L. S. Teachle


# DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1840. NO. 42.



**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 $100; 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.



## THE CASKET
AND
PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE unparalled success which has attended THE CASKET since it came into the hands of the new proprietors, induces them to begin a volume WITH STILL FURTHER ATTRACTIONS on the first of January next. Its literary character, which has called forth so many comments, will undergo no change; as the magazine will still continue under the control of the same editors. Several new contributors, however, of high talent, have been engaged besides those who have already been enlisted in its favor. The magazine will be enlarged, and will contain a greater quantity of reading matter than any periodical published at the same price in the country.—The work will appear in a new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the purpose, and will be printed on the finest paper. It will be ornamented with the finest steel engravings, provided at a heavy expense, and executed from the choicest designs. To vary the style of these illustrations, the services of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish at intervals, Mezzotints for the ensuing volume The heads of several distinguished American Writers will appear in the course of the year The publishers determined to leave nothing undone to merit the patronage of a liberal public, have resolved, after such solicitation from many of their fair readers, to publish quarterly, as an extra, s correct plate of the latest fashion, highly colored, and executed in the first style of the art. The department will be under the control of a French gentleman of much taste and experience; and he will be found to excel any thing ever attempted in this line in America.

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Dec. 30, 1839.


## DEMOCRATIC SONG.

BY J. B SHEYS.

Hark! hark! from hill and valley
The cry of *Freedom* comes;
She calls her sons to rally
From high and humble homes!
From sacred field of glory
Where gallant heroes fell;
She breathes the inspiring story
Of those who loved her well.
Then to your guns,
Ye true born sons,
And cursed be they who dare to flee—
Oh! peal on high,
The battle cry,
Columbia *shall be free*—my boys!
Columbia *shall be free!*

Upon the highest mountain
Let our proud banner wave,
Its shadow on the fountain
Shall fright the despot slave!
Far on the heaving ocean
The hardy tar shall hail,
Amid the wild commotion,
A beacon in the gale.
Then to your guns, &c.

The honest, bold Mechanic,
Who wields the sledge all day,
Who spurns the Bankite's panic,
And will not tribute pay;
He honors men of noble souls,
In dealing he is fair;
The *Constitution* he unrolls,
And finds his *Charter* there.
Then to your guns, &c.

The Farmer turns his furrow
With independent pride;
His days undimmed by sorrow,
Like his own streamlets glide;
His grain all bright and yellow,
Waves over the fertile plain;
He gets—the happy fellow!—
*Gold Eagles* for his grain.
Then to your guns, &c.

Our fathers sold their valleys,
Their green, high-wooded hills,
Their brooks and sheltered alleys,
For Continental Bills!
They now look down from Heaven
On us, their heirs of fame;
And say—"Die, unforgiven,
If e'er you do the same!"
Then to your guns,
Ye true born sons,
And cursed be they who dare to flee—
Oh! peal on high,
The battle cry,
Columbia *shall be free*—my boys!
Columbia *shall be free!*

## CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

The following from the Newburyport Watchtower, is good, says our bachelor friend of the Boston Transcript, so far as any *one-sided* article of the kind can be good, but the reader will observe that not a word is said of those peevish, spiteful, clamorous, jealous, malignant, and vexatious shrews, termagants, scolds, &c., who may or may not, just as it happens to jump with their fancy, make the husband's home a paradise of domestic bliss, or a—no matter what—suppose we say, just the reverse.

Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and the never ending toils of the wife, whose burdens and duties, and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "*editorial*." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and, as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have wives, especially young wives—exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them; and expounding to them, seen recently a great many things said in the papers to in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now we believe that wives as a whole are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or short coming on the part of their husbands So far as we have had opportunity for observation they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who by the customs of society have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest then against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it, that they must—most of them—have been written by some fusty bachelors who knew no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings, they are so often represented? Men sometimes declare that their wives' extravagances have picked their pockets, that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and the gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wretched life, on their own part. The fact is, men often loose their interest in their homes by their neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before; and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise he is most generally at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "ladye love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always as particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the live-long day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice, based, probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fireside, cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all, to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage.—She, of course, had her expectations too.—She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices, of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife; left her own home for yours, burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affection; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased? Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful day? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, and take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love? Nor is it sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your self; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. But forget not that a wife is more than a housekeeper. She is *your wife*, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attention before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man *is the aggressor*.

## APPARITIONS IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

Our friend of the Knickerbocker is certainly highly favored in the exclusive and permanent possession of such a distinguished contributor as Washington Irving,—more so, we suspect, than the public is generally aware of. Besides the articles in every number which bear Geoffrey Crayon's name, we observe numerous sketches, anecdotes, &c., in the 'Editor's Table,' which it is easy to trace to his pen, or to his society. The following, for instance, from the April Knickerbocker, it is quite easy to see, is an extract from the friendly correspondence of the author of the Sketch Book.—N. Y. Star.

"It has ever been the fortune of historians, including the most conscientious and trustworthy, that their veritable records have come at last to be distrusted by an incredulous few, among their posterity. Even the narrative of Sir John Maundeville himself, the most veracious of chroniclers, has been considered fabulous, by divers narrow minded commentators, prone to believe in nothing which their eyes have not seen, or their ears heard. Coming down to our own era, we have seen certain tales and legends, the truth of which has been considered as firmly established, questioned by pragmatical unbelievers and that in the very teeth of the strongest testimony. To this day, we make blod to assert, many unimaginative readers find it difficult to believe, that the 'Sleepy Hollow' of our own Geoffrey Crayon was once actually bewitched by a high German doctor, and that it has ever since continued under the sway of a mysterious power, that hold a spell over the minds of the people who inhabit it, causing them to see marvellous sights, and to hear strange sounds. We ourselves have heard the fact questioned, within the short space of ten years. And yet nothing can be more true, than that there exists such a spell, which, as our historian well observes, is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but it is unconciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may be, before they enter that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative; to dream dreams, and to see apparitions. We have just received from an estimable friend and correspondent at Tarrytown, a private confirmation of the sober 'truth of history,' which is too remarkable to be lost to the world; and which, we hope without a breach of friendly or social trust, we may venture to lay before our readers. 'We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the deuce to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow; a circumstance, by the by, with which you of New York have some concern, as it is connected with your Croton aqueduct. This work traverses a thick wood, about the lower part of the Hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted church; and in the heart of the wood, an immense culvert, or stone arch, is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the aqueduct. As the work is unfinished, a colony of Patlanders have been encamped about this place all winter, forming a kind of Patsylvania, in the midst of a 'wilderness.' Now whether it is that they ever heard the old traditionary stories about the Hollow, which, all fanciful fabling and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in this part of the country, or whether the goblins of the Hollow, accustomed only to tolerate the old Dutch families, resented this intrusion into their solitudes, by strangers of an unknown tongue, certain it is, that the poor paddies have been most grievously harried, for some time past, by all kinds of apparitions. A wagon road, cut through the woods, and leading from their encampment, past the haunted church, and so on to certain whiskey establishments, has been especially beset by foul fiends; and the worthy Patlanders, on their way home at night, beheld misshapen monsters whisking about their paths, sometimes resembling men, sometimes bulls, sometimes horses, but invariably *without heads*, which shows that they must be lineal descendants from the old goblin of the Hollow. These imps of darkness have grown more and more vexatious in their pranks, occasionally tripping up, or knocking down the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word, the whole wood has become such a scene of *spuking* and *diablerie*, that the paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night; and a whiskey shop, in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gathering, has been obliged to shut up, for want of custom. This is a true story, and you may account for it as you please.—The corporation of your city should look to it, for if this harrying continues, I should not be surprised if the Patlanders, tired of being cut off from their whiskey, should entirely abandon the goblin region of Sleepy Hollow, and the completion of the Croton water-works be seriously retarded.' * * * * *

*Something Funny for the Ladies* —The affected greatness of certain English ladies, who would have the world think they are something uncommon, is well exhibited in the correspondence which follows:—*Balt. Sun.*

(Copy 1.)—"Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckborough, and would be obliged to her for the character of Mary Stedman, who states that she has lived twelve months, and still is in Lady Shuckborough's establishment. Can Mary Stedman cook plain dishes well—make bread—and is she honest, good tempered, sober, willing and cleanly? Lady Seymour would also like to know the reason why she leaves Lady Shuckborough's service? Direct, under cover, to Lord Seymour, Maiden Bradley."

(Copy 2)—"Lady Shuckborough presents her compliments to Lady S. Her ladyship's note, dated Oct. 28, only reached her yesterday, Nov. 3. Lady Shuckborough was unacquainted with the name of the kitchen-maid, until mentioned by Lady Seymour, as it is her custom neither to apply for, or give characters to any of the under-servants, this being always done by the house-keeper, Mrs. Couch—and this was well known to the young woman; therefore Lady Shuckborough is surprised at her referring any lady to her for a character. Lady Shuckborough having a professed cook, as well as a housekeeper, in her establishment, it is not very likely she herself should know any thing of the abilities or merits of the under-servants—therefore she is unable to answer Lady Seymour's note.—Lady Shuckborough cannot imagine Mary Stedman to be capable of cooking for any except the servants' hall table. Nov. 4, Pavilion, Hans'-place."

(Copy 3.)—"Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckborough, and begs she will order her housekeeper, Mrs. Couch, to send the girl's character without delay; otherwise another young woman will be sought for elsewhere, as Lady Seymour's children cannot remain without their dinners because Lady Shuckborough, keeping a 'professed cook and a housekeeper,' thinks a knowledge of the details of her establishment beneath her notice. Lady Seymour understood from Stedman that, in addition to her other talents, she was actually capable of dressing food fit for the little Shuckboroughs to partake of when hungry."

(Copy 4.)—"Madam: Lady Shuckborough has directed me to acquaint you that she declines answering your note, the vulgarity of which is beneath contempt: and although it may be the characteristics of the Sheridans to be vulgar, coarse, and witty, it is not that of 'a lady,' unless she happens to have been born in a garret, and bred in a kitchen. Mary Stedman informs me that your ladyship does not keep either a cook or a housekeeper and that you only require a girl who can cook a mutton-chop—if so, I apprehend that Mary Stedman, or any other scullion, will be found fully equal to cook for, or manage the establishment of the Queen of Beauty. I am, your Ladyship's &c., ELIZABETH COUCH."

Lady Seymour was the Queen of Beauty at the Tournament. She is described as a very sensible lady as well as a very beautiful one. Mrs. Norton is her sister. She is the daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and will become Dutchess of Somerset, on the death of Lord Seymour's father, although she does not keep her "professed cook and housekeeper." We wish there were more Lady Seymours in the upper walks of England; and we must confess we think there are not a few who play Lady Shuckborough in republican America.

*Castles in the Air.*—If we ever build castles in the air, they are always in the shape of a snug farmhouse, one story high, painted white, with green blinds—a big barn with abundance of out sheds, &c., from seventy five to a hundred acres of good land; a pair of good oxen; ten or a dozen cows; fifty sheep; a good horse and buggy; turkies, hens, geese, pigs, and so forth and so on, "all free from debt." We don't much care where it is, so the above qualities are possessed, and we would'nt call the king our grandfather. We sometimes have the infatuation to imagine that we shall one of these odd days—odd enough it will be, when it comes—we shall be able to possess these, and live like a king. —*Nashua Telegraph.*

There is more of your true "philosophy of thought" in the above paragraph, than in an acre of sermons or congressional speeches.—Every word comes so pat upon our own day dreams and night-dreams, that we can hardly persuade our own mind that we did not indite it with our own pen. It is the same dream which has come over hundreds and thousands of others, who tired of the ceaseless turmoil, vexation, and care of business in the city, have sighed for the peace and quiet independence of the husbandman's life. Even our neighbor of the Transcript, who has hardly a trouble beyond the boundaries of his cushioned editorial chair, and hardly a vexation while in it, has long been sighing over a similar picture to the above in the store-house of his imagination. True, he does not calculate upon the "horse and buggy;" but a good substantial horse and chaise, capable of carrying two persons, and three at a pinch, fills up a very conspicuous portion of the picture. We are the last to call his taste in question.—Boston Times.

## CROAKING.

This practice is as old as our memory, to our own knowledge, and history and tradition make it much older. It is so general, & has of late years prevailed so extensively, that people have become accustomed to it, & much of its force is consequently lost. Yet it is not without some effect, as the business and the political action of the country occasionally testify. It is a weapon frequently seen in the hands of the ambitious demagogue and the hot political partisan; and it is sometimes used in reference to some particular line or branch of business, as an auxiliary to speculation. It is often taken up without cause, in which case it is intended to produce the effect it professes to deplore, and in most cases, when skilfully managed, its use is followed by success But it is not our purpose now to write a dissertation on a subject which has been the text of a thousand homilies: we hate the practice, and cannot therefore give our approbation to the professors of it. We prefer to look on the bright side of things, abstain from looking through a sombre medium as long as we can avoid it, and would rather cheer on and encourage our fellow citizens, than raven-like depress their spirits, damp their ardor & repress their energies, by a dolorous flapping of the wings, and croaking about their windows and around their habitations. The cry of hard times has become stale, and falls, for the most part, unheeded on the ear. True, bank accomodations are not so abundant, nor so easily had, as they were some few years since, and the wings of speculation have been clipped; and if the annual amount of business done is not so large as then, there is more of reality, and of course less of fiction, in that which is transacted. If he who counted thousands then, can count but hundreds now, his present possessions have more value, because more security. The nominal is nearer to the real value, and is less subject to depreciation by the accidents of business, save and except always that vile substitute for a currency, denominated "shinplasters." We do not mean to assert, that the times might not easily be better—that some improvement is not needed, or that it would not be gratifying; but we do not hesitate to say, that they are not, and—allowing for the effect of a hard winter on the poor—have not been, for some time, near so bad as they have beeen represented.—Among the circumstances that evince this to our mind, is the fact, that the great outcry about hard times, present distress and impending ruin, is generally heard, not so much from those who are most obvious to actual suffering on that account, as from persons professing extraordinary concern for the poor, & scarcely any for themselves; and from whatever quarter it may come, it will be found on close scrutiny, that it is prompted by some purpose to be served, about which nothing is said, if it can be avoided; but otherwise, it is openly proclaimed. If those chanters of Jeremiads affected nothing but the standing and fate of parties, the evil would be but trifling; but unfortunately the business of the country is not seldom made to suffer by them.

As persons are sometimes smitten with disease, through the very fear of it, so ruin may be brought on the business of a country or a community, by the very means used for the professed purpose of averting it. This practice of causeless lamentation is a bad one, and of course reprehensible. It interferes with the industry of our citizens, generates a needless and injurious discontent, begets bitterness of feeling, taints the public morals, and in short, does more injury to the country than those who adopt it could repair, if those "ruined" interests were committed to their charge. No matter in what section of the country, in what State, or in what city, or what party may be in or out of power there, wherever this practice exists, there will these remarks hold good; and not these alone, but others more severe, and not less correct, that we now deem unnecessary. Our chief purpose, and from which we have been almost unconsciously led away, was to speak of the lively, bustling, business-like, and therefore cheering appearance of our city last Saturday. The day was fine, the streets was crowded, every description of wheel carriage was busily engaged in the transportation of all kinds of "goods, wares and merchandize;" and in a somewhat protracted ramble through a large portion of the business parts of the city, we saw not a gloomy countenance, nor met with a single individual standing idle, who, on inquiry, was found to be so from compulsion.—As far as external appearances may be taken as evidence in the case, there is, to our apprehension, no good cause for the cry of hard times and ruin in Baltimore; at least there is vast disproportion between the cry and the cause of it; and we say this not merely on the strength of appearances. The truth is, if people are not building up splendid fortunes in their imagination, or on paper, they are minding their business, getting a good living, teaching their children to follow their example—to avoid speculation, rely on their industry in whatever useful avocation may be suitable or convenient for them, and thus lay a foundation, if not for a splendid, at least for a competent fortune.

*Beautiful Extract.*—The following beautiful extract is from Gallagher's Hesperian, a monthly publication issued in Cincinatti, Ohio:

"Young womanhood! 'the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,' a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, yet not embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy down that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—

"A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud."

Upon this, the Sunday News makes the following capital parody:

"Young womanhood! molasses touched with a little brimstone—spread on bread not buttered—a being all joints and angles not filled out—an unformed form, deformed by stays—a pallid thing that loves the ripening peach—a young woman—

"A woman, which is not quite a woman,
Yet something more, nor a gal."

The Philosopher relates a characteristic anecdote of an out-at elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill, called to a lad, and said—'Johnny, my boy, take this *William* & get it changed.' 'What do you mean by calling it *William?*' inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill!*"

*Antidote against Marriage.*—Joy says that if a man feels very much like getting married yet imagines he ought not to, the best remedy he knows of, is to help one of his neighbors *move a house full of furniture*—borrow about nine of his children for three days, and hear them *cry*. If that fail, build up a fire of damp wood, and when the smoke in the room is *thickest*, hire a woman to *scold* him about four hours. If he can stand all these, he'd better get married the next day—give his wife the pants, and be the "silent partner" in the great firm of matrimony. We think the remedy is severe, but as every man is liable to those things, *after* he yokes himself, it would do no harm to try it *before*.