## FOR SALE.

competent authority, I will sell to
l best bidder, on
6th of September next,
of 11 & 12 o'clock, A. M., at the
Cambridge; all that tract of land
, and known by the name of
S' CHANCE,
n Killman. Of this tract of land
f acres belong to Greenbury Kill-
nce is the property of Levin Kill-
t only I now offer for sale. As
in Killman's title has been ques-
ed that the entire purchase money
he title be not made satisfactory
d free of all cost to him.
e are one fourth cash on the day
in six and twelve months from the
ed by bond and security approved

H. PAGE, Trustee.
). tds

cians, Merchants,
nd Others.

r, late of Somerset County Md.,
ged in the Drug business, at the
r of Howard and Pratt Streets,
the attention of Physicians,
rs, to his stock of
Drugs, Dyestuffs,
nts, Oils, &c.,
d quality, and will be sold at
s, and on the most accommoda-
rders promptly attended to, and
observed in packing.
t allowed for cash & no charge

e is but 4 squares from Light

. W. W. GORDON, M. D.
27th Law3w eow6m

olis and Baltimore,
NESDAY & SATURDAY.

E BOAT MARYLAND
her regular route between CAM-
above places. Having been
oard of examiners, appointed un-
ongress, and pronounced to be of
*copper boilers and low pressure en-*
te of the board. Hours of leav-
past 9 o'clock, A. M. on every
urday.
ge at the owners risk.
MUEL G. TAYLOR, Master.
(1y)

Property For Sale.

red at public Sale at the Court
or in Cambridge, on
9TH, OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,
Solomon Frazier now lives situ-
au Meeting house; and two acre
s, Cambridge,—
and Lot occupied by
ry & Schleigh as a
Manufactory,—
wood Lot near
ridge contain-
twenty five &
e half acres.
above property is undisputed.—
vill be liberal, will be made known

JOHN NEWTON, agent
for Arthur Rich.
(tds)

CERY SALE.

authority derived from the Hon-
lor of Maryland, I will sell to the
lder, on
6th of September next,
door in Cambridge, between the
lock, A. M., all the real estate of
Brown died seized, consisting of
ADY DAY,
cres, Privilege House and Lot,
House containing 3 Acres, and
, and
or Indian Purchase,
ith a negro hut thereon, contain-
er acres. The terms of sale, as
ecree are one fourth cash on the
lance in six and twelve months
, bearing interest from date until
bond and security approved by

he said Mrs. Amelia Brown are
le their claims in the Chancery
with the proper vouchers thereof,
from the day of sale, otherwise
ed of any benefit of the proceeds
e.
H. PAGE, Trustee.
9. tds

OR SALE.

d at public sale, at the Court house
bridge, between the hours of 11
, on
e 9th. of September
ouse & Lot at Arey's Meeting
occupied by Mr. Benjamin Reed.
djoining Lot, of about THREE
ood work shop upon it, which could
nse converted into either a Store
This property is the same, that I
lijah Hurst, and was formerly oc-
Dawson deceased, and others, as
welling. To any person desirous
ry store, this situation would be
e, as the plan of the house, is well
ose, and the adjoining country is
further par-
the subscriber, or Mr. Reed upon
terms will be accommodating.—
day specified, it will then be for
ar.
FRANCIS P. PHELPS.
7th, 1839.

O RENT.

year, the STORE HOUSE at
, at present in the occupancy of
Esq. The House is convenient,
For terms apply to
DANIEL MARTIN,
Fishing Creek.
9. 3w

r Sale at this office,



# DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1839. NO. 9.

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WM. H. BARROW.

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Postmasters and other Agents allowed the


...g along the street. One of them had a fur cap, and being very proud of it, said to the other, "See what a nice fur cap I've got;" to which the other replied, "La! you need'nt make so much fuss about it, the 'coon and the otter had that fur afore you, and was'nt half so proud of it. Thus it is with human nature. We pride ourselves upon fine dwellings and rich clothing; but seldom reflect that the little busy bee builds a far more perfect house than we can do, and the lily of the valley is clothed in more beautiful drapery than we can weave. How little is there upon earth to feed the pride of the thoughtful man."

*From Coleman's New Monthly Magazine.*

## A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Nine o'clock had just struck at the Imperial Palace at Fontainbleau. Napoleon, seated by the fireside with Marie Louise, was enjoying that freedom of conversation and familiarity he was so fond of. Never had his noble and antique features assumed so joyous and so natural an expression. He laughed, he chatted, he joked, and a stranger entering by chance would have had much difficulty in recognizing the Emperor in that little stout man, lolling with so much *nonchalance* in an arm chair.

He poked the fire with the tip of his foot, rubbed his hands with glee, and with playful and tender sallies, provoked Marie Louise to venture upon some French phrases as yet strange to her, which she disfigured with a German frankness so irresistibly droll, that Napoleon burst into fits of laughter.

The Empress, half angry, half smiling, came and sat upon the knee of her husband. At the same moment, the door opening, the soldier-like face of Duroc presented itself.

'Sire,' said he, 'the Italian artist is arrived,'

'Conduct him here immediately,' replied the Emperor, at the same time pushing back his arm chair, he left a space for the new comer between the Empress and himself.

The vititer, on entering, made a profound bow to the two illustrious personages into whose presence he was admitted; and at the desire of Napoleon, took a seat near the fire.

'Welcome to France, my dear Canova,' said the Emperor, in one of his kindest accents. 'But how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you. You must certainly leave Rome and come to reside in Paris. The air of the capital will restore you to health and vigor. See how well we are,' continued he, taking in his hand the fresh & rosy chin of Marie Louise.

'Sire, you must attribute my ill health to the fatigue of my occupations, not to the air of my country. To leave Rome altogether, would be impossible for me, it would be fatal to me.'

'Paris is the capital of the arts. You must stay here, I desire it,' said the husband of the pretty German, in a commanding tone, on a sudden assuming the Emperor.

'Your majesty may dispose of my life, but if you wish it to be devoted to your service, sire, grant me permission to return to Italy as soon as I have finished the bust of her Majesty, the Empress, which I am about to undertake.'

'Devil's in the man,' exclaimed the Emperor, 'he refuses to stay with me! You see, Louise, he has no other ambition than to be the greatest sculptor in the world. He longs to leave us to return to Rome to resume his labors, and present to the world another such a work as his 'Terpsichore,' 'Paris,' 'Les Danseuses,' 'Venus,' or the Magdalen.'

The conversation then became more general: they talked of the 'Excavations' continued by the Borghese family of Italian artists, of the 'Colonne Vendome,' and a thousand other topics. Nothing was new to Napoleon, who conversed with a perfect knowledge of every subject, and a wonderful clearness of perception.

Canova could not contain his surprise and admiration.

'How is it possible for your majesty to divide your attention between so many different matters?' exclaimed he.

'I have sixty millions of subjects,' replied Napoleon with a smile; 'eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, a hundred thousand horse. The Romans themselves had not so many: I have commanded at forty battles.—At Wagram I fired a hundred thousand cannon ball, and this lady, who was then Archduchess of Austria, desired my death.' At this he pulled the ear of Marie Louise, who answered with a droll imitation of her German accent, Il etre bien frai.' 'I think,' said the Roman artist, 'things now wear a different aspect.'

'Oh! Cela est bien vrai,' said Marie Louise; this time in the best French possible, kissing the Emperor's hand tenderly, who, taking the young creature by the waist, made her sit upon his lap; but as she blushingly resisted, 'Bah! bah!' said Napoleon; 'Canova is a friend, and we don't make ceremonies with friends: besides he is himself of a tender and susceptible nature, and will be delighted to witness the happiness of an affectionate couple.'

'Listen to me Louise, and I will relate a romantic story, the hero of which you may easily guess; you will then judge if those who loved each other ought to feel restraint before Canova.'

He kissed Marie Louise, and keeping her still on his knee, began. 'In the province of Trevisa there is a little village, called Passagno. In this place was born and reared the son of an architect, whose father died at the early age of twenty seven, and whose mother married a second time, 'Sartori di Crepano.'

'At four years old the child, by name Antonio, was entrusted to the care of its grandfather, who treated it with much severity.—By him it was sent to pass an autumn at Pradazzi, two or three leagues from Possagno, at the house of an Italian senator, a friend of his, whose name was Faliero. The latter observing the intelligence of the little peasant, and pleased with the ability he evinced in carving stone, and shaping clay, placed him as a pupil with a clever sculptor called Toretto.'

'What! your majesty knows all these minute details of my private life?' exclaimed Canova in surprise.

'I know many more,' replied Napoleon maliciously, and he continued.

'Toretto was a man of strict morals, but, however narrowly he may have watched his favorite pupil, Antonio found means to escape from the Atelier now and then to go and dance at the village *fetes*. He was then only sixteen. Amongst the gay throng of peasants assembled together during the vintage to dance the tarantella, there was one whose charms captivated his heart, Bettina Biasi; she was just fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled with animation; her waist was so tapering two hands could span it, her hair, the loveliest that ever adorned a maiden.'

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Canova. The Emperor pressed the hand of Marie Louise, that she might remark that sigh, and without interrupting his recital, continued—

'Antonio was enthusiastic, and in love.—As for the grandfather, he was much less moved by the fascinations, than by the marriage portion of Bettina, which was considerable, particularly for the poor apprentice to a sculptor.

'The parents of both formed projects of uniting them; arrangements for their marriage were drawing to a close, when Toretto and the senator chanced to hear of it.

'They reflected that this union would destroy the prospects of their *protege*, and determined to prevent it.

'One evening, they entered the chamber of Antonio, commanded him to follow them; and notwithstanding his tears, his resistance, and despair, carried him to Venice, where they confined him during a whole year.

'All endeavors to escape proved fruitless. The enamored youth finding his return to Pradazzi impossible, was compelled to seek consolation in the study of his favorite pursuit—sculpture.

'The talent and reputation of the young man soon spread abroad; his celebrity was established—he became rich—his society was courted by all, and the memory of Bettina Biasi was gradually erased from his mind.

'At the same time, the arts and blandishments of another little coquette, Dominica, took the place in his affections. She was the daughter of the sculptor, Volpato.

'Proposals of marriage were made; but as Dominica was yet young, a postponement was agreed upon till the following year.—Alas! before that time, Dominica bestowed her hand on Raphael Morghan.

'The poor deserted lover was in despair at this new piece of treachery.'

At this part of the recital, Canova fell into a deep fit of musing and melancholy, unconscious of what was passing around him

'His health gave way. His physicians and friends recommended him to return and breathe the air of his native village.

('Were Corvisart here, he would say this was a remedy the faculty do not believe in, but nevertheless it always succeeded.)

'Antonio set off on his journey.

'On his approach to his native place, the thoughts of Bettina Biasi, that charming, that lovely girl, so disinerested in her love for him, rushed upon his imagination more fresh, and more engaging than ever.

'Dismissing from his mind all remembrance of Dominica, he dreamed only of Bettina Biasi. He pictured to himself the delight he should experience in again clasping her to his bosom.

'His heart beat with hope and joy, and whilst he was resolving within himself, to proceed next day without fail to Pradazzi he perceived the village spire of Possageno before him.

'Too much agitated to remain in the slow vetturino, he alighted, and continued his journey on foot by a short road, until he arrived at the gate of the little town.

'At this moment a crowd of young men who are awaiting his arrival, and perceive him approach, fill the air with shouts of welcome, surround and embrace him.

'He stands without the power of speech, his heart throbs within him, his eyes are filled with tears.

'The road is strewed with laurel-branches and evergreens, all the inhabitants of Possagno, women, children, and old men, in holiday costume, line the road, and salute the celebrated youth.

'The venerable Toretto, the old master of Canova, folds him in his arms, weeping over him. At a distance approach the mother of Canova, his step-father, and behind them, a female bathed in tears.

"Bettina! *mia* Bettina!' cried Canova.

'She stretched out her hand to him, he is about to speak, when the bells of the village sound a merry peal, salvos of musketry rend the air, and the curate at the head of his clergy, singing the 'Te Deum,' advances in his clerical robes, kneels down, and returns thanks to Providence for having granted to Possagno a child so renowned as Canova.—The aged priest then passes his arm through that of Canova, his mother leans on the other, and the procession conducts the hero in triumph to his grandfather, whose infirmities confine him to his house.'

'Ah! sire, sire, let me entreat you not to continue a recital which awakens such cruel and sweet recollections,' interrupted Canova, sobbing.

But Napoleon was too much pleased with the impression he had made on his listeners to think of stopping Marie Louise had several times wiped the tears from her eyes.

'Listen to the rest,' resumed he, addressing the empress, 'we are coming to the *denouement*, which is well worthy of the rest of the story.

'The day following, as Canova was entering the little garden of his grandfather, he saw Bettina Biasi approaching him.

'Five years had diminished nothing of her beauty, except that she was pale, and resembled one of his own white marble statues.

'O Bettina! Bettina!' cried he, 'will you pardon me my ingratitude, and confer on me a happiness I scarcely deserve. I had not yet seen you, when all the fervent and tender affections I once bore you returned upon me with increased strength.'

'Listen!' said Bettina, whose voice trembled with emotion, 'listen! Antonio Mio,—I suffered much when I learnt that you were to be married to Dominica, but I felt then, dearest friend, that the humble village girl of Pradazzi, the daughter of a peasant, the affianced of the apprentice, Antonio, could never be the wife of the celebrated Canova. Nevertheless, I refused several offers of marriage; and for five years I lived upon the recollection of him I loved. But when I heard that you were about to return to Possagno, when I concluded, from my own feelings, that you would not be able to see me again without emotion—when I reflected that we might both be weak enough to renew intimacies rendered unreasonable by your present position, I was anxious to save us both, not only the possibility of yielding, but also the agitation and struggles we should have to undergo—I married.'

'Married! you married!

'About eight days ago, to a deserving young man who has sought my hand for four years."

'Oh! that was a noble and worthy creature,' cried Maria Louise.

Canova had left his seat, and had gone to lean his head against the window to conceal his grief.

A knock came to the door, and the Minister of Police, the Duc d'Otrante, put in his plain but expressive head.

'Really, M. le Duc, you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

'See the effect I have produced, thanks to the information you have procured me from Italy, within the last few days.

'Adieu, Canova,' continued he, gently patting the shoulder of the artist. 'Employ yourself in making the bust of my wife, and when you have finished it, if you still persist in returning to Italy, I suppose we must let you go.

'Good night! I have business with M. le Duc d'Otrante. Ah! it is a hard life that of emperor,' said he, 'it is not often I have an evening to myself, and a pleasant chat with my wife and a friend, near the fire.

'Now, come, M. le Duc.' And he went out with the minister.

We must not omit to add, that this was the evening of the 11th October, 1810, and that the Emperor, Maria Louise and Canova were in the same room, and near the same fire place, where Napoleon signed his abdication on the 11th of April, 1814.

## "IS HE RICH."

Many a sigh is heaved!—many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from a union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view as virtue is to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting a suiter of a daughter, 'Is he rich?'

Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth—but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

Is he rich? Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day—but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take wings to themselves and fly away?—and will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous!' Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.—*Louisville Reporter.*

*Snake Story—A stretcher.*—The Boston Mercantile Journal spins the following yarn. Who doubts it?

A number of years have passed away since an occurrence took place in the neighborhood of Chester, which caused considerable excitement in the neighboring families at the time, and which is still worth relating. Some men were employed in mowing a meadow, which was at a distance from any dwelling or road—and as the weather was sultry, and many parts of the meadow covered with water, one of them, Mr. R., thought proper to divest himself of nearly all his garments, and led the van of mowers, *sans culotte!* It is well known that at this season, when drought generally prevails, rattlesnakes are very apt to come down from the highlands in quest of water—and as Mr. R. got to the end of his swath, and stepped on the dry land, he placed his foot almost in contact with a huge rattlesnake, which raised its tail, gave a few quick and sharp shakes, and sprung at the poor man just as he turned to flee, half frightened to death, from the venomous reptile! His crooked, poisonous fangs entered the lower part of the only garment which R. wore at the time—the texture of which was particularly strong, and they could not be easily disengaged. Mr. R. gave a scream and started off on a full run, the snake sticking to him closer than a brother. He passed through woods, bushes, fields, and pastures—he crossed fences, ditches, brooks and bogs—he jumped, halloed, gallopped, and screamed for aid—vainly trying to rid himself of his ugly-looking associate. At length, crazy with fear and fatigue, he reached the public road, and passed along it, on the way to his dwelling house, at a rate which would have astonished the most desperate pedestrian—looking behind him at intervals, and screaming, whenever he beheld the horrid appendage to his homespun linen garment. He passed several persons in the road, who were thunderstruck at the sight of the unfortunate man cutting up such antics, using such violent exercise—and exhibiting himself in dishabille without regard to propriety or decency. Mr. R. at length reached his own dwelling, a distance of three miles from the meadow—the door of which stood invitingly open, through which he rushed to the consternation of the women folks—having still attached to him the grim-looking reptile. By this time he was completely overcome with terror, heat and fatigue, and fell fainting on the floor.—The poor rattlesnake, however, had got the worst of it, and had been thrashed about at such an unmerciful rate, that his life, as well as a large portion of his tail, had departed, long before he reached the goal!

*A Good One.*—A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this country, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said, that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated there, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, while engaged in his discourse, he noticed a man, directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man who was in the constant habit of sleeping at meeting, with his head thrown back and mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was engaged in raising and lowering his hand, and taking an exact observation, till at last, having got it right, he let fall the quid of tobacco, and it fell plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that, for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher. The unexpected intrusion of so unpalateable a morsel awoke the sleeper, and he was never known to indulge in the practice afterwards.

*Precocity.*—"Ma," said a little girl the other day, who had scarcely entered her teens, "Ma, maint I get married?"

"Why, child," said the anxious mother, "what upon earth put that notion into your head?"

"Cause all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to, too."

"Well, you must never think of such a thing. Don't you ever ask me such a foolish question again—Married! indeed! I never heard the like!"

"Well, Ma, if I can't have a husband, *maint I have a piece of bread and butter?*"

'Certainly. Now you begin to talk rationally and you may have as much as you want. When you have done, put on your bonnet and go to school."

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