DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

For the Aurora.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. CHASE, who died at Fort Mifflin, March 15 1837.

Where placid Delaware in lucid pride,
Rolls its clear wave fort Mifflins walls beside,
A crowd of pensive mourners now attend
The tomb—of a belov'd, departed friend.
From earth his spirit is forever fled,
The young—the gay—the lovely CHASE is Dead!

With languid motion o'er the swelling tide,
Behold the barge that bears him slowly glide;
Hush'd are the winds, the waves forbear to heave,
All nature seems at his sad fate to grieve.
No sound is heard, save when the dashing oar
Cutting the tide impels them to the shore;
And now the sharp keel rests upon the strand;
In mournful silence they prepare to land,
In slow procession seek the clayey bed,
Where the lamented youth must soon be laid:
With arms reversed, and pensive step they came,
And low and sad is heard the muffled drum;
The volleying muskets now with martial sound,
Break the sad pause, and through the air rebound.
'Tis past:—Brave Chase now slumbers in the grave!
And drops of keen regret the damp earth lave;
Down many a manly cheek fast falls the tear,
And many a brave heart heaves the sigh sincere.
Cold is that breast where love and truth reposed,
By death's chill hand those radiant eyes are closed!
Pale is that lip where once the witching smile;
Could of its love the coldest heart beguile.
But now his friends, with tears his death deplore,
That very lip alas! can smile no more!

Far from the spot where their loved offspring fell,
The tender authors of his being dwell.
Alas! no parent when he died was near,
With hallow'd drops to consecrate his bier!
But *one* he lov'd was nigh, his destined wife—
Watch'd the last glimmer of expiring life.
On her dear form he turn'd his glassy eye,
And "Mary," trembled on his latest sigh.

Now love dejected at his grave appears,
His bright torch quench'd amid a sea of tears;
And sorrowing friendship too repairs to weep,
Where in the tomb with Chase the virtues sleep.

Lamented Chase! alas! this simple lay
Can but poor homage to thy virtues pay,
A nobler hand than mine should sweep the string,
Thy faultless heart—thy beauteous form to sing;
But sympathy this feeble verse calls forth,
An humble tribute to departed worth.

G. E. R.

Baltimore, April 27th 1837.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Nick of the Woods.]

ROLAND AND EDITH IN CAPTIVITY --APPEARANCE OF THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

From an uneasy slumber, into which, notwithstanding his sufferings of mind and body, he had at last fallen, Roland was roused at the break of day by a horrible clamour, that suddenly arose in the village. A shrill scream, that seemed to come from a female voice, was first heard; then a wild yell from the lungs of a warrior, which was caught up and repeated by other voices; and, in few moments the whole town resounded with shrieks dismal and thrilling, and expressing astonishment mingled with fear and horror.

The prisoner, incapable of comprehending the cause of such a commotion, looked to his guards, who had started up at the first cry,—grasped their arms, and stood gazing upon one another with perturbed looks of inquiry. The shriek was repeated, by one—twenty—an hundred throats; and the two warriors, with hurried exclamations of alarm, rushed from the wigwam, leaving the prisoner to solve the riddle as he might. But he tasked his faculties in vain. His first idea—and it sent the blood leaping to his heart—that the village was suddenly attacked by an army of white men,—perhaps by the gallant Bruce, the commander of the station where his misfortunes had begun—was but momentary; no lusty hurrahs were heard mingling with the shrieks of the savages, and no explosions of fire-arms denoted the existence of conflict. And yet he perceived that the cries were not all of surprise and dismay. Some voices were uplifted in rage, which was evidently spreading among the agitated barbarians, and displacing the other passions in their minds.

In the midst of the tumult, and while he was yet lost in wonder and speculation, the renegade Doe suddenly rushed into the wigwam, pale with affright and agitation

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" demanded the soldier.

"All eternity's the matter!" replied Doe, with vehement utterance; "the Jibbenainosay has been in the village, and killed the chief—ay, d—n him struck him in his own house, marked him at his own fire! he lies, dead and scalped—ay, and crossed too—on the floor of his own wigwam; the conjurer gone, snapped up by his devil, and Wenonga stiff and gory! Don't you hear 'em yelling! The Jibbenainosay, I tell you—he has killed the chief;—we found him dead in his cabin; and the Injuns are bawling for revenge—they are, d—n 'em, and they'll murder you;—burn you—tear you to pieces; they will, there's no two ways about it; they're singing out to murdet the white men, and they'll be on you in no time!'

"And there is no escape!" cried Roland,—whose blood curled, as he listened to the thrilling yells that were increased in number and loudness, as if the enraged barbarians, rushing madly through the village, were gathering arms to destroy the prisoners—"there is no escape?"

* * * * *

A dozen or more savages burst into the hut and sprung upon the Virginian, yelling, cursing, and flourishing their knives and hatchets, as if they would have torn him to pieces on the spot. And such undoubtedly was the aim of some of the younger men, who struck at him several furious blows, that were only averted by the older warriors at the expense of some of their own blood shed in the struggle, which was, for a moment, as fiercely waged over the prisoner, as the conflict of enraged hounds over the body of a disabled panther, that all are emulous to worry and tear. One instant of dreadful confusion, of shrieks, blows, and maledictions, and the Virginian was snatched up in the arms of two or three of the strongest men, and dragged from the hut; but only to find himself surrounded by a heard of villagers, men, women, and children, who fell upon him with as much fury as the young warriors had done, beating him with bludgeons, wounding him with their knives, so that it seemed impossible the older braves could protect him much longer. But others ran to their assistance; and forming a circle around him, so as to exclude the mob, he was borne onwards, in temporary security, but destined to a fate to which murder on the spot would have been gentleness and mercy.

The tumult had roused Edith also from her painful slumbers; and the more necessarily, since, although removed from the tent in which she was first imprisoned, she was still confined in Wenonga's wigwam. It was the scream of the hag, the chieftain's wife, who had discovered his body, that first gave the alarm; and the villagers all rushing to the cabin, and yelling their astonishment and terror, there arose an uproar, almost in her ears, that was better fitted to fright her to death, than to lull her to repose. She started from her couch, and, with a woman's weakness, cowered away in the furthest corner of the lodge, to escape the pitiless foes, whom her fears represented as already seeking her life. Nor was this chimera banished from her mind, when a man, rushing in, snatched her from her ineffectual concealment, and hurried her towards the door. But her terrors ran in another channel, when the ravisher, conquering the feeble resistance she attempted, replied to her wild entreaties 'not to kill her,' in the well remembered voice of Braxley:

"Kill you indeed!" he muttered, but with agitated tones; 'I come to save you; even you are in danger from the maddened villains: they are murdering all! We must fly—ay, and fast. My horse is saddled—the woods are open—I will yet save you.

"Spare me!—for my uncle's sake, who was your benefactor, spare me!" cried Edith struggling to free herself from his grasp. But she struggled in vain. "I struggle to save you,"—cried Braxley; and without uttering another word, bore her from the hut: and still grasping her with an arm of iron, sprang upon a saddled horse—the identical animal that had once sustained the weight of the unfortunate Pardon Dodge—which stood under the elm-tree, trembling with fright at the scene of horror then represented on the square.

Upon this vacant space was now assembled the whole population of the village, old and young, the strong and the feeble, all agitated alike by those passions, which, when let loose in a mob, whether civilized or savage, almost enforce the conviction that there is something essentially demoniac in the human character and composition; as if, indeed, the earth of which man is framed, had been gathered only after it had been trodden by the foot of the Prince of Darkness.

Even Edith forgot for a moment her fears of Braxley—nay, she clung to him for protection—when her eye fell upon the savage heard, of whom the chief number were crowded together in the centre of the square, surrounding some object rendered invisible by their bodies, while others were rushing tumultuously hither and thither, driven by causes she could not divine, brandishing weapons and uttering howls without number.—One large party was passing from the wigwam itself, their cries not less loud or ferocious than the others, but changing occasionally into piteous lamentations. They bore in their arms the body of the murdered chief—an object of such horror, that when Edith's eyes had once fallen upon it, it seemed as if her enthralled spirit would never have recovered strength to remove them.

But there was a more fearful spectacle yet to be seen. The wife of Wenonga suddenly rushed from the lodge, bearing a fire brand in her hand. She ran to the body of the chief, eyed it for a moment, with such a look as a tigress might cast upon her slaughtered cub; and then, uttering a scream that was heard over the whole square, and whirlling the brand round her head, until it was in a flame fled with frantic speed towards the centre of the area; the mob parting before her, and replying to her shrieks, which were uttered at every step, with outcries scarce less wild and thrilling. As they parted thus, opening a vista to the heart of the square, the object which seemed the centre of attraction to all, was fully revealed to the maiden's eyes.—Chained to two strong posts near the Council house, their arms drawn high above their heads, a circle of brushed-wood, prairie-grass, and other combustibles heaped around them, were two wretched captives—white men, from whose persons a dozen savage hands were tearing their garments, while as many more were employed heaping additional fuel on the pile. One of the men, as Edith could see full well, for the spectacle was scarce an hundred paces removed, was Roring Ralph,—the captain of horse-thieves. The other—and *that* was a sight to rend her eye balls from their sockets—was her unfortunate kinsman—the playmate of her childhood, the friend and lover of maturer years—her cousin—brother—her all—Roland Forrester. It was no error of sight, no delusion of mind;—the spectacle was too palpable to be doubted: it was Roland Forrester whom she saw, chained to the stake, surrounded by yelling and pitiless barbarians, impatient for the commencement of their infernal pastime, while the wife of the chief, kneeling at the pile, was already endeavoring with her brand, to kindle it into flame.

The shriek of the wretched maiden, as she beheld the deplorable, the maddening sight,—might have melted hearts of stone, had there been even such among the Indians. But Indians, engaged in the delights of torturing a prisoner, are, as the dead chief had boasted himself without heart. Pity, which the Indian can feel at another moment, as deeply, perhaps, and benignly as the whiteman, seems then, and is, entirely unknown, as much so, indeed, as if it had never entered into his nature. His mind is then voluntarily given up to the drunkenness of passion; and cruelty, in its most atrocious and fiendish charicter, reigns predominant.—The familiar of a Spanish Inquisition, has sometimes moistened the lips of a heretic stretched upon the rack—the Buccaneer of the tropics has relented over the contumacious prisoner gasping to death under his pincers; but we know of no instance where an Indian, torturing a prisoner at the stake, the tortur once begun, has ever been moved to compassionate, to regard with any feelings but those of exultation and joy, the agonies of the thrice-wretched victim.

The shriek of the maiden was unheard, or unregarded; and Braxley—himself so horrified by the spectacle, that, while pausing to give it a glance, forgot the delay was also disclosing it to Edith—grasping her tighter in his arms,—from which she had half leaped in her phrenzy, turned his horse's head to fly, without seeming to be regarded or observed by the savages,—which was perhaps in part owing to his having resumed his Indian attire. But, as he turned, he could not resist the impulse to snatch one more look at his doomed rival. A universal yell of triumph sounded over the square; the flames were already bursting from the pile, and the torture was begun.

The torture was begun—but it was not destined long to endure. The yell of triumph was yet resounding over the square and awakening responsive echoes among the surrounding hills, when the explosion of at least fifty rifles, sharp, rattling, and deadly, like the war-note of the rattle snake followed by the mighty hurrah of Christian voices and the galloping of horses into the village from above, converted the whole scene into one of amazement and terror. The volley was repeated, and by as many more guns; and in an intant there was seen rushing into the square a body of at least an hundred mounted white men, their horses covered with foam and staggering with exhaustation, yet spurred on by their riders with furious ardour;—while twice as many footman were beheld rushing after, in mad rivaldry, chering and shouting, in reply to their leader, whose voice was heard in front of the horsemen, thundering out,—"Small change for the Blue Licks! Charge 'em, the brutes! give it to 'em handsome!"

The yells of dismay of the savages, taken thus by surprise, and, as it seemed, by a greatly superior force whose approach, rapid and tumultuous as it must have been, their universal devotion to the Saturnalia of blood had rendered them incapable of perceiving; the shouts of the mounted assailants, as they dashed into the square and among the mob, shooting as they came, or handling their rifles like maces and battle-axes; the trampling and neighing of the horses; and the thundering hurrahs of the footmen charging into town with almost the speed of the horse, made a din too horrible for description. The shock of the assault was not resisted by the Indians even for a moment. Some rushed to the neighboring wigwams for the guns; but the majority, like the women and children, fled to seek refuge among the rocks and bushes of the overhanging hill; from which, however, as they approached it, a deadly volley was shot upon them by foemen who already occupied its tangled sides. Others again fled towards the meadows & cornfields, where, in like manner, they were intercepted by hands of mounted Long-knives, who seemed pouring into the valley from every hill. In short, it was soon made apparent that the village of the Black-Vulture was assailed from all sides, and by such an army of avenging white men as had never before penetrated into the Indian territory.

All the savages—all, at least, who were not shot or struck down in the square—fled from the village; and among the foremost of them was Braxley, who, as much astounded as his Indian confederates, but better prepared for flight, struck the spurs into his horse, and still retaining his helpless prize, dashed across the river, to escape as he might.

In the meanwhile, the victims at the stake, though roused to hope and life by the sudden appearance of their countrymen, were neither released from bonds nor perils. Though the savages fled, as described, from the charge of the white men, there were some who remembered the prisoners, and were resolved they should never taste the sweets of liberty. The beldam, who was still busy kindling the pile,—roused from her toil by the shouts of the enemy and the shrieks of her flying people, looked up a moment; and then snatching at a knife dropped by some fugitive, rushed upon Stackpole with a wild scream of revenge. The horsethief, avoiding the blow as well as he could, saluted the hag with a furious kick, his feet being entirely at liberty; and such was its violence that the woman was tossed into the air, as if from the horns of a bull, & then fell, stunned and apparently lifeless, to perish in the flames she had kindled with her own breath.

A tall warrior, hatchet in hand, with a dozen more at his back, rushed upon the Virginian.—But before he could strike, there came leaping with astonishing bounds over the bodies of the wounded and dying, and into the circle of fire, a figure that might have filled a better and braver warrior with dread. It was the medicineman, and former captive, the Indian habiliments and paint still on his body and visage, though both were flecked and begrimed with blood.—In his left hand was a bundle of scalps, the same he had taken from the tent of Wenonga, [on the night he killed him in his own tent and escaped from horrid confinement] the grizzled scalp-lock of the chief, known by the vulture feathers, beak, and talons, still attached to it,—was hanging to his girdle; while the steel battle-axe so often wielded by Wenonga, was gleaming aloft in his right hand.

The savage recoiled, and with loud yells of "the Jibbenainosay! the Jibbenainosay!" turned to fly, while even those behind him staggered back at the apparition of the destroyer, thus tangibly presented to their eyes;—nor was their awe lessened, when the supposed fiend, taking one step after the retreating leader of the gang, drove the fatal hatchet into his brain, with as lusty a whoop of victory as ever came from the lungs of a warrior. At the same moment, he was hidden from their eyes by a dozen horsemen that came rushing up, with tremendous hazzas, some darting against the band, while others sprung from their horses to liberate the prisoners. But this duty had been rendered, at least in the case of Captain Forrester. The axe of Wenonga, dripping with blood to the hilt, divided the rope at a single blow; and then Roland's fingers were crushed in the grasp of his preserver, as the latter exclaimed, with a strange, half frantic chuckle of triumph and delight,—

"Thee sees, friend! Thee thought I had deserted thee? Truly, truly, thee was mistaken!"

"Hurrah for old Bloody Nathan! I'll never say Q to a quaker again, as long as I live!"—exclaimed another voice, broken, feeble, and vainly aiming to raize a huzza; and the speaker, seizing Nathan with one hand, while the other grasped tremulously at Captain Forrester's displayed to the latter's eyes the visage of Tom Bruce the younger, pale, sickly, emaciated, his once gigantic proportions wasted away, and his whole appearance indicating any thing but fitness for a field of battle.

"Stranger!" cried the youth, pressing the soldier's hand with what strength he could, and laughing faintly, "we've done the handsome thing by your, me and dad, thar's no denying!—But we went your security agin all sorts of danngers, in our beat; and thar's just the occasion. But h'yar's dad to speak for himself: as for me I rather breath's too short for wasting."

"Hurrah for Kentucky!" roared the Colonel of the Station, as he sprang from his horse, and seized the hand his son had released, wringing and twisting it with a fury of friendship and gratulation, which, at another moment, would have caused the soldier to grin with pain.—"H'yar we are, captain!" he cried; "picked you out of the yambers!—Swore to foller you and young madam to the end of creation—beat up for recruits, sung out 'Blue Lick, to the people, roused the General from the Falls,—whole army—a thousand men,—double quickstep;—found Bloody Nathan in the woods—whar's the cratur?' told of your fixin'; beat to arms, flew ahead, licked the enemy—and ha'n't we exterminated 'em?"

With these hurried, half incoherent expressions, the gallant Kentuckian explained, or endeavoured to explain, the mystery of his timely and most happy appearance; an explanation, however, of which the soldier, bewildered by the whirl of events, the tumult of his own feelings, and not less by the uproarous congratulations of his friends, of whom the captain of horsethieves, released from his post of danger, was not the least noisy or affectionate, heard, or understood, not a word. To these causes of confusion were to be added the din and tumult of conflict, the screams of the flyin Indians and the shouts of pursuing and opposing white men, rising from every point of the compass; for from every point they seemed rushing in upon the foe, whom they appeared to have completely environed. Was there no other cause for the distraction of mind which left the young soldier, while thus beset by friendly hands and voices, incapable of giving them his whole attention? His thoughts were upon his kinswoman, of whose fate he was still in ignorance.—But before he could ask the question prompted by his anxieties, it was answered by a cheery hurrah from Bruce's youngest son, Richard, who came galloping into the square and up to the place of torture, whirling his cap into the air, in a phrensy of boyish triumph and rapture. At his heels, and mounted upon the steed so lately bestridden by Braxley, the very animal, which, notwithstanding its uncommon swimming virtues, had left its master, Pardon Dodge at the bottom of Salt River, was—could Roland believe his eyes?—the identical Pardon Dodge himself, looking a hero, he was so begrimmed with blood and gunpowder, and whooping and hurrahing, as he came, with as much spirit as if he had been on the border, and accustomed all his life to fighting Indians. But Roland did not admire long at the unlooked-for resurrection of his old ally of the ruin. In his arms, sustained with an air of infinite pride and exultation, was an apparition that blinded the Virginian's eyes to every other object;—it was Edith Forrester; who, extending her own arms, at the soldier sprang to meet her, leaped to his embrace with such wild cries of delight, such abandonment of spirit to love and happiness, as stirred up many a womanish emotion in the breast of the surrounding Kentuckians.

"There!" cried Dodge, "there, capting!—Seed the everlasting Injun feller carrying her off on the hoss, knowd the crittur at first sight; took after, and brought the feller to: seed it was the young lady, and was jist as glad to find her as to find my hoss—if I wa'n't, it a'n't no matter."

"Thar, dad!" cried Tom Bruce, grasping his father's arm, and pointing, but with unsteady finger, and glistening eye, at the two cousins—"that, that's a sight worth dying for!" with which words, he fell suddenly to the earth.

"Dying, you brute!" cried the father, in surprise and concern: "you ar'n't had a bit, Tom?"

'Not an iota," replied the youth, faintly, "except them eternal slugs I fetched from old Salt; but, I reckon, they've done for me, I felt 'em a dropping, a dropping inside, all night. And so, father, if you'll jist say I've done as much as my duty, I'll not make no fuss about going."

'Going, you brute!" iterated the father, clasping the hand of his son, while the others, startled by the young man's sudden fall, gathered around, to offer, help, or to gaze with alarm on his fast changing countenance; 'why, Tom, my boy, you don't mean to make a die of it?"—

'If—if you think I've done my duty to the stranger and the young lady," said the young man; and added, feebly pressing the father's hand,—'and to *you*, dad,—to you and mother, and the rest of 'em.'

'You have, Tom,' said the colonel, with some what a husky' voice,—'to the travelling stranger, to mother, father, and all——.'

'And to Kentucky?' murmured the dying youth.

'To Kentucky,' replied the father.

"Well, then it's no great matter- You'll jist put Dick in my place: he's the true grit; ther'll be no mistake in Dick, for all he's only a young blubbering boy; and then it'll be jist all right, as before. And it's my notion, father——'

'Well, Tom, what is it?' demanded Bruce, as the young man paused, as if from mingled exhaustion and hesitation.

'I don't mean no offence, father,' said he,—'but it's my notion, if you'll never let a poor traveller go into the woods without some dependable body to take care of him—'

'You're right, Tom; and I an't mad at you for saying so; and I won't.'

'And don't let the boys abuse Bloody Nathan,—for, I reckon, he'll fight, if you let him take it in his own way. And,—and, father, don't mind captain Ralph's stealing a hoss or two out of our pound!"

'He may steal the lot of 'em, the villian!' said Bruce, shaking his head to dislodge the tears that were staring in his eyes; 'and he shall be none the wuss of it.'

'Well, father,—" the young man spoke with greater animation, and with apparently reviving strength,—"and you think we have pretty considerably licked the Injuns h'yar, jist now!'

"We have, Tom,—thar's no doubting it—And we'll lick 'em over and over again, till they've had enough of it."

"Hurrah for Kentucky!' cried the young man, exerting his remaining strength to give energy to the cry, so often uplifted, in succeeding years, among the wild woodlands around.—

"Despise not small honest gains," says some one, " nor risk what you have on the delusive prospect of gaining sudden riches. If you are in a comfortable thriving way keep it and abide in your own calling rather than run the chance of another."

This is sound, wholesome advice, and there are thousands who, from not observing it, are now suffering the unhappy consequences of rejection.—Once if a good honest profit of six or seven per cent could be made, business men were contented, and by economy and perseverance, accumulated a competence—but now, since the speculting mania has been rife, men have grown tired of the old fashoned way of getting a living, and in "the delusive hope of gaining sudden riches, have ventured all and in too many instances have lost, all."

Portland Times.

Eleven old ships of war belonging to the British navy, had been sold at public auction, and brought the gross amount of 25,450*l*.—Several of them had "braved the battle and the breeze for centuries," and one of them was once Admiral Duncan's flag ship.

An insurrectionary movement was recently made in Hayti, by Colonel Isador Gabriel, who at the head of some mounted Caribiniers, took possession of the arsenal of Cape Haytien. Gen. Leo, at the head of some of the National Guard, re-took the arsenal, and Isador and the remnant of his troops took to flight.

Extraordinary Amalgamation—The N.Y. Commercial Advertiser states that there is a waiter at the Mansion House, who is black on one side and white on the other. "Draw a line from the centre of his forehead down, exactly down, the middle of his nose, and one side of his face and his hands, and of his legs, and one half of his body, are as black as ebony.—What is more *extronery* still, one half of his hair is woolly, like the Africans!"