DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1837. NO. 28.

POETRY.

From the Transcript.

SONG OF THE "RESURRECTION MEN."

We dig and we delve by the quivering light
Of the cold and silent moon,
While no noise disturbs the reign of night
But the clock that tells its noon;
And the mattock's sound
On the frozen ground,
Keeps time to our voices tune.

The ghosts of dead people are flitting by;
And they chide us with their gaze;
While each wind-blast utters the dying sigh
Of the flesh of other days.
But we'll still work on
Till the clay-cold form we raise.

The charnel-house opens its heavy doors,
And then bones of dead men shake;
But the clatter of teeth and skeleton jaws,
Can never our labor break.
On the new made bed
Of the silent dead
We will work 'till the morn awake.

We know 'tis the tender and comely form
Of a maiden lov'd and young;
And we know that her heart was true and warm,
While spells on her proud lips hung.
But we little mourn,
For those charms were gone,
When the dirge of the maid was sung.

Now up with the beautiful sleeper, my boys,
Lo! she seems to dream of bliss;
And her silent lips still tell the joys,
They gave in the living kiss.
But we love her cold,
In the death-shroud's fold,
On a church yard cough like this!

J. H. H.

From the Rockville Free Press.

PARODY.

Last parting of the three Whig Candidates.
WHITE, HARRISON & WEBSTET.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall "many banks" expire,
Oft shall 'good old Nick" retire,
Oft will Democracy reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Tho' to distant lands we fly,
Baffled in our ardent sigh,
Tho' the "Magician fills the rolls,
Corruption still unites our souls;
And in intrigues wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When those burnished "Wigs" are grey
Thinn'd by many a mis-spent day,
When around this 'darling Bank,'
Moss shall creep with ivy rank;
Long will the 'Magician' reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

When old Democracy is dead
When this trite freedom is fled,
When in Federalism's shade,
Liberty and Equal rights are laid,
Where our kindred spirits reign,
Then shall we three meet again.

ATROX.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

A NIGHT IN TADMOR.

OR THE SUFFERINGS OF A TRAVELLING AGENT.

Be it known to you, I am that unhappy bundle of bones and muscles, nerves, and other organs of the production of misery, called a travelling agent; a man doomed to visit Thebes, Cairo, Constantinople, Smyrna, London, Paris, Bulbec, Bucyrus, and other small blemishes on creation called villages. Whatever be the season, or the weather, or the state of his health, or of the roads, he must be as punctually as a menagerie in a certain village by a certain day; he must be always polite, always cheerful, always wide awake. He has sold himself body and soul, for a commission of five per cent.

I could enlarge somewhat upon his general privileges, but at present I wish to confine your attention to his sufferings at the 'Cow's Head, at Tadmor,—truly called Tadmor of the desert. This tavern being a post office and a grocery likewise, contains a large family—to wit: the landlord and his wife, and his wife's sister, from six to eight small children, three dogs, seven cats, and seven boarders. I mention this branch of the family last, because they are the last in the affections of the good lady of the house. The supper as appears from my note book, was as follows: Imprimis, coffee, made of burn sole-leather. Item tea of the best young oak leaves sweetened with maple molasses, and cooled with skim milk; when taken to be well stirred with an iron spoon, of a size, which goeth into the mouth as a plough-share might into your vest pocket. Item, biscuit, made of patent water cement, warranted without flaws. Item, brown bread after the antique, sawed expressly for the occasion, out of the hide of a rhinoceros, with '*nemo me impugne lacessit*,' written so legibly upon it, that every one by common consent forbore to offer it the slightest provacation. I also maintained the most strict neutrality towards divers pale pretty looking tarts, resembling fossil shells. I have noted the history of these tarts to be as follows: They had been manufactured during the last war when flour was high, for an axpress occasion, to wit, the marriage of the aforesaid wife's sister, which was postponed sine die.—Her faithless Romeo, never making his appearance, the tarts were consigned to the 'tomb of all the capulets,' namely, the upper shelf of the parlor closet; there to defy the mice, who, after gnawing through a two inch oak plank to get at them, were forced to retire with broken teeth from the attack.

These calcareous preparations were accompanied by a most antedeluvian dish of stewed peaches, which must have been of a highly concentrated nature, the syrup and all extraneous matter, except the flies and moths of last summer, having long since evaporated and left a dry residum at the bottom of the dish. Item, a plate of thrice fried ham, which I can recommend to the next Texas volunteers for shoe-heels. Verily 'it hath the primeval curse upon it.' Being fond of ham, I went so far as to bend my fork and turn my knife in its handle in endeavouring to cut it; but it seem-as if the indwelling obstinacy of the annual had returned to protect its mortal remains.—I succeeded as well as Don Quixotte did in his attack on the windmill. I do repent me of my sacrilegious attempt, for verily I have a respect for any thing so ancient and fish-like."

Think of a church mouse in a cabinet of minerals; think of dining with an ostrich on broken crockery, and you will have some idea of the situation of a travelling agent among these dishes. My appetite was absolutely wolfish: O that my teeth had been so!

Let father Atwater append such things to his next edition of Western Antiquities.—As for me, I shall probably become an antiquity myself, before I recover from last nights suffering, which I am now about to relate.

1st. After supper, I was ushered into a small room with three beds in it.

2d. Each bed had a large buckeye-man.

3d. I was to choose which bed I was to get into.

'Can't you possibly give me a single room? said I' vexed even beyond a travelling agent's endurance. 'Can't possibly do it sir: you'll find them beds comfortable. These gentlemen are highly respectable, and will be glad to accommodate you, good night.'

I put down the candle. I began to consider which of these highly respectable gentlemen I should patronize. They were all sound asleep—a fact not to be wondered at, considering the atmosphere, which was not enough to tranquilize a March hare or suffocate a rock toad.

I took the candle and examiued them each in order. The first was remarkle for not being peculiar in any way; he was nothing more or less than a large buckeye man with a round face, a thich head of hair, and a fungus like nose, which looked as if it had grown there during the night. He was evidently dreaming of picking geese, for he kept pinching the bed clothes, and saying 'half a dollar a pound.'

As I had no violent passion for being picked and sold for half a dollar pound, I left him and proceeded to reconnoitre the 'highly respectable gentleman,' number two. He was a little square faced, passionate looking man, with a pug nose, and red hair, his eyes were so prominent that though sound asleep, there was not lid enough o cover them. At the approach of the candle, he contracted his brows and began to sleep harder. As he did not take up more than one-third of his bed, I was determined to give him a gentle poke by the way of remonstrance, when I was startled by a fierce and suppressed growl, which proceeded from a small terrier dog with a rough beard and brass collar, lying coiled upon the outside of the bed. On looking closer to my annoyance, I perceived the hair rising and his eye kindling like the end of a segar in full blast. It was impossible not to see, that however contemptible this enemy might be in the day time, he was now on the verge of a tremendous explosion.

I should as soon have thought of insulting a meat axe, or a justice of the peace in fly time. Accordingly, I made my escape just in time to prevent a tragedy, and proceeded to number three. He was now my last hope. What was my joy when I saw no one there! All I could discover was a pile of clothes upon the middle of the bed, thrown there, doubtless, by the two highly respectable gentlemen. I forthwith began to remove them carefully, one by one. There were jackets, pantaloons, coats, shirts, hats, umbrellas, boots, and an old map of Ohio, some loose gazettes, a large family bible, a cat, and kittens who 'made tracks' without saying a word, a boot-jack, and three or four half filled meal-bags.

Underneath all this, I came to a buffalo robe with the hair side turned down. This looked mysterious; I rested a moment, for my hands were tired, and stopped to think, as is my wont before retiring, of matters and things in general; my eyes rested on the bed, deploring the poor accommodation I was obliged to put up with, when to my amazement, I saw a visible movement beneath the hide! I stood fixed in astonishment. 'If there *is* a highly respectable gentleman here,' thought I, I will henceforward believe.' Presently from the same place I heard two sneezes, as of one catching cold, 'if this be a man,' thought I, 'I will get him a patent for sleeping warm, at least. It must be a negro or one of the seven sleepers. I have heard of a negro, who being fired out of a cannon, skull foremost, into a hay-stack, slept there, with his head in the centre of it, through the winter, and afterwards said, he wish ole massa fire him *leetle furder in* next time, case he foot dam cold sticking out for hoss to bite and turkey to roos on, winter time. I wish he neber pull down de hay stack neder, bress de Lor. I neber no expense to ole massa, long as he don't wak me up!'

Whoever the animal might be that I had unexpectedly dug up, he was certainly doing a heavy business in the way of sleeping 'He ought,' thought I, to get in partnership with that buffalo, who was hermetically sealed up in an ice-berg for four thousand years, and had even the *nap* on him when taken out. Perhaps it is that buffalo himself; but he has turned his hide, so that the nap might strike in.'

'Am I to hide me under this dead moon-calf's gabardine,' thought I; 'this is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, I take it, an argue; an abominable monster!' I unconsciously uttered these words aloud, to which the 'highly respectable gentleman,' in bed number one, being still sound asleep and dreaming of his usual occupation, responded as follows.

'Half a dollar a pound—could'nt pick gees for less than that this cold weather.'

I felt all goose flesh at this remark, but I asked him as politely as a travelling agent knows how:

Can *you* take me into your bed, sir, without incommoding you this cold night?

'Picked geese suffer considerable in cold nights,' uttered the fungus.

'I shall freeze here if you don't give a berth,' said I, in a tone of despair; 'I have no bed.'

'Good beds as ever you see,' responded he 'but it don't do a goose no good to pick him no how.'

'You might at least accommodate a traveller, but I see you don't care a feather for my situation,' said I.

'I carry feathers Thursdays and Fridays,' said the highly respectable gentleman, and he ended with a solemn snore that seemed meant to close the parley forever.

In despair I began to rebuild the pyramid I had taken off from the Great Unknown number three, and after completing the original structure, added as a gratuity, my travelling trunk, a chair, a wash basin, three or four bricks from the fire-place, and to show this highly respectable gentleman how highly I respected his good taste. I laid across the place where I supposed his neck to be, a large ox-yoke, which I found in the passage.

I then lay down with the man of geese, who, as I got in, proceeded to heave his immense body over on the other side, carrying all the covering with him. 'This is both respectable and accommodating,' thought I.

'Stranger" said I, 'you have no compassion on a man?'

'Can't help it,' said the fungus. Geese is geese and feathers is feathers now a days.'

Happy to perceive he was still deep in his slumbers, I gradually, without waking him up managed to get the covereign off him and tried to compose myself to sleep. He seemed to snore on, despite of being worse off than any of his own geese. How he could sleep thus, was a mystery to me, despite my travelling experience: and what a snore! I tried not to listen to it, but it boomed upon me like the midnight thumpings and hissings of a steamboat. I could hear nothing else, think of nothing else. I know not what to compare it to, except the noise of pushing a bedstead across the floor of an empty house. Every snore was louder and longer than the last. The sound echoed through his capacious chest like the four winds going home to their caves. I could feel the vibration distinctly in every limb.

I know of nothing more maddening than one of your loud, solemn, obstinate snores; there is a determined *selfishness* about it, as if the man enjoyed, and was resolved to enjoy, the exclusive sleep of the room, seeming to derive good from the pain he was giving others. Reluctant to wake the sleeper, you would fain hope that every snore is the last; but no; it goes on, peal after peal, now sighing like the wind through a key-hole, now scratching like a dull saw through a dry plank, now grinding harsely like a coffee mill in your very ear, now wheezing and snorting, like a pig overboard.

I affirm that such a snore, though laughable enough to talk of, is always felt as a serious grief at the time. I make bold to say, that the most patient man, though he may endure all other calamities like a martyr, will by such a snore, be wrought up to madness. I pushed him, pulled his hair, coughed, hemmed and laughed, and sneezed and groaned loud enough to move the dead; 't would not do. I was just about to wring his left ear off, when fortunately for him and me too, the little Spitfire, whom the reader will recollect as the guardian of bed number two, came to the rescue. He too, had listened to the noise till past midnight, with suspicion, thinking it not a very creditable noise for a quiet house, but at last he could endure it no longer; so sitting up in the bed, and throwing his eyes up to heaven, he commenced business for himself, producing a sound like a key hole of a windy night. Such a lamentable, protracted howl as he gave forth, I never heard. The two rival sounds united made so utterly doleful a ditty, that in the midst of my misery I had to laugh outright.

This scientific duett being rather more than his master had contracted for, in procuring the services of Spitfire, that 'highly respectable gentleman' arose in a passion and flung the dog, as he thought, upon the snorer's face, but missing the direction of the sound, which as I had occasion to remark, pervaded the whole room, he flung his little friend directly upon the mound which covered the Great Unknown, number three, where, as I have also had occasion to remark, reposed the amiable Tabitha and her kittens. A very important addition was now made to the concert, which before was deficient into all parts.—A variety of beautiful chords immediately struck up; and there began such a wonderful display of execution upon the fiddle strings in the corner, that Paganini himself would have been astonished. That great man could play upon but one violin an a time, but the valiant Spitfire was performing upon a dozen at least, I rushed out of the room in despair, and know not what happened afterwards, except that five o'clock found me asleep by the kitchen fire, with three or four quiet peaceable dogs like myself.

C.

CAMBRIDGE:

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1837.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Pattison, one of the compositors in this Office, we have not been able to get out but a half sheet this week—*whole sheets* are highly desirable too, as the weather continues cold.

President Jackson's health, which for some time past has been very feeble, is said to be at present greatly improved.

☞The communication headed, "*The Cambridge Dorcas Society*," was received too late for an insertion in this number.

The new mail route through the lower part of this county, will go into operation in the course of a few weeks. It has been advertised for proposals for carrying the mail over it, and we understand several persons have sent on to the Department the terms upon which they propose to contract.—We have not yet learned who has been selected. In all probability the conflagration of the General Post Office, may delay the matter somewhat, as it is likely enough the proposals sent from this county were destroyed by the fire. There can be no doubt, however, that in a very short time, our friends below will have the benefit of a mail passing through their section of country, and we shall be much gratified at the fact. There will then be no complaint about their not getting their papers in proper time, &c.—and we may, under such circumstances, reasonably flatter ourselves too, that our respectable list of subscribers in that quarter, will be much extended.

The Senate of the U. States has passed a bill for the admission of Michigan into the Union as a State. Calhoun, Clay, Critenden and a few others violently opposed the bill, but upon taking the vote ten Senators were all they could rally in opposition. Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, has reported the bill in the House, and by this time, probably, Michigan is enrolled as one of the States of this glorious confederacy.

From the papers we have received we discover that much damage, distress, and destruction of lives and property, have been occasioned in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, and on the coast, by the late severe weather.

There is no news of much importance from Washington or Annapolis.—Amid the spouting display some business is done. The session of Congress, closing on the 4th March, compels a considerable restraint to be imposed on the speaking club, and it is probable, the *previous question* will be frequently resorted to. Mr. Cushman, the existing hero of the previous question, will find himself sustained by the American people in frequently demanding this resort by way of expediting the business of the Nation.

The Chronicle in its last number, inveighs with some considerable degree of asperity, against Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, because there is more money in the coffers of the Nation, than he anticipated from his estimate at the commencement of the financial year. Every one knows that it is very difficult to estimate, a year in advance, precisely the amount that will be received into the Treasury of the U. States at a given time. The receipt from customs and the sales of the public lands, is, in itself, highly precarious. Latterly the augmented sale of the national domain, has defied the calculation of the most profound financier.—Mr. Woodbury, in making out his estimate, of course endeavours not to be too high, preferring to see the Nation agreeably disappointed. Now the complaint is more money than was anticipated. No doubt Mr. W. has faithfully and ably performed the duties of his station. The opposition are so indiscriminate in their denunciations, that but little importance is attached to their complaints.

Dr. Spence of Worcester, we understand, has only been appointed U. States Senator, until the 4th March next, and it is rumored that the appointment for the following six years, may fall upon another person. The Legislature, it is probable, will not further act in the matter, until about the close of their session. We learn that in the caucus, which was held in Annapolis, Mr. Kerr of Talbot, was greatly the strongest candidate upon the first ballot, but that upon the withdrawal of other candidates, Dr. Spence beat him a few votes. Under such circumstances, it is probable his friends will make a strong rally, for the succeeding six years appointment. Whether there will be general competition or not, we can only conjecture. From all that we could learn, prior to the selection of Dr. Spence, we certainly did not expect that the Senatorial mantle would fall upon his shoulders. The peculiar causes that led to the choice of him, and the defeat of other expectants, are matters that we care but little about. Let it be "pull Doctor, pull Devil," and help it who may. The successful may congratulate themselves and the defeated must draw upon the storehouse of philosophy for their consolation. Our position was an adverse one, politically, to all the individuals spoken of, because we should have preferred a Van Buren man, but inasmuch as our opponents had the controlling power, in the state, we were not disposed to mix in with their quarrels. Nor shall we. But if the scrambles of their public men to obtain situations of honor and emolument, shall result in overthrow of their ascendancy, and the disorganization of their party, we shall be more amused than mortified. With this view, we have no objection to observe the feeling and spirit displayed by the Chronicle, in the expression of its resentment, at the incidents connected with the appointment of Dr. Spence and the complimentary notice it thought proper to take of its favorite candidate, whose cause it had so zealously espoused, in opposition to the entire batch of Whig expectants. But the Chronicle is enigmatical, or rather it seems inconsistent in its remarks upon the subject, or we do not understand the force of its language. We endeavored to allude to its first article which appeared upon the subject in the most delicate manner imaginable, but it seems, our mere notice of that article, together with a general misconstruction of it, has given rise to a most singular disclaimer, in their last paper. We could appeal to every man of common sense, whether our reference to the paragraph in question, in the Chronicle, perpetrated any injustice upon the language of that paper. Nay, we might appeal to the Chronicle itself. We are not disposed to let that paper back out of a position, by attempting to make us a sort of scape-goat for its sins—we then re-assert, since the Chronicle seems to deny it, (with what grace or judgment, let its own readers determine) that it did charge gross impropriety and the existence of a "series of movements," "a concatenation of causes," a "tissue of clandestine machinations" resulting in the appointment of Dr. Spence.

'Tis true, it seemed to exonerate Dr. Spence and the Legislature, but according to the reasoning of the Chronicle, the Legislature must have been duped or tricked, by *one or two* members of that body, in conjunction with others out of it, or Dr. Spence would not have been selected, nor would that "prominent cannidate" been defeated, "whose known ability, intrinsic moral worth, (in the absence of falsehood and misrepresentation,) would have ensured his promotion to the Senate of the U. States." The Chronicle does charge gross and improper conduct upon some persons in the State, (of course belonging to its own party,) in relation to the appointment. It says expressly "there was a series of movements, and a tissue of clandestine machinations, which have had their intended influence in producing it, and which we would willingly unfold and expose to the just indignation of an enlightened public." Is not this charging flagrant impropriety? Is not this the existence of a cabal, or plot, or conclave of *sappers?* Is not this the work of a power behind the throne? How then can the Chronicle escape the effect of its own language? It either charged improprety or it did not If it did not charge impropriety, the above language is senseless and absurd. If it did charge impropriety, its disclaimer is an unmeaning apology. The Chronicle and its party are as fond of the "spoils" as any set of men no doubt, and they appear to bear the loss of them quite as badly. We did not mean to trouble ourselves with this matter, for really we care but little about it any way, but the Chronicle has occasioned it.

Maryland Legislature.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Friday, January, 6th 1837.

Mr. Handy obtained leave to bring in a bill to be entitled an act to confirm an act entitled, an act to provide for an alteration in the constitution so far as relates to the division of the sixth election district in Worcester county;

Ordered, That Messrs. Handy, Townsend, of Worcester, and Fooks report the same.

The house resumed the consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, being the order submitted by Mr. Buchanan relative to certain alterations and amendments in the constitution,

The question before the house being upon a motion for the yeas and nays.

On motion of Mann,

The house was called, and the door-keeper sent for the absent members,

On motion of Mr. Mann,

The house resolved to proceed with the ordinary business of the session during the absence of the door-keeper.

The bill from the Senate entitled, an act to confirm an act entitled, an act to alter and amend the constitution and form of government of this State, so far as it relates to the representation in the House of Delegates from the city of Baltimore, was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Harris moved to lay said bill on the table;

Determined in the negative.

On motion of Mr. Harris,

The yeas and nays were ordered, and appeared as follows,

Yeas 19.

Nays 50.

So the house refused to lay said bill on the table.

The door-keeper having retured, reported that in obedience to order, he had notified the absent members that their attendance in the house was required.

The house then resumed the consideration of the unfinished business, being the order submitted by Mr. Buchanan in relation to certain alterations and amendments in the constitution.

Mr. Ridgely having withdrawn his motion for the rejection, of said order,

The question then recurred upon the adoption of the order,

Mr. Gough offered as a substitue for said order, the following.

Ordered, That the select committee on the constitution be requested to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill or bills amendatory of the constitution, so that the Senate shall consist of one member from each county and one from the city of Baltimore, to be chosen immediately by the people, to serve for four years; each county to elect its own Sena-