaze seemed fixed on St. Brie; but though there was a wilderness in his look, I could not at the moment divine why St. Brie seemed so agitated by it.

In a short time the man moved away, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was attracted to another part of the gardens, by a confused noise and gathered crowd. I hastened towards the spot, and perceived St. Brie lying on the ground, covered with blood, and near him stood the man I had before remarked; he had been seized by the bystanders, one of whom had wrenched from his hand a bloody knife. He appeared the most unmoved of all around, gazing with pleasure on the dying agonies of his victim.—St. Brie was raised from the ground, but it was clear that a few moments were all that remained to him of life.

'Marcel,' faltered out the dying men, 'you have indeed avenged your daughter's wrongs. 'Tis true I deeply wronged her, but this——'

The throes of death prevented the completion of the sentence; but ere life was quite extinct, the loud mad laugh of the man rung in his ears.

'All, all, all! look! look! he sleeps now with my poor Louise.—No, no, 'tis false; for she's in heaven, and he—he has gone to join his master.'

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried Marcel for the murder, for it was clear the light of reason had for ever been shut out from him. In his confinement his incoherent ravings were ever of his daughter, whom he fancied near him, but was prevented by the attendants from seeing, and were only ended by death removing him from all his worldly sufferings.

J. M. B.

THE COTTAGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a laboring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark gray rock overhung it and helped to keep it from the winds. When the Cottage was finished he thought he would paint it gray, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So he built a barn for her. When it was done, a neighbor came in, and said,

'What color will you paint your barn?'

'I had not thought about that,' said the cottager.

'Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black—and here is a pot of black paint which I have brought on purpose to give you.'

Soon another neighbor, coming in, praised his neat shed and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. 'White is by far the most genteel color,' he added, 'and here is a pot of white paint, of which I will make you a present.'

While he was in doubt which of the gifts to use, the eldest and the wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said,

'He who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise.

'Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house.—Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun and cause the edges of your boards to split, and the white will look well for a little while and then become soiled, and need painting anew. Take my advice, and mix the white and the black paints together.'

So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very color which he liked & had used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hop-vine. He carefully gathered ed the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when warm and weary.

It had always twined around two poles which he had fastened to the earth, to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building and he made a little arbor for it to run upon and cluster about.

He painted the arbor gray. So the rock and the shed and the arbor were all the same gray color. And every thing around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbor, at the sunset of a summer's day.

A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing around that small habitation happened to be the same shade of gray.

"It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are gray also.—And we have lived so long that the world itself looks old and gray to us now."

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

"I have thought of this circumstance so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good."

Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white—the other all black. But neither of them are right—for we are of a mixed nature, good and evil—like gray paint made of opposite qualities.

If, then, neither the counsel of our foes nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the gray paint mixing both together, may [illegible] and secure the good.

Marrying because the Weather is Cold.—The Philadelphia Ledger advises bachelors to get married because winter is upon us. How does he know that they will be bettered by the change? There is no certainty of getting a *warm* wife. We sleep comfortably enough, though we sleep alone. There is no such botheration with us as married men have—such as your wife bawling out in the middle of the night, when you are enjoying a sweet dream,

'John! take away your elbow!'

'James! lie further on the other side!—You'll have me out of bed.'

'Joseph! you've kicked the kiver off!'

'Henry! Get up, you lazy dog. It is day break.'

'Richard! Turn out, and put on the teakettle!' &c. &c.

Nothing of this kind ever troubles us.—There we lie, in our little cot, (which is just large enough for one,) with its clean white sheets spread over our person, and tucked comfortably in about the sides, and our head raised to a dignified height by having our corduroys stuffed under the pillow. How comfortable! We wish we were there now, instead of here. When we go to bed, we never have occasion to exclaim, with the virtuous, yet self-upbrading Roman—

"We have lost a day!"

On the contrary, we stretch our weary body out to its full length, (we don't curl ourselves up in bed, as vulgarians do,) and say, in a tone of self satisfaction—

'Well, here lies a single gentleman, and an honest editor, type-sticker, and devil, after a hard day's work.'

We then say our prayers, turn over on our left side, and go to sleep. We always sleep soundly, because there's no stains nor grease-spots on our conscience to prevent it. Our prayer runs something after this wise:

'Sweet powers! Grant that the *Sun* may have a good sale to-morrow, and that the little news-boys may "fork over" the funds punctually. Grant that Mr. ——— will not push his bill against us till we are a little better off. Grant that the buck-wheat cakes may not be all eaten before we get up. [We go in for flap jacks.] Grant that the banks may resume specie payments when they have promised to do so. Grant that the world may grow better than it is, so that honest people like ourselves may stand a chance of getting a smack when they're hungry. Amen."—*N. O. Sun.*

Erudition.—An English paper publishes the following letter, written by the chief magistrate of a certain corporation:

Dear Sur—On Monday next I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be, as you will send me down by the coach, some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother the *Old Mare*, and the rest of the Bentch.

I am, sur, &c. A. B.

The letter falling into the hands of a wag, was answered as follows:

SIR.—In obedience to your orders, I have sent you per coach, two bushels of the best oats; and as you are to treat the *Old Mare*, have added some bran to make a mash.

Your's respectfully, C. D.

From the N. Y. Courier.

A few days since we reported the case of a foundling, which some inhuman monster, had left at the area door of Mr. W. H. Willis, No. 42 Henry street. It will be remembered that a girl in the house described a man whom she had seen in the area, as being dressed in a Spanish cloak with fur collar, and that the pillow case in which the little bantling was wrapped was marked M. A. C.—All the above facts were published in the daily papers, and on Friday Mrs. Ellen King, of the corner of Tillary and Stanton streets, Brooklyn, came to the Alms-house, and on seeing the child, at once recognized it as the illegitimate offspring of a girl named Mary Sullivan, alias Mrs. Clark, residing in the same house, and an Englishman named Frederiek Woodward a pencil case maker by trade, who boarded on the opposite corner. Mrs. King stated that she nursed the mother during her confinement and had taken charge of the child for a day or two after its birth.—birth Then Woodward requested her to bring the child to him at the New Ferry, as he had provided a place for it with some of his friends in New York. She did deliver the child to him, but he, instead of providing for it, cruelly abandoned it to the mercy of strangers.—On seeing the papers she suspected that something was wrong and as above stated came over identified the child, and the articles found with it. These incontrovertible proofs of the guilt of Woodward, being properly attested. Justice Hopson yesterday despatched officers Waldron aud Tompkins after the depatched officers Waldron and Tompkins after the delinquent, whom they found seated with his unfortunate victim. He was promptly fully committed for trial. Woodward is a very respectable looking man—and to add, to the crimes of seduction and abandonment, he is married in one of the most respectable families in Westchester county, and has now five children living. Since the abandonment of the child the anxious mother has daily inquired after it, and he has quieted her fears, by saying that it was doing very well. Before the birth of the infant, he wrote to the husband of his paramour's sister a very penitent letter, praying forgiveness for the injuries he had done to her and her family, and asking that some of her relations might come and attend Mary in her sickness, but the request was refused. The punishment for this crime is very severe, and if an example is ouce set, we may probably have fewer cases to report of foundlings left at the doors of our citizens

Von Shoultz.—The Onendago Standard gives the following brief sketch of the life of this gallant pole. who paid with his life the crime of resisting tyranny:—*Sun.*

'Frequent mention is made of Von Shoultz—that we suspect is as good orthography as any—the Polish commander of the forces actually engaged without any thing being known of his character or history. We can supply a few facts. He is a Polish refugee, of a noble family, having commanded a regiment in the Polish revolution. His father was a general in the Polish army, and fell in the sanguinary contest under the walls of Warsaw. The son was made a prisoner, but with some of his companions in arms, made his escape from the Russian Guards, and reached his country.—The two other Poles, armed as prisoners at Kingston, belonged to his regiment, in nis native country. Von Shoultz has resided in this town a part of the time for three years.—He discovered a method of refining the brine of the Salt Springs of some of its impurities, which was deemed valuable upon the Canhawa River, though not employed to any great extent here He once sold his patent for $100,000, though we know not how much he ever realized from the sale.

Von Shoultz is esteemed by those who know him, as a gentleman, a man of science, a brave soldier and a true patriot. He engaged in this expedition, because he was told that it was in the cause of liberty. Some incidents are related by those who have witnessed his conduct at the Wind Mills near Prescott, which proves him to have been a good engineer, a skillful commander, and a man of the most fearless intrepidity. Had he fallen in battle, we might have regretted his fate, without impugning its justice, but it would be a reproach to the very name of Englishmen, through all succeeding time, if this chivalrous champion of freedom should be made to expiate his errors—if errors they be—upon a scaffold.