DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 4. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1838. NO. 11.

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

TERMS.

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

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

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

POETRY.

THE REVOLUTIONARY VOTERS.

"In Northfield, N. H. on the day of election, nine revolutionary soldiers attended the polls together, and voted for the Democratic ticket."

Room for the grey-haired soldiers!
In a noble band they come—
But not with the battle shout.
Nor the sound of the martial drum.
Not now with the nodding plume,
Nor the war steed proudly prancing
Do they come, with the light of the early day
On their bayonets brightly glancing.

Not now with the stars and stripes,
Above them floating free,
Do they press to the battle field,
With the cry of Liberty;
Nor now does the cannon roar
Or the speedy musket flash,
Rally the ranks of the freemen
Where the swords of the freemen clash.

With tottering steps they come,
And lips all bloodless now,
They press like the bride at the alter shrine,
To renew their early vow;
For Freedom still, the cry
Echoes from hill and valley,
And they rush at the call as in other days,
When the war-cry bade them rally.

One, tells the hair breadth 'scapes,
With Starke at Bennington,
Another drops a soldier's tear
As he spake of Washington,
And they tell to each the olden tale
Renowned in golden story,
Of Lexington and Bunker Hill,
And the death of the craven tory.

Room, for the grey-haired soldiers!
Room for the patriot sires,
Who kindled in our green land
The light of Freedom's fires;
Long, long, may they gether here
With the children of the free,
And ever as now renew their vows
In the cause of Liberty!

From the Baltimore Herald.

UP WITH YOUR BANNER.

Up with your banner—let it proudly fly—
The foe's in the field—the battle is nigh!
Up, freemen, up! come forth in your might—
Strike—'tis for Justice, Liberty and Right!
Great Jove's mighty bird, while soaring on high,
Looks down from his realms, with soul piercing eye—
His shadowy wings their Ægis shall be
Who strike for their rights, and dare to be free!

Up with your banner—let it proudly fly—
Its glory reflected back from the sky!
Oh, soon may its stars illumine the world,
And tyrants & despots from power be hurl'd!
Sound loud the tocsin—*Reform* be your cry—
Corruption's base crew, before you shall fly,
Fame shall proclaim, o'er the land & the sea,
Democracy's triumph—'*Old Maryland's*' free!

Up with your banner—let it proudly fly—
The foe's in the field—the battle is nigh!
Minions of power—oh, soon shall ye feel,
The voice of the people's stronger than *Steele!*
Rouse freemen rouse! to your post quickly fly!
Your it is just—let this be your cry;—
No *Registry law!*—no *Indemnity fee!*
But *Grason—Reform*—and *Democracy.*

Volcanic Formation of America.—The Sulphur Springs, near Brandon, Mississippi, are becoming a very fashionable resort for invalids in that country. Our whole territory, from the abundance of Sulphur waters it contains in New York, Virginia, and elsewhere, and the frequent stata of basaltic pummice stone, &c., as at the Pallisadoes, Patterson Falls, &c., seems to indicate strongly a volcanic character in our geology. To corroborate this, we need barely allude to the volcanoes still blazing every where on the summit of the great Appalachian chain, which runs up through Mexico and California, and also to the frequent earthquakes on the Mississippi Valley, &c. some years since.—*N. York Star.*

From the Knickerbocker for August.

HANS SWARTZ.

A MARVELLOUS TALE OF MAMAKATING HOLLOW.

WEST of the Shawangunk mountain, lies a sweet valley, in the days of our story called 'Mamakating Hollow.' It diverges from the valley of the Hudson River, at Æsopus, and makes its way, like the bed of some ancient stream, in a southerly direction, until it meets the northern line of New Jersey. It requires but little fancy to conceive, that the Hudson river once ploughed its course through this wonderful ravine, and mingled its waters with those of Deleware Bay. Indeed, were the barrier which fills the northern mouth of the Mamakating Hollow, even now removed, it might contend with the Highland channel for the honor of conducting to the ocean the rich billows of our northern Pactolus. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery, the traveller would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs of the Shawangunk, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this beautiful valley, from her northern to her southern limit.

The judicious descendants of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial valley, the natural entrance to which is from Æsopus. Their farms, some twenty years ago, before turnpike roads and a canal* intersected those regions, were stretched across the Hollow from the Shawangunk to the corresponding mountains on the west. They were thus furnished, at either extremity, with woodland and pastures; while the spacious bed between the ridges, varying from two to five miles in width, was a carpeted meadow.

The traveller who sets out in the morning from the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly-revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright-colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveller can scarcely believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken. The Dutch farmers placed their flat houses near the middle of their farms, with little regard to symmetry or taste in their arrangements. Probably at the time many of these houses were erected, no roads piercing farther into the interior had been laid out. At the date of our story, some enterprising Yankees had cut a straight turnpike-road across the valley, much to the annoyance of its old fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farm-houses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

Well established in the fattest part of this exuberant valley, lived HANS SWARTZ, one of the patriarchs of the village. His ancestors had been patriarchs time out of mind, and the chimney of his paternal mansion contained certain amorphous masses, which tradition designated as the identical bricks brought by his ancestors from Holland. The house of Hans, covering an immense area, with its roof descending on each side nearly to the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New England, 'yclept a hen-coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay, notwithstanding the modern invention of carns; the diverging corn-cribs before his door; the pig pens in their neighborhood; the grind stone, aviary, and out-door oven, scattered around in mockery of symmetry; all bespoke a man of weight and means, according to the estimation of that day.

Hans, however, had become somewhat degenerate. His wife was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Hans was naturally good tempered and yielding, and the habit of obedience had become a second nature.

The most severe test of his docility, was on the occasion of interruptions, from his better part, of certain patriarchal levees, which Hans had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to hold at the door of his mansion. It was his delight, as it had been that of his fathers, to collect around him, on a summer's eve, those who, like himself, loved the cup and a pipe better than hard work. At such times, Hans was in his true glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above-mentioned instruments of quiet enjoyment in either hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, the woful laxity of Dutch integrity, and the inroads of the bustling Yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who stretched on the seats of turf or slate, on either side, quietly enjoyed the patriarch's discourse and hospitality.

The terrible inroads of Hans' wife had, however, more than once disturbed this, quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; insomuch that the most urgent entreaties of Hans, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint-hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One summer's eve surrounded by his obsequious neighbors, Hans had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woful conflicts of their ancesters with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted by an extra bowl, had so engrossed all attention, that the usual hour of departure passed unnoticed. The starting eyes and slobbering mouths of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. Mistress SALLY SWARTZ, or 'Aunt Sorchie,' as the neighbours familliarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last stocking, and covered the few dying coals of a summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window seat, for the session of social friends at her door to break up, and restore her good man to his quiet bed.—But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvellous rehearsals of Hans, that, heedless of the hour and of the thickening indignation of 'Aunt Sorchie,' they but drew nearer to the speaker, as if chained by fascination. Hans had even risen from his leather-bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground, in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narrative of Indians and evil spirits, when Aunt Sorchie, tortured beyond endurance by this unseasonable delay, with anger in her visage, made her appearance on the threshhold, directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every Dutchman started from his seat, as if the ghost of old Wilhelmus Testy himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Hans had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn a look behind him, the strong hands of Sorchie were closely placed on either side his head, somewhat more closely than was exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their duress, were made to hear the grating sounds: 'Hans! will ye never stop short your drunken speeches, and come to bed!' The sapient audience waited not for any further salutation. Each mynheer was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his moveables permitted, and ere Hans was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshhold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack, or corn crib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of poor Hans; and whether the grog which had given him such an honied utterance had also, Sampson like, shaken the pillars of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of Sorchie's hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in a bed, and had snored, for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steam-boat.

It was near the dread hour of midnight, when horror sometimes steals over the firmest breast, that Hans seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by a slight rattling at the door of the apartment. The door slowly opened, and by the dim, flittering light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshhold. It entered, and was followed by another and another, each more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Hans attempted to scream, or to spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a night mare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffians cautiously approached the bed side. A dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, and the dark outline of a pistol was seen in his left hand. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would Hans have given to hear even the grating voice of Sorchie! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side, unconscious of the approaching danger. Ætna's self was a light burden on Enceladus, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Hans. At length, the haggard assassin, motioning his fellows to halt, approached the bed side, bent slowly over the trembling victim of his wrath, and in a low, distinct tone said: '*Wretch, I come for thee! Rise and follow me!*' As if warned by the last trump, Hans sprung, start nakad, upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were almost as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than the lacing, and buttoning, and strapping, of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Hans followed like an automation, and the two attendants brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be revelling in the upper regions, burying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds, and forcing the fleet winds in cross currents through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner. Not a word escaped them, as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped, of such desperate width as to astonish Hans at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of prey, startled from their lairs by this unearthly procession, howled along its flank, in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched Dutchman. He toiled, and puffed, and struggled, to keep up the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make.

At length, streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Hans, that he might once more see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black mouth of an infernal cavern yawned fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within, flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices! Hans shrunk back in terror. 'Enter!' said his guide, in a voice of thunder It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock, balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and the world for ever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Hans sunk upon the ground, near the entrance, helpless and immoveable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side; he saw their glaring eyes, he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheek, and their talons in his living flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave, but the shrill voice of 'aunt Sorchie!' The fiery eyes were hers; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair. 'Wake up from your drunken night-mare! You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!' Hans found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, 'he awoke, and behold it was a dream!'

Volcanic Formation of America.—The Sulphur Springs, near Brandon, Mississippi, are becoming a very fashionable resort for invalids in that country. Our whole territory, from the abundance of Sulphur waters it contains in New York, Virginia, and elsewhere, and the frequent stata of basaltic pummice stone, &c., as at the Pallisadoes, Patterson Falls, &c., seems to indicate strongly a volcanic character in our geology. To corroborate this, we need barely allude to the volcanoes still blazing every where on the summit of the great Appalachian chain, which runs up through Mexico and California, and also to the frequent earthquakes on the Mississippi Valley, &c. some years since.—*N. York Star.*

*The 'Deleware and Hudson.'

THE LLAMA is the only animal associated with man, and undebased by the contact.—The llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humllity, waves his hand coaxingly towards the llamas, looks at them with tenderness, and, at the same time, in the softest, tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic ic ic.* If the llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they ere in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensative. It must be so, in fact; for the llama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gestures, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill treatment by flight (the llama is never tied or fettered) he lies down, turniug his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitions reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading, If the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws himself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the llama. It is doubtless from this ordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtasked.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Difficult Experiment.—The following notice of a novel and difficult Experiment lately made on the Thames, is from the Boston Patriot:

An unexampled enterprise has been lately undertaken, and with complete success, in the waters of the Thames, not far from its mouth. It was desired to dislodge the hull of a large vessel which was fixed in the bed of the river, and which obstructed the navigation like an immovable rock. All efforts to start it had failed, till an officer of engineers proposed the plan of filling two enormous cylinders of lead with gunpowder, and placing them, by means of the diving bell, under the sides of the embedded vessel, and exploding them. A tube communicated at one end with the cylinders, and contained a fuse to be lighted at the other.

Two attempts to put the design in execution failed, by a derangement of the apparatus, and one sailor lost his life by entanglement in the cords of the diving bell, which was constantly agitated and displaced by the motion of the water. But, at last, the preparations being all completed, 4,000 lbs. of powder, with which the cylinders were filled, were ignited in the bed of the river, to throw up to the surface the remnants of the wreck A mass of water, taking the form of a dome, of more than eight hundred feet in circumference, was urged into the air to the height of seventy feet, then a thick and black vapor broke forth, from the midst of which, as from a volcano, escaped, in every direction, masts, planks and beams. The silence of astonishment which had seized upon the immense crowd upon each side of the river was soon broken by vehement applause, and but a few minutes after the explosion, boats approached to collect the fragments of the ship which were scattered upon the surface.—No unfortunate accident interrupted the hazardous undertaking.

A Cat Case in Chancery.—In the Vice Chancellor's Court of Saturday week, Mr. Bethell appeared in support of a petition presented by residuary legatees, claiming under the will of a maiden lady named Katherine Barfoot, praying to have certain sums of stock transferred into the name of the accountant general to the credit of the cause. Among the numerous bequests contained in the will of the testatrix, was an annuity of £10, secured on a sum of stock, "to provide a suitable income for the life of a favorite tom-cat, named Blucher.' (Laughter.) The dividends had been regularly appropriated, from time to time, by the trustees, to the maintenance and support of the annuitant, until the period of his death, which occurred a few days ago. The annuity, therefore, having fallen in, the present petition sought to have the stock transferred. His honor inquired what evidence the learned counsel had to offer to the court of the annuitant's death?—(A laugh.) Mr. Bethell said, a certificate of the burial of the deceased, which was the usual evidence required by the court, could not be produced; but he trusted, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, his honor would consider an affidavit of the fact by a disinterested party sufficient evidence that the annuitant was dead.

The Register, (Mr. Colville) suggested that the affidavit would not justify the court in making the order, inasmuch as it only deposed to the fact of a single death, whereas a cat was proverbially known to have nine lives. (Laughter.) It was also a very nice question, whether the language of the will did not create a tenacity in tail. The next kin of the intestate were also said to be extremely numerous, and it was not alleged that any one of them had been personally served with the petition. (Laughter.) Mr. Jacob thought that the court ought to proceed to anjudicate with extreme caution on a case supported by such slender evidence, and before the authorities had been looked into. He remembered a case before Sir John Leech, which was all fours with the present. (A laugh.) The vice-chancellor felt the weight for the first objection taken by the Register, but observed, that the cat having once died, must be held forever *cwiliter mortuus*, and not entitled to greater privileges than a christian. (Much laughter.)

TOMATO.—It is said by Mr. Jefferson, that we are indebted to Dr. Siccary, a Virginia practitioner, for the introduction of the tomato. He was of opinion that a person who would eat enough of these vegitables would never die. They failed, however, to confer immortality upon their introductor.—[N. Y. Whig.

A CURIOUS SLAVE CASE AND FELONY.—The following article from the New York Express of the 6th inst. will be read with more than common interest, from the fact of the principal party being known to many of this communiay.—*Easton Whig.*

Some time during the present season, a gentleman named John P. Drag, came to this City, from New Orleans, and took lodgings in Varick street. He was accompanied hither by a favorite slave, named Thomas Hughes, or as he was familiarly called, "Tom,' who acted here as body servant. About two weeks since, Mr. Darg, on returning to his lodgings, found his trunks rifled of sundry valuables, and what was more important, nearly $9000 in Bank notes, was also missing. Suspicion at once fell upon the slave, 'Tom,' as he was nowhere to be found, and has not since been heard from.

On Saturday last, a man named Barney Corse, of 87 Cliff street, called on Mr Darg, and offered to pay him $1025 of the money, on condition of his signing a certain document, which Mr. D. after taking legal advice, consented to do. The Document is as follows:

In consideration of receiving the whole, or a greater part of the money stolen from my lodgings, as per advertisement in the paper called "The Sun," I hereby agree to the following conditions, to wit:

That my slave, Tom, shall be manumitted forthwith, and exonerated from criminal prosecution on account of any participation in the removal of said money.

That it it shall be found necessary, in order to recover said money, to promise a like exoneration to others who may have become implicated, and hereby agree to confirm the same.

(Signed) JOHN P. DARG.

New York, September 3, 1838.

The above is in addition to the one thousand dollars reward, which I promise to pay in current money.

(Signed) JOHN P. DARG.

N B. The last clause was writen in pencil.

On Monday afternoon, Mr Corse was to call again, but did not do so till about dark, when Mr. Darg not being in, he left $1,500 more of the money and the following document:

"Whereas I John P. Darg of the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, being in the city of New York, and the owner of a bright mulatto man named Thomas Hughes, commonly called Tom, aged about 21 years, and about 5 feet 9 inches high, with a scar on his forefinger, a slave for life.".

In consideration of three hundred dollars to me in hand paid, the receipt of which I here by acknowledge, and am therewith satisfied, do hereby manumit and set free from slavery, the said Thomas Hughes, commonly, called Tom, and I do hereby exonerate and discharge free from all charges of whatsoever kind, and will defend him against the same: and I also exonerate and discharge all other persons who may have sheltered or entertained him from all responsibility touching the same

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal at the city of New York, this 3d day of September, 1838

Signed sealed and delivered this day and year above written in the presence of us. } [SEAL.]

Please have some clothes packed in his trunk so I may get it when I call again,

The last clause written in pencil,

Mr. C. on leaving this paper, agreed to call again on the same evening. Meanwhile Mr. Darg had gone to the Police Office, and made affidavit of the robbery, and also that Corse had received the property, knowing it to have been stolen, and that he had concealed the slave Tom, and had him still in concealment in order that he might escape arrest and punishment. Whereupon a warrant was issued and placed in the hands of officers Merritt and Peck.

The officers, on reaching the house, found there assembled, Mr. Corse, Mr. Darg, and a friend of his, together with several ladies—the whole party engaged in conversation on the subject of the proposed compromise. Corse took out of his pocket $2,380, of the money, which he held up for a moment, and then laid it on the table.

Mr. Darg enquired of him if he must sign the last mentioned paper before he could get the money. Corse replied, "yes." Mr. Merritt who had entered the premises by the back way, at this time cautiously advanced to the table, reached over and seized the money, forbade the signing of the papers, and declared Corse his prisoner. It was now about half past 10 o'clock P. M., and at the request of Corse, Mr. Merritt went with him to the house of Mr. Lowndes, Liberty street, where $2,003 more of the money was paid over. Corse was then suffered to depart. He yesterday came again before the Police, about 1 o'clock, but for the wnnt of sufficient opportunity, the further examination of the case was deferred till this morning. The officers have recovered in all $6,908 of the stolen money. The slave "Tom" has not yet been found.