DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1838. NO. 16.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED AND PRINTED BY
WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

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

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

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

A CARD.

THE subscriber having sold out his store at the Cross Roads, and being anxious to close up his business in that line, as he designs commencing farming the next year, takes the liberty respectfully to inform those who are indebted to him, that they will do him a great favor by making settlement on or before the 1st day of September next. The subscriber owes money, which he is desirous of paying as soon as possible. He hopes therefore, that those who owe him, may make it convenient to adjust their accounts by the above day. Those who neglect this notice, must not complain, if they find their accounts in the hands of an officer.

The Public's Ob't. Serv't.
SAMUEL GRIFFIN.

July 2d 1838. 3w

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons, without distinction, who are indebted to the estate of Nathan Griffin late of Dorchester county deceased, are herer by notified to make payment to the subscribee *on or before the 4th day of June next* Such as neglect this notice cannot expect further indulgence, as I shall be compelled to put the claims against them in the shortest train of collection.

CALEB GRIFFIN, Exct'r. of
Nathan Griffin.

May 21 1838 3t

FRANCIS H. FOWINS,

CLOCK & WATCH MAKER,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity, that he still continues to carry on the above business in all its VARIOUS BRANCHES, at his old stand, nearly opposite Mr. James Straughn's store He warrants all work to be faithfully and expeditiously executed, and on as accommodating terms as can be done in the City or elsewhere

N. B. He will attend private houses in the Town or Country, to repair and clean clocks, if required.

June 4th, 1838 wtf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Wm. Jones, late of Dorchester County, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, in the Registers office, on or before the 23d day of August next as a Dividend will be struck on the said estate on that day.

BENTON H. HOBBS,
Adm'r. of William Jones.

July 30, 1838. 3w.

DORCHESTER COUNTY, To wit:

ON application to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, by George Sullivane of the said county, stating that he is in actual confinement for debts which he is unable to pay, and praying to be relieved therefrom agreeably to the acts of Assembly for the relief of insolvent debtors, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, so far as he can at present ascertain the same, being annexed to his petition, and the said George Sullivane being in actual confinement, and I being satisfied that the said George Sullivane has resided for two years last past in the State of Maryland, and he having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805, and given bond with sufficient security for his appearance before the Judges of Dorchester County Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said county, on the first Tuesday after the fourth Monday in October next, and at such other time or times as the said Court may direct, to answer the allegations of his creditors, and having complied with the requisitions of the act of December session, 1825 and the several supplements thereto, by executing a deed of all his property, real, personal or mixed, to John G. Abbott, appointed by me Trustee of the said George Sullivane, and the said Trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust, and certified in writing to me that he is in possession of all the estate of the said George Sullivane mentioned in his schedule—I DO THEREFORE ORDER AND DIRECT that the said George Sullivane be discharged from his imprisonment, and that he be and appear before the Judges of the Dorchester County Court on the day above mentioned; the same time is appointed for his creditors to attend and show cause, if any they have, why the said George Sullivane should not obtain the benefit of said Insolvent Laws—AND I DO FURTHER ORDER AND DIRECT that the said George give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this application to be inserted in a newspaper published in Cambridge, three months before the said day, and to be continued in such newspaper once a week for the space of three successive weeks, and also a like copy to be set up at the Court House door three months before said day.

Witness my hand, the 4th day of July, 1838. ARTHUR BELL.

True copy.
Test, E. RICHARDSON, Clk,

July 23 1838 3w

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS
OFFICE.

POETRY.

"Fair Ruler of the Visionary Hour,
Sweet Idol of the Passionate and Wild,
Enchantress of the Soul."

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—*Goldsmith.*

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones"—*Silversmith.*

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to skirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "what a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said 'Good lad,'
And gave me sixpence, 'all he had;'
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

THE STRANGER.

He came alone from his own bright land
O'er the ocean, ever heaving;
His cheek was pale and his eye was dim
With a spirit inly grieving.
What were his griefs? He told them not:
He was ever sad and lonely;
He seemed with the spirits of the past
To hold communion only.

At times he would talk of other days
In tones of thrilling sadness,
Of hopes, of joys, of better years,
While flashed the gleam of gladness;
'Twas but a flash—'twas like a beam
Of sunset brightly playing
Upon some tempest troubled stream
In gloom and darkness straying.

Day after day he grew more weak,
More pale, and sad, and weary;
He seemed like a flower drooping down
In a lone waste bleak and dreary;
He stood like one beside his grave
There tottering sad and lonely,
That had but one more step to give,—
But one more step—one only.

'Twas then within that fearful hour
There flashed a spirit brightly—
It was not one with a joyous heart
And a footstep bounding lightly,
But one that had his wanderings—
His loneliness—his feeling—
Whose presence was athwart his heart
Like spring o'er winter stealing.

He rose as 'twere, then from the dead
With health his cheek adorning,
Such as with joy the eye may view
When opes the rosy morning.
He loved, and at Love's holy shrine
Hope for a while was beaming,
Filling that lonely heart of his
With a bright and joyous dreaming.

Alas! that hope was but a gleam—
A tint of day declining—
A rainbow on the darken'd cloud—
A star a moment shining;
That vanished—left him nought but gloom—
That mock'd him when departed—
That crush'd his feelings—blighted all—
That left him broken hearted.

Slow, wearily the hour came
When the soul seems in darkness leaping;
In that dread abyss to we know not where—
In that sleep forever sleeping.
There stood no one by his lonely bed,
No friend of his youth was near him,
Ah no! not even one was there
In that parting hour to cheer him.

They little know in his native land
The cold sod is his pillow,
Where the long moss hangs from the evergreen,
Where droops the weeping willow.
They little know where he lies at rest
In that slumber broken never;
In vain they'll look for him—in vain!—
He sleeps with the dead forever.

JUSTUS.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

'Hold, D'Alvardo! thy zeal betrays thee. Why hurry on so fearlessly to certain death? Here in this lone solitude, where rumor with her thousand tongues is girt by nature's surest barriers, lets first mature our plan.'

'Sure thou'rt mad, Dierco. What need of consultation? Already while we speak the cavalier has won his prize. I've sworn to rescue her, and by the holy order of the Golden Fleece, whose badge I bear, his head shall pay the forfeit.

'Bold knight, know ye not that his trusty 'squires, well armed, attend him. Why rashly thus oppose thy single arm.'

'For woman's rights I've sworn to fight, and trusting in these well tried arms, and in the justice of my cause, I fear no danger.'

'But why so ardent in the cause of one thou dost not know. Perhaps she——'

'What matters that, she is a lady—'tis enough. Can time efface the memory of my sister? Had some brave knight espoused her cause as I do this she might yet be mine.'

'Ha! D'Alvardo, thou knewest but to mention her would stir a spirit that alike defies danger and death.'

This said they left the cavern, and mounting their steeds, wound their way around the base of one of the towering Pyrenees. The setting sun was gilding the highest tops of the trees upon the mountain, which waved their golden boughs in the gentle breeze, as if bidding it a short adieu, when they arrived at one of those numerous passes that line these barriers of nature.

'See here Dierco, this hiding place, here unperceived we may wait his approach, then, accursed villian, that veilest thy crimes with vows of chastity, then thou art mine.'

Scarcely had they dismounted and led their horses from the road side into the by path they had descried, when a figure was seen approaching, veiled in black, chaunting in solemn tone, his 'Gloria Patri.' As he advanced, his dress bespoke the holy order of St. Michael. D'Alvardo's eyes flashed fire as he saw it. It was Rodolph's order and might be him.

'Hold,' said Dierco, 'sheath thy sword, we are yet unperceived, he may serve our end, sit quiet here.'

This said, advancing, he addressed him.

'Holy Father, thy plaintive song breaths sweetly on the ear. Its tones bespeak holy communion with the risen saints.'

'Brave knight, what bold adventure has led you thus unseasonably into these rugged wilds. What lady fair, insulted, claims thy sworn protection.'

Dierco perceived the trembling voice and faltering accents with which he spoke, and thus cautiously replied.

'Father, I have other vows. The moon sheds down its mellow rays, and makes the grass beneath, a mirror of the trees above us. What place more sacred! Thy song, just ceased, was but an echo of the thousand voices that in these consecrated wilds retired, sing the 'great hymn.' The hour, the place itself is holy. Sworn champion of the church hither for a moment I had retired to cultivate religion.

'Knight of the 'Golden Fleece,' for such thine armor speaks thee, 'twere pleasant to commune with thee, but urgent duty calls me to the monastery, I must be gone'

'Hold, father; dost know one father Rudolph. His stay is here; I would speak with him.'

'Ha! Rudolph, I know him well; his holy zeal has led him hence. If business of importance urges, by hurrying on in yonder road you meet him ere the morning dawns.'

And turning rapidly round, he soon disappeared in the thickets. D'Alvardo had heard their conversation, and in the veiled father had recognized the faltering voice of Rudolph; he had drawn his sword but again returned it, and as Dierco was returning he heard him exclaim, 'Ha! Rudolph, I too shall know him well. I too shall meet him ere the morning dawns, his holy zeal I'll quench. Better had he chaunted more, he'll need them all to wipe away his base hypocrisy.'

'Hypocrisy, D'Alvardo, when justice is our aim, and known in our true characters we cannot obtain it, may be excused. My recent conduct proves it so, for Rudolph now returns full safe to execute his plan.'

'True, Dierco, and he was thus your dupe; he thinks, e'en now, you are bounding o'er yonder plain in search of Rudolph.'

Leaving them thus conversing, let us return to the monastery with Rudolph. He was one of those anomalies of nature which characterized the age in which he lived, when outward forms and senseless ceremonies were mistaken for true religion. When veiled with a holy order, men of the fircest passions fearlessly bathed their hands in blood. Love, hatred and revenge seemed striving in his heart for supremacy, where each alternate reigned. Many a lady fair enticed by his promises and his well feigned devotion, had fallen into his hands and become his victim. Others had been torn from the bosom of their friends and confined for years in dungeons, to force them to gratify his lust. And yet so deeply did he lay his plans, so adroitly did he execute them, so strictly did he observe all the forms and ceremonies of his order, that he had as yet been undiscovered and unsuspected. The time had now come when all his base designs were to be brought to light.—The youthful mind of Licio, his favoured 'squire, with whom he had entrusted his secrets, overawed by conscience, revolted from his course of crime. He had been an attendant on the object of Rudolph's present passions for years as she was confined in one of his deepest dungeons; he had been captivated by her beauty, her lovely tender look, her fortitude of mind even in despair, and when he was told by his lord that *she* too must be *forced* to his priory, his kinder feelings prompted him to prevent the execution of his base design He addressed a letter "To the bravest knight" briefly intimating the circumstances, and without prefixing his signature, exposed it in one of the most public passes. Fortunately it fell into the hands of D'Alvardo, who was indeed according to his oath "a good, brave, loyal, just, and gentle knight" As bound, he at once determined to rescue at every hazard Rudolph's intended victim. Such was his object when we introduced him conversing with his friend, Dierco. A few years since his dearly beloved sister had suddenly disappeared. They searched the mountain tops, the dales between, if perchance, wandering in search of flowers, or to inhale the fragrant mountain air, she had lost her way, but all in vain, no trace could be found. At length search was given o'er, and sorrowful and sad they returned to their lonely homes. What were Dierco's feelings? the only object of his hope, his life, his love; that day week she was to become his spouse!

As Rudolph returned to the monastry, from his *holy devotions*, he found all bustle and confusion, 'squires and pages running to and fro, in active preparation for a journey they knew not where or wherefore. When all was ready, Rudolph advanced slowly from the monastery, with a female figure leaning upon his arm, whose long and deeply seated sighs were ill concealed by the loose veil that covered her breast. Her trembling, tottering steps, her emaciated figure, struck with astonishment his attendants. They had not before seen her. What could be the object of this strange porcedure. Mingled in the crowd was one that felt, that knew alas! too much, 'twas Licio. More than once he resolved to unmask his master's crimes, but as often "resolution dropt out at his eyes in tender womanish tears." Perhaps that letter had fallen into the hands of some bold knight, if so he knew she was safe. The lady was soon seated on a noble steed beside her master, and the procession moved slowly on. Leaving them on their journey let us return to D'Alvardo and Dierco. They sat musing, each intent upon his own reflections, when Dierco thus broke the charm.

'D'Alvardo, dost thou remember that boding night, years since have passed, when anxious, prompted by affection's call, our little band bounded o'er these cliffs and wilds, stopping breathless, anon, at every sound, and echoing back from mount to mount, "Joanna! Joanna!" The moon was down and yet the stars seemed one and all vying to aid our search.'

'Aye well! Dierco. Of hope and fear what quick succession. As here and there I heard the cony nestling in the leaves, or the owl's shrill cry, I did mistake them for my sister's feeble step, her dying shriek calling for D'Alvardo's aid.'

'Ah! no more, D'Alvordo.—Memory! too wont to cherish scenes of misery and wo, and mingling with imagination her power, palms upon the mind her frntascies as real truths. Methinks I see her e'en now on the bended knee, raising the starved hands to heaven, resigning her sweet spirit to the "God who gave it." The vulture above, the wolves around, watching its ascent, to make sure their prey.'

'Or pining in some cursed monastery, (forgive me, Dierco,) guarded by men, whose savage cruelty would cause to blush the fiercest beast that basks in Afric's sun. Oh! could I but know that yet she lives, I'd rush with more than Sampson's might against thousands, to her rescue.'

'But not alone, D'Alvardo, were swords and spears so thick as to blind the sun, this valliant arm should mow them down as doth the sythe the grass. But hark! I hear advancing horses tread.'

'Tis well, he comes! he comes! 'tis fit to meet him now. Cursed villian! that tramplest thus on woman's rights, and takest advantage of her weakness. Would thou hadst a thousand lives that I might mete out justice to them all.'

This said, they hastily adjusted their armor, and mounting their steeds, advanced to the pass. As the procession neared, they rushed suddenly upon them.

'Ho! Rudolph! I know him well! Thou hypocrite, die!' any ere he could prepare himself for defence, D'Alvarado's sword had pierced him to the heart. 'Now, Dierco, to the rescue!'

A wild shriek rent the air, and he caught the lady in his armes.

'Dierco! Dierco!'

'It is! it is Joanna!'

'Ha! my dear! my long lost sister,' and D'Alvardo was by her side. She raised her fainting eyes, and as they fell upon her brother again she swooned. Meanwhile the astonished attendants rushed to avenge their master, when Licio turning bade them desist, explaining in few words his crimes and the justice of his death. After Joanna had sufficiently recovered, D'Alvardo, turning to the attendants, thus addressed them:—

'Thank Heaven! the world is rid of such a monster. It were but just that, Prometheus like, his heart so black with horrid crimes, should be for ages the vulture's food. Were any privy to his deeds?"

'None, save Licio; brave knight, with that same sword, still warm with blood most foul, rid me of life. 'Tis pleasant now to die.'

'And you the author of that letter?'

'Aye.'

'Then live, for though thy hands were stiff with blood, the waters of repentence may wash them clean. Come thou with us, and you his other attendants, take this foul lump of flesh back to the monastery, not sad but joyous;' and turning to Dierco and his sister, 'let us make all despatch.'

Joanna was seated upon her steed between her lover and her brother, and Licio in the rear, and the happy group hastened to return to her afflicted parents, their long lost Joanna!'

W. W. W*****x.

From the New York Times.

FRIGHTFUL AFFAIR.—Last evening about dusk, as the brigades were returning from Harlem to this city along the third avenue, the third regiment being in advance, they were met by a cartman named Michael Healey, half drunk, driving a very spirited horse in a cart; when first seen, at a gentle pace. When however, with a few rods of the troops, he took one of the "rungs" out of the cart and lashed the horse so violently that the animal maddened with pain rushed into the midst of the 8d regiment, through the whole line, knocking down some forty or fifty men, more or less, bruising and wounding a majority of them. On went the horse and cart, Healey holding the reins, and as it is said maliciously guiding it through the midst of the troops.—After dashing through the third regiment they next came on to the ninth, where more men were knocked down and bruised. One of the dragoons was knocked off his horse, and received so bad a hurt that it is thought his life is in danger. By this time the excitement was tremendous, overwhelming, amounting to madness—all subordination was at an end.—Vain was it for the officers to call upon the men to maintain their discipline—they rushed upon the miserable cartman in such confusion and so completely o'er mastered by passion, that they cut and thrust at each other, whereby several of them were severely injured. It was reported that two men were thus killed and many others dangerously wounded. At this time Charles H. Hale, at the risk of his life, rushed in the midst of this frightful melee and rescued the cartman with scarcely a spark of life remaining, he having been cut and slashed most horribly. Officers Rose and Jones happened to be on the spot, the poor wretch was given into their custody, and by them conveyed to the upper police, where his wounds were immediately dressed. He received one sabre wound on the head that is considered dangerous. By the last accounts, however, he was still alive.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMER'S WORK FOR OCTOBER.

This is a month, as every good farmer knows, in which all our energies should be put forth, for besides saving that which we have already made, much must be done to lay the ground work of next year's crop; and with a view of bringing its appropriate labors to the notice of our readers, we will endeavor briefly to detail them.

Fall ploughing.—As opportunity presents itself, all stiff clayed grounds intended for spring culture, should be ploughed up this and the ensuing month. By ploughing 7 inches deep and taking furrows 9 inches wide, the furrows will be laid at angles of about 45 degrees, the best possible position at which ground can be laid to receive the greatest amount of benefit from the fertilizing effects of winter frosts and snows. Grounds thus treated are always infinitely better suited to the purposes of spring culture than if left untouched. But besides the advantages arising from the mellowing effects of weather, much less work will have to be done in the spring when time is valuable.

Gathering of Corn.—If your corn is sufficiently hardened, it should be got in the latter end of this month; by so doing you save much from the ravages of crows and those animals that prey upon the corn fields, and in addition to this you are enabled to turn your stock into your cornfields at a time before vegetation is destroyed, and thus by the time winter comes on they are put in good condition to enter upon the rigors of that inclement and pinching season of the year, a thing that every husbandman should have an eye to; for if at the commencement of the foddering season they be in good plight, the probability of their going well through that critical and trying period will be infinitely greater.

Gathering and curing Fodder and Tops.—No time should be lost in gathering your blades and tops, and recollect that as soon as they are dry they should be brought in from the field and placed out of the weather. By protecting them from rain you add greatly to their intrinsic value as provender, besides rendering them much more palatable to your stock of all kinds.

Gathering and preserving Potatoes.—As soon as your potatoes are fit for digging, take them up and be sure to put them away with as little exposure to the sun as possible, and care should be taken to bruise them as little as possible.

Turnips.—By stirring the earth around your turnips early this month, you will add much too their growth and increase their produce.

Beets, Parsnips and Carrots.—These roots should all be taken up and put away this month.

Pumpkins.—As your pumpkins ripen, gather them and put them away in a dry warm room It is important that they be housed before being exposed to the frost of the field.

Wheat and Rye.—Those who have not sown their wheat and rye should get it in as early as possible; but no one should think of sowing either without first steeping the seed in strong *brine* or *ley*, and rolling it in lime or ashes.

Hogs.—As soon as the range in which your hogs may be running ceases to be a *pasture*, put them up, and if you design commencing your feeding with *pumpkins*, boil them, as by so doing you not only render them more nutritious by concentrating the saccharine matter, but by destroying the vegetable acid you deprive them of the power of scouring your hogs, a thing always to be avoided if possible. Once a week while your hogs are fattening, throw either rotten wood or charcoal into them Either will correct the acidity upon their stomachs, and keep them to their appetites.

Corn Husks and Shuchs.—These should be stacked away with alternate layers of hay and staw, and be well sprinkled with salt. By taking this precauton you will find that their value as winter food will be greatly enhanced and that your cattle will eat them as readily as they do their hay, and if they be not so nutritious, they will be found to be good, strong, substantial winter food

Cabbages.—Towards the latter end of this month put away your cabbages; be sure to do it before the frost injuries them, and they will keep much better.—*Farmer and Gardner.*