DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1837. NO. 34

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 shuscription 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 Barney 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 actovo 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 another 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 advanae. 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 "Eox, 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.

From the New-Yorker.

THEY TELL ME SHE'S NO LONGER FAIR,

They tell me she's no longer fair,
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride—
But if her heart is is still the same,
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me—
More lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale
As is the twilight hour,
And that her eye has lost its fire,
Her glance its former power;
But if her soul is still as chaste
Still gentleness is there—
Then is her eye to me still bright,
Her cheek to me still fair.

For oh! 'tis in the shrined soul
Where beauty purely dwells,
Where virtue lives and truth exists
Like pearls in ocean shells.
Give me a feeling, faithful heart,
Perfections richest prize,
That is the temple of all love
Where beauty never dies.

Then say not she's no longer fair,
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride—
For if her heart is still the same
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me—
More lovely than before!

THE DAYS OF CREATION.

From the German of Krummacher,

All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay,
The Eternal spake Creation's word,
And called to being, Day.

Chor. It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angel's songs welcom'd
The new-born light.

God spake: the murmuring waters fled,
They left their deep repose,
Wide over arching heaven's blue vault
The firmament arose.

Chor. Now sparkles above
Heaven's glorious blue,
It sends to the earth
The light and the dew.

God spake: he bade the waves divide;
The earth uprears her head;
From hill, from rock, the gushing streams
In bubbling torrents spread.

Chor. The earth rested quiet,
And, poised in the air,
And heaven's blue bosom
Lay naked and bare.

God spake: the hills and plains put on
Their robe of freshest green;
Dark forest in the valleys wave,
And budding trees are seen.

Chor. The word of his breath
Clothes the forest with leaves,
The high gift of beauty
The spring-tide receives.

God spake: and on the new-dress'd earth
Soft smiled the glowing Sun,
Then full of joy he sprang aloft,
His heavenly course to run.

Chor. Loud shouted the stars
As they shone in the sky,
The Moon with mild aspect
Ascended on high.

God spake: the waters teem with life,
The tenants of the floods;
The many colour'd winged birds
Dart quickly thro' the woods.

Chor. High rushes the eagle
On fiery wings,
Low hid in the valley
The nightingale sings.

God spake: the lion, steer, and horse
Spring from the moisten'd clay,
While round the breast of mother earth
Bees hum, and lambkins play.

Chor. They give life to the mountain,
They swarm on the plain,
But their eyes fix'd on earth
Must for ever remain.

God spake: he look'd on earth and heaven
With mild and gracious eye:
In his own image man he made,
And gave him dignity.

Chor. He springs from the dust,
The Lord of the earth,
The chorus of heaven
Exult at his birth.

And now Creation's work was ended,
Man raised his head, he spoke:
The day of rest by God ordained,
The Sabbath morning broke,

THRILLING SKETCH.

A portal of the arena, opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was let in the surroundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hand of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face and bent a low and firm look around the amphitheatre. His countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eyes at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses?—Constantius stood before me.

All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man, to his noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn in piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like like a man of stone; pale, paralized—the beating of my pulse stopped—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told the blow had been driven home. The lion one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met with a second wound but his impulse was irresistable. A cry of natural horror rang through the amphitheatre. The struggle was for an instant life or death. They rolled over each other, the lion reared upon his hind feet, and with gnashing teeth and distended claws, plunged on the man; and again they rose together. Anxiety was at its widest height. The sword now swung around the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hands of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he hurled one mighty blow in the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled, and spouting blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now rose to save him; if he were not already dead. But the lion bleeding from every vein, was still so terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last, the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal, a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his claws; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail, he lifted up his mane, and bearded his fangs. But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand and growling round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the last assemblage was now extreme. Voices inumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the bare hearts of the populace, accustomed, as they were to the sacrifices of lives, were roused to honest curses.—The guards grasped their arms; and wanted but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the womans face, it was Salomel—I sprang to my feet. I called on her name, called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death to my arms to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantinus on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes on me.—She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her.

There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashing in her eyes—her cheeks burned; she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

'I am come to die she uttered in a lofty tone.—'This bleedy body was my husband. I have no father The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips, before her, 'yet,' my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour.—It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here has the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell into floods from her eyes. But, said she in a tone of wild despair; 'he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared ———!'

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced from the lips of my own child.—Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me, I tottered a few paces & fell. The lion roared and sprang upon me. I lay hopeless under him; I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose; I saw him rear as if struck, gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprung high into the air with a howl. The ampitheatre thundered with acclimations.

With Solomel clinging to his bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon; and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not to resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a single signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from inumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.'

The other day a $1 bill of the Sandusky Bank came into our possession, upon the back of which some wag of a specie currency man had written the following apostrophe:—

"Thou art, at best the ghost of cash,
The spirit of a specie dollar;
Thy paper fabric is but trash,
And thy promises are hollow!
Begone! I fear that thou art breaking,
Thou ill-conditioned, ragged elf!
Thy slight foundation may be shaken;
And now so clear thyself!"

We apprehend the latter injunction was superfluous. Such "ghosts" are easier laid than raised, in these iron times. You may call them from "the vast deep," but if they condescend to come at all—which is rarely the case with us—they are but transient visitants, and not at all of the come-again class of spirits that bothered Macbeth. However, the writer is a wit, a wag and a democrat, we venture to assert; and has hit the truth in the first of his stanza withal.—Ohio Eagle.

Vagueness of Color.—A native of the land of potatoes and bog, asked a neighbor if he had ever seen a RED blackberry?—"To be sure I have," said Pat, all blackberries are RED when they are green."

TREASON IN DISJOINTED RHYME.—The following lines by Arthur O'Connor, commonly called the Irish Patriot, who was tried in 1793, for treason and sedition, and convicted and punished, has we believe, never been published. They were adduced in evidence on his trial as indicative of his artful and seditious spirit; and it was explained that the key to their true meaning would be found by reading the 7th line after reading the 1st, the 8th after the 2d, and so on. They were sent to us by a descendant of O'Connor, resident at the Island of St. Helena.

1. The pomp of Courts and pride of Kings,
2. I prize above all earthly things;
3. I love my country, but the King;
4. Above all men his praise I sing.
5. The royal banners are displayed,
6. And may success the standard aid.
7. I fain would banish far from hence,
8. The rights of man and common sense.
9. Confusion to his odious reign.
10. That foe to Princes, Thomas Payne.
11. Defeat, and ruin, seize the cause
12. Of France, its Liberties and Laws.

Pleasures of a Printers life.—Entertaining, as we do, a strong aversion to the too prevalent practices of annoying the readers of a public journal with special excuses and petty apologies, on every deviation from strict regularity in supplying the current intelligence of the day, we have chosen, whenever it has been our misfortune to be thrown into such deviation, to let the matter pass over in silence, presuming that the generosity of the intelligent readers would lead them to make liberal allowances for such occurences, and they would be better satisfied than though we were to thrust upon them and weekly reiterate the little perplexities and private causes—which occasionall and unavoidably occur in every establishment and temporally embarrass the regularity of business.

There is scarcely any branch of business carried on, of which such strict regularity is required, and such undeviating promptitude looked for, as in the publication of a newspaper. Your tailor promises you a coat in a week, and if you get it in two, you are satisfied; your blacksmith agrees to do you a job tomorrow, if it is done in a week, you consider yourself lucky; your hemp-twister pledges his honor that within twenty-four hours he will supply you with sufficient rope wherewith to swing clear of a bank note and the lawyer's clutches, and if he neglects you a twelve month, you are just as well suited, having, in the interim, obviated the necessity for its use; your shoemaker promises—without fail, to furnish your boots in three days, and if a bootless probation of three weeks, you are fortunate enough to get shod; you thank God and the shoemaker, and are contented; the farmer agrees to deliver wood by Christmas, if he lets you go on freezing to death until New Year's before he makes his appearance, you joyfully pay him an exhorbitant price and wish him a *happy new Year*, to boot! And so in regard to every body else, but the *Printer;* for him there is no lenity asked; the elements may conspire against him he may be beset by

"Rattling storms with arrows barbe'd with fire;"

War, famine and pestilence, sickness and death, with their train of ghastly horrors—may hang brooding over him, old "*Cloven Clootie,*" with his seven worst and most ardent spirits, may enter into his workmen,—and cause them to "*run suddenly* down a steep pitch into" *Canada!* he may be unable with love or money, to procure sufficient help in the uttermost need, his paper maker may neglect to furnish the requisite supplies, he may have his newspaper form just ready for press, when in stumbles a sauntering booby and trumbles it into *pi*—☞his patrons may forget to pay him a farthing for years of toil and trouble and expense, and yet,—notwithstanding all this formidable array of horrors, treading like the furious plagues of Egypt, upon each others' heels in rapid succession the *Printer* is expected to go *regularly* forward, and to be *punctual* to the hour—in dispensing the news to his patrons, and in the fulfilment of every other engagement.—*Lockport Balance.*

Orthographic Analysis of 'Devil.'—A methodist at South Shields, one Sunday, after remarking on the appopriateness of the above cognomen to the person designated by it, added "The whole name is BAD; if we take away the first letter it is EVIL; take away another letter it is VILE; take away the next letter, it is ILL; and the last letter itself has the sound of HELL.

Cure for the Asthma.—A new and effectual cure for this disease has lately been tried by Dr. Carusi. Sixteen grains of sulphuret of potash, rubbed into a paste with honey, and divided into four portions, one of which was taken three times a day. On the administering of the last dose, the asthma entirely disappeared, and the cure was complete.