within the limits of
their discretion, they
to the Governor and
, to enable the Execu-
perintendant, under the
or the preservation and
of the United States
its of the State of Ma-

RENT,

SUING YEAR, the
street, two doors above
ern, formerly occupied
or terms, apply to the
June 6

er County,

WIT:
me, the subscriber, one
of the Orphans' Court
, by Thomas D. Keene,
Newton Hurley, of the
that they are in confine-
they are unable to pay,
lieved therefrom, agree-
assembly for the relief of
schedule of their pro-
eir debtors and creditors,
ey can at present ascer-
g annexed to their peti-
Thomas D. Keene, Nut-
ton Hurley being in ac-
d I being satisfied that
D. Keene, Nutter Gordy
y have resided for two
the State of Maryland,
ken the oath prescribed
5, and given bond with
r their appearance before
hester County Court, to
ge, on the first Tuesday
onday in October next,
ime or times as the said
o answer the allegations
nd having complied with
he act of December ses-
he several supplements
g deeds of all their pro-
l or mixed, to Charles
y and Stephen Hurley,
rustees to the said Tho-
tter Gordy and Newton
d Trustees having given
ed security for the per-
st, and certified in wri-
are in possession of all
said Thomas D. Keene,
Newton Hurley mention-
es—I do, therefore, order
said Thomas D. Keene,
Newton Hurley be dis-
imprisonment, and that
r before the Judges of
Orphans' Court, on the
d; the same time is ap-
creditors to attend, and
they have, why the said
Nutter Gordy and New-
not obtain the benefit of
Laws: And I do further
at the said Thomas D.
dy and Newton Hurley
r creditors by causing a
tion to be inserted in the
ed in Cambridge, three
said day, and to be con-
wspaper once a week for
eks, and also a like copy
Court House door, three
aid day.
d, the 24th day of June,
ARTHUR BELL.

RYLAND:
nty Orphans' Court, } July 13, 1835.
f Henry J. Sulivane, Ad-
H. Sulivane, *late of Dor-*
d., It is ordered *that he give*
by law for all creditors
claims against the said
nd that he cause the same
ce in each week, for the
essive weeks, in the Cam-
he paper selected by him.
t the foregoing is truly co-
utes of the proceedings of
ster county Orphans' court,
hereunto set my name, and
l of my office affixed, this
ay of July, in the year
. W. ECCLESTON,
ills for Dorchester county.
ith the above order, This is
t the subscriber, of Dor-
th obtained from the Or-
aid county, in Maryland,
ation on the personal estate
ulivane, late of Dorches-
sed. All persons having
said deceased, are hereby
the same, with the proper
to the subscriber, on or
f January next; they may
be excluded from all ben-
estate. Given under my
y of July, 1835.
NRY J. SULIVANE,
Joseph H. Sulivane, dec'd.
debted to the above estate
ake immediate payment to
.

ARYLAND:
unty Orphans' Court, } July 13, 1835.
of Thomas B. Travers, *Ad-*
Arthur John Travers, *late*
unty, deceased, IT IS OR-
give the notice required by
ditors to exhibit their claims
deceased's estate, and that
to be published once in each
ce of three successive weeks,
ge Chronicle, the paper se-
that the foregoing is truly
minutes of the proceedings of
ster county Orphans' court,
hereunto set my name, and
of my office affixed, this
y, in the year of our Lord,
M. W. ECCLESTON,
Wills for Dorchester county.
with the above order, This
that the subscriber, of Dor-
ath obtained from the Or-
Dorchester county, in Mary-
dministration on the person-
r John Travers, late of said
. All persons having claims
deceased, are hereby warned
me, with the proper vouchers
subscriber, on or before the
uary next; they may other-
excluded from all benefit of
Given under my hand, this
, 1835.
OMAS B. TRAVERS,
Arthur John Travers, dec'd.
w
d to the above estate are re-
immediate payment.

$150 REWARD.

RANAWAY, on Saturday, the 18th ultimo, a negro man named

JACK,

about thirty years old, of dark color, and has large grey or whitish eyes, with much hair or wool on the breast. He is about five feet three or four inches high, stout made, and walks rather with a dodge. He took away with him a new suit of blue striped kersey, one striped cotton kersey, black and white, one brown frock coat with pearl buttons, boots, shoes, a fur hat, and a quantity of other clothing not recollected. If the above Jack is taken in the county, thirty dollars will be given; one hundred dollars if taken out of the county; and one hundred and fifty dollars if out of the State, so that, in either case, I get him again.

JOSEPH LECOMPTE.
Near Cambridge, Dor. Co., Md., May 2, 1835.

DISSOLUTION.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of J. & R. VALLIANT is this day dissolved by mutual consent They have taken a counting room in the store of Mr. Wm. F. Roderstun, No. 6 Light street wharf, for the purpose of making a final close of their business in Baltimore, where one of the late firm (or Robert Valliant, their clerk, who is equally authorized,) may always be found to receive any money that may be offered, or attend to any other matter connected with their business. We need not remind our friends, as all must be aware, that, to make a speedy settlement with our creditors, they must make to us prompt payments, as the former depends exclusively upon the latter, and as we do not wish to remain longer in Baltimore than the last of this month to close our business heres We shall regard it as a special favor if our friends will make us as large payments as they can in all this month.

JOHN VALLIANT,
RIGBY VALLIANT,
Baltimore, Aug. 4 [16 tf]

New Arrangement.

AS will be seen by the annexed letter from the General Post Office, the Southern and Western Mails will hereafter be brought hither by the Steam-Boat Maryland. They will arrive here on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, P. M.; and leave every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock. Persons, therefore, intending to send letters, are requested to have the same deposited in the Post Office on the evening before the departure of the mails by which they would have them forwarded.

SAML. LECOMPTE, P. M.
Cambridge, June 21, 1834.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
NORTHERN DIVISION,
June 9th, 1834.

SIR:—Arrangements have been made with the President and Directors of the Steam-Boat Maryland to convey the mail, as follows:—

Leave Baltimore Tuesday and Friday at 7, A. M.
Arrive at Annapolis same day, by 10½ "
and at Cambridge and Easton, by 7, P. M.
Return to Baltimore (touching at Annapolis) Wednesday and Saturday, 6 "
Leave Baltimore Sunday at 8, A. M.
Arrive at Annapolis by 11½ "
and return to Baltimore by 7, P. M.

From 1st October To 1st Oct.:
Leave Baltimore Monday, at 7, A. M.
Arrive at Centreville by 1, P. M.
and Chestertown by 8 "
Return to Baltimore, via Centreville, by 7 "

During the session. From 1st October:
Leave Baltimore every Sunday at 8, A. M.
Arrive at Annapolis by 12, M.
at Centreville by 4, P. M.
and at Chestertown by 6, "
Return by same route on Monday, and arrive by 6, "
till the meeting of the Maryland Legislature.

During the session:
Leave Baltimore Monday, Tuesday and Friday, at 7, A. M.
Arrive at Annapolis same day, by 10½, "
Return to Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, by 6, P. M.

Respectfully,
Your obt. serv't.,
S. R. HOBBIE,
Asst. P. M. G.
Saml. Lecompte, Esq., P. M.,
Cambridge, Dorchester co., Md.

Cash for Negroes,

INCLUDING both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of, will find it to their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash, than any other purchaser who is now in this market or may come in.

OVERLEY & SANDERS.
Princess Anne, June 20 tf

☞ All communications addressed to us, at Princess-Anne, or Mr. Alex. S. Jones, Easton, our agent, will be punctually attended to.

A CARD.

A. WOOLFOLK wishes to inform the owners of Negroes in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, that he *is not dead*, as has been artfully represented by his opponents, but that he still lives, to give them CASH and the HIGHEST PRICES for their

NEGROES.

Persons having negroes to dispose of, will please give him a chance, by addressing him at Baltimore, where immediate attention will be paid to their wishes.
Oct. 6, 1832.

WE are authorised to announce the Hon. JOHN N. STEELE, as a candidate for re-election to represent Dorchester, Somerset and Worcester counties in the next Congress of the United States.
April 11

WE are authorised to announce HENRY COOK, Esq., as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of this county
Sept 13

Mr. Callahan:—JAMES A. WADDELL Esq., has consented to become a candidate for the next Sheriffalty, and will be strongly supported by many voters in
DORCHESTER COUNTY.
Oct. 12, 1833

DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1835. NO. 6.

DORCHESTER AURORA,
EDITED BY
RICHARD PATTISON OF WM.
JOHN T. JACKSON, PRINTER.

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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.

POETRY.

THE DYING AMERICAN TAR.

His couch was his shroud, in his hammock he died,
The shot of the foeman was true;
The red current flow'd, and faintly he sigh'd,
"Adieu, my brave shipmates adieu.

"Away to your stations, it ne'er must be said,
Your banners you furl'd to a foe;
Let those stars ever shine at your mainmast head,
And the path way to victory show."

"Remember the accents of Lawrence the brave,
Ere the spirit hath fled to its rest,
'Don't give up the ship.'—Let her sink 'neath the wave,
And the breeze sigh her fate to the west.

"My spirit must soon from its clay hulk depart,
And my hulk be a prey for the shark;
But while it remains, and a drop warms the heart,
I'll cheer the brave crew of our barque."

He said—and a gun to the leeward was heard!
'Twas the enemy's—well we knew;
He raised up his head, then three times he cheer'd,
And expir'd as he uttered—adieu!

From the New York Star.

THE POET'S SONG.

Oh, tell me not that life is dregs,
Where poverty has place—
'Tis not the richest pearls that make
The sweetest smiling face.

What then if fortune does not smile,
'Tis little I could use—
The word to me is all contained,
Within my heart and muse.

Can riches soothe the aching brow,
Or calm the sorrow'd heart?
No! 'tis contentment's happy balm
That heals the painful smart.

Then if no worldly wealth to pride,
Nor riches so profuse,
I have a store far dearer yet—
It is my heart and muse.
Oft we will see the crowned head,
An aching brow it wears,
Whilst poverty without its pearls,
Is also void of cares.

Give me but visions, bright and sweet,
All other gifts refuse—
Content with but a poet's fame,
And with my heart and muse.—C.....

LINES—BY N. P. WILLIS.

Nay—smile not on me! I have borne
Indifference and repulse from thee;
With my heart sickening I have worn
A brow, as thine own cold one, free:
My lip has been as gay as thine,
Ever thine own light mirth repeating,
Though in this burning brain of mine,
A throb the while, like death, was beating;
My spirit did not shrink or swerve,—
Thy look—I thank thee!—froze the nerve!

And now again, as when I met,
And loved thee in my happier days,
A smile upon thy bright lips plays:
And kindness in thine eye is set—
And this I cannot bear!
It melts the manhood from my pride—
It brings me closer to thy side—
Bewilders—chains me there—
There—where my dearest hope was crushed and died!

Oh! if thou couldst but know the depth's
Of love that hope has nursed for years,
How in the heart's still chambers sleep
Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—
Treasures that love has brooded o'er
Till life, than this, has nothing more—
And could'st thou—but 'tis vain—
I would not, cannot tell thee how
That hoard consumes its coffer now—
I may not write of pain
That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the brain.

Then smile not on me! Pass me by
Boldly and with careless mein—
'Twill pierce my heart, and fill mine eye,
But I shall be as I have been—
Quiet in my despair!
'Tis better than the throbbing fever
That else were in my brain forever,
And easier to bear!
I'll not upbraid the coldest look—
The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride
I'll brook.

Gambling and Murder.—The Cincinnati Whig of the 27th ult. says, a most disgraceful and shocking scene occurred at Covington, Ky. yesterday afternoon. A white man by the name of Hutchinson, was playing cards with a negro, in the presence of a large number of persons, and another white man by the name of John Pierce, was betting with Hutchinson on the game. A quarrel ensued, and Pierce struck Hutchinson a severe blow on the neck, which killed him instantly. So much for gambling.

THE TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A MORAL TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.
BY E. L. BULWER.

Never were two persons more passionately attached to each other than Adolphe and Celeste. Their love was a proverb. Of course it was an unhappy attachment—nobody loves heartily, unless people take pains to prevent it. The spirit of contradiction is prodigiously strong in its effects.

Adolphe was rich and noble—Celeste was noble and poor. Their families were at variance; the family of Adolphe was exceedingly ambitious, and that of Celeste exceedingly proud. Had they been the best friends in the world, their fathers would not have assented to the loves of their children—Adolphe's father because he desired a rich match for his son—Celeste's because he was too proud to be under an obligation, and he was sufficiently a man of the world to know that you are to be considered obliged when a rich nobleman marries your daughter without a dowry. Celeste's father would have married her to a wealthy parvenu that he might have borrowed his money, in parading his condescension. For it is a maxim in good society, that no favour can be conferred by a *roturier*. Gratitude is for him to feel, if you accept his services. No sooner, therefore, was the dawning attachment of the lovers discovered, than their relations thought it necessary to be amazingly angry. There cannot be a doubt that you have an absolute right to the eyes, nerves, and hearts of your children. They have no business to be happy unless it be exactly in the way most agreeable to yourself. These self-evident truths were not, however, irresistible for Adolphe and Celeste. Although the latter was locked up, and the former was watched, they continued often to correspond, and sometimes to see each other. Their love was no passing caprice—despite all difficulties, all obstacles, all dangers—it was more intense than ever at the end of a year. Celeste had gallantly refused two young merchants, handsome and ardent—and a very old banker, who would have left her a widow in a year.—Adolphe—the gay and handsome Adolphe—had renounced every flirtation and conquest—all women had palled in his eyes since he had seen Celeste. But though their passion was strengthed by time, time had failed to increase their hopes of its success—they began to doubt and to despair. The rose fled from Celeste's cheek—she pined away, her lip had lost its smile, her form shrunk from all its roundness, tears stood constantly in her eyes, and she sighed so that it went to the hearts of all the servants in the house. In fine she fell ill,—poor girl—she was dying for love. The more violent passion of Adolphe produced also its disorder. His pulse burned with fever, his language was of the incoherent—his great-grandfather had been mad—Adolphe promised fairly to take after his ancestor.

Alarmed, but not softened, the father of our lover spoke to him earnestly. "Renounce but this ill-placed love—if only for a time. Idleness is the parent of this youthful folly. I will devote half my fortune to purchase you that situation at court you have so often thought the height of your ambition. My son, you are young, bold, and aspiring, your fortunes, your fame will be secured. I willingly make you this sacrifice, provided you abandon Celeste.

Adolphe wrung the hand of his father. 'Impossible!' he murmured; 'one look from her is worth all the dreams of ambition.' So saying, he left the room.

At length, finding they could not live together, our lovers formed the desperate design—not to live divided (it is a favourite alternative in the country in which they were born)—in short, they resolved upon suicide. I wish I had been able to obtain the letters which passed between them on this melancholy subject. I never read any so simple and so touching; if you had seen them you would have thought it the plainest proposition in the world—that persons, with any real affection for each other, ought never to be unprovided with prussic acid: —who knows but what an accident may separate them of a sudden; and to be separate!—how much pleasanter to be dead!

The lovers agreed then to poison themselves on the same night. Their last letters were written, blistered with each other's tears. It was eleven o'clock. Adolphe had retired to his chamber; he took up the poison—he looked at it wistfully. "To-morrow," said he, musingly—'to-morrow'—and he extracted the cork —'to-morrow—it smells very disagreeably—to-morrow I shall be at rest. This heart'—he shook the phial—'how it froths!—this heart will have ceased to beat: our cruel parents will not forbid us a common grave.' So saying, he sighed heavily, and muttering the name of Celeste, gulped down the fatal draught.

Meanwhile, the father and mother of Adolphe were still at supper. The old butler, who had wiped his eyes when Adolphe had left the room, fidgeted to and fro, with the air of a man who has something at his heart. As his master was very hungry, and his mistress very sleepy, the good old man was heeded by neither. At length, when the other attendants had withdrawn, the old man lingered behind;—thrice he re-set the glasses—and thrice he rearranged the decanters.

"That is quite right—that will do—shut the door after you.'

"Sir—yes, sir. Did you—hem.'

"Did I what?'

"My young master, sir—yes, sir.'

"Your young master. Well—'

"Alas! sir, I fear he is not quite right. Did you observe how he looked when he left the room?'

"*Ma foi.* I was engaged with the chicken.'

"And you, madam—he kissed your hand very affectionately.'

"Ah, yes, (drowsily) he has an excellent heart, *le cher enfant*!'

"And, madam, I don't like to say any thing—but—but—my young master has been muttering very odd things to himself for the last two or three days, and all this morning he has been poisoning the dogs, by way, as he said, for experiment.'

"Poison!' said the mother, thoroughly awakened—'has he got any poison?'

"Ah, yes, madam—his pockets full.'

"Heavens!' cried the father, 'this must not be—if he should in despair—he is a very odd boy. His great-grandfather died mad. I will instantly go to his room.'

"And I too,' cried the mother.

The good couple hurried to Adolphe's chamber; they heard a groan as they opened the door; they found their son stretched on the bed, pale and haggard; on the table was a phial, labelled 'poison;' the phial was empty.

"My son, my son!—you have not been so wicked—you have not—speak—speak!'

"Oh! I suffer tortures!—Oh! oh! I am dying. Leave me! Celeste has also taken poison—we could not live together. Cruel parents—we mock you and die!'

"Recover—recover, my son, and Celeste shall be yours,' said the mother half in hysterics.

The father was already gone for a surgeon. The surgeon lived near to Celeste, and while he was hastily preparing his antidotes, his visiter had the charity to run to the house of Celeste's father, and hastily apprize him of the intelligence he had learned. The poor old gentleman hobbled off to his daughter's room.—Luckily he found his wife with her; she had been giving the *petite* good advice, and that is a very prolix habit. Celeste was impatiently awaiting her departure; she was dying to be dead! In rushed her father—'Child, Child—here's news indeed!—Are you alive Celeste—have you poisoned yourself? That young reprobate is already—'

"Already!' cried Celeste, clasping her hands —'already!—he awaits me, then. Ah, this appointment at least I will not break!' She sprang to her bedside, and seized a phial from under the pillow—but the father was in time—he snatched it from her hand, and the daughter fell into fits so violent that they threatened to be no less fatal than the poison.

Whatever the exaggeration of our lovers, they loved really, fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die—the antidotes were given in time—he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous; she suffered, poor child, a delirious fever, and was several weeks before her life and reason were restored.

No parents could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers—*il faut céder*. Besides, such events derange one's establishment and interrupt one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms when one begins to be annoyed one's self. The old people then made it up, and the young people married. As the bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened at once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful gardens—they were both accomplished—clever—amiable—young—and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible to ennui? They could never bear to lose sight of each other.

"Ah, Adolphe—traitor—where hast thou been?'

"Merely shooting in the woods, my angel.'

"What, and without me? Fy! promise this shall not happen again.'

"Ah, dearest! too gladly I promise.'

Another time—

"What, Celeste!—three hours have I been seeking for you. Where have you hid yourself?'

"Don't look so angry, my Adolphe, I was only directing the gardener to build a little arbour for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise.'

"My own Celeste!—but three hours—it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you.'

"My own dearest, dearest Adolphe! how I love you—may my company ever be as dear to you.'

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely, that it lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:—

"Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me—put down that odious book you are always reading.'

"Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face.'

"My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy.'

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep—'Bless me, thought he, 'I never saw this before—let me look again—yes certainly, she has—a wart on her chin!'

Adolphe rose and dressed himself—Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast—the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits; Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

"Let us ride to-day,' said Celeste.

"My dear, I have a headache.'

"Poor child! well, then, let us read the new poem.'

"My dear, you talk so loud.'

"I!" And Celeste gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived for the first time something in his eyes that surprised her. She looked again—'Good Heavens!' said she to herself, "Adolphe certainly squints.'

On the other hand, Adolphe murmured, "The wart has grown greatly since morning."

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had upon Adolphe. He thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of—but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming. Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Every body else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart on her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more rounded, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin. The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day—to Adolphe's eyes it threatened speedily to absorb the whole face. Nay, he expected in due time to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could because he was naturally well-bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind to herself. He smothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate apartments.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced. 'He certainly did not squint before we married,' thought Celeste; 'it is very unpleasant—it makes one so fidgety to be stared at by a person who sees two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly—the habit can't yet be incurable.'

As wives are always the first in the emulation of conjugal fault-finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint—on the first favourable opportunity.

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you,' said Adolphe one morning.

"Ah! down down. Pray turn him out; see the mark of his paws. I can't bear dogs Adolphe.'

"Poor thing!' said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favourite.

"Was that to me, or to the dog?' asked Celeste.

"Oh! to him, to be sure.'

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if the truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye.'

"Madam!' said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

"Don't be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it, if it did not get worse every day; it is yet to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight.'

"A wafer on the top of my nose? Much better put one at the tip of your chin, Celeste.'

"My chin!' cried Celeste, running in her turn to the glass. 'What do you mean, sir?'

"Only that you have a very large wart there which it would be more agreeable to conceal.'

"Sir!'

"Madam!'

"A wart on my chin, monster!'

"A cast in my eye fool!'

"Yes! How could I ever love a man who squinted!'

"Or I a woman with a wart on her chin!'

"Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder—you can't see! I pity your infirmity.'

"Madam, I despise your insinuations; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you.'

"Yes, send for a physician; he will say whether you squint or not. Poor Adolphe I am not angry; no, I pity so melancholy a defect.'

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went himself for the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician. He took his pony and ambled back with Adolphe. By the way he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. "The perfidious woman,' said Aldolphe, 'would you believe it?—we braved every thing for each other —never were two persons so much in love— nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a longer separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriages for her sake—too happy that she was mine without a dowry—and now she declares I squint. And, oh, she has *such* a wart on her chin!'

The doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides, he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As to the wart, sir,' said he, 'it is not difficult to cure.'

"But if my wife won't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured, I would not mind if she would but own it. Oh the vanity of woman?'

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you—'

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married.'

"O ho,' thought the doctor, sinking into a revery—I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other a few moments ago, were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe's villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife.

"Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I'll forgive all,' said Adolphe.

"Nay, why so obstinate as to the cast of the eye—I shall not admire you less (though others may) if you will not be so vain as to disown it.'

"Enough, madam—doctor, regard that lady; is not the wart monstrous—can it be cured?

"Nay,' cried Celeste, sobbing, 'look rather at my poor husband's squint. His eyes were so fine before we married.'

The doctor put on his spectacles—he regarded first one and then the other.

"Sir,' said he, deliberately, 'this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is, like that of nine persons out of ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of the left. This is the case, as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day!'

The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction;—when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three months Adolphe returned. Celeste found her husband's eye as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly settle upon eyes,—that are too constantly seen: And that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT IN THE WEST.

Circumstances gave me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the particulars of the very first voyage of a steamer in the west. The complete success attending the experiments in steam navigation made on the Hudson and the adjoining waters, previous to the year 1809 turned the attention of the principal proprietors to the idea of its application on the western rivers; and in the month of April of that year, Mr. Roosevelt of New York, pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, visited those rivers, with the purpose of forming an opinion whether they admitted of steam navigation or not. At this time two boats, the North River, and the Clermont, were running on the Hudson.—Mr. R. surveyed the rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and as his report was favorable, it was decided to build a boat at the former town. This was done under his direction, and in the course of 1811, the first boat was launched on the waters of the Ohio. It was called the "N. Orleans," and intended to ply between Natchez in the state of Mississippi, and the city whose name it bore. In October it left Pittsburgh for its experimental voyage. On this occasion no freight or passengers were taken, the object being merely to bring the boat to her station. Mr. R. his young wife and family, Mr. Baker the Engineer, Andrew Jack the Pilot, and six hands, with a few domestics, formed her whole burthen. There were no woodyards at that time, and constant delays were unavoidable. When, as related, Mr. R. had gone down the river to reconnoitre, he had discovered two beds of coal, about one hundred and twenty miles below the rapids at Louisville, and now took tools to work them, intending to load the vessel with the coal, and to employ it as fuel, instead of constantly detaining the boat while wood was procured from the banks.

Late at night on the fourth day after quitting Pittsburg, they arrived in safety at Louisville, having been but seventy hours descending upwards of seven hundred miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many of the settlers on the banks, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached; and it is related that on the unexpected arrival of the boat before Louisville, in the course of a fine, still, moonlight night, the extraordinary sound which filled the air as the pent up steam was permitted to escape from the valves on rounding to, produced a general alarm, and multitudes in the town rose from their beds to ascertain the cause. I have heard that the general impression among the good Kentuckians was, that the comet had fallen into the Ohio; but this does not rest upon the same foundation as the other facts, which I lay before you, and which I may at once say, I had directly from the lips of the parties themselves. The small depth of the water in the rapids prevented the boat from pursuing her voyage immediately, and during the consequent detention of three weeks in the upper part of the Ohio, several trips were successfully made between Louisville and Cincinnatti. In fine, the waters rose, and in the course of the last week in November, the voyage was resumed, the depth of water barely admitting their passage.

When they arrived about five miles below the Yellow Banks, they moored the boat opposite to the first vein of coal, which was on the Indiana side, and had been purchased in the interim of the State government. They found a large quantity already quarried to their hand, and conveyed to the shore by depredators, who had not found means to carry it off, and with this they commenced loading the boat. While thus engaged, our voyagers were accosted in great alarm by the squatters of the neighborhood; who inquired if they had not heard strange noises on the river and in the woods in the course of the preceding day, and perceive the shores shake, insisting they had repeatedly felt the earth tremble.

Hitherto nothing extraordinary had been perceived. The following day they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot, the air misty, still and dull; and though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident. And as they sat on the deck, they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and heard large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. It was, as our informant said, "an awful day, so still that they could have heard a pin drop on the deck."—They spoke little, for every one on board appeared thunderstruck. The comet had disappeared about this time, which circumstance was noticed with fearful awe by the crew.

The second day after leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun rose over the forests the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull, and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel every where altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank, without a wind; but the adventurers had no choice but to proceed on their route. Towards evening they found themselves at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought-to under the shore, but every where they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat boat and raft, from which the owners had landed and made their escape. A large island in mid channel, which was selected by the pilot as a better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour till dark, when they found a small island, and rounded to, mooring themselves at the foot of it. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long autumnal night: listening to the sound of the waters which roared and gurgled horribly around them, and hearing from time to time, the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion as the falling mass of earth and trees was swallowed up by the river. The lady of the party, a delicate female, was frequently awakened from her restless slumbers, by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as several times, in the course of the night the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated from the island to the bow of the boat. It was a long night, but morning dawned and showed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and the channel were equally unrecognizable, for every thing seemed changed. About noon that day they reached the small town of New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation: part of the population had fled in terror to the high grounds; others prayed to be taken on board, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them.

Proceeding from thence, they found the Mississippi at all times a fearful stream, now unusually swollen, turbid, and full of trees; and after many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more of the earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez, at the close of the last week in January, 1812, to the great astonishment of all, the escape of the boat having been considered as an impossibility.

At that time you floated for three or four hundred miles on the river without seeing a human habitation.

Such was the voyage of the first steamer—The natural convulsion, which commenced at the time of her descent, has been but slightly alluded to, but will never be forgoten in the history of the west; and the changes wrought by it thro' the whole alluvial region thro' which the Ohio and Mississippi pour their waters, were perhaps as remarkable as any on record. We hear less of its effects, because the region in which it occurred was of such vast extent and so thinly peopled. That part of the alluvial country which is contiguous to the point of junction of the two rivers, and especially the vicinity of New Madrid, seems to have been the centre of the convulsion. There, during the years 1811 and 1812, the earth broke into innumerable fissures, the church yard, with its dead, was torn from the bank, and engulfed in the turbid stream. To the present day it would appear that frequent slight shocks of earthquake are there felt; and it is asserted that in the vast swamp at the back of the town strange sounds may at all times be heard, as of some mighty cauldron bubbling in the bowels of the earth. Along the banks of the river, thousands of acres, with their gigantic growth of forest and cane, were swallowed up, and lakes and ponds innumerable were formed. The earth, in many parts, was observed to burst suddenly open, and jets of sand, mud and water, to shoot up into the air. The beds of these giant streams seemed totally overturned; islands disappeared, and in many parts the course of the river was completely changed.—Great inundations were the consequence. The clear waters of the St. Francis were obstructed; the ancient channel destroyed, and the river spread over a vast tract of swamp. In many places the grading earth unfolded its secrets, and the bones of the gigantic mastadon and icthyosaurus, hidden within its bosom for ages, was brought to the surface. Boats and arks without number were swallowed up; some buried by the falling in of the banks, others dragged down with the Islands to which they were anchored. And finally, you may still meet and converse with those, who were on the mighty river of the west, when the whole stream ran towards its sources for an entire hour, and, then resuming its ordinary course, hurried them helpless on its whirling surface, with accelerated motion towards the Gulf.—*Latrobe's Rambles in North America.*

TEXAS.

The New Orleans Bulletin, of the 18th ult. has the following notice of movements in Texas:—

"Capt. Moore, of the schr. Shenandoah, in a run from Brazoria, reports that the Texonians had seized upon the fort of Anahuac, garrisoned by one hundred men, whom they captured and sent to San Felipe. A portion of the people thought this step was pushing matters to extremities, and one as uncalled for, but all were determined to maintain their just rights, should they be assailed by the Mexican powers."

The following are additional particulars: —

"The people of Anahuac, on the 7th ult. rose upon the Mexican soldiers quartered in that place, and captured their fort, which was no sooner done than they offered to desert Santa Anna, and join the Texonians, but instead of receiving them, the people drove them far into the praries toward Nacogdoches—and also reports that the people on the Brassos river were organizing a military force to proceed immediately to the defence of the town of San Antonia—great excitement prevailed among all classes of the inhabitants—she saw on the 12th inst. about 30 miles east of Brassos Bar, schr. Robert and James, hence for Matagorda; also, on the same day, Brassos Bar bearing W. distance 100 miles, saw schr. San Felipe, hence for Brazoria."

Texas versus Santa Anna.—The New Orleans American expresses the opinion that Texas will soon be at war with the general government of that country, and in this opinion we fully concur. It is evident that Santa Anna is jealous and alarmed at the rapid increase of population, and hence of power, in Texas; and we shall not be surprised to see him march at the head of all the forces at his command, in an effort to reduce Texas to allegiance and submission. We yesterday gave a brief account of a skirmish between a handful of the soldiers of Santa Anna and the people of Anahuac, in which the former were routed. It is natural to suppose that this affair will excite the ire of the chief, and show him the necessity of acting with decision and energy. Should he attempt, by force of arms, to reduce the Texonians to servile submission, a bloody contest may be anticipated, and we have no fears for the result. If Santa Anna knows when he is well off, he will endeavor to strengthen his government at home, and rather avoid than provoke a conflict with the hardy children of industry and enterprise, who have pitched their tents in Texas, and who stand prepared to defend them, even unto death. He will find a contest with such spirits quite a different affair from the struggles in which he has hitherto been engaged, and with such general success. The following is from a late Texas paper. It exhibits the spirit of the people of that country.

The federal and state governments, under which we live, have long been agitated by turmoils and commotions, and he who judges of the future, by the past, can see no end to the anarchy which now prevails. Blessed as we are with a salubrious climate, and a soil that is not surpassed by any land beneath the sun, and with citizens alike bold, talented and enterprising, we only require law and government to make Texas the most desirable and flourishing portion of the Globe. Now we have an opportunity of obtaining these invaluable blessings: and let us embrace it. Listen to the situation of affairs as represented to you by your political chief. Does not anarchy prevail? what shall we do? Petition and remonstrate? "Lay not that flattering unction to your souls." How have our petitions been heretofore answered? Behold the fate of Austin!!! No! fellow citizens, No! no!! no!!!

Trust