DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1836. NO. 25.

DORCHESTER AURORA,

EDITED AND PRINTED BY

JOHN T. JACKSON.

TERMS—$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.

For Sale,

A Lot in the Town of Vienna, on which has recently been erected a two story dwelling, a Cook house and a Smoke-house. If the above property is not disposed of at private sale, before the 10th day of September next, it will on that day be offered at public sale, on the premises, at the hour of 3 o'clock, P. M. The terms will be made accommodating.

NOAH J. FOXWELL.

Vienna, Aug. 15th, 1836. 4w

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to me, as the administrator of Eben Hutcheson, are requested to make immediate payment, as I am anxious to close the estate as soon as possible. Those who fail to attend to this matter, must not complain if they find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

JAMES HUTCHESON, Adm'r of Eben Hutcheson.

Aug. 15t 3w

A List of Letters remaining in the Pots Office at Cambridge Md., the 1st of October 1886.

Mrs. E. Applegarth	Miss H. Hall
W. H. Applegarth	Alexander Jones
Miss Margarett Bell	Denwood Jones
John Brohawn's	Rev. J. Judd
Thomas Byus 2,	Rev. Solomon Jackson 2,
Mrs. Sarah Busick	
Jacob Barnett	Miss Angelina Kirby
Mrs. Marg't. Bennet	Miss H. W. Keene
Caulk Whuttro & Co.	Stewart Keene
James Callen	Miss Emiline Keys
Henry Coursey	John Mace
George W. Christy	Jacob Pattison
Mrs. Mary Ann Cook	Levin Richardson 2,
Noah Dixon	John Rider
Benjamin Dixon	Joseph E. Rigley
James Dixon	Miss Catharine Stewart,
Miss Emily Eccleston	
Miss E. Eggleston	Capt. Solomon Saunders
James Fooks	
John D. Farghuson 2	Thos. Travers Sen.
Greensbury Goldsborough,	David W. Tylor
	Mrs. E. A. H. Terpin
William T. Harris	Daniel J. Tall
Mrs. Ann E. Harris	Capt. John Travers
John H. Harmsley 2,	Mrs. Catharine Webb
James Harris	William W. Warren.

E. P. LECOMPTE, P. M.

Oct. 3d 1836.

Talavera Seed Wheat.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale, 100 Bushels of TALAVERA SEED WHEAT, if immediately applied for. The experience of all who bought of him, last year, confirms the high character he then gave it.

He has several good plough Horses for sale—and a fine young Carriage Horse.

ALSO,

A small WAGGON nearly new.

JOSEPH E. MUSE.

Oct 17th, 1836 3w.

Rail Road NOTICE.

Pursuant to the provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled "An act to incorporate the Eastern Shore Rail Road Company," and the several supplements thereto, books of subscription to the capital stock of the Eastern Shore Rail Road Company will be opened on TO-DAY, at ten o'clock, A. M., and continue to be opened for the space of three days thereafter, between the hours of ten o'clock, A. M; and two o'clock, P. M. at the county town in each of the counties hereinafter mentioned—That is to say:

At Elkton, for Cecil county, under the direction of James Sewell, Lambert D. Nowland, Henry Hollingsworth, James Groome and Dr. Amos A. Evans.

At Charleston, for Kent County, under the direction of Wm. McK. Osborne, Gerge Vickers, James F. Brown, Hugh Wallace, and Barney D. Course.

At Centreville, for Queen Ann's county, under the direction of John Brown, Dr. Robt. Goldsborough, Peregrine Wilmer, Thomas Emory and George Newman.

At Denton, for Caroline county, under the direction of Thomas Burchenal, Edward B. Hardcastle, Thomas S. Carter, Caleb P. Davis and Philemon Skinner.

At Easton for Talbot county, under the direction of Wm. Hughlett, Edward N. Hambleton, John Leeds Kerr, Lambert W. Spencer and William H. Tilghman.

At Cambridge, for Dorchester County, under the direction of Thomas H. Hicks, Dr. William Jackson, William I. Ford, Dr. Joseph Nichols and Samuel Sewell.

At Princess Anne, for Somerset county, under the direction of Arnold E. Jones, Joseph S. Cottman, John Dennis, Edward Long and Littleton D. Teackle

At Snow Hill, for Worcester county, under the direction of Dr. John P. R. Gillis, Dr. John S. Spence, Samuel R. Smith, John U. Dennis, and Dr. John J. Martin.

By order,

THOMAS EMORY, President.

LITTLETON D. TEACKLE, Sec'y.

Denton Md. Sept. 16, 1836.

EVERY BODY'S ALBUM:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

Humorous Tales, Essays, Anecdotes, &c. &c

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS

Grotesque & Amusing Engravings.

Each number containing seventy-two octavo pages, neatly covered and stitched—making at the end of the year two volumes of eight hundred and sixty-four pages, and at least six-hundred engravings with Tales and Index complete—at three dollars per annum.

The cheerful and pleasing feature with which it is proposed to diversity and distinguish this work has never yet been adopted by any one of the numerous literary caterers that have hitherto abounded in this country—and its extensive novelty and the vast fund of humour and variety which will be interspersed throughout its pages, is calculated to render it a desirable and popular companion for the amusement of all classes who desire to possess an epitome of the works of celebrated Modern Humorists, Etchers and Engravers. The encouragement generally given to new undertakings, having salutary objects in view; has proved a decided public advantage, and it is questionable whether any other age has ever brought into active use so large a proportion of the really deserving offspring of genius and talents as the present. Assured that this periodical, affording, as it will, an elaborate and comprehensive collection of fanciful Illustrations, Satirical Essays in prose and verse, witty Tales, Quips, Quirks, and Anecdotes, and Facetiæ, must have a partial tendency (among its patrons at least) to divert into and other and more exhilirating channel much of the oppressive action of the mind, consequent upon the cares and vexations of business, the publisher anticipates for it a most flattering & extensive subscription list. The work, at all events, will be commenced on the first of July, and continued for one year, therefore every subscriber will be certain of receiving all the numbers for which he has paid. When the twelve numbers are completed and made up into two volumes, they will form one of the most desirable and amusing records of wit and humour which can be found in print. Let the public assist the publisher with their patronage, and he assures them he will leave nothing undone that will give celebrity and popularity to his work.

☞The "EVERY BODY'S ALBUM" will be published monthly in numbers of 72 pages with a variety of embellishments—neatly stiched in colored covers—printed with new type, and on fine white paper, at three dollars per annum, payable in advanae. Two copies will be supplied to order, for one year, for five dollars. When sent to a distance from the city, the work will be packed in strong wrappers, to prevent the least rubbing by the mails. ☞Notes of solvent banks of every description taken in payment of subscriptions. Address the publisher (postage paid.)

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Phil'd.

☞A specimen number has been received at this office and we request our friends to call and see the work.

☞ 17 ☜ POPULAR NOVELS,

VIZ:

Peter Simple,	King's Own,
Jacob Faithful,	Newton Forster,
Pirate and Three Cutters,	Pacha of Many Tales,
Frank Mildasay,	Japhet in Search of his Father,

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

Pelham,	Last days of Pompei,
The Disowned,	Rienzi,
Devereux,	Falkland,
Paul Clifford,	Pilgrims of the Rhine,
Eugene Aram,	

BY E. L. BULWER.

Will be given as a premium to any person who will send the names of Ten Subscribers, and Twenty Dollars in cash, to the publisher of

The Saturday News and Literary Gazette.

And to every person who will send Five Subscribers, and Ten dollars in cash, complete set of either Bulwer Marryatt, as may be preferred.

The prices of the novels above mentioned, if purchased of the booksellers, would be $21, 25; and in Godey's cheap and uniform edition they cost $6 50. They can be had of the publisher, at $3 50 for Bulwer, or $3 for Maryatt, complete.

CLUBBING.

Bulwer's Novels and Saturday News, for $5
Do. do. and Celebrated Trials, for $5
The Trials, Sketch Book, and Lady's Book for $5
Lady's Book, Saturday News, and Sketch Book, for $5
Saturday News, Sketch Book, and Celebrated Trials, for $5
Marryatt's Novels and Lady's Book, for $5

Or a remittance of $5 will pay for Bulwer's Novels in full, and $2 on account of subscription to Lady's Book.

The SATURDAY NEWS contains more reading matter than any other paper published in the United States. It is devoted to general Literature, Criticism, the Drama, Agriculture, Intelligence, News, &c. Many of the best writers of Philadelphia are contributors to to its columns; and its selections are made from the whole range of English Literature A correspondence is maintained with the principal cities of the Union, and letters are expected from a gentleman of high talent about to travel in Europe.—The subscription price is $2 per annum, payable in advance, or three copies for $5.

Saturday News and Bulwer or Maryatt's Novels can be had for $5.

All orders must be addressed, free of postage, to

L. A. GODEY & CO.,
100 Walnut street.

JOB PRINTING,

Such as CARDS, LABELS, BLANKS CIRCULARS, &c., neatly and expeditiously executed at the Office of the Aurora.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Father of all, whose love has given
The boon that lifts my soul to heaven,
Teach me to guard with watchless care
The treasure thou hast sent me here;
And while my purest feelings flow,
With warm affections fullest glow,
Oh let thy strength pervade my heart,
And teach me all a mother's part;
This cherished babe which fills my arms,
And cheers me with its opening charms,
Is thine in life, is thine in death,
Its earliest and its latest breath,
Come and must go at thy decree,
Its life is only lent to me;
Then teach me with thy heavenly skill,
To wait obedient to thy will,
And while I train its thoughts to rise
From earth towards its native skies,
To yield it to thy heavenly care,
When thy sad messenger shall come
To bear it to its safest home.
But if thy mercy sparest it now
To childhood's bloom, to manhood's glow,
Still let thy precept be its guide,
Still let thy law of love abide,
For none but those who own thy sway,
Can safely tread the narrow way.

From the Baltimore Transcript.

☞Our friend, Mr. Hewitt, has favored us with the words of his ballad, called the "*Knight of the Raven Black Plume,*" sung by Mr. Howard with such unbounded marks of approbation—at his musical soirees. The words of the other popular song, "*A Health*" originally appeared in the Transcript some months since, and have been extensively copied.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RAVEN BLACK PLUME.

A lady sat mute in her bower,
While the page from the turret on high:
Look'd out on that lone midnight hour,
To see if her lover was nigh.
"Ho, ho," said the page, as he toss'd
His scarf in the moon's mellow light,
"A horseman the meadow has cross'd,
And his helmet and banner are bright!
Lady fair! lady fair! banish thy gloom,
For lo! here's the Knight of the raven-black plume."

The lady arose from her seat,
And through the light lattice she spied
A horseman careering full fleet
Along the dark rivulet's side.
And soon from the battlements high,
The notes of a shrill bugle rang;
And she wept,—but she could not tell why,
While thus her young Troubadour sang.
"Lady fair, lady fair, banish thy gloom,
For lo! I m the Knight of raven black plume!

"I come from the field of the slain,
And the meed of the tournament's mine,
But never a smile could I gain
So dear to my bosom as thine."
The warder then opened the gate,
And the halls with high revelry rang;
And long did the fond lo ers prate,
While the ministrels in joyous notes sang—
"Lady bright!—lady bright! banish thy gloom,
And wed the brave Knight of the raven black plume!"

Reported for the Transcript.

POLICE REPORT.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Dec. 17th.

Catching a Tartar.—Mr. James Burting an untamed, though we hope not untameable youth of the ginsling, heel and toe department, was returning last-night early this-morning from a "hoe down" in Old Town, when he descried, twinkling in the distance, one of those delightful companions of a nocturnal ambulation, a cigar

Burting struck up on the inspiration of the moment, that very pretty little ditty set by somebody, some time since, to the air of "Love's Ritornella." jogging along after the fashion of *the below.*

"Real Havana,
Precious cigar!
Gentle as manna;
Bright as a star, &c."

"And the devil fetch me one, for I am cigarless at this present reckoning, but may I never taste the 'Real Habana' more, if I dont have company in my distress," exclaimed the votary of the weed, at the same time approaching that starry centre of a radi of perfume, which he forthwith demolished at a blow and scattered into a hundred shining particles.

"That's rather rough my friend," said that mouth so unceremonious un cigarred.

"What business had you to be luxuriating in such a luxurious luxury? I beg your pardon though, I didn't think of an alternative—perhaps you've got another?"

"Yes I have, a first rate one, and—"

"I'll fight you for it—no backing out—come on," and suiting the action to the word he made a most pugnacious reach-out, and his knuckles brought quite audibly against the stranger's—*spontoon!*

"I'm a gone-er," said he, as the watchman took him by the collar and walked him to the stationhouse, where he was detained until morning, for the better safety of cigar smokers generally, when he was discharged.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 8th.

Animal Brickbatism.—Amongst the one thousand and one discoveries and inventions of this age of amazement, next to "animal magnetism," we may place "animal brickbatism," the latter of which scientific developements, can boast in the persons of John Mellee and Henry Corder, supporters, equally zealous with Professor Poyen, of "down east,' in the promulgation of the doctrines of the former.

An amorous cat caterwaul on a wall; a stray grunter on a midnight prog excursion; a yelping cur on a cellar door, or, a cow on a com-chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fodder, are all considered fair game for experiments in "animal brickbatism," which, very unlike magnetism, instead of hypnotic action, has the effect of suddenly awakening the patient, which as suddenly scampers off.

The two professors already named, had exercised their art on divers 'critters' of all kind, kine, canine and fenine, one of the latter of which was so completely 'brickbatized' that upon running towards the gable end of a pretty lofty roof, it acquired such an impetus, whereby it was obliged to leap to the ground, when it was pursued with shouts so heroic, that some of the watchmen animated by the sounds, joined in the chase, who, although they failed in catching the cat, caught the professors, and they were lodged as usual, but begged off in the morning.

Their discharge was granted them with a warning for the future, which they will do well to regard.

THE MAGIC RING—THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER—WONDERFUL RECOVERY—STRANGE ADMONITION TO HOURON AL RASCHID.

"The ring which hou hast now upon thy finger, Prince Giafar, was a gift from my grandfather Mahadi to my father. It was a pledge of his succession to the throne, after the death of his brother Hadi, to whom as eldest born the kingdom of right descended. Mahadi died, (peace be with him!) and his eldest son succeeded to the crown. Yet scarcely was he seated upon the throne, when, forgetful of his father's wishes, he intrigued to transfer the succession from my father to his son Giafar, who at that time was a mere infant. The principal officers of the court were sounded and gained. All, with the exception of the venerable father, were the ready and submissive instruments of the tyrant's ambition. The venerable Jahia alone remained firm. He was resolved to oppose so flagrant a violation of the will of the deceased calif, and as he held the office of vizier, and possessed reputation for great prudence and ability, his opposition was for a long time successful. 'Act not thus unjustly,' said thy father to the ambitious calif, 'lest all islam rise up against thee The people will not reverence a child even though he be clothed with the mantle of the Prophet. One who cannot pray in the mosque, and exhort the Mussulmen to piety, who cannot lead our warriors to battle, and our pilgrims to the sacred city: merits not surely the title of Emirul Mumminin.* Beware, lest in trying to place the sceptre in the hands of thine offspring, it be wrested from thine own grasp." The firmness of thy father was for a time sufficient to prevent the calif from openly pursuing his purpose. He craftily assented to his vizier's advice, and feigned to have banished from his mind his unjust design.

"Meanwhile my father's actions were closely watched. His friends were withdrawn, one by one, from about his person, and sent on various pretexts abroad, and he was surrounded by the creatures of the calif's will. All offices and posts of honour were denied him, neither was he allowed admission into the army, lest he should gain in a greater degree the affection of the soldiery, who already loved him, and whom, at the early age of nineteen, he had led to the walls of Constantinople.

"Yet all hope was not denied him. That sacred jewel, which might purchase an emir's ransom, was still in his possession. As often as he looked upon it his courage revived; for in it he beheld, as it were, a pledge that he should outlive the snares with which his unnatural brother was surrounding him, and wear the crown which his father destined for his brow. Often has my father assured me that the ruby has faded, and become dim, upon the eve of misfortune, warning him of its approach with unerring certainty; that in the midst of gloom and peril, when his soul was sunk in despondency, it has brightened in colour to his fancy, inspiring him with fresh hopes and renewed courage. He saw, as it were, the watchful eye of his deceased father looking out from the gem, alternately cheering and warning him. It was his only hope, his only solace.

'One day, while walking along the banks of the river, musing on his fortunes, he perceived an officer of the calif advancing towards him. He was alone, and unarmed, and the stern Harthmah who drew near was his enemy, and a fit instrument for an errand of blood. The Tigris, too, rolled sullenly by, ready to cover with its waters the foul deed. He looked upon the ring—a dim mist obscured its brightness. Hope vanished, and death seemed drawing nigh. Then it was that he made that vow so well known and faithfully observed. Prostrating his forehead in the wet sands of the river's bank, he besought the aid of the great Prophet of our faith, and vowed, that if the hand of Allah should avert the present danger, he would visit on oot the holy shrine at Mecca, and pay there the devotion of a greatful heart. He arose, strengthed and re-assured. He cast a look upon the jewel—it was bright and smiling; and he awaited with firmness the purpose of the calif.

"Harthmah approached, & rudely demanded on the part of his master, the ring which my father so highly valued. On hearing this unjust demand his rage was unbounded, and bitterly upbraiding his brother's tyranny, he drew the jewel from his finger. It glittered for a moment in the eyes of the expecting officer, and was then hurled far into the midst of the river. After a day of fear and anxiety my father retired to rest, but no sleep refreshed his senses. At the dead of night, he heard a voice calling upon his name. The sound, fraught with gloom and ill-omened, filled his firm soul with dread. It seemed the voice of Azrael when he calls the soul away, and bids it depart from its frail, its earthly tenement. Rasing himself from his couch, he snatched his cimeter which lay near, and went forth. Upon the threshold he encountered Harthmah, who fell prostrate at his feet, then rose, and led him in strange silence to the calif's chamber. Here, having drawn aside the curtains of the royal couch, he disclosed to him the lifeless body of his brother. The hand of God had stricken Hadi with death, and the mantle of the Prophet fell upon the shoulders of my father."

"Allah ackbar! God is great! God is good!" exclaimed the dervis and prince simultaneously.

The recital of her father's danger and deliverance had so overpowered Abassa, that for a time she was unable to proceed. In a few moments, however, she subdued her emotion and continued.

No sooner was my father seated on the throne, than his mind reverted to the ring.—Inconsolable for its loss, he invited, with promise of great reward, divers to repair from all parts of the kingdom to seek for his lost treasure. All were foiled in their attempts; the most practised in the art had been repeatedly unsuccessful, and the calif despaired of its recovery.

"At the close of one of those days which my father was accustomed to spend with his courtiers on the banks of the river, encouraging and rewarding new attempt, an old man presented himself, and offered, with assurance of success, to dive for the jewel. Wretched poverty seemed his lot. His dress was tattered, his face and person blackened and travel soiled, and he wore the cap and belt of a miserable Giaour. My father gazed upon the infidel, smiled scornfully and replied.

"Thou wearest the garb of an accursed race. Can good come from a source unholy? Canst thou range the depths of these waters, and restore to me a treasure sacred and long lost?

"Doubt it not,' said the Giaour. 'If the swift stream has not hurried it far from hence ere yon sun shall set, the jewel shall sparkle upon thy finger."

"But thy limbs are feeble, old man, and the most skilful divers of the East have in vain essayed the task. Thou canst not do this, save by magic or some accursed art, and I warn thee, at peril of thy life, beware! practise not in my presence thy foul craft.'

"Fear not,' replied the infidel, with calmness, 'but cast his leaden circle far into the stream, as near as thou well canst upon the spot where the waters swallowed up thy treasure.'

"So saying, he placed in my father's hands a ring of lead, which the calif for a moment scrutinized, to see if magical or cabalistic characters were inscribed thereon, and then pronouncing aloud one of the attributes of Allah, he cast it into the Tigris. The stranger watched it as it fell, and then, with a mighty bound, plunged in the stream. The waters settled stilly over his head, and all awaited in breathless silence his re-appearance. A few minutes elapsed, which suspence rendered doubly long to the minds of the astonished spectators.

"'Tis the work of Eblis!' exclaimed my father; 'what mortal could exist so long beneath the waves?' As he spoke, a being arose from the waters bearing the long-lost ring. His countenance was benign, his white hair fell down upon his shoulders, and the waters seemed to open a way before him as he moved along. 'Nay, smile no so incredulously. I but tell the tale my father told to me.' He wore a robe of blue silk, the ordinary habit of a dervis, yet encircling his waist was the accursed belt, that declared him a worshipper, perhaps a spirit of the forbidden fire. Slowly and majestically he drew near to where the calif stood, while wondering at the change, all drew back as he approached. Even my father was, as he has since said, awed at his presence, and received the ring at his hands in silence.

"'It is the same,' he said at last, pressing it to his lips and forehead. 'Strange being! by whatsoever power thou hast redeemed this treasure from the waters, I will not question thee. From Allah I receive it, who often performs the noblest works by wicked hands. Thou wearest the badge of an unholy creed, a sect that I abhor, whose very name I have hunted from the face of my kingdom, yet for all this the favour which thou hast conferred upon me is not lessened in mine eyes, and thy reward shall not be unworthy of it. Ask of me any gift that as a prince or pontiff I can rightfully bestow, and it is thine.'

"'Proud prince!' was the calm reply, 'I refuse not thy boon. At an hour when thou lookest not for me, I will be with thee and demand it. Yet ere I depart, hear this counsel, if thou wilt hear aught from the lips of a Giaour. *Beware of thy friends,* for they alone will do thee mortal hurt. From thy