DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, MAY 6, 1839. NO. 44.

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.

A NEW SERIES.

A desirable opportunity for New Subscribers.

The Fourth Volume of the

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW,

will commence on the 1st of Jan. 1839.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Two large volumes of nearly one thousand pages are published every year.

This popular work will in future, be printed with NEW TYPE CAST EXPRESSLY FOR THE PURPOSE, on fine thick paper, well stitched in a neat cover.

☞ *Valuable Engravings will be frequently given.*

The Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review has attained a standing that insures its continuance; and the commendatory notices of the most respectable portion of the press attest its merits and popularity.—Each monthly number contains Seventy-two, extra-sized Octavo pages, and presents MORE READING MATTER THAN A VOLUME OF A NOVEL. It is published at little more than half the price of any other Magazine in the United States, yet contains as many ORIGINAL PAPERS as any other Monthly Publication

WM. E. BURTON, Editor & Proprietor, *Philadelphia.*

The following distinguished Writers fill the pages of the Gentleman s Magazine with Original Contribution.

Professor Ingraham, author of The South West, Lafitte, Burton, etc. Captain Marryatt, author of Peter Simple, Japhet, Jacob Faithful, etc. Miss Catharine H. Waterman, Philadelphia. "The American Hemans."—The Hon. R. T. Conrad, Philadelphia.—David Hoffman, Baltimore. George Walters, Esq., Washington. James F. Otis, Boston and Washington Mrs Fanny Kemble Butler, Philadelphia. Leigh Hunt, England.—Morton M'Michael, Philadelphia. C. F. Wines, author of Two Two Years in the Navy, Letters from Boston, etc. Andrew M'Makin and Ezra P. Holden, Editors of Saturday Courier, Philadelphia. Douglas Jerrold, author of the Rent Day, etc., England. J.F. Elder, Editor of the Columbia Spy, Pa. J. Houston Miffiin, Philadelphia. James Montgomery, author of Satan, England—Joseph C. Neal, author of Charcoal Sketches, Philadelphia. The author of An Actor's Alloquy. J. Hall Bready, Philadelphia. N. C. Brooks, Editor of Monthly Museum, Baltimore. John Frost, Professor of Belles Letters, Philadelphia E. Pinckney Morton, Bangor, Me. Joseph Price, late Editor of New York Mirror. William Landor, Philadelphia. T. G. Spear, Philadelphia. L. A. Wilmer, Baltimore. Richard Penn Smith, author of the Disowned, Caius Marius, etc—Alexander Dimitry, Washington. A. Harlbut, Pa. Thomas Dunn English, Pa. J. Ashbel Green, Phila. John Jones, Baltimore. Philander S. Rutter, A. M., Pa.—Charles P. Illsley, Editor of the Portland Transcript, Maine.

ETC. ETC ETC.

The Review Department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited praise from all points of the literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extract from rare and popular works. Translations from the lighter portions, of the French, German, Spanish and Italian authors, occur in every number. *Copious and Anecdotal Biographies of eminent men of the day, with Engraved Likenesses,* will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

The Editor respectfully requests attention to the following list of the various popular articles which have been published in regular monthly series during the progress of the existing volumes—most of these papers are still continued, besides the general variety of the contents.—

The experience of a Modern Philosopher.
A Series of Tales entitled Leaves from a Life in London.
Poets and their Poetry, with Biographical and Critical Notices.
Pages from the Diary of a Philadelphia Lawyer, by an eminent Member of the the Bar, Play-House People, by the author of an Actor's Alloquy.
Unpublished Portions of the Life of Vidocq, the celebrated French Minister of Police.
Mirabilia Exempla, by a Metropolitan.
Extracts from the Journal of a Passenger from Philadelphia to New Orleans, by Professor Ingraham.
Scissible from the Blank Book of a Bibliographer, presenting many rare and valuable details.
Biographies, in full, of Commodore Stewart, with a Portrait and view of a Sea Fight.
Biographies, in full, of Zingham, the Negro Queen.
Biographies, in full, of Boz, Dickens, with a Portrait.
Biographies, in full, of Prince Puckler Muskau, the celebrated German Traveller.
Biographies, in full, of Pagnanini, with a Portrait.
Biographies, in full, of John Reeve.
Biographies, in full, of Dr. John Faust, the German Sorcerer.
Biographies, in full, of the Duchess of St. Albans, formerly Mrs. Couts.

The Second and Third Volumes, of nearly one thousand pages, contain

THE CELEBRATED ANNIVERSARY REGISTER, & *Monthly Calendar of American Chronology,* Complete for every day in the year.

Subscribers, forwarding a Five Dollar Bill, may command a year's subscription and the remittance of these two volumes, in numbers, by the mail. Or any friend, or well-wisher, transmitting the names of Five, or more subscribers, at Three Dollars each, will receive the two volumes for 1838, containing the Calendar free of expense.

For the convenience of subscribers, various combinations have been formed, wherein the transmission of a Five Dollar bill will save material trouble.

A Five Dollar bill of par value, will command Two years' subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine—or two copies for one year, if sent to one direction.

A Five Dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and one years subscription to the Lady's Book, published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Godney, at Three Dollars per annum.

A Five Dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and, one years subscription to any of the popular Weekly Papers published in Philadelphia; and the proprietor pledges himself that both periodicals shall be duly forwarded to the given directions. By this means, subscribers at a distance may save postage and discount, and depend upon the receipt of their chosen works.

A Ten Dollar bill, at par value, will command two copies of the Gentleman's Magazine for two years, commencing with the first number, and ending next July—a series of four volumes to each copy. Clubs of Ten and upwards will be allowed the usual agency, if the numbers are sent, free of expense, to one direction: thus, Ten Subscribers, receiving the work in one monthly parcel, will be charged but Twenty Dollars if the money be sent in advance, and free from postage and discount.

Single copies of the Gentleman's Magazine cannot be obtained. A year's subscription must be paid: and at the termination of the time paid for and agreed upon, the subscriber must intimate his intention of discontinuance, or pay the ensuing year upon demand.

Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

A small hamlet rested upon the side of one of the lofty mountains of the Julian Alps, which thence towering aloft, concealed from view its snow crowned peak amid the encircling clouds of night.

Three persons still lingered around the scanty fire in the cheerless kitchen of the inn, though it was midnight. Silence had fallen upon them as they gazed on the decaying embers, which now blazed up, then sank again, sending forth no warmth, nor creating any sound indicative of their presence, save now and then a sharp cracking as the landlord stirred them up. They smoked their pipes with that meditative look peculiar to those who have just heard, as they had, a wild and fearful narrative. The narrator, and the most remarkable of the three, was a stranger, only just arrived in the vicinity after some years of foreign travel. Want and hardship in other lands had given him the appearance of an older man than he really was, by usurping a few of the wrinkles of Time to trace them on his visage. The fierce rays of a tropic sun had bronzed his complexion, and constant familiarity with danger had bestowed upon him the reckless, undaunted air of a warrior not unused to scenes of blood and strife. Yet the soldier's manly frankness was wanting; for, in the quick, glancing eye and compressed lips might be seen the workings of a mind capable of devising any thing subtle or villainous, allied to the resolution necessary for the execution of any of his schemes.

'Look ye, my good friend,' putting aside the lamp which rested upon the table placed behind himself and the person he addressed, 'did you deny your belief of what I said concerning the spirits who walk among our hills at night? Do you not believe in them?'

'Certainly not,' replied he, with a sort of forced scornful smile, as if by it he would discover a mind of superior mould; yet that were foolish, since by the attempt at a sneer, he did but betray the superstitious weakness he strove to conceal.

None of the horrible tales of his native land seemed capable of receiving any credit in the stranger's mind, for in the quick glance of recognition which passed—unobserved by their companion—between the old host and himself, the cause of his conduct became evident, since some plot seemed hatching between them which could bring no good to the other—who was a miller—as he was the person imposed upon.

'I'll tell you what, my good friend,' said the host, interrupting their continued discussion, ''tis full time to part; so, my good Frans, canst take a hint?'

'Why, yes,' said the miller, in an uncertain tone, as though he doubted whether to go or remain; but rising, he walked to the window and looked out upon the sky, then with a cold shudder he closed the casement and returning to the hearth, sat down in silence.

'Well, miller, what's your mind?'

'I think I'll remain here to night.'

'Couldn't think of it, miller.'

'Well, Hans,' said he, after a little while, 'I suppose I must go, as you will not let me stay, but let me tell you, I shall not forget this,' and hastily wishing the stranger 'a good night's rest,' he turned his steps homeward.

No sooner had the last echo of his footsteps died away, than the host, shaking the stranger cordially by the hand, exclaimed, 'Right glad am I to see you again, my worthy Kleiner; a fine game you've played upon our friendly miller.'

'Ay, truly, old friend; little does he think that he has spent the whole evening listening to the words of a rival, returned to claim the bride he strove so long to win.'

'Ah, my good boy, strange things have happened since you left us, to seek a fortune in foreign lands.'

'What? what? my lovely Maria has—'

'Married the miller.'

'By all the spirits of the Hertz, and fiends of hell! I would have slain him while he stood before me, had I but known that he dared to wed my promised bride!'

The demon of passion, with magic hand, changed the expression of his visage. Where previously reigned the calm, contented look of the traveller, returned to his native land to see his affianced wife, now predominated the thirst for vengeance. He rushed to the door as if to pursue the miller, but the host threw himself before him.

'Be calm, good Kleiner, I have a scheme which shall, by one blow, destroy the miller and his family. Listen now.'

Gradually, as the full plot discovered to the traveller a new way to revenge, his whole appearance changed, and when the host concluded, his external fierceness had disappeared; but the calm that pervaded his countenance showed the consuming fire that glowed within. Let us leave them, hastily preparing for the execution of their plot, and accompany the miller as he ascends the rugged path which leads to his mountain home.

There are those who will utter their disbelief of something they pretend to consider ridiculous, who, when alone in some wild glen, or trackless forest, will ponder on the subject, in spite of their wish to think of something less fearful, till, from very fear, they own to themselves their belief in what they have heard, and thus hope to exercise the phantom which haunts their minds. Such was the miller, and frightful were the images which filled his imagination as he pursued his mountain path. He became convinced of what he before denied, and from every rock and hillock, from every bush and tree, he expected some awful spirit to appear and overwhelm him in his wrath.

His nature was fierce and fiery; though in his cooler moments he had been styled cowardly, and even justly so; yet, when aroused by an imagined injury, he could, like many others in this world, perform feats on the impulse of the moment, which, when calm, he had not the heart even to attempt. He was quick and vindictive, and it was always as convenient for him to remember an injury.—He was alive to suspicion and jealousy, and as his character was an exception to the national one, he was hated and despised by all save one sweet soul, who seemed to love him most when most she saw him spurned. Who can account for woman's love? Who can describe that sweet flower, growing unnoticed upon a tender stalk, blooming the while for the most worthless object upon the earth—a jealous husband, but she who owns the passion?

In her case, she loved not her husband merely because he had once been the very god of her affection, but because she saw in him the scapegoat, as it were, of his fellows, and she knew it needed all her love to make him happy. When passion had endowed him with more than his usual strength and courage, and he burst out with threats and imprecations against some neighbor, she, poor ill-used creature, would cling to his neck, his arms, his *knees*, praying him to be calm, and detaining him, till reason had again assumed her empire. Sometimes incensed at her interference, he would with brutal violence dash her from him, and then *curse* her for her—*love!* Yet, though the violent love he always professed for her before marriage, ceased with the ceremony, and did not even dwindle into the solid admiration and esteem it often does, he watched her with the vigilance that a boy would a new purchased dog, to see that none should dare be kind to him, lest some one should wrest his growing authority from him.

He neared his home; it was a truly grand magnificent retreat, and yet, of course, had been sought by him, merely on account of its utility, and therefore in gazing upon it, its use gratified his desire for gain, more than its sublimity fired his imagination. The scene was wild but beautiful. Some hundred feet above where he stood, a mountain torrent dashed over a precipice, and on each side of the ravine through which it took its course, lay two immense rocks, hemming in and protecting the pretty stream below; a few stunted evergreens partially covered the steep rocks, finding but scanty room to take root in their cliffs.

For one moment the miller deliberated whether he should take the usual yet dangerous footpath up the rock, or follow the more circuitous horse road which was much safer, he chose the latter which was not much used. He gained at length the rocky summit, and plainly saw the light burning in his dwelling, but as he turned his head to look in another direction, the pulsations of his heart ceased, his hair stood on an end, for he beheld a tall, stately figure, whose white dress seemed besmeared with human blood; in his right hand he held a skull, within which glowed a light in his left a massive fleshless bone.

Fear crept upon him as he gazed. A cold, death-like chill ran through his veins, and his shaking knees prevented his accomplishing the purpose of his heart. A sepulchral toned voice thus with measured accents sounded in his ear:

"Stand and listen, man of clay; the fiery spirit of vengeance, who rides upon the thunder-cloud, and directs the forked lightnings, bids ye listen and obey! The rival ye thought dead, will this night return; and the wife of your bosom will fly with him."

An unbroken pause ensued; at last, the miller raising his head, glanced at the spot where he had seen the misty spirit; it had vanished. For one moment he did not seem to realize what he had seen and heard; the next, as the assertion of his wife's infidelity occurred to him, he rushed toward the house; the door yielded to his might, but no wife greeted him; he seated himself, the sense of fear left him, but the determination of revenge had taken possession of his mind, for jealousy had stung him deeply; he believed his wife guilty, and then a thought struck him; with the fury of a maniac he knocked at his bed room door until it flew off the hinges. *She was not there!* His worst suspicions seemed confirmed, and in his bosom reigned that species of phrenzy, the person affected with which, often says and does things of which he is unconscious. The noise he had made awoke his little babe, whose wail now met his ear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he shrieked, "child of a guilty mother." He snatched the infant from its pillow, and for a moment gazed fixedly upon it; but not one spark of paternal fondness was in that gaze, for if any had ever existed, his passion smothered its influence. Unmindful of his screams, he shook the boy as he exclaimed, "Death were better for thee boy, than life, embittered by the knowledge of a mother's crime!" Madly he flew from the house; a little beyond the threshold he beheld his wife approaching him.

"Ah, husband," said she, sweetly, "I have waited very, very long for you, beneath the rocks."

"Woman, it is false! You have been to see your paramour. Away!"

She saw her child, who cried as he heard his mother's voice, and discovering upon her husband's countenance, as she approached him, the fiendish marks of rage, she attempted to snatch her child, fearing for its safety. He pushed her from him.

"Husband—Frans, what would you do?—Give me my child." But with one arm he held aloft his weeping boy, and with the other clasped his wife.

"Come on—on with me base woman! Up on yonder precipice's edge, you shall gaze upon his destruction! It will be so sweet to see thy sorrow!"

"My child! my child! Give me my child! Oh, Frans! by all you hold sacred, I pray you give me back my boy!"

She prayed, she screamed, she clung to his knees to deter him from his evident, intention. In vain! Who, with one spark of humanity glowing in his frame, or who, with even the outward attributes of man, could have resisted the fair being's prayers for the safety of her child? Who could have disbelieved her protestations of innocence?

He gained the prebipice's slippery edge, dragging after him his shrieking wife, who clung to him with more than woman's strength, striving to detain him.

'Spare him, Frans! spare our sweet child!' But, unmoved as the firm rock he stood upon, he threw his left hand upon her shoulder and pressed her to the ground.

"Now, base adultress, behold the death of your babe," he said, and at arm's length held aloft the unconscious boy. It was where the cataract dashed down into the forming abyss he cast his only child! A wild laugh burst from his lips. *His revenge was complete!*

Then, for the first time, reason threw one bright gleam to illume his tumultuous bosom. He gazed upon the fair being who lay insensible at his feet—yet no pity evinced itself for her; he seemed indeed conscious of his act, for seeing her revive a little he exclaimed, "Go now and seek your paramour; your husband follows his child!" then giving one high leap into the air, fell deep into the wild, watery cataract.

Poor ill-used wife! innocent, yet believed guilty, what was then your state? Morning dawned and beheld the widowed wife, the childless mother, gazing vacantly into the grave of her husband and son. But two others, the former rival of the miller, and the villainous host, were there.

"Behold, woman," exclaimed the former. "I am he, who in the guise of the spirit of Vengeance, fed thy husband's ear with stories of thy infidelity. I, once, his rival, now the enemy of thee, base woman!"

He had approached so near to her as he spoke, that she leant her head as if to whisper to him; he bent low; with one bound she placed him between herself and the fatal brink and, quick as lightning pushed him toward it with all her force—for in one moment, although the morning had found her a raving maniac, she saw the cause of her husband's conduct. In vain he endeavored to gain his balance. He slipped; and then rolled over into the yawning chasm, to meet in death the victims of his wrath.

The country people still point out the fatal spot to the traveller, and strange tales are told of a woman's spirit that still flies about the Millers's Cliff—and even now, though fifty years have passed since the occurrence of the events mentioned in this narrative, none dare venture near the rock of the Wife's Revenge.

SINGULAR DREAM

AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighborhood. A gentleman, who has a villa near this, dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately; and subsequently told many of his neighbors and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and the purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstances were anxious that his dream should be realized; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith, a numerous party of artisans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colors flying, and a banner gaily decorated, on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. ———, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize.—Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artisans; and a collation in the *salle a-manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The heath of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread and the pleasure ground of Mr.——— became litterally filled with visitors of all classes: when, in the midst of the general rejoicings, the clerk, who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket, arrived, with a visage so rueful and woe begone, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky wight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgotten to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having been drawn a prize. The rage and disappointment of Mr. ——— may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had paused at his door, driven to that of another, who, having heard of the dream of Mr.———, selected the number, and became the buyer of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The refreshments so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the larder of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar; and thus ended the affair of the lottery. Never were people so addicted to this species of gambling as are the Neapolitans. All classes indulge in it, more or less, but the lower ones give way to it with an extraordinary recklessness. Every dream, encounter, incident, or accident, has its own particular sign and number, which may be found in a book published for the instruction of the buyers of tickets, and of which every house has a copy. The death of a friend, however lamented, refers to a particular number, which the mourner forgets not to secure, if it comes in conjunction with some fortunate sign; thus even out of misfortunes and afflictions the Neapolitans seek to draw some recompense. Nor does frequent disappointment seem to correct their eagerness for the lottery. They always discover some satisfactory reason for having missed the prize, and hope to be more fortunate the next time. —*The Idler in Italy, by Lady Blessington.*

Washington's Head Quarters at Newburgh.—We were not aware, until we observed a notice of the favorable report of the committee of the Legislature on the subject, that a movement had been made by a body of our most respectable citizens, for the preservation and perpetuation of the "Old Hasbrouck House," Washington's Head Quarters at Newburgh. The object of the petitioners is most laudable, and will, undoubtedly, receive the ready sanction of the Legislature. The building must be now over a hundred years old, and, without some protective measures are adopted to sustain it against the levelling hands of time and improvement, it must soon be numbered among the things that *were.*—Such, however, is the solidity of its structure, that it still remains in nearly the same condition as that in which Washington left it after disbanding a portion of the army in 1783. It contains one room in the centre of the house, which is about 24 feet square, but the ceiling is so low as to make it appear much larger. This room has seven doors and but one window. General Washington used it as his dining room and parlor. At night it was converted into a bed chamber for his staff officers, and occasional visiters. It was long memorable among the veterans who had seen the chief there, for its huge wood fire, built against the wall, in, or rather under a chimney, which was quite open at both sides. The unceiled roof of this room, with its massive painted beams, corresponds to the simplicity of the rest of the building. On the north east corner of the house, communicating with the large centre-room, is a small chamber, which General Washington used as a study or private office. Many revolutionary anecdotes have been told, the scenes of which were laid in the old square room at Newburgh, "with its seven doors and one window." When General LaFayette visited this country in 1824, he made a pilgrimage to this venerable mansion. After an absence of half a century, his eyes could hardly be satisfied with examining the old square room, and the little north east room, the windows, the doors, the fire-place, the wainscoting, the outside appearance, and the surrounding objects and scenery of that memorable place.——*N. Y. Sun.*

SCENES IN HIGH LIFE.

London Correspondence of the N. York Star.

The scan mag alluded to in my letter of the 58th, has exploded, and the tale is this. Lady Flora Hastings is in the suite of the Duchess of Kent. This young lady, through weakness of habit, got swelled in her person, and some one concluded that she was awkwardly conditioned, adding that Sir James Clark, the Physician, was the gallant. The Queen heard the story, saw the alteration in the lady's size, and hastily sent a message forbidding her to appear in her presence, and another to the Duchess of Kent, desiring "the profligate to be sent away." Lady Flora asked why she was not to approach the Queen, the answer was plainly given, and the Lady Flora fainted, exclaiming that 'this should be said of a Hastings!'

She instantly sent for her brother, the Marquis of Hastings, and the Duchess of Kent, and demanding an audience of the Queen, and asked who had spoken the calumny. *It was traced to Sir James Clark!*—The Queen seeing matters serious, consulted Lord Melbourne and the Lord Chancellor.—The Duchess of Kent advised with the Speaker, who recommended her to call in the judgement of the Duke of Wellington. The Marquis of Hastings arrived, saw his sister, sent Sir C. Clarke and Lord B Brodie to examine her, and, with the exculpatory statement of these eminent medical men in his hand, waited on the Queen, reproached her bitterly for listening to slanders on his sister's fame, and very narrowly restrained himself from insulting Lord Melbourne in the royal presence. The Queen in tears craved forbearance towards her favorite, and suggested that Lady Flora Hastings should quit the Court until her health was re established; but the Marquis said, "No, THAT would confirm the slanders!" At last, the Queen said she would receive Lady Flora at once, and that she should accompany her to church the next Sunday, to show her Majesty's opinion of her innocence. The Marquis of Hastings demanded more—a personal expression of regret from the Queen, and recieved it, very unwillingly given, as you may suppose.

The Marquis of Hastings, believing that