DORCHESTER AURORA.

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

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WM. H. BARROW.

TERMS.

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ETC. ETC ETC.

The Review Department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited praise from all points of the literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extract from rare and popular works. Translations from the lighter portions, of the French, German, Spanish and Italian authors, occur in every number. *Copious and Anecdotal Biographies of eminent men of the day, with Engraved Likenesses*, will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

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Single copies of the Gentleman's Magazine cannot be obtained. A year's subscription must be paid: and at the termination of the time paid for and agreed upon, the subscriber must intimate his intention of discontinuance, or pay the ensuing year upon demand.

Postmasters and other Agents allowed the most liberal commission.

MULBERRY TREES.

THE subscriber offers for sale a large quantity of Trees and Cuttings of the genuine Morus Multicaulis, deliverable to purchasers the first week in November; all of those trees not disposed of at private sale, will be offered at public vendue on the first Monday in November, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock.

Prices and terms for trees or cuttings, will be made known to all who may apply, by mail or otherwise.

ANTHONY C. THOMPSON.
Cambridge, Sept. 16, 1839 tf

A CARD.

THE subscribers have taken the stand at the X roads, recently occupied by Smith & Phillips, and have now on hand an extensive assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

which they will be pleased to sell on reasonable terms for cash or country produce. The public is respectfully invited to give them a call.

R. E. & I. PHILLIPS.

Sept 16, 1839 3t

N. B. They have on hand a good assortment of Eastern and homemade boots and shoes, which they will sell on moderate terms. R. E. & I. P.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

THE undersigned having been disappointed in purchasing the stock of boots, shoes and materials from the late firm of Smith & Phillips, has removed to the office recently occupied by John G. Abbott Esq., where he intends keeping on hand

A SMALL BUT GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
BOOTS & SHOES,

of his own manufacture. Grateful for the encouragement already received, I shall use every effort in my power to merit its continuance.

The public's ob't. serv't.
WM. H. BARTON.
Sept. 9, 1839. tf

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Baltimore, Aug. 26 3w.

$5 Reward.

STRAYED away or taken from the subscribers Farm, on the 29th of July, ult., a red Cow, marked with a crop in the left and underbit on the right ear—she has a white spot in the forehead and some white under her flanks. The above reward will be given to any person who will give me information of the above described cow so that I get her again.

SOVERN S. DAWSON,
Aug 26 3w

MISCELLANEOUS.

[*From the Knickerbocker for September.*

LEGEND OF DON MUNIO SANCHO DE HINOJOSA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and scymetars, and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and advanturous a knight, and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, & drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came prankling over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this gay cavalcade, rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire: beside him was a damsel whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor rung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession.—He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, 'Don Munio Sancho,' said he, 'I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady—chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored.'

When the good night heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals.'

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth missives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days, the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. 'Alas, my lord!' exclaimed she, 'how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when will thy thirst for glory be appeased?'

'One battle more,' replied Don Munio, 'one battle more, for the honor of Castle, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem.' The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit; still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. 'Now is the time,' cried he, 'to prove your loyality. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith! and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter.'

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyality. They all fought to the last gasp.—Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. 'Wo is me!' cried he; 'I have slain my benefactor! The flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!'

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, 'What seest thou?'

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. 'I see,' cried he, 'a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!' exclaimed the old seneschal: 'my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!' Then the castle courts rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose: he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances: and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight, Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: '*Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Finojosa:*' Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing as if in pilgrimage The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he know the foremost to be Don Muaio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times.—Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor.—There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they arose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen.—Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of these Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonzo VI, on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend, to be lightly abondoned by the doubter.

THE INVISIBLE POWER

A few days since, in common with several other journals, we invited public attention to the new Electro-Magnetic mechanical Power, now in operation at No. 58 Gold street, to a company for the manufacture and application of which a charter was granted by our State Legislature, in the last session. It is from a sense of duty to the cause of science, and to the public good, that we again express our entire confidence in the entire success and stability of this truly grand invention, and expect for it the most magnificent results.

In justice to the very scentific and enterprising men, who at an immense expense, have brought this new mechanical power into operation, it is proper to state that it is essentially different and distinct from that of Messrs. Davenport, which created so much inspection, a short time since, but which still remains a mere toy without any farther improvement. The electro-magne'ic engine of this new Company is to be seen in actual operation, and its principles are so simple and obvious that the most sceptical alone is required to multiply its power to an indefinite extent. In saying this, we do but reiterate the opinion of every intelligent person who has seen it, and concur with the testimonials that have been freely awarded to it by scientific men and practical engineers.

The electro magnetic machine of Messrs Davenport and Cook was clearly found to be open to the objection—among others more directly arising from its inherently defective principles—of the serious expensiveness of its application to practical purposes. It was ascertained to be a mechanical power far more expensive than that of steam independently of its extreme cumbrousness and first cost.—These objections are completely obviated in the new machine, one of which of a size adequate to drive a double cylinder printing press can be kept in full speed for twenty four hours for about as many cents; and such a machine would occupy scarcely more room than the wheel and crank by which these presses are usually driven by manual toil.

In short the machine of the Electro-Magnetic Company has decided the most interesting and important question that has arisen in the whole wonderful career of modern philosophy—the applicability of an invisible, universal, illimitably powerful and costless agent to all mechanicism to which steam and animal power are now applied. When we reflect that more than a century and a half have elapsed since the Marquis of Worcester invented the steam engine, and demonstrated the adequacy of steam to propel machinery, we may rationally indulge in the highest anticipations of electro-magnetism as its substitute, from the fact that although only 8 years have transpired since mechanical motion was first obtained by this new agent, it is already applicable to all the ordinary purposes of steam. This is indeed a triumph of our age and of our country, and too much cannot be said or done to cheer on those intellectual and enterprising men by whom so magnificent and momentous a consummation has been achieved. We shall take an early opportunity to recur to this interesting subject.—N. Y. New Era.

AIR AND EXERCISE.—One of the worst customs to which our capricious climate has led, is that of keeping the inhabitants too much within doors. Every person, old or young, who is not confined by sickness, ought to go very often abroad, and take the free fresh air several hours. Walking is the best exercise for men and women. This should be practised every day in the year, unless the inclemency of the weather absolutely forbids. The English are the healthiest pe ple in the world, and this arises in part from their systematic exercise. Even the most delicate and highbred ladies there take an airing almost every day, and usually walk several miles. They do not mind a drizzle or a shower. How different is it in this country. It is here considered a matter of delicacy for a woman to keep herself immured at home, and she pays for it in a slender constitution, a pallid cheek, the early decay of her teeth, and the premature loss of all the beauty which health can bestow. I have been struck with the difference of custom in this respect, in England. There is no country where the women perform their domestic duties with more fidelity, but they still find time to gain daily healthful exercise beneath the open sky of heaven. This custom strikes an American on his first arrival in England. He there sees many of the women abroad, contrasting strangely with the shy imprisonment of the sex in his own country. And one thing is to be remarked, that the English women dress to the weather and do not expect the weather to suit itself to them. They put on thick cloaks and warm shawls, if the wind is rough, and do not disdain stout shoes or pattens, if the ground is wet or muddy.—*Fireside Education.*

Methodists on the Pacific Coast.—The Board of the Methodist Missions in New York have received cheering accounts from the Oregon Territory: twenty-seven converts had been made at one protracted meeting, of whom four were Americans and English, and the rest nativos, except two from the Sandwich Island.

'My dear, keep your own side of the bed, and don't crowd so,' said a loafer, when from deep potations, he was laying in the gutter, and a piggy was rooting him over.

'I've lost nothing by that oparation,' as the lump of butter said to the dairy maid, ven she let it fall on the dirty floor.

Merchants, traders, mechanics and manufactures, don't complain of dull times. If you want more business, than you now have, send on your advertisements. A man who expects to do much business without advertising, will get sucked in.'

Extraordinary Growth—A Floral Curiosity.—We had the pleasure of seeing, a few days ago, in the garden of Mr. Aukard, at the Navy Yard, a plant of the Noisette Rose, which, since the 24th June last, when the bud was inserted into the stem of a rose tree, has grown upwards of seven feet. It is a fine thriving plant, and has attracted much notice as a great floral curiosity.—*National Intelligencer.*

Curious Definition of Ice.—When a boy, a native of the East Indies, (where be it remembered, there is no ice,) was on a visit at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, he was shown water in a basin that had been frozen in the night. On being asked what it was, he said, "it is water fallen asleep."

Finn-ism.—Why should the Bunker Hill Monument be governed by a temperance committee?—D'ye give it up? Because it is not allowed to get HIGH.

Fair Business.—Six thousand tickets for the Fair were sold at Boston on Tuesday, at 25 cents.

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