Littleton L. Teackle.

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, AUGUST 29. 1836. NO. 8.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED AND PRINTED BY
JOHN T. JACKSON.

TERMS—$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.

"General Harrison's political principles and public course, have been in strict accordance with the sentiments of the whig party of Maryland."—[Chronicle.

As the principal organ of the whigs; the Chronicle *ought to know* what are the sentiments of its party. We may be permitted to doubt, however, whether the following will be an acknowledged expression of the sentiments of all who may rally under the banner of the Chronicle's party. There is no small proportion of the Whigs in Maryland who will refuse to echo the "prejudices" of the 'Hero,' "against the masonic institution," or who can consent to lend their influence to that intolerant humbug, political anti-masonry.—What follows, is extracted from a recent correspondence between Thaddeus Stevens and General Harrison. It is a part of a long reply to some questions, asked by Mr. Stevens. —Balt. Rep.

"The evidence exhibited in the case in which you were plaintiff, contained many circumstances and facts of high importance, which I had not before seen and were not calculated to diminish the prejudices I had before entertained, against the masonic institution. I consider myself indeed the oldest Anti-Mason in the United States. My prejudices against Masonry were formed as far back as I can remember. I received them from my father; who was not a mason, and he from his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, who was one. None of my family that I know of have ever been masons. Two sons-in-law have been members, but have seceded, one of them upon my recommendation.

"When I was in the army commanded by General Wayne, a lodge was established by the officers, and several of my friends upon proposing themselves as members, urged me to unite with them for that purpose. I resisted their solicitations, and indeed, used my exertions to prevent them joining. You can easily perceive, from the situation in which I was placed, there were as strong inducements to me to abandon my prejudices against masonry as could well exist. But although I was very young and inexperienced at that time, I remained firm to the principles which had been instilled into my mind by my venerated father and which had their origin in a venerated uncle." * * * * *

THE LETTER.

CINCINNATI, 20th Nov. 1835.

My Dear Sir,—I received last evening your letter of the 11th inst. I am at a loss to conceive upon what fair principles of construction my letter to the President and Secretary of the Central Anti-masonic Committee could be considered as a denunciation of the Anti-masonic Party. If my language will bear that meaning, it is certainly the very reverse of what I intended to convey by it. To deny the right of the people to form association to correct *any existing* ABUSES, not immediately cognizable by law, would deny them one of the most essential rights, which in the grant of power to their agents, they have reserved to themselves. It is equally impossible, that I could have intended to say, that the people had no right to instruct their agents, considering that during my whole political life, I have been the open and decided advocate of that right. I not only believe that the Representative is bound by the declared will of his constituents, but to conform his acts as far as possible to what he believes to be their wishes although not communicated by any express instruction. For my sentiments on this subject, contained in an address to the electors of the 1st Congressional District of Ohio, some years ago, I was most severely criticised by many of the Federal Editors of that period, and by none more so than my friend C. Hammond. You may have seen in one of his late papers, when defending me against the charge of Federalism, he asserts that I always maintained "the right of instruction, and other follies of the Jefferson school."

Lest I should be misunderstood also in another particular, I must take leave to say, that whilst I deny the right of the General Government, or any of its departments, to interfere with the concerns of the people, in relation to their party principle, or party movements, in all cases where the laws of the Union are not violated: I cannot be supposed to mean that it is not the duty of the Appointing power, STRICTLY TO INQUIRE INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF THOSE WHO ARE CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE. For my own part, I hesitate not to say, that I would as soon think of appointign to an office under this Republic, one of the sprigs of English Nobility—a scion from the pure tory stock, of the house of Eldon, or Louther, or Jenkinson, or Wellesley, as an American citizen who would assert his right to enter into any ENGAGEMENT or COMBINATION, which would release him from his paramount obligations of duty to the CONSTITUTION and LAWS of his country.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,
Your humble servant,
W. H. HARRISON.

William Ayres, Esq.

"COMING THRO' THE RYE."

If a body's fond of toddy,
That's no reason why
That they should speak of other folks,
A comming through the Rye.
I recollect on Satur' night,
When I was very dry,
I met 'the shadow of the Globe,'
A coming through the Rye.

He asked me if I'd take a horn,
Yes sir, was my reply;
And both of us got 'unco fou,'
Upon the field of Rye.
Then why should he of others speak,
And act his part so shy;
And censure those who have a taste,
To rest upon the Rye?

There was the glorious six foot two,
I have him in my eye,
Will bet, that in the Texans' cause,
He's pouring in the Rye,
'Tis thus with every patriot Chief,
On this you may rely,
And who'd discard a bonnie lass,
When coming through the Rye?

Then here's success to every lass,
And every field of Rye,
May every blade drink evening dew,
And ne'er a lassie cry:
And may the shadow of the Globe,
The real truth descry—
And health impart its genial glow,
On every field of Rye.

From the Baltimore Transcript.

SERENADE.

Sleep lady sleep—while spirits light
Around thy pillow play,
And mingle with thy dreams to-night
Thy lovers parting lay.

Around me hid in shadows deep,
Green banks and streamlets lie;
While struggling stars through clouds now keep,
Dim vigils in the sky.

Far in the shade, a chrystal stream
Glides with its murmuring tone,
And one bright star, with golden gleam,
Shines on its breast alone.

Thus, to my soul, thine image love,
Imparts one cheering beam,
As the brilliant eye of the star above,
Gives light to the shadowed stream.

Then fare the well—though clouds arise,
And veil sweet hope's in night,
Yet, thou, a star in memory's skies,
This bosom, still shall light.

L. R. S.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

In the spring of 1824 I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the south, which a gentleman who had removed from England to this country, with two small children, the one a boy of ten years, the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thoughts of leaving his motherless children behind him, and I was on the point of embarking for liverpool. I promised to take them to their relations and friends.

The day of our departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive and made frequent inquiries for their absent father; but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dews upon the Eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment the proud bird springs upwards into the air to woo the beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as wildly and joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed as if 'man's control had stopped with the shore that was retreating behind, & left the world of waters to give back the blue of the upper skies as purely and peacefully as the first holy Sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sunk down in the West, successive shadows of gold, and and crimson, and purple came floating over the waves, like barques from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on those scenes steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took each other's hands, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned again to look out upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and turning around saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments the evening star began to twinkle from the edge of a violet cloud. At first it gleamed faintly, and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out and alone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening.—The girl at my side gazed upon it; and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at the heart. She inquired with simplicity and eagerness whether in the fair land to which we were going, that same bright star would be visible; and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea, was at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of horison. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expresed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the look of agony, the look of utter woe that appeared upon the face of the little girl when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly upon her thonghts. She wept not, she complained not, but hour after hour she sat by the bed of the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated.—He could not return the long and burning kisses of his sister, and at last a faint heaving of the breast, and the eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush at intervals, upon his wasted cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning; were all that told he had not yet passed 'the day of nothingness.'

The twelth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fervered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of the blood-red setting, were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering them together above, and another sky swelled out its softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crest of the waves were lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tone came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us like the sound of a gentle wind mid a cypress grove, But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed to the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh—and I turned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but the film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into the purple. I know not whether at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance, she took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lip to her own, and then as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still The girl knew as if intuittively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead: wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day the corse of the dead boy was committed to the waters. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother and see if he was indeed dead. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She passed by the bedside and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long fixed gaze. She moved not—she spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into ocean. Then indeed she arose, and followed her brother with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves, a few long bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glance came up between the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away and beautiful as a cloud in a summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness. Soon afterwards I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feeling, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow on a summer cloud that has showered and passed off forever.

N. E. Review.

MARIA FOOTE'S CHILDREN.—Some months since a lugubrious story appeared in the Sun, relative to a child residing with a widow lady of low circumstances in this city, that was said to be one of Miss Foote's by Colonel Berkeley. The story which was headed with the captain of "Romantic Incident in Real Life," or something like it turns out to be a sort of moon hoax, as we predicted at the time.—The whole affair was done up in Mr. Locke's best manner, and appeared so imbued with truth, that we were almost inclined to credit it. Here's The Albion's refutation of the gratuitous charge:—N. Y. Times.

"*Colonel Berkeley.*—A statement some time since appeared in some of the city papers, affirming that the children of Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote had been abandoned by their parents, and been brought to this country by a poor woman of the name of McDermot, who was supporting them by her own industry. It was subsequently stated the children consisted of a boy and a girl, and that the boy died on the passage over. This report having found its way across the Atlantic attractd the attention of Colonel Berkeley's friends, and we have in consequence been requested to declare that the statement is entirely without foundation. A letter before us, dated London, 20th May, contains the following:—

Col. Berkeley had by Miss Foote two daughters, (no son;) they bear the somewhat fanciful and euphonious names of Una and Undine and are at this moment dwelling with every comfort, and even luxury, at Cheltenham, under the care of a governess of irreproachable character, in their own house, and under protection of their father. They are accomplished, and will be liberally provided for at his death. As the writer of these remarks *has seen* young ladies in question *within a month*, and heard of them within a week, it is not probable that either of them has died in the disguise of a boy on board ship; or that the other is indebted to Mrs. McDermot for subsistence in New York.'

We do not at all pretend to deny that Mrs. McDermot has been saddled with the children of some heartless parents, but we think it is abundantly clear that the children are not those of Col. Berkeley. It is well known to every one in England, acquainted with Col. Berkeley or Miss Foote, that the former has always discharged the duties of a father in the most affetionate and liberal manner."

The Wiscasset Intelligencer gives notice that the Sea Serpent will be in Booth bay this week. He will be there on Friday, it is added, unless detained catching mackerel.

MELANCHOLLY.—Mrs. Martha, (aged 25 years) wife of Mr. Ephraim Batchelder, of Portland, was drowned in Casco Bay, on Monday last, by the upsetting of a boat. Mr. Batchelder was in the boat with his wife at the time of the disaster, and held on to her about an hour and a half after life was extinct, but at length, in order to save his own life, was obliged to let the body go. He afterwards drifted three miles, and when taken up, was insensible.

ATHEIST.—Supposing such an anomaly to exist, an atheist must be the most miserable of beings. The idea of a fatherless world, swinging by some blind law of chance, which may every moment expose it to destruction, though an infinite space, filled, perhaps, with nothing but suffering and wretchedness, unalleviated by the prospect of a future and a happier state, must be almost intolerable to a man who has a single spark of benevolence in his bosom. 'All the splendour of the highest prosperity,' says Adam Smith, "can never enlighten the gloom with which so dreadful an idea must necessarily overshadow the imagination; nor in a wise and virtuous man, can all the sorrow of the most afflicting adversity ever dry up the joy which necessarily springs from the habitual" and thorough conviction of the truth of the contrary system."

The word atheist has done yoeman's service as a nick-name wherewith to pelt all those who disapprove of the thirty-nine articles, or who venture to surmise that there are abuses in the church which need reform; but this sort of dirt has been thrown until it will no longer stick, except to the fingers of those who handle it. The real atheist is the Mammonite, who making, "godliness a great gain," worships a golden calf, and calls it God: or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own folly and fear with the worst passions of the worst men, dethrones the deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his idolatry.

ECONOMY IN LINEN WASHING.—A correspondent of a Dundee paper writes as follows: After many experiments made by myself and others, I find that a little *pipeclay*, dissolved among the water employed in washing, gives the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about half the labor, and full a saving of one-fourth the soap. The method adopted was to dissolve a little of the pipeclay among the warm water in the washing-tub; or to rub a little of it together with the soap on the articles to be washed. This process was rebeated so often as required' until the articles to be washed were made thoroughly clean. All who have made the experiment have agreed that the saving of soap and labor are great; and that the clothes are improved in color equally as if they were bleached. The peculiar advantage of employing this article with the soap is, that it gives the hardest water almost the softness of rain water.

SHOE MANUFACTURE.—A correspondent of the New York Courier gives the following account of the Shoe business in some of the towns in Massachusetts. The account of Methuen, however, has been underrated—instead of 200,000, as published in other papers, it should be at least $250,000, which we correct:

Lynn—manufactures extensively, ladie's, misses,'
and children's morocco and cloth shoes for every description; men's shoes for her own citizens are supplied by other towns. She produces one tenth of all the shoes in the state, and their value, at a low estimate, is $2,000,000.

Marblehead—manufactures children's shoes mainly, say $150,000.

Methuen—Women's leather pegged and sewed boots and shoes; Misses' bootees and shoes; women's slippers, &c. $250,000.

Danvers—manufactures men's coarse shoes and bootees mainly, worth perhaps, $1,000,000.

Saugus, Salem and *Beverly*—manufacture $200,000.

Ipswith—men's and boys' thick bootees, $100,000.

Rowley—men's and boys' coarse bootees and shoes are the leading articles, $400,000.

Andover—women's leather pegged shoes, $200,000.

Haverhill—men's pumps, women's low priced leather and morocco shoes, $1,200,000.

Bradford—same work, $400,000.

MEASURING CORN.

The following rule for ascertaining the quantity of shelled Corn in a house of any dimensions, is by Wm. Murray, Esq., of South Carolina, and was read before the St. John's Collection Agricultural Society, and communicated by them for publication in the Southern Agriculturist.

"*Rule*—Having previously levelled the Corn in the house, so that it will be of equal depth throughout, ascertain the length, breadth and depth of the bulk; multiply these dimensions together, and their products by 4; then cut off one figure from the right of this last product. This will give so many bushels and a decimal of a bushel of shelled corn. If it be required to find the quantity of ear Corn, substitute 8 for 4, and cut off one figure as before.

Example—In a bulk of Corn in the ear, measuring 12 feet long, 11 feet broad and 6 feet deep, there will be 316 bushels and 8 tenths of a bushel of shelled Corn, or 633 bushels and 6 tenths of ear Corn—as,

12	12
11	11
132	132
6	6
792	792
4	8
316 8	633 6

The decimal 4 is used when the object is to find the quantity in shelled Corn, because that decimal is half of the decimal 8, and it requires two bushels of ear Corn to make one of shelled Corn. In insuing these rules a half bushel should be added for every hundred, that amonnt of error resulting from the substitution of the decimals.

MR. VAN BUREN AND ANTI-MASONRY.—It gives us much pleasure to present the following letter to our readers. What a contrast to the proscriptive spirit shown by General Harrison in his letter to Thadeus Stevens! The Wig paper says very truly, that it is 'frank and unequivocal.' It is more, —it is republican and constitutional. After the scenes of last winter displayed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, will the Inquirer say as much of Anti-Masonry? Why, there is not a doctrine more abhorent to every thing like freedom of conscience and liberty of action than this same political Anti-Masonry. Nullification, bad as it is, has something grand in it,—but this little paltry, despotic interference with a man's inalienable right to pursue his own happiness,—is worthy only of public scorn and detestation. The Anti-Masons of Pennsylvania will support Harrison says the Inquirer,—aye, and the Wig factionists in Maryland unite in this support. "*I consider myself the oldest Anti Mason in the United States.* My PREJUDICES AGAINST MASONRY WERE FORMED AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMRER." So says, General Harrison to Thadeus Stephens. What do you say to this, Mr. George Howard and Mr. James Ridgely? But, to the letter, with the comments of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER,
IN REPLY TO THE ANTIMASONIC COMMITTEE

We invite attention to the following correspondence from the Pittsburg Gazette. It settles the fate of Mr. Van Buren, so far as the Anti-Masonic vote can affect the approaching election. The Vice President's letter we are bound to admit, is frank and unequivocal, no one can misunderstand it—he speaks of Anti-Masonry as a delusion, and avows his determination to be uninfluenced by it in his appointments to office. We may now predict with entire confidence that every Antimason in Pennsylvania will support the electoral ticket pledged to Harrison and Granger.—

"PITTSBURG, Aug. 8, 1836.

To the Editors of the Pittsburg Gazette:

Gentlemen—Inclosed you will find a copy of the letter address by the Hon. Martin Van Buren to the committee appointed by the National Antimasonic Convention. I will thank you to publish it in your paper.

Very respectfully, &c.
W. W. IRVIN.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1836.

Gentlemen—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, communicating to me a resolution adopted by the "National Antimasonic Convention," recently assembled at Philadelphia, instructing you to ask me whether if elected President of the U. States, I would appoint adhering masons to office, and have the honor to state, in reply, that I should not, in the event alluded to, feel it to be my duty to inquire whether applicants for office were either adhering masons or opponents of the masonic institution. Whilst the fact of any such applicant being an adhering mason would certainly not be regarded by me as constituting a ground of preference, I could not, at the same time, look upon either circumstances as creating, a disqualification for office, if the applicant should prove to be, in all other respects, well entitled thereto.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
M. VAN BUREN.

To Wm. W. Irvin, Ezekiel Birdseye, Wm. A. Simpson, Thaddeus Stephens, Edwd. S. Williams and Charles Ogle, Esqrs."

PRIOR CLAIM.—A bit of wag on board the steam boat from Norfolk, being not a little disquieted in his slumbers by some legions of fellow lodgers who seemed to dispute his claim to the berth, called out, hallo Steward! What massa? Bring me the way bill. Wha fo mas- I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did—if not, I want 'em turned out.