DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1837. NO. 30

DORCHESTER AURORA,

EDITED AND PRINTED BY

JOHN T. JACKSON.

TERMS—$2 50 a year, one-half to be paid upon the receipt of the first number. Subscribers may discontinue the paper at any time by paying for the time they have received it; but not without, except with the assent of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1 00; each after insertion 25 cents—when larger, in proportion.

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them, and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

Rail Road NOTICE.

Pursuant to the provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled "An act to incorporate the Eastern Shore Rail Road Company," and the several supplements thereto, books of subscription to the capital stock of the Eastern Shore Rail Road Company will be opened on TO-DAY, at ten o'clock, A. M., and continue to be opened for the space of three days thereafter, between the hours of ten o'clock, A. M; and two o'clock, P. M. at the county town in each of the counties hereinafter mentioned—That is to say:

At Elkton, for Cecil county, under the direction of James Sewell, Lambert D. Nowland, Henry Hollingsworth, James Groome and Dr. Amos A. Evans.

At Charleston, for Kent County, under the direction of Wm. McK. Osborne, Gerge Vickers, James F. Brown, Hugh Wallace, and Baraey D. Course.

At Centreville, for Queen Ann's county, under the direction of John Brown, Dr. Robt Goldsborough, Peregrine Wilmer, Thomas Emory and George Newman.

At Denton, for Caroline county, under the direction of Thomas Burchenal, Edward B. Hardcastle, Thomas S. Carter, Caleb P. Davis and Philemon Skinner.

At Easton for Talbot county, under the direction of Wm. Hughlett, Edward N. Hambleton, John Leeds Kerr, Lambert W. Spencer and William H. Tilghman.

At Cambridge, for Dorchester County, under the direction of Thomas H. Hicks, Dr. William Jackson, William I. Ford, Dr. Joseph Nichols and Samuel Sewell.

At Princess Anne, for Somerset county, under the direction of Arnold E. Jones, Joseph S. Cottman, John Dennis, Edward Long and Littleton D. Teackle

At Snow Hill, for Worcester county, under the direction of Dr. John P. R. Gillis, Dr. John S. Spence, Samuel R. Smith, John U. Dennis, and Dr. John J. Martin.

By order,

THOMAS EMORY, President.

LITTLETON D. TEACKLE. Sec'y.

Denton Md. Sept. 16, 1836.

EVERY BODY'S ALBUM:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

Humorous Tales, Essays, Anecdotes, &c. &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS

Grotesque & Amusing Engravings.

Each number containing seventy-two octavo pages, neatly covered and stitched—making at the end of the year two volumes of eight hundred and sixty-four pages, and at least six hundred engravings with Tales and Index complete—at three dollars per annum.

The cheerful and pleasing feature with which it is proposed to diversity and distinguish this work has never yet been adopted by any one of the numerous literary caterers that have hitherto abounded in this country—and its extensive novelty and the vast fund of humour and variety which will be interspersed throughout its pages, is calculated to render it a desirable and popular companion for the amusement of all classes who desire to possess an epitome of the works of celebrated Modern Humorists, Etchers and Engravers. The encouragement generally given to new undertakings, having salutary objects in view; has proved a decided public advantage, and it is questionable whether any other age has ever brought into active use so large a proportion of the really deserving offspring of genius and talents as the present. Assured that this periodical, affording, as it will, an elaborate and comprehensive collection of fanciful Illustrations, Satirical Essays in prose and verse, witty Tales, Quips, Quirks, and Anecdotes, and Facetiæ, must have a partial tendency (among its patrons at least) to divert into and other and more exhilirating channel much of the oppressive action of the mind, consequent upon the cares and vexations of business, the publisher anticipates for it a most flattering & extensive subscription list. The work, at all events, will be commenced on the first of July, and continued for one year, therefore every subscriber will be certain of receiving all the numbers for which he has paid. When the twelve numbers are completed and made up into two volumes, they will form one of the most desirable and amusing records of wit and humour which can be found in print. Let the public assist the publisher with their patronage, and he assures them he will leave nothing undone that will give celebrity and popularity to his work.

☞The "EVERY BODY'S ALBUM" will be published monthly in numbers of 72 pages with a variety of embellishments—neatly stiched in colored covers—printed with new type, and on fine white paper, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Two copies will be supplied to order, for one year, for five dollars. When sent to a distance from the city, the work will be packed in strong wrappers, to prevent the least rubbing by the mails.

☞Notes of solvent banks of every description taken in payment of subscriptions. Address the publisher (postage paid.)

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

MARYLAND:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 6th day of December, 1836.

On Application of JOHN. B. ROBINSON Adm'r. of Lake Robinson, late of Dorchester County, deceased—it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Dorchester Aurora, a paper selected by him.

In testimony That the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 6th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1836.

L.S.

WILLIAM W. ECCLESTON,
Register of Wills, Dorchester County,

In compliance with the above order,—This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Lake Robinson, late of Dorchester County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of June next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of Dec. 1836.

JOHN B. ROBINSON,
Adm'r. of Lake Robinson.

Dec. 12 1836. 3w

NEW GOODS! NEW Goods!!

THE subscriber has just received and is now opening (at his old stand opposite Mr. John Bradshaws Hotel,) a large and beautiful assortment of

FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS.

selected by himself from the latest importations. He invites the public generally to call and examine for themselves.

The Publick's Ob't. Ser'vt.
WILLIAM W. BYRN.

October 17th 1836. 3w

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber has been informed that there is a report in circulation stating that he has disposed of his possessions on the Choptank, and ceased to keep the Cambridge Ferry. This report was undoubtedly gotten up by some malicious individual with a view of injuring the subscriber, and, if suffered to remain uncontroverted, the aim of its originator would certainly be attained. The subscriber, therefore, takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that there is not the slighest foundation in truth for the above mentioned report; but that, on the contrary, he still keeps the Cambridge Ferry, and expects so to do the remainder of his days. His Boats are substantial, safe and in good order, and are under the management of as prompt, active, trusty and experienced hands as those belonging to any boat that has hitherto been, or may hereafter be, stationed on the above named ferry; while he keeps, as usual, good Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of travellers. He has signals on both sides of the river, which his boat will always answer with the utmost despatch, so that no one shall be kept waiting longer than shall be absolutely necessary.

The subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage which he has heretofore received from them; and, as his long experience in the business, and his determinatian to use his best efforts to please, induce him to hope that he will give general satisfaction, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their favor.

THOMAS BOWDLE.

June 27 tf

Drugs.

The Subscriber has just returned from market with a fresh supply of MEDICINES and FANCY ARTICLES, which he offers to the public on the most accommodating terms.

JOSEPH FLINT.

N B. Persons whose accounts have been standing for some time, will please call and settle the same, as *money I want and money I must have.*

J. F.

Nov. 21st.

$50 Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, on Saturday, the 1st of October, instant, a negro man named

BOB,

aged about 22 years, of a dark chesnut color, and 5 feet six or seven inches high. He had, on when he went away, a pair sf blue pantaloons, and a blue bloth coat; his other clothing is not recollected. The said BOB, when he ran away, took with him a large Batteau, named "Fox, of P. S. Creek," belonging to Mr. James McKeel Pattison.

I will give the above reward for the apprehension of the above-mentioned negro, if he be taken in this state, or one hundred dollars if out of the state—provided, in either case he be delivered to the subscriber, or secured in some jail so that he get him again.

JOHN SIMMONS.

Taylor's Island, Dorchester County, October 3d, 1836.

The Cecil Gazette, will insert the above to the amount of $1, and charge the Dorchester Aurora.

JOB PRINTING,

Such as CARDS, LABELS, BLANKS CIRCULARS, &c., neatly and expeditiously executed at the Office of the Aurora.

POETRY.

Form the Saturday News & Literary Gazette.

THE LAMENT OF MACBETH.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

"I have lived long enough; my May of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must noot look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep; mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

—

My day is gone?—the solemn shade
Of evening, darkens round my way;
And gory forms in every glade,
Their pale and gapping wounds display!
Dim spectres into air arise—
From every leaf there swells a moan—
And guilt's grim train, before my eyes,
Tell that my life of life is gone!

Fair Hope, thy dreams are lost to me:
Thy gaudy mockeries I dismiss;
Thou rainbow o'er a stormy sea,
Brief blessing in a word like this!
I cannot speak of *thee*—for years,
And change and crime, have taught me well
That all thy smiles dissolve to tears,
And sorrow mingles with thy spell.

Fears of my youth—I know them not,
For muder's stain is on my brow;
They were of Death—that darksome thought
It seems my only refuge now:
I've seen the gladness of the morn—
The glow of the meredian sun;
Crushed the soft rose, but kept its thorn,
And sin's dark catalogue is done.

"O, thou invisible spirit of Rum!—if thou hadst no name by which to know thee, we would call thee—Devil."—*Shakspear.*

Let thy devotee extol thee,
And thy wondrous virtues sum;
But the worst of names I'll call thee,
O, thou hydra monster, RUM!
Pimple maker—vissage bloater,
Health corrupter—idler's mate,
Mischief breeder—vice promoter,
Credit spoiler—devil's bait.
Almhouse builder—pauper maker,
Trust betrayer—sorrow's source;
Pocket emptier—sabbath breaker,
Conscience stifler—guilt's recourse.
Nerve enfeebler—system shatterer,
Thirst increaser—vagrant thief;
Cough producer—treacherous flatterer,
Mud bedauber—mock relief.

Business hinderer—spleen instiller,
Who begetter—friendship's bane;
Anger heater—bridewell filler,
Debt involver—toper's chain.
Memory drowner—honor weeker,
Judgment warper—blue faced quack;
Feud beginner—rags bedecker,
Strife enkindler—fortune's wrack.

Summer's *cooler*—winter's *warmer*,
Blood polluter—specious snare;
Mob collector—man transformer,
Bond undoer,—gambler's fare.

Speech bewraggler—headlong bringer,
Vitals burner—deadly fire;
Riot mover—firebrand flinger,
Discord kindler—misery's sire.
Sinews robber—worth depriver,
Strength subduer—hideous foe;
Reason thwarter—fraud contriver,
Money waster—nation's wo.

Vile seducer—joy dispeller,
Peace disturber—blackguard guests;
Sloth implanter—liver sweller,
Brain distracter—hateful pest.

Utterance boggler—stench emitter,
Strong man sprawler—fatal drop;
Tumult raiser—venom spitter,
Wrath inspirer—coward's prop.

Pain inflicter—eyes inflamer,
Heart corrupter—folly's nurse;
Secret babbler—body maimer,
Thrift defeater—loathsome curse.

Wit destroyer—joy impairer
Scandal dealer—foulmouth'd scourge,
Senses blunter—youth ensnarer,
Crime inventor—ruin's verge.
Virtue blaster—base deceiver,
Rage displayer—sot's delight;
Noise exciter—stomach heaver,
Falsehood spreader—scorpions bite.

Quarrel plotter—rage discharger,
Giant conqueror—wasteful sway:
Chin carbuncler—tongue enlarger,
Malice venter—Death's broad way.

Tempest scatterer—window smasher,
Death forerunner—hell's dire brink;
Ravenous murderer—windpipe slasher,
Druckard's *lodging, meat* and *drink.*

THE TOPAZ.

"My master, lady, sends me here,"
"Hush, boy! I hear a footstep near."
"She comes not yet, for age is slow;
Was ever lady guarded so?"

"Then wear this jewel for his sake,
From thee all sadness it will take:
And let me say, the ring hath spanned
The finger of the fairest hand
In Andalusia's sunny land."

"I ought not—yet.—I'll wear the ring,
And he may 'neath my lattice sing,
Soon as the first pale star he sees
Rise o'er yon grove of orange trees;
For then my soul Duenna—(Fly)
I hear her tottering footstep nigh!
Will sleep at least an hour, I know.
Ah! was I won too soon?—go, go!
Was ever maiden guarded so?

(From the Philadelphia Saturday News.)

PEREGRINE SIMPKINS;

OR, THE PRIDE OF MUSCLE.

Superiority, either real or imagined, is a great source of pleasure in this mundane sphere. There are few who do not derive satisfaction from believing that, in some respect, they are more worthy than their neighbors—and self-love, if the truth were known, performs many curious operations to enable its possessor to enjoy the delight of thinking that there are points in which he is unsurpassed. Should his countenance be of the most unprepossessing cast, he gazes in the mirror until convinced that whatever is lost in beauty is gained in expression. Should he have a temper as rash and unreasonable as the whirlwind, it is to him but a proof of superior susceptibility, and of an energetic will; if then, he is satisfied that he possesses a free unincumbered spirit; and if nature has provided him with a superabundance of flesh, he comforts himself with the idea of an imposing aspect, and of being able, physically at last, to make figure in the world. The melancholy man, instead of charming his nervous system with treachery, or his stomach with disaffection finds a stream of sunshine in his gloom, from the impression that it is left to him alone to see reality divested of its deceptive hues—and smile sourly on the merry soul who bears it as if existence were a perpetual feast, and as if he were a butterfly upon an ever blooming prairie.

The pride of art likewise comes in as a branch of this scheme of universal comfort. The soldier and the politician rejoice in their superior skill in tactics and strategic—and even if foiled, charge the result upon circumstances beyond their control; while even the scavenger plumes himself upon the superior skill and accuracy with which he can execute the fancy work of sweeping round a post; but, none feel the pride of which we speak more strongly than those who are addicted to the practice of gymnastics. They have it in every muscle of their frames; their very coats are buttoned tight across the breast to express it; and it is exhibited on every possible occasion. In their dwellings, wo upon the tables and chairs—and they cannot see a pair of parallels or cross bars, without experimenting upon them. A case in point;—

PEREGRINE SIMPKINS

is a gymnic of the first water. His chief delight is in the display of his well-practised powers. His salutation is accompanied with a grasp of your hand, so vigorously given that you are painfully reminded of his affectionate disposition and the strength of his friendship for a week afterwards. And he sometimes awakens a friend from a day dream, by a slap on the shoulders which might be taken for the blow of a cannon ball. Mr. Simpkins is not only muscular and active, but he is also convivial to the highest degree, and sometimes, though rarely, to the lowest degree. There is, as we all know, but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous and there are moments in the life of a convivialist when the step is taken. Mr. Simpkins lately dined out, and at a late hour left the table with his companions, ballanced so nicely, by the aid of champaigne, upon the pinnacle of sublimity, that very little more would have sent him and them toppling from their height.

They attempted a serenado, but they were not in voice: and after trying a cotillion and a gallopade in front of the State House, which were not quite so well executed as might have been desired, they separated, each to his several home—if he could get there. Simpkins strolled making worm fences, until his eye happened to be greeted by the welcome sight of an awning post. He stopped and regarded it for a long time with critical gravity.

"This answers famously," said he. "Tom brags that he can beat me with his arms; but I don't believe it. Any how, his legs are no great shakes. There's no more muscle in them than there is in an unstarched shirt collar: and I don't believe, if he was to practise for ten years, he could hang by his toes, swing up and catch hold. No, that he couldn't: I'm the boy, and I'll exercise at it." It was however, much easier to resolve than to execute. Mr. Simpkins found it impossible to place himself in the requisite Antipodean posture.

"Why, what the duce is the matter? All the dinner and the liquor must have settled down in my toes. for my boots feel heavier than fifty-sixers. My feet are as drunk as the female pig that belongs to one David, while my head is as sober as a judge. They were corned before but now they're completely smashed.

A gentleman, in a situation somewhat resembling that in which simpkings stated his feet to be, now came up, and after observing the unsuccessful exertions of the gymnic, said—

'Hay, whiskers, what's the fun, any how?'

'Can you hang by your toes, stranger? Because, if you can, you'll beat Tom, in spite of his bragging.'

"I don't believe I can. The fact is, I always try to keep this side up, with care. I never could see the use of shaking a man up like a bottle of physic,—I can mix myself to my own taste without that."

"You've no taste for fine arts, whatever you may have for yourself. Gymnastics stir up the sugar of a man's constitution, and neutralize the acids. Without 'em he's no better than a bottle of pepper vinegar—nothing but sour punch."

"And with 'em, a little of the Judy.—I'll have neither hand or foot in banging to an awning post. If it was like the brewer's horse in Old Grimes and you could drink up all the beer by turning your head where your feet should be, perhaps I might talk to you about it."

"As I said before, you're a man of little or no gumption—a poor benighted individual; but if you'll bowse me up, I'll treat handsomely."

"Well said the stranger with a grin, "I don't care if I do. Take a grip now and look sharp."

Simpkins laid hold of the cross bar, and the stranger seizing his feet, endeavored to raise them up. There was a moment of desperate floundering, which was succeed by a moment of tumbling, quite as desperate. Both principal and assistant fell to the ground.

"Now we're mixed nicely," grunted Simpkins, as he scrambled about. "If any man gets more legs and arms than belong to him, they're mine. Hand over the odd ones, and let's have a complete set."

"This will never do," said Simpkins, after they had, by mutual assistance, regained their feet. 'It will never do in the world. You're so confoundedly awkward. Come have it again; one more and the last. The nearest get it."

"Young 'uns remarked a passing Charley "if you keep a cutting didoes, I must talk to you both like a Dutch uncle. Each of you must disperse; I cant allow no insurrection about the premises. If you ain't got no dead latch key, and the nigger won't set up, why i'll take you to the corporation free and easy, and lock you up till daylight, and we'll fetch a walk, after breakfast, to converse with his Honor on matters and things in general."

"Watchey, do you think you could hang by your toes to that post?"

"Poob! poopl! dont be redikalis.—When matters is solemn, treat 'em solemn.'

"Why, Watchey, I ain't rediditas—we're at work on science. I'm pretty well scienced myself, and I want to get more so."

"You're scienced with liquor—and instead of talking, you'd better tortle up street like a whitehead. Go home to sleep, like your crony—see how he shins it."

"I will if you'll tell me what's the use. In the first place, home's a fool to this—and as for sleeping, its neither useful nor ornamental."

"Do go, that's a good boy—I don't want to chaw you right up, but I must if you stay."

"I snore when I'me asleep—and when I I do, Tom puts his foot out of bed till its cold, and then claps it to my back. He calls it firing me off on the cold pressure principle.'

"What a cruel Tom! But why don't you keep your mouth shut? You should never wear it open when you're asleep."

"If I did, my dreams would get smothered. Besides, I like to look down my throat, to see what I'm thinking about."

"Dont quiz a corporation officer, young man. Some things is easy to put up with, and some things isn't easy to be put up with; and quizzing a dignitary is one of the last. If there is any thing I stands upon, it is dignity."

"Dignity made of pipe-stems, isn't it?"

"My legs is pretty legs. They ain't so expressive as some whats's made coarser and cheaper; but they're slim and genteel. But legs are neither here nor there. You must go home, sonny, or go with me."

"Well, as I'm rather select in my associations, and never did admire sleeping thicker than six in a bed at the outside, I'll go home, put a woolen stocking on Tom's foot, and take a pint of sleep; I never try more, for my constitution won't stand it. But to-morrow I'll swing by my toes, I promise you."

"Go, then. Less palaver, and more tortle."

"*Torielon nous*—good night; I'm off to my *lit.*"

The watch paused, looked grave until Simpkins turned the corner, and then relaxing his *dignitty*, laughed creakingly, like a rusty door.

"Hee! hee! hee!—that's a real fine feller. Hee's too good for his own good—tipsy every night, always funny, and never pays his debts. Hee! hee! a real gentleman! A real—past two o'clock and a cloudy morning!—sort of a gentleman, and encourages the Charley business like an Emperor, only I hav'nt got the heart to fetch him up.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—We remember a slip of the tongue made by a clergyman, who had formerly been a lawyer. He commenced prayer with '*May it please your honor!*

At the last Assizes, says an English paper Mr. Platt put the following question to a witness in the Nisi Prius Court.

Did'nt you come to Maidstone this morning, upon your oath?

Answer.—"No, I came on horseback."

RESSURRECTION MEN.—A large party of soldiers surprising some resurrection men in a church yard, the officer seizing one of them asked him what he had to say for himself.—"Say, Sir," replied the surgeon's provider, "why that we came here to raise a corpse and not a regiment."

THE REASON WHY.—Almost every thing consumed in a family, now commands exorbitant prices, except cream, of which, by the way, there is none. Inquiring of our milkman the reason of its scarcity, he satisfied our query by saying that 'Milk has ris so tarnal high that cream can't reach the top!'

A person reading in the Bible, came to this passsge; "I am that I am." It so happened that the words I AM were at the bottom of the page, and in turning over, he turned two leaves, so that at the top were the words AN ASS, which he pronounced in a clear voice.—However, finding his mistake, he turned back to the right place, and without revoking the two former words, with great emphasis cried out, THAT I AM.