SALOON OF APOLLO.

'It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.'

The following may be ranked amongst that class of composition which goes by the name of *pretty*. Its beauty consists in the epigrammatic and pointed character of the language, not in the richness and beauty of the fancy.

[*Eds. Camb. Chron.*]

SONG.

Yes, still truly thine! Ah, they never Love knew
Who drew him with wings of the Iris hue;
Love is still the same, changeless, 'mid smiles and 'mid tears,
The anchor for hope, and the anchor for fears.

Thy fate may be darkness,—I ask but to share
The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care;
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be
More dear than the smile of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;
But the chain thou hast linked is more precious to me
Than liberty, if it divides me from thee.

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear,
A dungeon were brightness, if thou too wert there;
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,—
'Tis life to be near you, and death if we part!

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Young Love was once a prisoner kept,
For roaming late in Beauty's bowers;
The nymph surprised him while he slept,
And bound him with a wreath of flowers.

She guards him with her virgin train,
They watch by turns while Love reposes;
Or weave fresh rose-buds for his chain,
For young Love's chains are made of roses.

Yet still Love pined, and only sought
To rid him of his rosy fetter;
For tho' his chains *were* flowers, he thought
No chains at all would suit him better.

But scarce this discontent began,
And scarce the angry thought had risen,
Before the boy conceived a plan
To free him from his flowery prison.

'Twas this—the little artful elf,
While he and Beauty watched together,
Resolved at once to free himself,
And bind him in the self-same tether.

One night the train of nymphs had fled,
Fatigued with all day's anxious duty;
And having put young Love to bed,
They left her to the care of Beauty.

Then Master Cupid heaved a sigh,
And drooping low his gaudy pinion,
He seemed, at once, to Beauty's eye,
As if resigned to sleep's dominion.

And now he spoke, and now he stirred,
And sobbed and smiled; to Beauty's seeming
The urchin dreamed; and she had heard
That Love was always fond of dreaming.

So Beauty watched him late and long,
Till, feeling rather tired and stupid,
She sunk, herself, the flowers among,
And slept beside the couch of Cupid.

Then love arose, his rosy bands
With eager haste he tore apart;
And bound poor Beauty's eyes and hands—
But, more than all, he bound her heart!

Then, high in air, at once springs,
With bow, and shaft, and glittering quiver;
And soaring far on wanton wings,
He flew away, alas! for ever.

POPULAR TALE.

"In vain has naked truth advances made,
But still may gain access in masquerade;
In fiction's fascinating garb disguised,
Her wholesome precepts will be duly prized."

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

THE BANDITTI ORLANDO.

"The moon is down, the stars have set,
No glow-worm lights the ground;
Nor earth, nor heaven waketh yet,
'Tis Nature's rest profound."

Such was the chorus sung by two sentinels, as they marched to and fro before the mouth of a deep cavern, embosomed in a thick and gloomy forest, near the border of a lake in the province of Bohemia. Groups of savage looking beings were reposing on their arms; a custom common to men, who like them, were liable every moment to be surprised. At the conclusion of the chorus above alluded to, a bugle was heard to sound at a distance.—In an instant all was tumult and confusion.

"Comrades, arouse," said one, who appeared to be second in command, "arouse and to arms. Yon bugle is the herald of our Captain's approach; and see, morning already breaks."

"Our Captain returned at last," said another, well, I am glad of it. I am weary of this idle life. Now, by my faith, I have a good mind to forswear his service altogether."

"Pshaw, you don't know him," answered the Lieutenant, "nor I, for that matter; but this I know, that some secret occupies his thoughts, and I think that I have hit upon it."

"Well—what is it?"

"Love!"

"Love, indeed! Pray what has a ——"

"Hush!—see he approaches."

Their commander now appeared before them. He seemed troubled, and heeded not their acclamations of '*Welcome Captain!*" At length, as if suddenly resolved, he thus addressed them:

"Pardon me, my friends, for this my seeming inattention to your welfare.—Let us into the cavern, refresh ourselves and when my mind is more calm, you shall know the events which caused me to become your companion, and your leader." * * * * *

After retiring into the cave, the chief, at the earnest solicitation of the banditti, then commenced the following narrative of his life:

"At an early age I inherited a large portion of my father's estate, who was one of our present king's favorites. I was introduced at court, and shortly afterwards I became enamored of its brightest gem; I wooed and won the lovely Imogine, and looked upon myself as the happiest of mankind—and so every one thought me. Oh, my friends would that I could bury in oblivion the recollection that followed! I had a younger brother who had just returned from the Adriatic Sea; with sensations of delight I presented him to my adored bride, and was flattered by his particular attentions to her. But, oh, I soon came to the knowledge of my misery—her infidelity! It happened, at this time, that our good king was at variance with a foreign prince, and was collecting together his armies to repel the invader from his shores. I volunteered, and was appointed to a post of honor. The war was soon terminated, and I prepared to return, anxious again to press to my heart her who was my only care, my only thought. Oh, memory! thou art to me as venom. I cannot reflect on what followed, but with horror and dismay.—In my dreams—even now I see her form flitting across my troubled fancy."

Here the recollection of the past seemed to overpower him.

"Proceed Captain," said his Lieutenant, "let not a trifle thus move you."

Wine was offered, which he drank hastily.

"Well I will be brief. As I nave said, I prepared to return. Night had spread her starry mantle over the earth, when I entered the court-yard: all was still and solemn; not a breath was heard, save the leaves that waved with the passing breeze. On my nearer approach to the house, I encountered one of Imogine's women. I eagerly inquired for my wife; her answer was evasive; my heart took an alarm:—I hasteued to the chamber that contained my idol. Oh God! what a scene presented itself to my fond, foolish, foolish heart. My Imogine was—curses on his head—in the arms of my brother! '*My life, my love, my all,*' burst from his lips. I heard no more, for, in an instant, my poinard was in his bosom."

"It was nobly done," vociferated the robbers. "It was well worthy the captain of our band."

"Praise not too soon, resumed Orlando, "a crime you know not the extent. Rage had taken full possession of my soul; my revenge was not yet satisfied, for at one blow I laid the wife of my bosom dead at my feet. In short, I fled from the castle, and sought some sequestered spot to hide my crime. You found me—brought me again into existence, and made me your leader. A price is offered for my head, and since life has become hateful to me, the man who will render me up to justice, step forward."

"None will!—none *dare!*" exclaimed the robbers.

"Thanks to you my comrades—thanks. Swear you will live or perish with me."

The band took the oath by kissing their leader's sword.

"'Tis well," said Orlando, "I am satisfied. We will now proceed to business. I am informed, by our spies, that Count Lorenzo, a formal rival of mine, is about to espouse the daughter of old Ambrosio, who resides about three leagues distant, some of you go with me, the rest repair thither with Vincent—I must and will possess the lady; away!"

The band immediately dispersed in various directions towards the castle of the Baron.

The good old Baron had made every preparation for the approaching nuptials of his fair daughter with the young Count, a nobleman of amiable manners, and who possessed every requisite to enslave the fair. He had long loved the charming Adelaide—she, in return, gave him her heart. Pure, and artless, and living a sequestered life, the Count was the only man who had ever excited a tender sentiment in her bosom—and she looked forward to the day which would give her to his arms, with that uncontroled delight which the virtuous only can experience.

A few hours before the happy one, she had strolled with the Count a short distance from her father's castle, mutually unburthening each other's thoughts.

"Dearest Adelaide," said Lorenzo, "the thought that in a short time I shall call you by the endearing name of *wife*, repays me for all my past anxiety."

"My dear lord, since I may now call you so, my heart anticipates your happiness; But still some indiscribable fear lingers around my thoughts. I know not—nay, I cannot account for my feelings. That I love you, is true—that your loss would render my life miserable, I now acknowledge. But the fear of some unforeseen accident prevents my enjoying the dictates of a virtuous passion."

"Nay, cheer up; come, my love, I am impatient to lead you to the altar, which will make me the possessor of so much excellence."

"There, my lord," giving him her hand, I confide to you my life, my honor, and my happiness."

"And when I betray the trust," said he, "may heaven forget me."

They were now aroused by the sound of a bugle; and ic a few moments were surrounded by a number of armed men.

"Give up the lady," demanded Orlando.

Lorenzo, clasping Adelaide with one arm, and laying his hand on his sword-exclaimed:

"Never!—take my life first. Fear not my dearest Adelaide; my sword shall cleave to the earth the first that stirs to harm thee."

"Rash youth," returned Orlando—"your prowess here is of no avail. Comrades secure the lady. I will take care of her spark. Secure her, I say."

The robbers seized upon Adelaide.—Orlando furiously attacked Lorenzo, who bravely fought until overpowered by numbers. "Bear them to the cave;" cried Orlando. "Now my triumph is complete. Oh, Fortune, I thank thee!"

The insensible form of Adelaide was placed between two robbers, who quickly bore her away from home and happiness. When she recovered, she gazed vacantly around and found herself immured in a small, dark apartment. She remained in this solitary cell for several days, with only her melancholy thoughts for her companions. She thought of Lorenzo, of her father, of home. Her dreams of happiness had vanished like the morning dew, and left behind a dreadful reality. Perhaps her lover was slain, and those loved features, on which she had so fondly gazed with rapture, now pale and languid; those bright eyes now closed in death, never again to meet hers. She was awakened from her reverie by the entrance of Orlando.

"Lady," said he, "I approach you with sentiments of mingled esteem and affection—I love you."

"Monster!" exclaimed Adelaide, turning from him.

"Nay, frown not thus on my love. I am not what I seem, but am born of noble parents. A woman, a lovely, faithless woman, made me what I am—a bandit. Start not, lady; you, and you only can make me what I *was*. Consent to be mine, and wealth, and happiness shall be your dowry."

"The bride of a robber!" exclaimed she, "of an assassin!—an outlaw!—a murderer! never, never!"

"Consider where you are; reflect, you in *my* power. In this place, I *command*, and all *obey*. But no," softening his manner, "those eyes that now retire from mine with scorn, will soon be taught to look on me with tenderness."

"Never! Rather than live in your embraces, my own hand shall put an end to my existence."

"'Tis well madam," said he, "your fond Lorenzo is now in my power; he shall receive my clemency as you encourage my love. His doom is certain, unless you freely consent to accept my hand and heart."

"Ruffian!" exclaimed Adelaide, "accept your hand!—the hand stained with blood! Your heart? the callous——"

"Hold, madam, once more I entreat. 'Tis in your power, proud lady, to stamp my life with bliss. It is you alone that can decree my blessing, pronounce my curse."

"Monster! leave me."

"Ah! my love scorned? Have I sued to one, who, in an instant, I could compel to my embraces? I am resolved—*his* fate is fixed. My rival once more removed, I force——"

One of the baud rushed in with intelligence that Lorenzo had escaped!—Orders were now given for immediate pursuit, and Adelaide was, for the present relieved from the odious addresses of the bandit Orlando.

In the meantime, Lorenzo had safely arrived at the castle of the Baron, who had collected together his vassals, and taking for his guide a faithful servant belonging to the Count, who well knew the haunt of the banditti, was preparing to set out in quest of his daughter and her lover. Great therefore was his joy at the return of the Count. Lorenzo, heading the followers of the Baron, made all speed toward the cavern in the forest.

The robbers were ready to receive them. Lorenzo, anxious only for the safety of Adelaide, hewed himself a passage through the dying, and at length reached the door of the apartment where she was confined. It was guarded by Orlando.—The rivals met and fought desperately. Victory declared in favor of Lorenzo. Orlando fell, uttering curses on his adversary, and died, calling on heaven for vengeance.

With the aid of the Baron, the door was forced, and soon the daughter and father were in each other's arms. On seeing Lorenzo, Adelaide uttered a shriek of joy, and swooned on his bosom.

The day following was one of rejoicing and festivity at the castle—it was the wedding-day of Lorenzo and the lovely Adelaide.

Women less Courted than formerly.

A few centuries ago women were scarcely accessible, but shut up in houses and castles, living retired from the bustle of the world. When they deigned to show themselves, they were approached as divines. A transient view of them often set the heart on fire; and their smiles conferred a happiness, and raised an enthusiastic ardour, of which at this period we can hardly form an idea. By degrees as manners became more free, and the sexes mixed together with less trepidation, they were approached with less deference, and sunk in their value as they became objects of great familiarity. Nor was this peculiar to the times we are delineating; the same effect has and always will happen from the same cause.

Let the female sex, therefore, learn this instructing lesson from it, that half the esteem and veneration we show them is owing to their modesty and reserve, and that a contrary conduct may make the most enchanting goddess degenerate in our eyes to mere woman, with all the frailties of mortality about her. The forward beauty, whose face is known in every walk and in every public place, may be given as a toast, and have her name inscribed on the windows of the tavern; but she rarley ever becomes an object of esteem, or is solicited to become a partner for life.

No person, of a good heart, understands Christianity, without wishing it to be true; and no person of a good judgment ever studied its evidence, impartially, and with a sincere wish that it might be true, who did not really find it so.

Books are like women; to strike they must be well dressed. Fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper and elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title have driven many a dull treatise through three editions.

ANECDOTES.

Elegant Flattery.—When the ambassador of Henry IV. of France was in England, he was at court on a birth-night, and Queen Elizabeth asked him how he liked her ladies, he replied, knowing her Majesty had no dislike to a flattery, "It is hard, madam, to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."

On the arrival of the 93d Highlanders at Demarara, a good joke is told of *Blakee*, that "King George de fourt was in such rage and so great hurry to punish dem for deir rebellious conduct, dat he send his sogers off widout deir breeches."

A surveyor of taxes, named Hyde, was examining a house by the side of which was a tan-pit, and while disputing with the tenant about the number of windows it contained, he most unfortunately, but very gently slipped into the pit. "For God's sake, cried he, "help me, help me!" "Nay," said the proprietor, "I dare take nothing from thence without consent of the exciseman; and it would be a pity to pull out a *Hyde* before it was well tanned."

A Justice of the Peace in Vermont, who was very noted for his erudition, had a cause brought before him of rather an obscene nature; in which a young woman was introduced as a witness, who was not delicate in the choice of words in her testimony. The Justice observed to her, that she had *Brass* enough in her face to make a five pail kettle: To which she answered, "*Yes sir*—and there is *Sap* enough in your head to fill it!"

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a *puppy*; "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor, he has lately taken to *bark*."

When M. S——, a Frenchman, notorious for speaking ill of every body, died, it was reported that he had poisoned himself—"What!" replied Madame de Moustange; "surley he must have *bitten his own tongue*."

Indian shrewdness.—When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log; he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move farther; the request was repeated, till the General got to the end of the log. The Indian said, 'move farther;' to which the general replied—"*I can move no further.*" "*Just so it is with us,*" said the Chief; "*you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther!*"

Augustus Cæsar, in his reproaches to the old Bachelors of Rome for not having married, told them that they were equally bad citizens, whether their example was imitated by every one or by no one.

A beggar asking Dr. Smollet for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollet returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging honesty has taken up with!"

When Crowle was once on a circuit with Judge Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not *just* behind him. He replied, "I do not know but I am sure he never was *just before*."

NEW AND CHEAP
GOODS.

Chaplain & Donovan,

HAVE selected from the late arrivals at Baltimore, and are now opening, at their new stand, two doors below Mr. Flint's tavern, a general assortment of SPRING GOODS, selected with great care and attention, comprising a handsome variety of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY,
SPECTACLES, silver and steel frame,
CARPENTERS' JOINERS' and SHOEMAKERS' } TOOLS.
A general supply of SCHOOL BOOKS, and STATIONERY,
GLASS WARE,
QUEENS WARE,
STONE and POTTER'S WARE,
LIQUORS,
HYSON, YOUNG HYSON, and IMPERIAL, } TEAS.
CUT and WROUGHT NAILS,
CASTINGS.
ALSO, Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Cart Boxes, Lamp Oil, Window Glass, Snuff, Chewing Tobacco, very superior quality, Cigars, Spun Cotton, Flour, Rope, Tin Ware, Salt, Brushes, Brooms, Baskets and Horse Collars, &c. &c. &c.
All of which will be sold on the most accommodating terms.
Cambridge, April 3d, 1824.

NEW AND CHEAP
GOODS.

THE subscribers avail themselves of this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally, that they have just received and are now opening, an additional supply of

NEW GOODS,

Of the latest importations from Europe & India, *Adapted to the present & approaching seasons*, Which were selected with great care in Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, together with their former stock, renders their assortment complete, which will be sold at the most reduced prices; they respectfully invite all those disposed to purchase to give them an early call. Their assortment embraces *India, European and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Teas, Crockery, Glass, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Waiters, &c.* Also a fresh supply of

DRUGS, DYE STUFFS,

Patent Medicines, and many other articles,
EDWARD WHITE & CO.
april 10 3t
N. B. We expect in a few days, 2,000 yards of *Domestic Muslins* assorted, much cheaper than ever: E. W. & CO.

Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of Dorchester County Court, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 20th instant, on the head of Church Creek, at Williams & Dixon's store, between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock, all the real estate of which Doctor Harrison Dixon, deceased, was seized and possessed, to wit: a valuable tract of

WOODLAND,

Situated near the head of Church Creek, containing *two hundred and fifty acres*. This land is perhaps as rich as any unimproved land in the county, and most of it within about half a mile of navigable water, which together with its adjacency to the village of Church Creek, makes it valuable and desirable property; it will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The terms of sale will be a credit of 18 months, the purchasers securing the purchase money with interest from the sale, by bond or note, with approved surities, when the whole shall be paid, a good title to the property will be conveyed by the trustee.
NOAH DIXON, *Trustee.*
april 3 3t

To the Voters of
DORCHESTER COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS—As the time will soon arrive when you will be called on to select a suitable person to fill the office of SHERIFF for the ensuing term—I therefore beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for that office—Should you see proper to make choice of me as a suitable person, I pledge myself that nothing shall be wanting on my part, in the performance of the duties of the office, to render myself worthy of your confidence.
The public's obedient servant,
ANDREW BANNING.
april 3 tf

To the Voters of
DORCHESTER COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS—As the period for the election of a new SHERIFF is fast approaching, and as no doubt there will be several candidates for your favour, the subscriber begs leave respectfully to solicit your suffrages.—He relies entirely upon the calm and unprejudiced decision of his fellow-citizens—of his qualifications it becomes not him to speak.—Having been employed to perform the duties of constable and deputy Sheriff, you have had an opportunity of estimating the extent of his qualifications. Without arrogating to himself any peculiar merit or fitness for the office to which he aspires, he will with the candour and confidence of an American freeman observe, that if you should honour him so far as to elect him your next Sheriff, not only the dictates of duty, but the warm feelings of honest gratitude will induce him to make every exertion to merit your confidence, and to perform the duties of the office, with integrity, energy and impartiality.
The public's obedient servant,
THOMAS H. HICKS.
april 3 tf

Fortune's Home,

Baltimore, March 26, 1824.
STILL a chance for Wealth transcendantly great!!! Every prize floating the next drawing!
Eighteenth report of the drawing of the

GRAND
STATE LOTTERY,

No. 13679, a prize of - $100
4685, a prize of - 50
And 198, prizes of - 12 each

When it is recollected that out of the stupendous amount of $187,826. contained in this splendid scheme, only $2526 escaped at this drawing, it may be considered as an insignificant one indeed. The peculiar attractions of this magnificent lottery would seem to increase geometrically as the drawings progress.

Only two more drawings now remain to complete the distribution of the following brilliant prizes, all of which are now floating and of course liable to be drawn at any time, viz:

100,000 *DOLLARS,*
20,000 *DOLLARS,*
10,000 *DOLLARS,*
10,000 *DOLLARS,*
5,000 *DOLLARS,*
7 *of* 1,000 *DOLLARS, &c.*

Besides a multitude of 100s, 50s, and 12s.

Amounting in the aggregate to the overwhelming sum of 185,300 dollars! Besides the unparalled inducements which this magnificent lottery presents to adventurers, the fact that the payment of all its prizes is guaranteed by the state of Maryland, is a circumstance which entitles it to superior consideration.

For tickets and shares, of which a few remain still unsold, warranted undrawn, apply or send forthwith to

CONINE'S
No. 32, Market-street, near the Market.

Present price:

Whole Tickets	$20	Quarters	$5
Halves	10	Eighths	2 50

TAKE NOTICE,

That the next drawing takes place on Thursday, the 13th of May, and the remaining one it is expected will be in a few days after.

Orders for tickets or shares from all parts of the United States will receive at Conine's the same prompt and faithful attention as if personal applications were made. Address
W. C. CONINE, Baltimore.

Information of the fate of tickets furnished at the close of the drawing or whenever requested. april 6

CA

Vol. I.

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M. K. STONE & CO

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At TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS per an payable half yearly in advance.

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Saddle & Harnes

MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs friends, and the public generally, tha has commenced the above business in all various branches, and has taken a shop im diately adjoining Mrs. Bradshaw's Tavern, opposite Mr. Wallace's Store, in Cambri Md. where all kinds of

Saddles, Bridles, Harness a
TRUNKS,

Will be manufactured in the neatest man As he is determined to sell on the most rea able terms, he feels a hope of sharing a of the public patronage.
The public's obd't. servant,
THOMAS LUCAS
march 20 3t

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the order of honorable Orphans' Court of Dorche county, this is to give notice, that the subs ber of Dorchester county, hath obtained f the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryl letters of administration on the personal es of *Major Lewis*, late of said county decea All persons having claims against said decea are hereby warned to exhibit the same with proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, or before the twenty-seventh day of Octo next, they may otherwise by law be exclu from all benefit of said estate. Given un my hand this 17th day of April, anno dom 1824. LEVIN LEWIS, adm'
april 17 3t

To the Voters o
DORCHESTER COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS—As the time will s arrive when you will be called on to selec suitable person to fill the office of SHER for the ensuing term—I therefore beg leav offer myself as a candidate for that offic Should you see proper to make choice of as a suitable person, I pledge myself nothing shall be wanting on my part, in performance of the duties of the office, to der myself worthy of your confidence.
The public's obedient servant,
ANDREW BANNING
april 3 tf

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