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.'

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Oh! why contract thy infant brow,
Dream'st thou my child of sorrow?
Though cold the blast is blowing now,
It may be warm to-morrow.

See how yon rose spreads to the light,
Refresh'd by last night's shower;
Among its leaves the drops are bright,
Which dew'd its natal hour.

Last night it trembled on the spray,
Which seem'd too weak to bear it;
This morn the gayest of the gay—
Thy infant brow shall wear it.

Thy cheek, down which the tears now flow
To tell us sorrow's story,
Perhaps some future day may glow,
Warm with the flush of glory.

And think not, though thy draught of joy
Be short, thou'lt taste it never;
The sun's not always bright my boy,
Nor yet obscur'd for ever.

The gloom which shades thy life's fair dawn,
Beneath a kinder heaven;
May like the clouds which veil the morn,
A rain-bow form at even. O.

Messrs. Stone & Co.

Will confer a favour by insering the following extracts: V. M.

From Byron's Don Juan.

We'll talk of that anon—'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moon-lit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear,
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rain-bow, based on ocean, span the sky,

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay-deep-mouth'd welcome, as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest words.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone
Like Adam's recollection of his fall,
The tree of Knowledge has been pluck'd—all heaven—
And life yields nothing further to recall,
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

BONAPARTE.

Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea—
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest's wave:—

And as far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
That the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briney pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame,
And each mutinous billow that's skyward curl'd
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in record sublime
To the uttermost corners of earth—
Oh, renowned, till the wreck of expiring time,
Be the glorified land of my birth.

Yes! bury my heart in the boundless sea—
It would burst from a narrower tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom.

POPULAR TALE.

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

THE WIDOW OF ZEBRA.

One day Benbecchir, the Cadi of Zebra, met a poor woman who was weeping and driving a mule; the patient animal stepped on slowly, with its head hanging down and seeming to share in the sorrows of its mistress, of whom he was the sole resource. "Why dost thou weep, my poor mother?" said Benbecchir, with much tenderness. "Well may you style me a poor mother," replied the woman; "for this mule, the empty sack that he carries, and the miserable garment which covers me, form the whole of my possessions: the Caliph has deprived me of every thing else." "And what did thy wealth consist of?" said the astonished Cadi.

"I was mistress of a little farm; it was the inheritance of my husband and myself, from our ancestors; we were born and brought up here together; we loved each other from childhood; we become man and wife, and experienced in marriage that felicity which is the lot of those whom love and virtue unite. I became a mother; judge then how precious our little heritage had become! On this account my husband, at his last hour, as he lay on his bed of death, which I bedewed with my tears, implored of me to do every thing in my power to retain this dwelling, bequeathed to us by our forefathers, and never let it fall into any other hands but those of our son. This excellent young man, prevented from receiving his father's last blessing was then risking his life, as he is at this moment in the armies that are fighting for the Caliph, who rewards him by depriving his mother of all she was possessed of.—You may easily conceive my despair, if you will deign to consider the cruel situation in which I am placed. I must quit these scenes which are filled with the sweetest remembrance of my childhood, and which witnessed my duty and reverence to my virtuous parents; these scenes where love the most pure, was crowned by a happy marriage. Under the bower that received our first vows, my feeble hands have raised a tomb to the memory of my worthy husband; the verdure of this tomb, its only ornament, is incessantly watered with my tears.—Every evening I there repeated my thoughts and actions of the day; and it seemed to me as if his beatified spirit hovered near me. If a passing zephyr gently agitated the surrounding foliage, I shuddered, not with fear, for my conduct has always been exempt from reproach, but this slight movement seemed to warn me of the invisible presence of my beloved. How often has the dawn of day surprised me at the tomb which the hands of love had raised! I reckoned on the return of my son; when I should conduct him to this revered spot, recall to him the virtues of his father and engage him to honor his memory, by practising those virtues of which he gave him the example! And now, a disconsolate widow, separated from a husband I adored, so far from seeing my beloved son, I am deprived of the dwelling of my ancestors, I am compelled to wander through this world of sorrow, without support, without any resources."

The tears and sobs of this unfortunate female affected the virtuous Cadi; he asked her if she knew the reason why the Caliph had determined to take this farm from her? "He wishes, replied she, to build in its place a pleasant summer palace." "Merciful Alla!" said the Cadi to himself, "he that hath so many palaces! must he, to satisfy his fancy of having another, drive away a poor woman from her humble inheritance?" "And how has he indemnified you?" asked Benbecchir. "Indemnified me?" replied the widow; "not at all; he offered me, at first, a trifling sum; but after my refusal to sell this little spot of land which was so dear to me, he took it from me by force!" "And did you never represent to him your sorrowful condition?" "I cast myself at his feet; I bathed them with my tears; I implored; I entreated; but I was mistress of no eloquence, except that of the heart; he would not listen to me, but with harshness ordered me away; and the day after, by his command, I was driven from my dwelling."

Banbecchir lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and said with a sigh, "God of the faithful Father of the whole human race! he is thy representative here on earth, and can he refuse granting to those who ask him for that which justice has a right to claim? And thou, kind and beneficent Power thou pardonest us mortals in our most unjust demands! My good mother," added he, "lend me for a few moments, the mule and the sack, and follow me at a distance. I have some influence over the Caliph, and I will make use of it in your service; tell me, do you know where he is just now?"

"He happens to be," replied the widow, "precisely on that spot of earth which once was mine. But what are you going to do with the mule?" "Be not uneasy, follow me," replied the Cadi; he then took the shortest way to join the Caliph, who received him with his usual amenity, "I have not seen you in a long time, Benbecchir," said he, "how comes it that you visit me here to day?" "Sublime commander of the faithful," replied Benbecchir, "I am come to speak in behalf of a poor woman, who——" "I guess what you would say," said the Caliph with severity, "nor will I hear any further. Let that foolish and obstinate woman suffer as she deserves! Am not I absolute master of the lives and possessions of my subjects?"

"Thy power on earth," replied Benbecchir, "is unlimited. The poor woman no longer claims the possessions that heretofore belonged to her; she requests only one poor remembrance; and if you will permit me to order that her wish may be accomplished, I will fill this sack with earth taken from her own former land," "I consent to that," replied the Caliph, smiling, "take one sack, and even ten if you desire it. In a short time, Benbecchir, you will not know this place; for instead of that heavy building, will be erected a magnificent palace, and there a superb fountain will embellish those gardens which I have already planted. The situation is delightful; it is that which first charmed me, and I mean to render it a most enchanting spot."

"Ah!" replied the Cadi, who, during all this time, had been filling his sack with earth, "now sublime commander of the faithful, deign to grant me one favour, which will seem to thee as singular as the first which I asked you." "I will grant it you," replied the Caliph. "I beg then that my master and sovereign will help me put this load on the mule." "This is a singular request!" replied the Caliph, "how could you think of such a thing? Call one of my slaves, and he will help you." "Suffer me," replied the Cadi, "to entreat this favor from you; I implore of you not to refuse me."

"You are mad; this load is too heavy for me," said the Caliph. "Too heavy!" retorted Benbecchir, "what this sack filled with earth? So small a portion of the soil on which we tread, too heavy! And thou, my lord, thou dost not tremble at the thought that thou must one day stand before the Judge of all mankind; where not only this sack filled with earth, but the riches of which it makes a part, with all the tears thou hast caused the wretched widow to shed, whom thou hast despoiled, will weigh heavier on thy conscince, that thou wilt not listen to, and which will then rise up in judgment against thee before the Eternal, and reproach thee with having been deaf to his voice? Thou reignest here below as an absolute monarch: by a nod thon canst dispose of a man's life; and one word from thee may plunge thousands into misery; but there will come a time when thou shalt be on a level with the meanest of thy slaves."

"Me, on a level with my slaves!" said the Caliph. "I was wrong," said Benbecchir; "the more thou art exalted here the greater will be thy torments beyond the grave. The more thon hast neglected to perform the justice that was in thy power, the greater will be thy responsibility. Each of thy subjects will only have to render an account of what they actually possessed, while thou must be accountable for the possessions of thy people. Farewell, pardon thy slave for this his temerity."

Benbecchir was about to depart, and the Caliph called him back. "Pardon thee! Ah! I owe thee a thousand thanks for having opened mine eyes to the injustice I have already more than half committed. Let the widow be brought hither; let her again be put in possession of her inheritance; and to indemnify her for the tears that my cruelty has caused her to shed, let her lands be augmented by a portion of my gardens which are in its vicinity. I will give orders for the return of her beloved son; let him come and comfort his mother, and consecrate to her the remainder of his days. As for thou, Benbecchir, never quit my court; the greatest want a monarch feels, is that of a friend who fears not to address to him the words of truth, when it even thwarts his dearest inclinations."

RELIGIOUS.

What man *is* he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way *that* he shall choose. *Ps. xxv. v.* 12.

THE BIBLE.

The man who neglects his Bible, is an enemy to God and regardless of his own interest. As the soul is more valuable than the body, so is the Bible more to be esteemed than any other book—It affords knowledge of God and of his grace, and contains invaluable treasures which can never be exhausted. The word of God is the source of all solid and lasting joy on earth, and opens the way to perfect felicity beyond the grave. Its light and influence is admirably adapted to the conditions and wants of all mankind. It is a sure guide to childhood and youth:—it affords safe conduct and encouragement in all the most busy scenes of life; it is the stay and solace of old age, and the supreme delight of the pious soul, in prosperity or adversity. It teaches us how to gain the greatest good out of all present things; how we may alleviate our burdens, lessen our sorrows, sweeten the most bitter cup, and increase all the delights of mortal life. The word of God is a treasure different from all other treasures in acquisition, possession, and enjoyment. In the acquisition, nothing more is necessary than to make it the object of our choice and desire, our love and delight. Its possession is secure beyond all hazard. The guarantee is given by Jehovah himself. Therefore, thieves cannot steal it from us. Moth and rust cannot corrupt it. We may hide it in our hearts, and carry it every where with us. No open or secret enemy can rob us of it. It is a tower of defence. Wicked men and devils are baffled by it. It is company in solitude and furnishes endless matter for joyful meditation in the night; goes with us through the business of the day, and is a counsellor, a buckler, and shield, and an impenetrable armor in the midst of all events and hazards. If we faithfully and sincerely cherish this divine and holy Word, it will cleave unto us, and serve us when friends and fellow mortals cannot afford relief—when foes surround, when dangers threaten, and death is near, the blessed Word scatters away all dismal fears, gives fortitude and courage, and conducts the soul with triumphing patience, through the darkness and gloom of death and the grave, up to the regions of immortal day, where they shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—*Bellowsfalls Intel.*

SABBATH MORNING.

"How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

My heart assents to this acknowledgment from repeated experience. For every thing conspires to render them amiable. There fellow worshipers delightfully blend their prayer and praise; there God has promised to meet the spirit of devotion; there the starving mind often obtains sweet refreshment after a thirsty tour in the wilderness; and there the weary pilgrim is reminded of that Sabbath which shall never have a termination. Is it any wonder that such exalted pleasures should quicken the appetite for their return. "My soul longeth, yea fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." What my mouth eagerly expresses, my heart as earnestly dictates. When persecution, sickness, or the common engagements of life call me away, I envy even the unconscions bird that builds its nest contiguous to thy tabernacle: "Yes, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altar, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God." "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee;" and this employment is so grateful to my soul, that I wish thus to abide in those devoted walls, like the Priests and Levites in the temple, to perform an uninterrupted service; "For blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them: who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion, appeareth before God." Thus may I have strength to perform the service; so be my heart disposed to thy ways, that every valley of weeping in the way to thine house, may be passed with pleasure, and I may account no difficulties too great, and no trouble too irksome, in performing my delightful obligations to thee.—Let showers of divine influences distil as the rain, and all the graces of my soul be quickened, that I may run in the way of thy commandments, and hasten my peace in complying with thy heavenly will. So that from thy courts below, I may be removed with joy to thy courts above, where all spiritual worshippers shall finally meet to praise thee in one grand assembly forever. O thou who art the supreme Lord of that immovable multitude, all power is in thine hand to grant every petition; and as the covenant God of Israel I plead with thee to listen to my urgent request.—"O Lord God of Hosts hear my prayer, give ear O God of Jacob." T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety 's the very spice of life,
"Which gives it all its flavour."

The first number of a paper edited by a lady, and published we believe at Connersville, Indiana, contains the following address. The paper is called the Western Ladies' Casket. *Nat. Union.*

TO THE LADIES.

An earnest desire for promoting your happiness, and that of your offspring, induces me to engage in an affair, for which I shall doubtless be condemned by persons more censorious than wise, as improperly interfering in what may be called *men's* business.

I hope my own sex will excuse me for reminding them that the "lords of creation" have too long considered frivolous love songs &c. as "the only food adapted to the digestive powers of the female mind." For so long as their treatment to woman is influenced by this degrading conclusion, so long she will labour under the debility of intellect, and that insignificance of character, which is erroneously ascribed to *nature!*

Let me entreat you therefore, to cast aside the "liquids of the novelist," and with disgust, turn from the nonsensical *tittle tattle*, so prevalent among our sex, and embrace the motto chosen for you—endeavor to acquire strength and expansion of mind—bestow your undivided attention to the improvement of your heads and hearts; and thus aspire to that rank in the scale of society, to which your importance entitles you. Improvement will make you more agreeable daughters, and sisters—it will enable you the better to discharge the duties of mothers, and make you safer counsellors and more interesting and agreeable companions for freemen, and we shall then cease to be the contemptible, helpless, and ignorant mortals we are too frequently found.

"From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws,
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste."

We copy the following Advertsement from the London Morning Herald, of February 7th.

"A most excellent and very necessary accomplishment to the beauty and of course to the happiness of the Ladies.—Capt. Hardman has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and the public of Lonon, that he intends to open a *school* in which he proposes to instruct young ladies how to walk in a graceful, super-eminent manner, and to cause them to have an extraordinary genteel carriage of their bodies. He has taken the large saloon at the Horns, Kensington, &c. &c.

"Few and far between" are the visits of joy. The recovery of a dear friend from dangerous sickness, the return of another after long absence, the first moments of happy love, when doubt and fear fly before the delicious certainty of mutual affection, the first sight of one's offspring, or their noble conduct in after-life; these are a few of those "bright sunny spots," which, if unshaded by counterpoising sorrows, glitter upon the waste of human life.—But rare, indeed, are moments of this description, and seldom are we able to resign ourselves to their full enjoyment: they make not up the sum of human life, and those are the wisest amoug us, who, seizing joy gratefully when it comes, look not forward to it with any sanguine expectations. C.

FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

From "l'Histoire des Chiens Celebres."

THE DOG OF COGNIOU.

A paper merchant established at Marseilles, went in 1718 on a journey to Toulon, and was assassinated on his return in the wood of Cogniou. Notwithstanding the strict enquiries made by the son and widow of the deceased, they could not fall upon the track of the murderer.

Six months thus passed away, about which time the merchant's son entered one day a coffee-house, where several persons were peaceably assembled. Immediately his father's dog, that had accompanied him, sprung with fury upon a tall lean man who was enjoying the company of ladies. Astonished at this sudden attack; every one rushed forward to restrain the furious animal—they beat him with sticks, and strove to draw him off by force—but all in vain—the dog redoubled his rage, and continued to bite his victim, who was pale with fright.

They then applied to his master, who with the utmost difficulty made him release his prisoner, and could only do so by quickly leaving the place, when the dog followed him. But having gone about a hundred steps, the animal returned, re-entered the coffee-house, and again sprung upon the man.

There was present at this alarming scene, an individual who had been connected in business with the deceased—and he asked the son, who was struck with amazement, if his father had not that dog with him on his melancholy journey to Toulon. Yes, replied the son, he returned to the house long before we had intelligence of the calamity which has ruined us.

During this private conversation, the master, who had seized a cord and fastened it round the dog's neck, was holding him with difficulty—when his friend added—If I do not deceive myself, that man is the murderer of your father—remain while they are discussing the adventure, and I will go to the commissary for a guard.

Returning soon after, he arrested the individual suspected, and conducted him to prison. On searching him, they discovered the merchant's watch and other jewels, of which he had deprived the unhappy man. It was proved besides, that on the day of the murder, the accused had been seen by a girl coming out of the wood of Cogniou. And these proofs, strengthened by other circumstances, condemned the accused, who avowed his crime to the confessor on the scaffold.

From the Newark, (N. J.) Eagle.

Improved patent Horse-checker.—Mr. Peter Laporte, a respectable French gentleman, who is now a citizen of Virginia, brought to our office this morning, a new kind of bridle, lately invented and patented by himself, to render riding on horseback, or in vehicles, perfectly safe with any horse, whether of vicious disposition, or dangerous propensities.—With it, the most untractable, hard mouthed horse, can be governed by the strength of the little finger, so that he can neither *run, rear*, or *kick*, under its powerful operation. This is effected by drawing his nose close to his breast, pinching both ears tight, and stopping his breath for a moment.—In harness it has an additional effect, by drawing the blinds over the eyes. The bridle is made as cheap, and more ornamental, than common bridles. The simple snaffle bit is used, thereby enabling the horse to travel without that uneasiness and fatigue, which the champing of the heavy, pinching curb chain, unavoidably occasions.

A singular Child was born near East Liberty, Fayette county, N. C. having six toes on each foot, and five fingers and a thumb on each hand. This son, who is the seventh in succession, (the mother never had a daughter,) it has been already pronounced, by the old woman in attendance, will make one of the first rate and best physicians in the western hemisphere!

Cure for Ringworms.—Rub the parts where the eruption prevails frequently with common Mushroom Catsup. This remedy, simple as it appears, has never been known to fail in removing the Ringworm, or any other cutaneous eruption, when every nostrum has failed.

Honesty—The difference between *honour* and *honesty* is chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from *duty*, which the man of honour does for the sake of *character*.

ANECDOTES.

A young man, having finished his medical studies, applied to an old gentleman, of austere temper and surley manners, to know whether his neighborhood would be an eligible situation for a physician. "Why," replied the other, in an impatient tone, "what can yo *do*?"—"Why, Sir, I can feel a pulse and discover from it, to what diseases the person is most subject." "Here, then," stretching out his arm, "feel *mine*." The doctor obeyed, and after some sagacious indications said, "I find sir, you are subject to to grievous neadaches" "Never had a headache in my life." A profound silence ensued. In a short time the doctor took his leave, saying, "I suppose, sir, you think me a fool." The inexorable Pluto retorted, "Sir, you seem to know what I *think*, though you don't know how I *feel*."

When major general sir John Malcolm returned the first time from Persia at a fashionable and crowded party "*at home*," he met Madame de Stael. After he had been introduced to Madame, and she had been informed of his late arrival from the Persian court; "Sare John," said she you must inform me all about Persia! and every *ting* about it, and all you saw *wort* notice—and to begin at de top of all; what is de king of Persia like? What does he look like? "Madame," replied Sir John, "he looks like a man worthy of his destiny!" Well, what is his destiny!" entreated Madame, "He has," replied sir John, "five hundred wives!"

In a certain town, not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth, in his usual manner, one of his aged hearers, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "*What is the price of all earthly pleasures?*" the good old man, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respected some kind of merchandize, immediately answered, "*Seven and sixpence a dozen, Sir, in cash, or eight shillings in barter.*"

A woman of the potteries, sending for some *Snuff* a few days ago, in the afternoon, was asked by her husband, "What she had done with the half ounce she had bought that morning?" "Half ounce," she replied, "What is that for a woman *giving suck*!"

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☞All communications addressed to the Proprietors must come *post paid*, otherwise they will not be attended to.

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

TO THE VOTERS
OF
Dorchester County.

Fellow Citizens—From the solicitations of a number of my friends, I am again induced to offer myself a candidate for your suffrages at the ensuing October election, to represent you in the next House of Delegates of Maryland.

I remain your humble servant,
WILLIAM HUTSON
may 1 tf

Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a second order of Dorchester County Court, at April term, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, directed to us, will be offered at public sale, on MONDAY, the 14th day of June next, in Cambridge, at WILLIAM FLINT'S tavern, between the hours of *ten* and *three* o'clock, all the balance of the real estate of which Henry K. Steele, deceased, was seized and possessed, to wit:—

THREE FARMS,

Situated in the upper part of said county, lying on the West side of the North West Fork of Nanticoke river, near Joseph Evitt's mill, and containing in said three farms, *Six Hundred and Eighty-nine Acres*, with a sufficient quantity of timber laid off to each farm.

Also, a tract of LAND, lying on the East side, and binding on the aforesaid river, well timbered, with a good stream of water and Mill seat on the same, and containing *Five Hundred and Seventeen Acres*. The above mentioned Lands, will be divided and laid off as to suit purchasers, and sold on the following terms, to wit:—

1st One third of the purchase money to be paid in twelve months from the day of sale, with interest on the whole amount.

2nd. One other third of the purchase money to be paid in two years from the day of sale, with interest on the whole amount then due.

3rd. The other and remaining third of the purchase money, to be paid in three years from the day of sale, with interest thereon.

4th. The Commissioners to take bonds, with approved securities, payable to the several representatives their proportions.

ARTHUR BELL,
WILLIAM W. ECCLESTON, } *Commissioners*
THOMAS ENNALLS,
may 1 ts

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county of Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Benjamin Keene*, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the first day of November next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of May, anno domini, 1824.

ANN KEENE, *admt'x*
of Benjamin Keene, dec'd
may 1

NOTICE.

IS hereby given to the HEIRS and LEGATEES of *Aaron Grey*, that the administration of the estate of said Aaron Grey, is closed and the respective shares of the Heirs of said estate, is now ready to be paid off. They are therefore, notified to demand and receive the same. WILLIAM WOOLLEN, adm'r
of Aaron Grey, dec'd
Cambridge, april 30, 1824. (may 1)

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