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.

To a Sister on her return from ——.

MAY is the hour when Nature blooms,
O'er cold December's urn;
But lov'lier far than these perfumes,
Is MARY, thy return.

Come with a heart devoid of guile,
And like the Season gay—
Come with that warm transporting smile,
To me more dear than MAY.

The flower which innocence unveils
Is one eternal Rose,
And when oppressed by stormy gales,
More beautiful it blows.

Then let a Friend, and Brother speak,
And who shall dare gainsay—
He sees that Rose on MARY's cheek,
More lovely far than MAY.

Cambridge, May, 1824. SELIM.

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near! once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek, then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, e'en where most is shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
—Dim grows the semblance, on man's thought impress'd,
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!
—Now gaze! and bear the silent to his rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness nor in mirth!
Was he not fair amongst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where Death hath power, may love be bless'd!
—Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?
—Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest on the chase?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that e'en that, must fade!
Death will not hold unchanged his fairest guest:
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your last embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd!—For him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd!
—Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Farewell!—In despair,
I escape from thy wiles;
Thy frowns I can bear,
And even thy smiles.
Take back that dear token
Which blest me before,
The heart thou hast broken
Can prize it no more!

Now vain were thy favor,
Thy pity more vain!
I am lost—and forever—
To pleasure, to pain!
False words, sweetly spoken
Deceived me before;
But a heart thou hast broken
Can trust thee no more!

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."

LAUREL HILL.

"The bird, within its silver cage
"Dies while it sings ——."

The marriage supper was spread in the large room of the fine mansion of the De Bergs on Laurel Hill, and amid the bustle of the guests, the merry glee which swelled about the smoking feast, the half-heard whispers of the well paired guests, full of jocularity, and blended with winks and nods, and smiles, and the flashing of sparkling eyes, and the high beating of merry hearts, giving promise of future festivals of like occasions, with the confusion of anxious servants and the loud commands of the gleeful host, who had just accomplished a union long planned and cherished in his paternal bosom, between his son Edward and the rich and beautiful Laura Clifford; amid this scene, I say, small space was left for sober contemplation or speculative dreaming. But the eye that wandered to the new-made bride, might thro' all the pomp of outward gayety, even then, in that moment of consummated destiny, have discovered a secret on her brow, that told of something unrevealed in the deep recesses of the unfathomable mind, and might have discovered it with less than common powers of penetration.—A something indefinable, that would have brought to mind the tales of blighted love, and the heart's idolatrous affections sacrificed on the heartless altar of this world's idol, gold.

But the hours passed rapidly and long ere the midnight moon came up upon the sylvan scenery, or the lost flagging dance had ended—the bride and bridegroom had vanished from the gay circle, and as the last glass was emptied to their happiness, silence came over the scene, and hushed all to repose once more.—Some retired to dream over new affections, and future hopes—some to count the tokens of approbation they had gathered from their loves that evening, some to lay their heads upon the charmed pound-cake, and some to contemplate the whole that had passed before them, as they moved through the ceremonies, calm spectators of the scene. It was for these last to review the circumstances which were connected with the past event, and contrast them with what they saw, and form their own opinions. Edward De Berg had just returned from his travels in the east, and Laura from a boarding school in Philadelphia, they were both young, and, but that two Farms were united in the union, and, but that Laura's calm and pensive air awakened doubt, it might have been deemed a happy match—it was so, in all that related to outward interests, but the inward heard moves in another sphere, and is in youth, often controled by other laws.

That Laura was unhappy, was soon written in characters too legible to be mistaken, on her once blooming cheek; but that she was kind and conscientious in her duties to her husband;—that she laboured day by day to make him happy was perceptible to all. She strove to smother her sorrows with the same care that she laboured to smooth his brow from all disquietude. Her heart was too gentle, too full of tenderness to allow her to be, even the innocent cause of pain to others, and she would have buried her griefs for ever if she had had the power, she tried to be happy, not for her own sake but for his whose peace she prized. But who can pluck the canker that preys on the bosom's inmost core—or stay the departing lustre of the cheek, when the heart supplies it no longer with health and animation.—She faded—and the aged and experienced, said her sun was destined to go down before its meridian.

Her life, in one great and leading point of view had already been unfortunate, but it was destined to be filled up by misfortunes of a still deeper and more romantic cast. Edward engaged in business that required the assistance of a clerk, a young gentleman, who, it was said had arrived recently in the neighbourhood, from Viginia was recommend to him and he took him into his employ. He was a pretty, delicate youth, but about 17, and of a serious and pensive disposition, silent, retiring, and attentive to the discharge of his duties—becoming an inmate of the house, he grew in the esteem of Mr. De Berg and gained his most unlimited confidence; but through almost half a year it was noticed that he never spake to Laura, that he avoided being in her presence as much as possible, and seemed sinking under a slow and withering disease of a kind unknown and unsearchable. He complained not; but kept his secret locked up in his own bosom, and remained as he was found, a companionless, solitary stranger. Tho' Laura regarded the friendless boy with a thousand little marks of silent kindness she relaxed none of her habitual calm and tranquil thoughtfulness; sometimes when Henry at Edward's request amused them by reading, he chose some touching narrative of disappointed loves, and hearts broken at the will of fortune, and Laura and himself would weep in unison—but more than this they seemed to have no other than the one leading sympathy of unhappiness, in common.

Thus matters stood, when one night the store of Edward was robbed of money to a considerable amount. De Berg's father loved not the contemplative incommunicative boy, and Edward, much under his influence, and naturally suspicious, at his parent's suggestions charged the unfortunate youth with the robbery. Henry denied it, but took no pains to establish his innocence; he totally declined giving any account of his parentage, or relatives, or place of birth, and this alone, was deemed sufficient ground for his commitment. He bowed to the authority which arrested him, and wore the same brow of unsubdued reserve to the gloomy vault of the criminals at the county town. The gaoler would have allowed him privileges, but he asked for, he would accept of, none. It was early in Autumn now, and night after night he was seen at the window of his cell, gazing on the pale moon as she rose over the seared foliage of the forest, and watching the stars follow each other through the deep blue sky. One night he was missed from the window, and in the morning he was found with his hand reclining on his head, in a corner of the cell—his spirit had departed—he was pale and cold. A pencil and paper lay beside him, on which was written, "Have you forgotten poor Anthony Dunbar."

It was sent to Alesbury. It was shown to Laura. His fate excited interest, but his character remained inexplicable—for, a few weeks after, the real robber was discovered, and many tears were shed over the memory of poor Anthony, for that was now supposed to have been his name.

The winter season now rapidly approached, and Laura was destined to go down to the clods of the valley, before the spring returned to spread life and beauty over the cold habitations of decay and death. She sunk hour by hour, the victim of a fevered mind, in its action too powerful for her weak and delicate frame, till, at length, from the fond arms of an adoring husband, from the anxious and unceasing assiduities of affectionate parents, relatives and friends, and from the lap of wealth, where kindness ministered to each little want; she sunk into the grave. I saw her a week before she died; the paleness of death sat upon her cheek, but her fair form had not lost its angelic symmetry; she was an object full of interest. But even then, she complained not, she sat in her little parlour among her more healthful flowers, and looked as calm and resigned and patient as ever. She talked familiarly of death, but never of disease—of her approach to her last struggle, but not of the hidden cause that was thus early forcing her spirit from its fair abode.

Death often developes mysterious which were doomed to be perpetually locked up in life. And before the spring time arrived, it was ascertained that the sad, and melancholy and unfortunate Henry, whose real name was Anthony Dunbar, was the son of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, whose romantic love for Laura, begun in that city, had led him to leave clandestinely his family, and locate himself in Alesbury, whence accident transferred him to De Berg's own house. Here he had pined away in the sight of what he could not hope to enjoy, until intense suffering led him to throw away his life. And Laura's passion for him and her grief for his misfortunes, while out of regard to the feelings of her husband, she concealed both from every human eye, had thus ruined her happiness, and brought her to an early grave.

And thus it is with young and fervent, and fearful love, the more strong its power, the more careful is, generally, its concealment: It retires within the heart from all outward parade and show, and there burns and burns, still stronger as hope perishes—still fiercer as time flows on, until it wears out the feeble strings of life, and perishes amid the ruins of its last and most powerful struggles.

Emporium.

RELIGIOUS.

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

ON DAILY PRAYER.

By the Rev. Dr. Channing.—Morning.

The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments agree in enjoining prayer.—Let no man call himself a christian, who lives without giving a part of life to this duty. We are not taught how often we must pray; but our Lord in teaching us to say, 'Give us *this day* our daily bread,' implies that we should pray daily. As to the particular hours to be given to this duty, every christian may choose them for himself. Our religion is too liberal and spiritual to bind us to any place or any hour of prayer. But there are parts of the day particularly favorable to this duty, and which, if possible, should be redeemed for it.

The *first* of these periods is the *morning*, which even nature seems to have pointed out to men of different religions, as a fit time for offerings to the Divinity. In the morning our minds are not so much shaken by wordly cares and pleasures, as in other parts of the day. Retirement and sleep have helped to allay the violence of our feelings, to calm the feverish excitement so often produced by intercourse with men. The hour is a still one. The hurry and tumults of life are not begun, and we naturally share in the tranquility around us. Having for so many hours lost our hold on the world, we can banish it more easily from the mind, and worship with less divided attention. This then, is a favorable time for approaching the invisible Author of our being, for strengthening the intimacy of our minds with him, for thinking upon a future life, and for seeking those spiritual aids which we need in the labours and temptations of every day.

In the morning there is much to feed the spirit of devotion. It offers an abundance of thoughts friendly to pious feeling. When we look on creation, what a happy and touching change do we witness! A few hours past, the earth was wrapt in gloom and silence. There seemed 'a pause in nature.' But now a new flood of light has broken forth, and creation rises before us in fresher and brighter hues, and seems to rejoice as if it had just received birth from its author.

The sun never sheds more cheerful beams, and never proclaims more loudly God's glory and goodness, than when He returns after the coldness and dampness of night, awakens man and inferior animals to the various purposes of their being. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the earth and through the sky. It requires little effort of imagination to read delight in the kindled clouds, or in the fields bright with dew. This is the time, when we can best feel and bless the power which said, 'let there be light;' which 'set a tabernacle for the sun in the heavens,' and made him the dispenser of fruitfulness and enjoyment through all regions.

If we next look at ourselves, what materials does the morning furnish for devout thought! At the close of the past day we were exhausted by our labours, and unable to move without wearisome effort. Our minds were sluggish, and could not be held to the most interesting objects. From this state of exhaustation, we sunk gradually into entire insensibility. Our limbs became motionless; our senses were shut as in death.—Our thoughts were suspended, or only wandered confusedly and without aim. Our friends and the universe, and God himself were forgotten.

And what change does the morning bring with it! On waking we find, that sleep, the image of death, has silently infused into us a new life. The weary limbs are braced again. The dim eye has become bright and piercing The mind is returned from the region of forgetfulness to its old possessions. Friends are met again with a new interest. We are again capable of devout sentiment, virtuous effort, and christian hope. With what subjects of gratitude, then, does the morning furnish us? We can hardly recall the state of insensibility from which we have just emerged, without a consciousness of our dependance, or think of the renovation of our powers and intellectual being, without feeling our obligations to God.

There is something very touching in the consideratiou, if we will fix our minds upon it, that God thought of us when *we* could not think; that He watched over us when we had no power to avert peril from ourselves, that He continued our vital motions, and in due time broke the chains of sleep and set our imprisoned faculties free. How fit is it, at this hour, to raise to God the eyes which He has opened, and the arm which He has strengthened; to acknowledged His providence; to consecrate to Him the powers He has renewed! How fit that He should be the first object of the thoughts and affections which he has restored! How fit to employ in His praise the tongue He has loosed, and the breath which He has spared!

But the morning is a fit time for devotion, not only from its relation to the past night, but considered as the introduction of a new day. To a thinking mind, how natural at this hour are such reflections as the following:—I am now to enter on a new period of my life, to start afresh in my course. I am to return to that world, where I have often gone astray; to receive impressions which may never be effaced; to perform actions which will fit me for heaven or hell. I am this day to meet temptations which have often subdued me; I am to be entrusted again with opportunities of usefulness, which I have often neglected.—I am to influence the minds of others, to help in moulding their characters, and in deciding the happiness of their present and future life. How uncertain is this day! What unseen dangers are before me! What unexpected changes may await me! It may be my last day! It will certainly bring me nearer to death and judgment!

Now, when entering on a period of life so important, yet so uncertain, how fit and natural is it, before we take the first step, to seek the favour of that Being on whom the lot of every day depends; to commit all our interests to His almighty and wise providence; to seek His blessing on our labours and His succour in temptation; and to consecrate to His service the day which He raises upon us! This morning devotion, not only agrees with the sentiments of the hearts, but tends to make the day happy, useful, and virtuous. Having cast ourselves on the mercy and protection of the Aimighty, we shall go forth with new confidence to the labours and duties which He imposes. Our early prayer will help to shed an odour of piety through the whole life. God, having first occupied, will more easily recur to our mind. Our first step will be in the right path, and we may hope a happy issue.

So fit and useful is morning devotion, it ought not to be omitted without necessity. If our circumstances will allow the privilege, it is a bad sign, when no part of the morning is spent in prayer.—If God find no place in our minds at that early and peaceful hour, He will hardly recur to us in the tumults of life. If the benefits of the morning do not soften us, we can hardly expect the heart to melt with gratitude through the day. If the world then rush in, and take possession of us, when we are at some distance and have had a respite from its cares, how can we hope to shake it off, when we shall be in the midst of it, pressed and agitated by it on every side?

Let a part of the morning, if possible, be set apart to devotion; and to this end we should fix the hour of rising, so that we may have an early hour at our own disposal. Our piety is suspicious, if we can renounce, as too many do, the pleasures and benefits of early prayer, rather than forego the senseless indulgence of unnecessary sleep. What! we can rise early enough for business. We can even anticipate the dawn, if a favourite pleasure or an uncommon grain requires the effort. But we cannot rise, that we may bless our great Benefactor, that we may arm ourselves for the severe conflicts to which our principles are to be exposed. We are willing to rush into the world, without thanks offered, or a blessing sought. From a day thus begun, what ought we to expect but thoughtlessness and guilt!

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS,

Whose death has been lately announced in the papers, was the son of Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, and of the lady who by her second marriage became the Empress Josephine. At the time of his birth, September, 1730, his father was serving in this country under General Rochembeau, where he probably acquired those republican principles which made him a zealous actor in the early scenes of the revolution, and soon brought him to the scaffold. On the marriage of his mother with Napoleon Buonaparte, young Beauharnais was appointed his aid-de-camp, and attended him in his campaigns in Italy and Egypt. At the battle of Marengo, he commanded a regiment of chasseurs and distinguished himself by his personal bravery. In 1804, when Buonapart assumed the title of Emperor, he created his step-son a Prince, and the next year made him Viceroy of Italy. His court was established at Milan. In 1806, he was married to the daughter of the king of Bavaria; and the next year he was formally declared the heir of Napoleon, and created Prince of Venice. In the war with Austria in 1809, he was defeated on the Tagliamento, when the Emperor despatched general Macdonald from France to take command of his army: but in the course of the campaign he retrieved his military reputation, and the Emperor, in one of his billetins, declared that he had given proof of all the qualities which constitute a great commander.

When his mother was divorced, in 1809, Eugene was present, and pronounced a discourse, in which he enumerated all the benefits which Napoleon had conferred upon his family, and concluded with declaring that it was their duty to submit implicity to his will.

In 1812, Prince Eugene commanded the fourth division of the grand army in Poland, and distinguished himself at the battle of Moskwa, and in the subsequent retreat; during which, the chief command devolved upon him, in consequence of the departure of the Emperor of General Murat. He was afrterwards engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Dresden.

On the abdication of Buonaparte in 1814, Prince Eugene assumed the title of Marquis Beauharnais, and retired to Munich, where he resided for some time, with his farther-in-law, the king of Bavari. He afterwards went to Vienna, and continued there during the session of the Congress of Soverigns; but being suspected of holding correspondence with Buonaparte, he was obliged to return to Munich. Since the battle of Waterloo he has resided the greater part of the time with his sister Hortensia at Lindau, near the Lake of Constance.

Eugene Beauharnais possessed a graceful person and a countenance strongly marked with intelligence and decision. He enjoyed through life the favor of Buonaparte. In his government of Italy, he was at first very popular; but it is said that, on perceiving it he took pains to keep aloof from the people, lest he should excite the jealousy of Napoleon. Buonaparte assigned him a princely revenue in Italy, chiefly arising from estates in the papal territories, which he had the good fortune to retain, after the restoration. They were confirmed to him by the Pope in 1816.—*Portsmouth Jour.*

Canal Loan.—It is stated in the Albany Daily Advertiser, that the Canal Loan of $500,000 was taken by Le Roy, Bayard and Co. at a premium of $180 five per cent stock.

The timber Ship building at the Island of Orleans Canada is 301 feet 6 inches in length of keel, beam 50 feet 7 inches—depth of hold 29 feet 4 inches.

The Rochester paper announces that packet boats now daily depart east & west on the Canal, and the fare is so good and cheap that no one who consults economy *can now afford to travel on foot.*

From the Salem Gazette, April 23.

VIOLATING THE GRAVE.

A trial of a novel character has taken place at the present session of the S. J. Court, in Worcester, upon an indictment against a young medical student for disinterring a dead body. He was found guilty, and sentenced to two months imprisonment, and to pay costs amounting to about $250.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Professor Olmsted, of the Univesity of North Carolina, has ascertained that a fine illuminating gas may be obtained from cotton seed. The product of gas from a bushel of seed, is more than double the average product of the same quantity of New Castle coal, and greatly exceeds that in illuminationg power. It partakes of the purity and splendor of gas from oil, with which substance, indeed, this seed is known to abound.

The Westchester Herald mentions the trial of Messrs. Dunlap and Allen, principals, and Messrs. Dickey and Youle, seconds, who were last week found guilty at the Rockingham County Circuit, of being concerned in a duel about a year since. Dunlap, who sent the challenge was fined $300; Allen, who accepted it was fined $250; and the two seconds, $50 each. The court in pronouncing sentence remarked, that it had taken into consideration the very great expense, which it appeared had already been incurred by the parties, otherwise they would have been fined in a much heavier sum. They were all inhabitants of Patterson, New Jersey. John T. Smith, and Maxwell, for the people; T. A. Emmett, Price, and Campbell, for the defendents.

ACCIDENT.—On the 26th ult. a Mr. Douglass, residing on the Louisville road, near Savannah, whilst handing a pistol to prove that no danger was to be apprehended from its being loaded, of which he had been warned by a friend, applied it to his side, pulled the trigger, and lodged the contents, several buck shot, in his bowels. He expired in about fifteen minutes.

The body of a man, about 30 years of age, was found in one of the Locks at the junction of the two canals, near Troy, on Sunday morning last. From the papers found in his pocket it appears his name is John Flagler, that he was a mason by trade, said to be from Dutchess county.

On the 2d inst. two boys, of 6 years of age in Winsted, (Con.) lost their lives by eating the root of American Hemlock, (Circuta Maculata) commonly called Muskrat root, or Water Fennel, which they had dug out of the ground.—Seven others had eaten of this root, but by prompt medical assistance they were recovered.

CA

Vol. I.

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RACE STREET, CAMBRIDGE,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens Dorchester and the adjacent counti that he still continues to carry on the abo business at his old stand, above mentione where he will execute all orders in his line, the shortest notice, and in the neatest a most fashionable style. He flatters himse from his experience in the above line, in all various branches, for more than ten years, th he is able to do as good work as any on t Eastern Shore of Maryland. He invites friends and the public, to call and examine themselves.
april 17 tf

N. B. Carriages, &c. repaired at the short notice and on the best terms for cash or cou try produce.

Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a second order of Dorches County Court, at April term, eighte hundred and twenty-four, directed to us, w be offered at public sale, on MONDAY, t 14th day of June next, in Cambridge, at W LIAM FLINT'S tavern, between the hours *ten* and *three* o'clock, all the balance of t real estate of which Henry K. Steele, deceas was seized and possessed, to wit:—

THREE FARMS,

Situated in the upper part of said coun lying on the West side of the North W Fork of Nanticoke river, near Joseph Evi mill, and containing in said three farms, *N Hundred and Eighty-nine Acres*, with a sufficie quantity of timber laid off to each farm.

Also, a tract of LAND, lying on the E side, and binding on the aforesaid river, w timbered, with a good stream of water a Mill seat on the same, and containing *Five H dred and Seventeen Acres*. The above m tioned Lands, will be divided and laid off as to suit purchasers, and sold on the followi terms, to wit:—

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

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

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

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

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

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 SHERI for the ensuing term—I therefore beg leave offer myself as a candidate for that offic Should you see proper to make choice of as a suitable person, I pledge myself t nothing shall be wanting on my part, in performance of the duties of the office, to r der myself worthy of your confidence.

The public's obedient servant,
ANDREW BANNING.
april 3 tf

TAILORING

MR. DEVENNISH,

FROM BALTIMORE,

TAKES the liberty to acquaint the citiz of Cambridge and the public genera that he intends to carry on (in the above nam town, third door above Mr. Flint's tave the TAILORING BUSINESS, in all its vari branches. From his knowledge and ex rience in the above business, he pledges h self to execute their work with despatch, THE MOST NEAT, FASHIONABLE AND ELEG STYLE. He hopes his devotion to business, exertion to give general satisfaction, toget with the arrangements he has made to proc early, every season, the latest fashions f Baltimore, will ensure him a share of pu patronage.

CAMBRIDGE, April 10, 1824.

FOR SALE,

A BEAUTIFUL situation for a TANYA the vacancy is large, and Tanbark be procured comparatively at a very smal pense. I consider it unnecessary to enter a detail of particulars, as I presume those wish to purchase will view it. For further ticulars apply to the subscriber, or at the C bridge Chronicle office.

JOHN WOLLE
may 8 tf

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