Littleton F. Tazewell

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1838. NO. 18.

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

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.

CATTLE SHOW
POSTPONED.

AT a meeting of the Trustees of the Md Agricultural Society for the E. S held on the 23d ult. it was unanimously. Resolved—That in consequence of the failure of the corn and root crops and the deplorible condition to which the stock have been reduced by the unprecedented drought which has prevailed throughout the country it is expedient to postpone the Cattle Show for twelve months and that it be held on or about the 1st of November 1839.

By order
T TILGHMAN, Sec'ry.

September 4, 1818.

Papers friendly to Agriculture are requestted to copy the above.

TO RENT.

FOR the ensuing year, the Dwelling House, with the garden attached thereto, at present in the tenure of Mr Ann Sullivane—Also that elegant Store Room, formerly occupied by Messrs. Reed and Pattison. For particulars apply to the Subscriber

JAMES PATTISON.
Unity Hill;
near Cambridge.

July 23 1838 3w

JAMES A. STEWART, Esq. Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Dorchester County, Md is my LEGAL Agent, for the sale of patents for my Patent Horse-power Mills, in the State of Maryland.

WM. J. McGEHEE.

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

To Rent,

FOR the ensuing year, that large and commodious Dwelling, with a lot and garden attached, at present in the occupancy of Solomon Robinson Esq Also, a house at present occupied by Mrs Hopkins, and one by Edmund Car This property is all pleasantly situated in the town of Cambridge. For particulars apply to

LEWIS ROSS
near Cambridge

July 30, 1838 3w*

POETRY.

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

From the Missouri Argus.

WE'VE RODE THEM ON A RAIL.

The sixth of August, '38
Shall be remembered in this State,
As the proud day when th' would be great
Were ridden on a rail.

In old St. Louis town 'tis true,
They rode us for a day or two,
And loud they cried "Oh, see how you
Are ridden on a rail

They ran about the streets at night,
A shouting out with all their might,
"See how we've fought the three day's fight,
And rode them on a rail."

They stopped before the Argus then,
And very much like 'decent' men
They groaned and yelled & groaned again—
Wasn't anticipation's pain?

They went to see a candidate
Who'd travelled over all the State,
And to the crowd he did relate
A very wonderous tale.

"My friends," said he, "I've just got back
From travelling o'er the Congress track,
And if at judging I've a nack,
We've rode them on a rail."

(When Beverly had spoken thus,
The whiggies made a mighty fuss,
And loud they cried "huzza for us!
We've rode them on a rail.")

"John Wilson will elected be,
But modesty won't suffer me
To say the same of Beverly—
I think I cannot fail."

"Huzza, huzza!" the whiggies cried,
"We'll have the candles all supplied,
The news shall go out far and wide,
We've rode them on a rail!"

Some time that night they went to sleep,
Next morning they awoke to weep,
For Cole come down with mighty sweep,
And pulled us off the rail!

And then the whiggies took our place,
Six inches added to each face,
And now they rode the dying race,
"A sitting on a rail."

And ever since they've ridden on,
'Till almost out of sight they've gone—
Poor fellows! they are surely born
To ride upon a rail.

For forty years they've ridden it,
Until for nothing else the're fit,
And forty more shall see them sit
All snug upon a rail

They say the President would blight
Our freedom if he had the might;
He will go take from them the right
Of riding on a rail.

"'Tis theirs by birth"—they're welcome to't
And all the joy it gives to boot;
I'm sure I won't their right dispute—
God bless 'em, let 'em ride!

Sir Whiggies, always bear in mind
What you will always surely find,
Though to dispute it you're inclined—
St. Louis ain't the State.

From the Globe.

THE POLLS ARE CLOSING.

AIR—"*The Campbells are coming.*"

The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!
The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!
The polls are closing,
The whigs have been losing,
The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!

The South has sent us a noble host
To the 'good old cause' of which we boast;
The East and the West to the Feds are lost
And the *demon of whig'ry* must yield the host
The polls are closing, &c.

The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!
The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!
The polls are closing,
The Feds have been losing,
The polls are closing, O ho! O ho!

Away down east in the State of Maine,
The veil of delusion was rent in twain,
And light has dispelled the mists again
Which ever attend the Federal train,
The polls are closing, &c.

And nearer home, O ho! O ho!
In 'Maryland State,' O ho! O ho!
The polls are closing,
The enemy's losing
Its grasp on her patriot sons, O ho!

For every mail glad tidings brings
Of victory perched on Freedom's wings;
Tho' arm'd with '*Steele*,' we with our GRASSON
Rout, vanquish and conquer each Fed Antimason,
For the fates have decreed it, O ho O ho!
The people have willed it, O ho! oh!
Republicanism
Opposed to all schism,
Aye, this is our motto, hurrah! hurrah!

In the coming elections, O ho! O ho!
In the coming elections, O ho! O ho!
The *Empire and Keystone*
We'll claim as our own
By a majority triumphant, O ho! O ho!

Our cause it is just let none dare dispute,
The Farmer, Mechanic, 'twill equally suit;
The poor with the rich it ever will shield,
Its influence benign all classes must feel.
The polls are closing, &c

The elections to come this fall, this fall!
The elections to come this fall, this fall!
Will tell to the nation
There's no salvation
Reserved for the Feds at all! all!

For the panic is over and commerce revives,
The lakes *not a waste*, (as predicted of yore;)
On our altars yet burn those pure vestal fires
Made sacred by Heroes' and Patriots gore.
Then hie to the polls, to a man! to a man!
Let each do for the cause what he can!
what he can!
The world will applaud us,
Our consciences laud us
And show us supporters of Liberty's clan.
Then hie to the polls, &c.

From the Wisconsin Free Press.

Our town was enlivened a few days ago by the presence of *young Whirling Thunder, Yellow Thunder, and Caramee.* Winebago Chiefs, from the Upper Wisconsin, and, several of their braves, who had come to visit Governor Dodge, and consult with him in relation to the payment of their annuity for the present year at the Painted Rock, near the Prairie du Chein, within the country to which they have stipulated, in the late treaty, to remove before next spring.

The Young Whirling Thunder, (usually known as *the Dandy*) addressed the Governor for several hours in a strain of much force and eloquence, in which he gave vent to the great satisfaction which existed among the sevesal bands of Indians whom he and his associate chiefs represented, in relation to the treaty concluded last fall with the United States, by the deputation of their nation which visited Washington. He said that the treaty had not been regularly made; that none of his people were favorable to it, and that the small piece of country which the Great Spirit had given them to live upon, they did not wish to part with. That his people could not go down to the Painted Rock for the payment of their annuity; that their old men, women, and young children could not travel so far; that the gardens which their squaws had made would be destroyed by the birds in their absence, and that they wished their proportion of the goods, money, and horses to be paid to them at Fort Winnebago, as formerly.

The Governor replied, by explaining to them the 5th article of the late treaty, which makes void so much of the stipulation in existing treaties with their nation, as requires services to be performed, supplies furnished, or payments made, at designated times and places, and stipulates that these shall be carried into effect at such times, and at such points in the country to which they are about to remove, as the President may direct. He further stated that he was desirous to aid and befriend them as far as was in his power, but that neither their great Father (the President) nor himself, nor their agent, possessed any authority to change the place of payment. That the article read and explained to them was a part of a solemn covenant between the United States and their nation; that it was signed by all of the deputation which visited Washington, had been ratified by the Great Council of the United States, and approved of by their Great Father. That, if they would consent to go down to Prairie du Chien, with the interpreter and attendant, M. Clark he would see justice done to them, and that their full proportion of the annuity should be paid to them, but that he had not the authority to direct any part of it to be distributed to them at the Portage, as formerly.

To which the Dandy responded, that he understood the treaty very well, and that the Governor spoke aright, but that their chiefs and people had resolved, if the distribution was not made at the Portage they would do without it; that they would starve rather than go down to receive their proportion. The Dandy disclaimed also than any white persons had advised them to this course, but that it was the determination of their own people in several councils recently held.

The Dandy is said to be the finest speaker of the Winebago nation, and judging from the force of manner exhibited on this occasion, much of the orator is apparent about him.—The commonly received opinion, however, that the Indians speak only the language of poetry is rediculous, and derives its origin, not from their extemporaneous effusions, but from a few studied efforts in speeches delivered in councils Their gestures are usually energetic, though their conversation is for the most part extremely flat and common place. The exordium of the speaker on the present occasion was admirable:

"Father, the sky is very clear, and the Great Spirit can hear my words—it is his pleasure that we have come together this day. The Indians you see before you are called Winebagoes—you know them very well—they have dark red skins. Father, they have but one heart and one tongue, not two."

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps admire his work of the previous evening

Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin: but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

'Ah, what is the matter?' said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master

'Look, Senor Murillo, look!' exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez

'Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?' asked Murillo eagerly 'Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be master of us all—Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what a delicacy! what a skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?'

'No, senor,' replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

'Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?'

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez. 'It could not however, come here without hands' said Murillo, impatiently.

'This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen,' observed Murillo but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian,' he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy, about fourteen years, who appeared at his call, 'did I not desire you to sleep here every night?'

'Yes, master,' said the boy with timidity.

'And have you done so?'

'Yes master.'

'Speak, then, who was here last night and this morning before the students came?—Speak, slave, or I'll make you acquainted with my dungeon,' said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to 'wist the band of his trowsers without replying.

'Ah, you don't choose to answer,' said Murillo pulling his ear.'

'No one, master, no one,' replied the trembling Sebastian, with eagerness

'That is false,' exclaimed Murillo.

'No one but me, I swear to you, Master,' cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees, in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

'Listen to me,' pursued Murillo 'I wish to know who has sketched this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty five strokes from the lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colors; and you gentlemen to work.'

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which, during the day, so cheerful and animated, was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight leant against an easel. 'Twenty five lashes to morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!' and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat, which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at day break, it was only three o'clock; and the other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so with Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

'Courage, courage, Sebastian,' he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; 'three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced,' and seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

'Efface this!' he exclaimed, 'efface this!—No, I will die first Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creature of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. 'Another touch,' he exclaimed, 'a soft shade here—now the mouth Yes there' it opens! those eyes, they pierce me through! what a forehead!—what delicacy! Oh my beautiful—' and Sebastian forgot the hour—forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreadful punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once dreamed of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed, for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo, having, with the gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly refrain themselves from given way to the admiration, approached Sebastian and concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from tha beautiful head of the virgin to the terified slave, who stood like a statue before him.

'Who is your master, Sebastian'?

'You,' replied the boy in a voice scarcely audible.

'I mean your drawing master,' said Murillo.

'You, Senor,' again replied the trembling slave.

'It cannot be. I never gave you lessons,' said the astonished painter.

'But you gave them to others, and I listened to them,' rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

'And you have done better than listen; you have profitted by them,' exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration.—"Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?'

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word rewards gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

'A reward, Senor,' cried the pupils in a breath.

'That is well; but what shall it be?'

Sebastian began to breathe.

'Ten Ducats, at least,' said Mendez.

'Fifteen,' cried Ferdinand.

'No,' said Gonzilo, 'a beautiful new dress for the next holiday.'

'Speak, Senbastian,' said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, 'are these things not to your taste?—Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then, do not be afraid.'

'Oh, master, if I dared,' and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half opened lips of the boy, and his sparkling eyes, some devouring thought within, which timid it prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favour for him to demand.

'Come, take courage,' said Murillo, gaily.

'The master is so kind to-day,' said Ferdinand, half aloud, 'I would risk something; ask your freedom, Sebastian.'

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs. 'The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!'

'And thine also,' said Murillo, who no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

'Your pencil,' he continued, 'shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter.'

'Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville, the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also at St. Anne, admirably done, a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit

From the Knickerbocker.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a beautiful valley, which had long since been redeemed from the rude hand of nature and over which the art of man had spread the blessings of civilization, a noble mansion reared its walls. In the midst of a spacious plain it stood, and peace and plenty were there.

This good blessing was inhabited by a dame called Virtue, who not only maintained order and discipline within its walls, but over the whole valley shed the influence of her wise laws and sober regulations. Virtue was a comely matron, and pleasant to look upon, when she wore a smile upon her brow, and walked abroad through peaceful scenes, to the natural beauty of which her prudence had added an air of sweet security. The majesty of a queen sat upon her brow, and the purity of an angel; and there was at times something so winning in her tranquil smile, that an unfortunate wretch who had often looked on her from a distance with a wishful eye, ventured one evening to sppproach under the shadow of twilight, and implore her protection.

The supplicant was one of those erring daughters of humanity for whom Vice, the great arch enemy of Virtue, had set his snare, and not in vain. Poor fool!—she had unwarily entered his enticing pats, and becoming sorely entangled, had made a desperate effort to retrace her steps; but not unscathed did she escape; she had lost her fairest ornaments, and many a thorn had pierced her feet and rent her garments. Thus blemished and bent with shame, she appeared before Virtue, and humbly asked permission to tread the same road, and follow a distance on her chast footsteps.

Scarcely had this dejected form presented itself when a sudden change came over the face of Virtue. As though a wintry wind had swept over her, she stood chilled and ridged, and scarcely opening her lips, motioned sternly with her raised arm to the sinner to depart. But not so with this child of error to be jaunted.—Still lingering near the sweet abode of Virtue, he haunted her steps, and hung upon her robe, and entreated beseechingly to be allowed once more to wend her way in silent obscurity through those paths of peace. Until observing ever that she repulsed with scorn and abhorrence, she stepped aside, and fell once more into the snare of Vice, where fearful ills beset her, and evil fellowship corrupted. The blenishments of Pleasure and Wantonness, those thoughtless statellites of Vice, give transient relief from the anguish of remorse, and with companions like unto these she revelled a while, forgetful of the charms of Innocence, and indignant at the frowns of Virtue; for a change had passed over her soul, from the moment she was cast off degraded, from her last interview with that prudent and dignified lady. They never met again, except by chance, when, sad weary, this wretched wanderer made a last feeble effort to regain her footing within the outskirts of Virtue's beautiful domain. Well might she struggle, for a yawning abyss was near, and many a fatal warning told her that her backward steps were sliding thitherward. But it was now too late to shake off the evil companion that dragged her downward, and hindered her forever more from passing unnoticed into the humble path of duty. Wantonness idled near, and Levtiy hung about her like a gaudy creeper round a sickly stem.

A crimson flush rested on the chaste brow of Virtue, and indignation sparkled in her eyes, when she accidently encountered the hardened gaze, and loose, disordered air, of the unfortunate: and turning to her friends Modesty and Propriety, cried in tones that sounded like knells of death, in the ears of the guilty: "Aid me, my maidens, in chasing this abandoned creature from our own pure and unsullied walks!

She had scarcely spoken when her wish was accomplished, and Vice seizing on his victim, hurled her into the abyss of infamy, where through senes of unspeakable pollution, she trod her way to everlasting sorrow.

Where were those lovely sisters, the fair attendants on Virtue, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whose sweet voices might have counselled the stern dame to listen to the pleadings of Mercy, and stretch forth a redeeming hand to the erring one before it was too late to save her from the dreadful doom of the wicked? Faith was at church; Hope dwells too much on the future, to grant assistance in present difficulty; and as for Charity—she was at home.

From the Baltimore Sun.

STATE vs. WILLIAM STEWART.

George N. Richardson, Esq, State's Attorney, opened the case by an address, in which he stated that it was not his intention at the present stage of the proceedings, to make any remarks as to the character of the crime for which they were about to try the prisoner; he would merely recapitulate in as brief a manner as possible, the facts upon which the State relied to substantiate the charge, leaving to a subsequent stage, such argument and conclusions as would be drawn from such facts. It is notorious, he continued, that on the morning of the 22d of June, there was discovered within the limits of the city, and on its outskirts, the body of an individual, who was murdered, and the remains of what was the body of that individual, gave evident tokens of being not only cruelly, but, if he might be allowed the expression, butcherously murdered. The body was so mangled that those most intimate with the deceased, could not recognize the features—so mangled that any one looking on it, must have been convinced that it had been hacked and mangled to prevent recognition. Any one of the wounds inflicted was sufficient to produce the death designed by the murderer. A pistol shot passed through the ear and lodged in the spine of the neck—this by testimony would be shown to be a fatal wound.—After that, various others were inflicted by a hatchet. One was across the eyes, almost severing the head, and evidently intended to obliterate the expression of the eyes—not satisfied with that, the assassin inflicted another extending from one side of the cheek to the other, and this, and another on the other side of the cheek, were doubtless inflicted to obliterate the features, so that the deceased could not be recognized. These wounds were not