DORCHESTER AURORA

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1839. NO. 49.

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 MAGAZIN

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 Mifflin, 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. Coutts.

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.

[From the London Sunday Times.]

THE PHANTOM SHIP.—By Marryat.

This tale has at length appeared in its complete form, and we have perused it with no ordinary satisfaction. The legend of 'The Flying Dutchman' has been the base on which 'The Phantom Ship' is constructed, but characters, situations, and events, exciting the deepest interest have been most skilfully introduced. The main points we concisely subjoin: Vanderdecken, the captain of a Dutch Indiaman, in attempting to pass the Cape in a storm, after being opposed by the pilot, who loses his life in a struggle with him, vows that he will succeed in his attempt in spite of heaven and hell, or that he will sail about until the last day. He is doomed to this course for his impiety, but permitted to appear to his wife to declare his 'living judgment.' An account of his appearance is made by his wife on her death-bed to their son Philip, who is destined to affect the release of his father. It is written with considerable vigor.

THE MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE.

'I left you and went down stairs into that room, Philip, which since that dreadful night has never been re-opened. I sate me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale blows, a sailor's wife can seldom sleep. It was past midnight, and the rain poured down. I felt unusual fear—I knew not why. I rose from the couch and dipped my finger in the blessed water, and I crossed myself. A violent gust of wind roared round the house, and alarmed me still more. I had a painful horrible foreboding; when of a sudden the window and window shutters were all blown in, the light was extinguished, and I was left in utter darkness. I screamed with fright; but at last I recovered myself, and was proceeding towards the window that I might reclose it, when, whom should I behold, slowly entering at the casement, but your father, Philip!—Yes, Philip—it was your father?'

'Merciful God!' muttered Philip in a low tone, almost subdued into a whisper.

'I knew not what to think—he was in the room; and although the darkness was intense, his form and features were as clear and as defined as if it were noon-day. Fear would have inclined me to recoil from him—his loved presence to fly towards him. I remained on the spot where I was, choaked with agonising sensations. When he had entered the room the windows and shutters closed of themselves, and the candle was relighted—then I thought it was his apparition, and I fainted on the floor.

'When I recovered I found myself on the couch, and perceived that a cold (O how cold!) and dripping hand was clasped in mine. This re assured me, and I forgot the supernatural signs which accompanied his appearance. I imagined that he had been unfortunate, and had returned home. I opened my eyes, and beheld my loved husband, and threw myself into his arms. His clothes were saturated with the rain; I felt as if I had embraced ice—but nothing can check the warmth of woman's love, Philip. He received my caresses, but he caressed not again—he spoke not, but looked thoughtful and unhappy. William, William,' cried I, 'speak Vanderdecken, speak to your dear Catherine!'

'I will,' replied he solemnly, 'for my time is short.'

'No, no, you must not go to sea again; you have lost your vessel, but you are safe. Have I not you again?'

'Alas! no—be not alarmed; but, listen, for my time is short. I have not lost my vessel, Catherine, BUT I HAVE LOST!—make no reply but listen. I am not dead, nor yet am I alive; I hover between this world and the world of spirits. Mark me. For nine weeks did I try to force my passage against the elements round the stormy Cape, but without success; and I swore terribly. For nine weeks more did I carry sail against the adverse winds and currents, and yet could gain no ground; and then I blasphemed—ay, terribly blasphemed. Yet still I persevered.—The crew, worn out with long fatigue, would have had me return to Table Bay; but I refused; nay, more, I became a murderer—unintentionally, it is true, but still a murderer. The pilot opposed me, and persuaded the men to bind me; and in the excess of my fury, when he took me by the collar, I struck at him; he reeled; and with the sudden lurch of the vessel, he fell overboard and sank.—Even this fearful death did not restrain me, and I swore by the fragment of the holy cross, preserved in that relic now hanging around your neck, that I would gain my point in defiance of storm and seas, of lightning, of heaven, or of hell, even if I should beat about until the day of judgment. My oath was registered in thunder and in streams of sulphurous fire. The hurricane burst upon the ship, the canvas flew away in ribbons; mountains of seas swept over us, and in the centre of a deep overhanging cloud, which shrouded all in utter darkness, were written in letters of livid flame these words—UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

'Listen to me, Catherine, my time is short. One hope alone remains, and for this I am permitted to come here. Take this letter.' He put a sealed paper on the table. 'Read it, Catherine, dear, and try if you can assist me. Read it, and now farewell—my time is come.'

'Again the window and window shutters burst open—again the light was extinguished, and the form of my husband was, as it were, wafted into the dark expanse. I started up, and followed him with out stretched arms and frantic screams as he sailed through the window, and my glaring eyes beheld his form borne away like lightning on the wings of the wild gale, till it was lost as a speck of light, and then it disappeared. Again the windows closed, the light burned, and I was left alone!'

'Heaven, have mercy! my brain! my brain! Philip! Philip!' shrieked the poor woman; 'don't leave me—dont—dont—pray dont!'

During these exclamations, the frantic widow had raised herself from the bed and, at the last, had fallen into the arms of her son. She remained there some minutes without motion. After a time, Philip felt alarmed at her long quiescence; he laid her gently down upon the bed, and as he did so her head fell back—her eyes were turned—the widow Vanderdecken was no more.

The letter is afterwards found by Philip, whose supernatural fears are well depicted. He resolved upon undertaking the task, which, however, is somewhat delayed by his becoming enamoured of Amine, the daughter of an apothecary. This character is a very pleasing one, well contrasted with the bigots of the day, by whom poor Amine is condemned to perish at the stake at Goa, on the charge of being a sorceress. As Philip proceeds in his search he is baffled by the murdered pilot, who is permitted, as carrying out divine vengeance, to revisit the earth. After a vast variety of adventures, related in language in many parts truly dramatic and stirring, he falls in with the Phantom Ship, and releases his father from his doom. We give this passage entire, as it places the catastrophe in a striking light:

RELEASE FROM THE AWFUL DOOM.

Phillip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave him; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained the deck.

The crew of the vessel crowded round him. 'Your captain,' said Phillip. 'I must speak with your captain.'

'Who shall I say, Sir,' demanded one who appeared to be the first mate.

'Who?' replied Phillip; 'tell him his son would speak with him—his son, Phillip Vanderdecken.' Shouts of laughter from the crew followed this answer of Phillip's; and the mate, as soon as they ceased observed, with a smile—

'You forget, Sir; perhaps you would say his father.'

'Tell him his son, if you please,' replied Phillip, 'take no note of grey hairs.'

'Well, Sir, here he is coming forward,' replied the mate, stepping aside, and pointing to the captain.

'What is all this?' enquired the captain.

'Are you Phillip Vanderdecken, the captain of the vessel?

'I am, Sir,' replied the other.

'You appear not to know me? But how can you? You saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife.'

'Ha!' replied the captain; 'and who then are you?'

'Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me behold your son Phillip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such a peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss.'

Phillip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father; as if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees and wept.

'My son, my son,' exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Phillip's arms, 'my eyes are opened, the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured.' Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

'My son, my noble son, before the charm is broken—before we resolve, as we must, into the elements. Oh! let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition, my son, my noble son, receive a father's thanks'—exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence, he humbly addressed himself to that being whom he once so awfully defied.

The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Phillip did the same, still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip, and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven, and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the phantom vessel, and yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck, crumbled into atoms, and disappeared.

Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; & there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and son.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water, and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all its splendor—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy.—The screaming sea gull again whirled in the air, and the scared albitross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play—the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea.—All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved forever, and that 'The Phantom Ship' was no more.

We may predict a very favorable reception for these volumes. The interest is well sustained throughout; the sterner portions are agreeably relieved by a vividness of imagination, and that which is supernatural is not rendered repulsive by bombastic ebullitions.

Literary Style.—Washington Irving.—An able and profound review of the writings of this eminent man, appeared some time since, in the North American Review. It was from the competent pen of Governor Everett, and maintained, we remember, that the style of the author of the Sketch Book was more pure than that of any living English or other writer, and worthy to be compared and estimated with Goldsmith, Steele, & the best of the English classics. The Edinburg Review has repeatedly expressed the same opinions; and they have been recently called to mind, by the delightful articles which Mr. Irving is contributing to the pages of the Knickerbocker Magazine. He has three or four in the number of that popular periodical for May, which serve to show, that the rich graces of his style spring from an exhaustless fountain. Beautifully as he has always written, a quotation or two from the articles in question, will show, that *he*, at least, can "excel himself." Take the following picture of the American Boblink, which is contained in his "Birds of Spring." It succeeds an equally charming description of the season at which the bird arrives:

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song, when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich twinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky lark, and possessing the same rapturous character.—Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight."

In describing to the readers of the Knickerbocker his first visit to Sleepy Hollow, in company with the renowned Diedrich, whose name the Magazine bears, he gives us the following; and a more perfect sketch never came from the writer's pen:

"The genius of the place seemed to hail its future historian. All nature was alive with gratulation—The quail whistled a greeting from the corn field; the robin, carolled a song of praise from the orchard; the loquacious catbird flew from bush to bush, with restless wing, proclaiming his approach in every variety of note, and anon would whisk about, and perk inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy; the woodpecker also, tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple tree, and then peered knowingly round the trunk, to see how the great Diedrich relished his salutation, while the ground squirrel scampered along the fence, and occasionally whisked his tail over his head, by way of a huzza!"

The same characteristics are observable in another passage. How many modern novelists would have written page after page, to depict this simple scene: * * "But I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it, after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood.—It was a genial day as I approached that fated region. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foilage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the sloops with drooping sails slept on its glassy bosom.—Columns of smoke, from burning brushwood, rose lazily from the folds of the hills on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene."

Human nature, and domestic scenes are alike happily placed before us. Glance, for instance, at this picture of the interior of Sleepy Hollow Church:

"As the dominie generally preached by the hour, a bucket of water was providently placed on a bench near the door, in summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the solace of those who might be athirst, either from the heat of the weather, or the drouth of the sermon.

* * * Around the pulpit, and behind the communion table, sat the elders of the church, reverend, gray-headed, leathern-visaged men, whom I regarded with awe, as so many apostles. They were stern in their sanctity, kept a vigilant eye upon my giggling companions and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish device to relieve the tediousness of compulsory devotion

Vain, however were all their efforts at vigilance. Scarcely had the preacher held forth for half an hour, in one of his interminable sermons, than it seemed as if the drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow breathed into the place: one by one the congregation sank into slumber; the sanctified elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as if to keep off the flies; while the locusts, in the neighboring trees would spin out their sultry summer notes, vieing with the sleep provoking tones of the dominie."—*N. Y. Star.*

WHO WOULD NOT BE A FARMER?

In this glad season, when the earth is all around bursting into life and beauty, and nature is keeping holiday—when winter is over, and vegetation from its deathlike sleep—when the birds sing their matin song from every bush, and man himself wakes to new life amid the activity around him who would not be a Farmer? For him, and almost for him alone, bloom the fair flowers in nature's field—for him the feathered songster pours her sweetest note, and for him the face of creation wears a constant smile.—Not so with the inhabitants of cities, or with the professional man or the man of business, any where-These are shut out from the blessed influence of nature. Their business is with men—restless, ambitious, and oftentimes dishonest men—they themselves are all engaged in the eager scramble for wealth and distinction, sometimes caring little whom they thrust down with their unhallowed tread, so they mount upon the wreck, and they lose the salutary lesson of benevolence which may be learned from the ways of Providence in the outward world. They must maintain a constant struggle with temptation, or yield to its power. Accustomed to so much of *evil*, they are sometimes almost tempted to deny the existance of *good*. But the farmer pursues "the even tenor of his way," undisturbed by the passions of men. His dealings are with nature, and he may, if he will not shut his heart against it, learn true wisdom from its teachings. In the springing grass, the opening flower, and the ripening harvest—in sunshine and in shower—he may see a token of God's love and goodness, and in the quiet of his own home, he may almost forget the existence of *evil*. Thus widely different are the conditions of the two classes spoken of. Yet we sometimes find farmers discontented with their lot, and eager to join with their fellows in the feverish excitement of trade and speculation. And very often we see young men impatient to leave their paternal acres, and to seek, as they vainly think, some more honorable of genteel mode of earning a living.—They had rather show a lillywhite hand to a lady, as they measure off a yard of tape, than exhibit a manly, muscular frame, with a hand which does not shrink from contact with implements of husbandry. It has, indeed, become one of the greatest errors of our time, that young men are deserting the true nobility of the Country, for the sake of wearing a more delicate complexion, or living, as they vainly hope, more at their ease. Hence it is that all trades and professions are overstocked, that we have more lawyers than clients, more doctors than patients, and more parsons than parishes.

We hear men complain of hard times, mechanics cannot find situations, yet the country is actually suffering, and very severely too, for a want of proper attention to farming, and why is it? Because many a man who should have followed the plough, has become too proud for that, and in his aspirations to be a gentleman has undertaken to wield a pen, or administer cataplasms and boluses. To this state of things, too, is to be attributed to some extent, the present scarcity and high prices of provisions. The production has been allowed to fall below the consumption, and this great producing country, with its sparse population, has presented the strange anomaly of importing breadstuffs from the thick settled countries of Europe. It is all wrong. Young men should be taught to regard the employment of their fathers as one of the most honorable in the world.

Your farmer is the independent man.—What cares he for hard times, or high prices? Banks may fail—merchants' notes may be protested, and their drafts dishonored, but "Seedtime and Harvest," that old and stable firm, shall never "fail"—drafts upon them are answered at sight, and the bank of nature, where the farmer makes his deposites, is "good as gold." and always discounts liberally. He laughs at, or more likely pities, those who are left at the mercy of the times, and compelled to eat the bread of carefulness. Beef at twenty five cents a pound, and other edibles in proportion, does not worry him.—He takes the favors Providence so bountifully bestows upon him, and asks few of his fellows. While want afflicts the rest of the world, he may snap his fingers in his face, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"

Nashau Telegraph.

Sweets of Matrimony.—We see it stated that a lady in a neighboring State has applied for a divorce from her husband, because he would always insist upon licking the cork of the molasses jug when she unstopped it!—What would our divorce committee think of such a cause as this? We believe they refuse a divorce unless the husband absolutely *licks* the wife herself, which is a little worse than licking the molasses stopple.—*Hartford Courier.*