DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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POETRY.

THE HAPPY DREAM.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

I laid me down and slumbered,
And gladness filled my breast;
I dreamt that my days were numbered,
That my weary heart had rest:
And a loved fair girl whom I joy'd to see,
Was the first with smiles to welcome me
To the land of the good and blest.

As she came, there was music on the air
With the motion of her wings,
That parted from her pinions fair,
Free as the gush of the springs:
And the strains which arose and died around,
Were softer than twilight mellowed sound,
More sweet than from earthly strings.

I turned with the pain of parting
From the few I left behind,
But that fair one's radiance darting,
Swept the shadow from my mind;
As I gazed on her beauty beyond compare,
Away was dissolved the pain, and care,
That linked me to my kind.

I marvelled at the splendor
So pure and so intense;
Yet all subdued and tender,
That it injured not the sense;
I marvelled at the coming bright,
Of that illimitable light,
Which was, I knew not whence.

Around were myriads soaring
With fadeless glory bright,
Whose natures were adoring
The fountain of all light;
And soothing o'er my spirit stole
These accents of the loved soul
That first entranced my sight.

"Thou hast left the realms of night,
Thou hast left the land of care;
Thou hast gained the abode of love and light,
The home of the good and fair;
Oh! blessed art thou such home to gain,
Where Rest is not the child of Pain,
Nor Joy is Sorrow's heir!"

I awoke, and pined to die,
For the light came thick and dull;
I pined on the wings of the dove to fly
To the land of the Beautiful:
I pined to sever the mind from the clay,
But the spirit within me for ever would say,
"God's laws man may not annul."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Courier.

LUKE MANNING, THE MURDERER.

Many of our readers, we presume, have heard of this monster. He was, we believe, a native of Columbia, South Carolina, and the editor of the Times informs us that many people now living in that region distinctly recollect him, and his early acts of atrocity. The editor of the Mercury at Alabama knows much of his career, for it was thereabouts that he performed many of his most horrid acts. The memoir that follows may offer some idea of this monster in crime. He paid the forfeit of his life at Barboursville, of his last act of the demon spirit that moves within.

LUKE MANNING was a native of South Carolina, and his parents are said to have been very respectable and in affluent circumstances. At the age of 17 or 18 he was, by an unfortunate fatality, permitted to select for his associates, during a period of seven or eight years, a parcel of youths of about the same age, whose reckless, dissipated, and riotous conduct, rendered them the terror and abhorence of the neighborhood they infested.

One of the feats he performed during this period, was (for his amusement only,) to seize an old man by the loose skin of his throat, drawing the same from the flesh and inserting his knife close to the wind-pipe and slitting the skin, leaving a large gash, or to use the peculiar slang of such men, 'dew-lapped the man.'

At, or about this time, (aged 25) he came into possession of his estate, worth about $8000, (equivalent to about $30,000 at the present day.) He kept bachelor's hall, for he never married, and a gang of his cronies always about him, while at the same time, he attempted the management of his estate. He had not as yet reached that degree of depravity which could enable him to perpetrate the destruction of a fellow being, but to gratify his thirst for blood, he calculated with cool precision, how much of the murderous knife that he constantly carried about him, he might venture to use, without incurring the ultimate penalty of the law. He mechanically broke a gap in the edge of his knife, within an inch of the point, sufficiently large to insert his thumb, and thus provided against wounding his own fingers and any great liability of taking life, he would indiscriminately attack without the smallest justifiable provocatoin, and cut, lacerate and mark whoever had the misfortune to fall in his way, without superior means of defence. In this manner he left monuments of his cruel and seemingly uncontrollable propensity wherever he went for a period of five years.

During this period at a country frolic, he amused himself by imperceptibly cutting a lady's dress, and so completely did he disengage and tatter it, that when she arose from her chair the shreds fell froom her body and left her exposed to the gaze of the crowd. For this exploit he was prosecuted and mulcted in the sum of $5000 damages.

During the same period, he, with five of his associates, stripped a man and washed his body, first with whiskey and then with spirits of turpentine, and then set fire to his surface. The physician that attended upon this man, states that the skin of his entire body was so burnt as to be disorganized except a spot about the arms as large as a dollar. He entered a prosecution against them, but they prevented it from going into court by paying him $1000 each, as a compromise.

At the age of thirty-two, when at a shooting match, upon a very slight occasion, he shot a man with his rifle. For this offence he was tried, condemned and sentenced to be hung: but through the influence of his family, the Governor pardoned him.

About three months after this transaction he again commenced cutting and marking, which he continued for about the same length of time. He now attempted to kill a man with his knife, but struck the mastiod process, and laid the flesh open to the bone from that point to the extremity of the chin. For this offence he was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment and to pay $1000 damages.

As soon as released, he again commenced this reckless course, which he pursued till he was thirty-eight, at which time he killed another man. This was visited with a conviction for manslaughter. The penalty consisted of a fine of $1000 and 12 months imprisonment.

At about forty he again committed murder for which he was once more tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. Among those present at the court house, was a brother of the prisoner, who upon hearing the sentence, fainted,—he was removed home and the following morning he was a corpse. This circumstance—the respectability of his family, and the influence of a very respectable gentleman who was connected with the family by marriage, once more obtained his pardon from the Governor on the condition of his leaving the State, for it was thought that this last act of mercy and a separation from his vicious associates, would tend to reform him. Alas! how vain the hope—how poorly was his character understood. This very man whose influence and exertions had rescued him from an ignominous, (*if not an untimely*) death, was the first to feel that he was incorrigible and beyond reform. After taking him from prison to his own house, before the morrow's sun rose, the deadly rifle was in Manning's hand and aimed at his friend, relation and host, but who, by seizing the rifle, prevented him from adding another foul murder to the catalogue of his crimes.

He was, however, removed to this State, and up to the time of his last criminal act, a period of about three years, he seemed gloomy and melancholy, with only occasional, but minor violations of the peace of society. Such a state of quiet and obscurity did not suit him, and he rode to a gentleman's plantation, called the Overseer to the fence, and shot him without the smallest provocatoin. For this offence he was executed. The Judge had his melancholy duty embittered by being compelled to pronounce sentence of death on a man, who in boyhood had been his schoolmate and companion, and therefore could not avoid alluding to the past, and closed with the expression of a sincere hope, that the prisoner would improve the short spase of time allotted him before his execution to fit himself for eternity. Manning, after leaving the court-house and while on his way to prison, uttered the most revolting maledictions against the Judge, saying, it was none of his concern whether he went to Heaven or to Hell. His final act was to snatch at a stick while pinioned to strike one of the byestanders. He met his death with recklessness, and his expiring breath was fraught with execrations against the whole human race.

Manning's name is to be found upon the criminal docket of his native State, for a period of twenty years. (What a commentary upon the legal provisions of our country for the personal safety of its citizens!) He is said to have manifested considerable address in endeavoring to influence some gentleman in this State, who knew his family, to petition the Governor for a pardon. In his last trial he would not unbosom himself even to his council, when they urged upon him the necessity of knowing all the facts, he put them off by remarking that it was enough for them to know, that the Overseer (for the murder of whom he was charged,) was very unpopular with the slaves of the plantation, thus intitating that the slaves murdered him.

THE FAR WEST.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Commercial Bulletin, gives the following rather unattractive picture of the soil and resources of a part of the great region lying West of the United States.

In speaking of the *Far West*, the great difficulty is to fix upon the point where it shall commence, a few being reasonable enough to admit, that the Pacific Ocean is the termination. My object being to prove that the greater part of this immense Territory is altogether unfit for agricultural purpose, I will place the beginning of the *Far West* at the line where nature seems to have said to the tide of emigration which is annually rolling to the West, thus far shalt thou go and no farther.

We will thus suppose that the greater part of the Indian lands lying west of the United States, and extending up the Missouri as high as the Vermillion River; from thence running, at right angles North and South, *may* be susceptible of cultivation, and that a sufficient quantity of timber and coal *may* be found within these limits to answer the purpose of these inhabitants; still this only includes a small fraction of their territory, and all beyond I confidently assert to be nothing more than a dreary waste—almost as barren and sterile as the desert of Africa; and that it must ever remain so, may be illustrated by simply stating a few facts.

First, the sterility of the sandy soil, which during the most favorable seasons can produce nothing but a short scanty crop of grass peculiar to the country. In making this broad assertion, I except the narrow, low bottoms of the Missouri and its tributaries; in these the soil is sufficiently rich and productive, but they are so very limited, as to be altogether incapable of sustaining a frontier settlement, viz: half a dozen of squatters, besides, these bottoms are merely artificial, and liable at every freshet to be swept away, and their places occupied by sand-bars. The truth of *this* statement can be attested by almost every farmer who has been so unfortunate as to locate himself on the low bottoms of the Missouri—after shaking a few seasons with the fever and ague, he has at length beheld the turbid waters of the Missouri rolling over the spot where his humble cabin *once* stood, and himself and sickly family driven to seek a refuge in the hills.

But even supposing the soil to be as rich as the banks of the Nile, still the scarcity of wood and water in the interior of the prairies, must be considered as insurmountable obstacles. Making all due allowances for American enterprize, yet, there are wants nature alone can supply, and amongst these we can surely include wood and water. There are many parts of the praires where not a stick of timber can be found for a distance of two hundred miles, and for all that I have seen to the contrary, coal is full as scarce as timber, and water as rarely to be met with as either.

I have known the dry season on the Upper Missouri to commence on the 6th of May, and continue until the 2d of October. It may be answered in reply to these remarks, that the Mandans, Gros Ventus, and some other tribes, successfully cultivate corn, beans, &c., within the district I have been describing; but it will be recollected that each family cultivates only a small spot, say half an acre on the banks of the Missouri, and this is made productive only by daily irrigation.

Let it not be inferred from all that I have said, that this extensive region is destined to remain a mere blank on the face of creation—even the oceans that cover so large a portion of the Globe with their briny waters, are all subservient to the use of man. Amongst other benefits, serving as barriers to separate nations, whose climates, laws and manners are so essentially different that they could never amalgamate, or exist, if continued to the same country; yet being so widely separated, they mutually contribute to the advancement of civilization and refinement—supplying each other with the luxuries, and even many of the necessaries of life.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

My feelings were very poetical, as I walked towards the door of the village church.—I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. I, however, pressed up the aisle, until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I soon perceived I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked seriously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in his discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his lofty flights were even sublime; but almost any thing was calculated to effect my mind then. The speaker spoke of heaven and its joys, and the blissful scenes with which we were surrounded on every side. The music of the wood, and the fragrance of the heath, seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then, it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy, that the white handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected one fair lass, with large black eyes, stealing several glances at me of a most animated character. I need not describe the sensation experienced by a youth, when the eyes of a beautiful woman rests for any length of time on his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes, which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart. I doubted not, that this fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of everlasting inspiration. How could it be otherwise? She had been born and nurtured amidst wild and romantic scenes, and she was made up of romance, of poetry, of tenderness.

Then I thought of woman's love—her devotion—truth—I only prayed that I might meet with her, where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. I thought of Werter and Charlotte; and could not doubt, that the village maiden and myself were capable of enjoying equal transports in each other's society. Her glances continued—several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark eyed girl set out for home on foot. "O, that the customs of society would permit, for we are surely one in soul! Cruel formality, that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other!" Yet I determined to take the same path. I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought that she evinced some emotion at recognizing me, as being the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she acutely slackened hers, so as to let me come up with her.

"Noble creature," thought I, "her heart is superior to the shackles of custom."

At length I came within stone's throw of her.

She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to overflowing, and my eyes filled with tears of rapture. I reached the place where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

'Are you a pedlar?'

'My dear girl, that is not my occupation.'

'Well, I don't know,' continued she very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly, 'I thought when I saw you at the meeting house, that you looked like a pedlar who passed off a pewter dollar on me about three weeks ago; so I determined to keep an eye upon you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he can catch the fellow, he'll wring his nose for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing fellow after all."

The last words she uttered were at the top of her voice.

Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?

From the Farmer and Fardner July 11.

CLINE'S COMBINED PLOUGH.

The inventor of this implement made a trial of one of them at our place, a few days since, in the presence of several gentlemen, farmers and machinists, the result of which was highly satisfactory to all present—They are constructed with from two to five shares. The one used upon this occasion had two steel shares, and was worked by one horse, which power was sufficient to enable it to do its work with great ease and exactness. As the reader will suppose, it carried two furrows, which were laid with much nicety.—From the peculiar mathematical propriety with which the proportions of the plough are arranged, there is no jostling or inequality in the resistance, so that whether regard be had to the horse or the ploughman, the labor is lighter, much lighter, than with the common plough.—Mr. Cline managed it most of the time with his finger and thumb resting on the reins placed on the cross bars extending from handle to handle. The wood-work is got up pretty much upon the plan of a harrow with handles, is compact, strong, and competent to perform any work with proper force. The work performed at my place was ploughing in a small field of corn, and we were surprised to observe the closeness with which Mr. C. was enabled to approach the corn without injury. Indeed so exactly does it do its work, that there is little left for the hoers to perform; for in fact, that as well as turning up the ground is done by the implement itself. So satisfied are we of its immense superiority, that we have engaged one, with a view of working our corn. To us it appears, that his double shared implement are competent, with the propelling force, to do as much more work in any given time as any other plough we have ever seen, without increasing the labor to either man or beast.

Mr. Cline is a resident of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a practical farmer, and knowing the deficiencies of the old plough, set himself sedulously to work to produce an implement that should supply them, and we think we hazard nothing in saying, that he has been triumphantly successful. He has a patent, and as we believe he deserves it, we sincerely hope he may reap a fruitful harvest of profit as the reward of his ingenuity and perseverance; for certainly he has rendered a most important service to his agricultural brethern, by reducing the expenses of cultivation so far as the plough is concerned, fifty per centum. As 'money saved, is money gained,' so has Mr. Cline placed it within the power of every husbandman, to economise his ploughing expenditures to the amount named by us. At times like the present, when from the precariousness of our seasons, crops are uncertain, it becomes the farmers or planters to avail himself of every possible opportunity to curtail his costs of labor, therefore, it appears to us, that a more eligible means of effectuating this object, has seldom been presented to the public than the present in the shape of labor-saving machinery.

We did not learn from Mr. Cline that he had disposed of any rights; but for the benefit of the community, we trust he may diffuse them in every direction on our widely spread country; for his plough is worthy of the most extended patronage, and we doubt not, when its advantages become generally known, it will receive it.

THE TOMATO.

We are receiving new evidences of the utility of this grateful garden vegetable in preserving health, and in curing indigestion, and diseases of the liver and lungs. A writer in the Farmer's Register, says it has been tried by several persons, to his knowledge, with decided success. They were afflicted, says he, with chronic cough, the primary cause of which in one case, was supposed to be diseased liver—in another diseased lungs. It mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks a mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks a fit of coughing. It was used in a dried state with a little sugar mixed with it, to render it agreeable to the taste. The writer expresses a conviction, that if freely used in July, August and September, it would prove a complete antidote to bilious fever. The tomato, to have early use, should be started with us in a hot bed; though if raised in abundance it may be dried, which is our practice, and may be at command through the year. The mode of drying is as follows: "Full ripe tomatos are scalded in hot water, to facilitate the operation of taking off the skin; when skinned they are well boiled with a little sugar and salt, but no water, and then spread in cakes about an eighth of an inch thick in the sun. They will dry enough in three or four days to pack away in bags which should hang in a dry room.' We consider the tomato and rhubarb the most healthy products of the garden.

Professor Rafinesque says of the tomato. 'It is every where deemed a very healthy vegetable, and an invaluable article for food.'

Prof. Dickson writes—'I think it more wholesome than any other acid sauce.'

Prof. Dunglinson says—'It may be looked upon as one of the most wholesome and valuable esculents that belong to the vegetable kingdom.'—*Cultivator.*

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England, after a lapse of one hundred and twenty three years, again rejoices in a Female Sovereign.

ANNE, the last of the Steuart's ascended the English Throne, in 1702, when she was 39 years old, and reigned 12 years. She was the mother of 17 children, all of whom died young. Her reign was distinguished by the success of British Arms and British Literature.

Since 1714, when Queen Anne died, England has had five male Sovereighs. George I. reigned 43 years; George II. reigned 35 years; George III. reigned 63 years; George IV. reigned 10 years; William IV. reigned 7 years.

SPRING WHEAT.

The Gettsburg Star, of yesterday, states that James Renshaw, Esq. of Littlestown, & Mr. John N. Noel, of New Oxford, in that county, have each deposited in the Star office, specimens of Spring Wheat, which was sown by them about the 1st of April, and which being now harvested, is proved to have yielded quite abundantly. Mr. Renshaw obtained his seed from Europe—and that sown by Mr. Noel was American. The Star says the grains of each of the specimens are plump and large, and invites the Farmers of Adams county to call and examine them.

We are glad to perceive from the above, and other evidences of the fact, that our intelligent and enterprizing farmers in various parts of the country, are turning their attention to Spring Wheat, as an important variety, or addition to their agricultural products. We have not a doubt that they will find their account in it. When a 'hard winter' or other disaster, overtakes their fall seeding, the Spring Wheat is the very thing, and comes in admirably, as a means of repairing damages, and restoring to the farmer the cheering prospect of a full crop.—*Balt. Pat.*

TIDES.—According to recent and accurate observations, the tide wave travels from the Cape of Good Hope to Gibraltar, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, in the incredibly short period of twelve hourse, which is at the rate of above 400 miles an hour. The same wave quires twelve hours to reach Edinburgh from Gibraltar, a distance of about 1,900 miles, and proceeds with a velocity of 160 miles an hour; whereas that from Edinburgh to London, only 500 miles, requires the same time of twelve hours, and goes at the rate of 42 miles an hour. These retardations in the rate of velocity of the tide wave are occasioned by the obstruction it receives from the coast it comes in contact with. At Liverpool it is found that a fall of one-tenth of an inch in the barometer raises the tide one inch, which is a beautiful illustration of the law of gravitation.—Athenæum.

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The Prussian Journals are much occupied with a Polish Rabbi, lately arrived at Breslau, who, although only 23 years of age, has a memory so astonishing that he can recite by heart, without missing a syllable, the whole of the Talmud, with the innumerable commentaries of Raschi, Josaphant, and Rosh, together with the marginal annotations. Let his Talmeen be opened at Hazard, and any word marked with a pin, he will tell the word corresponding to it in position in any other page of the book. At Warsaw he was brought before Prince Pakewitsch, to whom he repeated names of several hundrsd soldiers in a list which he had read over only once. He, however, is frequently in such a state of nervous excitement, from constant and preternatural efforts, that apprehensions are entertained for his reason.

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WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it.—The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are 4041 muscles in a catterpillar. Hook discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eyes of a drone, and to effect the respiration of a carp, 12,000 arteries, veins, and bones &c. are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each one permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1000 to each mass, are joined together when they come out, and make the single threads with which the spider spins its web; so that which we call a spider's thread consists of more than 1000 united. Lewenhock, by means of a microscope, observed spider's no bigger that a grain of sand, who spun threads so fine that it took 4000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

The *N. Y. Sun* calls this the age of *Humbug*, and says in reference to it, that 'if all the silver and gold in the country were made into a wash, and spread upon the bank note currency, it would not cover it with a coat of metal of the thickness of *moonshine;* and yet this moonshine by a singular 'sophistication,' is plained off as so much *solid metal!*

The New York American of Thursday, alluding to the large amount of specie exported by the packets of the 1st inst, (1,175,000) says:

'Notwithstanding this large export, the price of specie is falling, or rather, that of paper is raising; and when the new crops shall come in, and the business revive somewhat, a return by the banks to specie payments will be comparatively easy.'

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The Wheeling Times says, the times are so hard, and payments are so scarce, that the girls down east complain that the young men cannot even PAY their addresses.

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