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.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to view the bright tints of the morn,
When Sol op's the gates of the East,
When Ceres with plenty has fill'd up her Horn,
To gladden the husbandman's feast.

I love the soft whispering breezes of even,
When all nature is lull'd into rest;
It steals o'er my soul, like the music of heaven,
And soothes every care of my breast.

I love to gaze on those regions so bright,
When the curtain of twilight is drawn;
The beautiful galaxy streaming with light,
As lovely as morn's early dawn.

I love to pierce that ethereal arch,
To the mansions of bliss in the skies;
In fancy, through trackless regions to march,
Where new glories unceasingly rise.

I love to look on the moon's mellow rays,
That beam in such mildness around;
The twinkling stars dancing 'mid the blue maze,
In eloquent silence profound.

I love to think on that glorious power,
That can guide all those planets aright
In their regular course, each year, day and hour,
In succession, by day and by night.

I love to reflect that the time will arrive,
When life's cares and sorrows shall cease;
When the spirit immortal alone will survive,
And ascend to those mansions of peace.

Cambridge, June, 1824. EUGENIA.

Selected by a Lady for the Cambridge Chronicle.

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

Subdued by misfortune, and bow'd down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline,
I hied to the home of my Fathers again,
But the home of my Fathers no longer was mine.
The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more,
A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold were his eyes as I enter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;
But I staid not his scorn—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart, vow'd never more to return.
What Home shall receive me! one *Home* yet I know;
O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave!
'Tis the *Tomb of my Fathers!* the world is my foe,
And all my *inheritance* now is the *grave*.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! the gray moisten'd walls
Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay
The gate off its hinges and half op'ning calls,
"Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"
Alas, thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast!
From a *Wanderer* accept, oh my Father this tear,
Receive him the last of his race to thy rest.

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 DUELLSIT.

"Hurt honour, in an evil—cursed hour,
Drove me to Murder ————
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all—all!
Are bartered for a name!"

Some months ago, I paid a visit to the seat of my friend Henry Howard, whom I had not seen for several years; and during the short time that I spent with him, many a pleasing hour was passed in recalling the recollection of departed days, and in conjuring up the occurrences of other years. Circumstances which had then recently transpired, introduced in the course of conversation, the subject of duelling, and as the relation which my friend then gave me, was of a very interesting nature, I take the liberty to repeat in detail.

"I was once," said he, "on the eve of becoming a participator in this deplorable practice. An acquaintance had challenged me on some trifling occasion, and being then young, thoughtless and spirited, I deemed I could not as a man of honour refuse the call. I had accordingly sat down in the heighth of my anger to write an acceptance, when the letter which I now hold was brought me by a servant. It was sent to me by a friend, who had been bitterly taught in the school of experience, and who having casually heard of my quarrel, considered it a duty to prevent what might be the fatal consequences. To it I owe the change of my views—my peace—my happiness—perhaps my life. I shall therefore read it to you without further preface.

"I heard, my young friend, that you have received a challenge, and I have further understood that your intention is to accept it. Permit me to request, before the dye is cast, that you will pause one moment, and listen to the story of one, who like you was once happy, and might still have been so had the voice of friendly admonition been sounded before him. How miserable he *has been* how wretched he *now is*, tongue cannot tell.

"It is not my intention to enter into argument with you on the subject. Objections to duelling have been often repeated, and your own good sense will suggest them all; I shall merely offer you a recital of my sorrows and sufferings, and leave you to *feel* for yourself.

"One of my earliest friends and associates, was Albert Harding. We had known each other from infancy—we had conned our tasks, and played our games and shared our grievances together—and we had grown up like twin trees, that cling closer as they advance in size.—Many is the hour of unalloyed bliss that winged its unobserved flight over us in that sweet season of innocence, when our sports had no pleasure, unless they were mutually partaken. Would that I had sunk into death at that blessed period, for then I should have spared the pain of that dreadful reverse which I have since experienced! But I must not dwell upon that happy period: for it makes my heart ache, and my eyes tearful, whenever I look back upon the past, and see those happy days, like a bright constellation, shining through the darkness of succeeding years. Suffice it to say, that our childhood passed serenely away, amidst the interchange of more than fraternal affections, till at length the lapse of eighteen years, gave us the signal of approach to manhood. We now both entered into the world—but it was not capable of changing our hearts; we had not indeed the opportunity of meeting so frequently as we had done, but our friendship remained unbroken. At length, however, an incident occurred that tended to mar our peace forever.

"I had casually discovered that Albert was attached to an amiable young lady in our vicinity, with whom I also had some acquaintance; but I did not then know that his affections were so deeply engaged, as I had afterwards reason to believe they were. I undertook to rally him on the subject, and at first he bore with me calmly and patiently. I was in a most mischievous humour at the time, and pursued my raillery with little mercy. Still he continued to take my impertinence in good part. I urged the siege, until at length I fairly ran down his good nature, and he lost his equanimity, denouncing me in round terms as 'an absolute fool.' I told him that was an expression I had not expected from him, but still I continued to tease him, and left little unsaid that could make him and the object of his attentions appear ridiculous. All this was done in a spirit of good humour on my part, but I ought to have known that it was trifling too much with an easy and pliant temper. One bitter word led to another, till we both became fairly irritated, and forgot what we owed to each other as fellow creatures and as friends. A vague and hasty insinuation against my character, which he threw out in the heighth of his anger, I considered as an unpardonable offence. I told him fiercely that he should repent the words he had uttered, and flung away from him full of the inspiration of revenge.

"I immediately went home, and in my rage, wrote and despatched him a challenge to meet me the next morning. It was briefly answered in the course of a few hours, with the expression of a perfect willingness on his part to give me all the satisfaction my rage could desire, and concluded with a taunting threat, that I should *"meet the chastisement my insolence deserved."*

"I did not sleep much that night; for I must confess I had begun to repent somewhat of my rashness. I saw that I had effected a fearful change in my condition. I had made my bosom friend my open enemy; I had turned myself in burning wrath against him, whom I had before loved with the warmest affection; in short, I had, through my own imprudence, lost the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my riper years, my best and only confidant. Conscience loudly declared that an apology might restore him, and that it was no more than my duty, under all circumstances of the case, to make one; but Pride stepped in and whispered that I had been insulted—that an apology on my part would be degradation—and that now I had entered upon the business, there was no retreating with *honour*, and I must go on. So I discharged conscience from her duty, and deliberately resolved to murder my dearest friend.

"After a night of restless agitation, the fatal morning came; and though it arose in its usual brightness, with all its dewey softness and beauty, yet it was a morning of gloom to me; for I was going to the commission of a deed, which my heart could not warrant nor my conscience approve. I dressed myself with an agitated hand—put my pistols into my pocket, and slipped quietly out of the house, hastened to the appointed spot. Albert was already waiting with his second, and mine had also preceded me. I scouled darkly on my opponent, but I thought he looked as if he pitied me. Why should he do so?—I did not want his pity! The pity of an enemy! Oh! no! I hated him the worse that he should look compassionate. The seconds examined our weapons, and ten paces were agreed on as the distance—We took our stations, back to back—measured the ground—reached the point—turned—and fired!!—Albert's pistol was first discharged, and ere I had time to know that I was uninjured, mine had taken its effect. The first thing that I beheld after the awful momentary shudder had passed, was the victim of my revenge stretched insensible on the ground! Shall I pretend to describe my sensations at this moment? O! no! were I to make the attempt, I should do injustice to feelings for which language has no parallel. He was wounded in the breast, and the crimson stream of life was pouring forth in torrents. With the first gush, my hatred died away. I now felt that I loved him more than ever; but alas! it was too late! I threw myself on my knees beside him; I clasped his cold hand, and sat watching in mute and breathless agony for the appearance of that animation, which I feared would never return. How long I remained in this situation I cannot tell—for insensibility came to my relief, and when I recovered I found myself lying at home on my bed. I saw the anxious faces of my friends about me, but the memory of what had passed, was confused, dim and indistinct. I was in a state of high fever, and it was necessary I should be kept quiet. All my friends left me but my mother, and she sat silently watching at my bed side. There I lay—tearless and sleepless—and the remembrance of the direful incidents came upon me, one by one, in thoughts of burning agony. I tossed and turned and turmoiled on my couch, but there was no rest, and it seemed as if my whole body was wrapped in one sheet of flame!—O! that I could forget the horrors of that dreadful night! that I could cast them for ever into the depths of oblivion, where they should be remembered no more! After a while they gave me an opiate, and I slept—but sleep was worse than wakefulness, for it brought with it dreams so terrific, that the very recollection of them is anguish. Methought I was in some place of wild unreality, such as we often traverse in our night visions, and was standing there alone, with a naked poignard in my hand; presently there came one whom I knew to be my friend, and he smiled upon me; but I was full of strong passions, and his smile was like poison, and I seemed hurried on by an invisible power, which I struggled to resist, until my dagger had pierced the heart of the phantom before me. Then as I drew it away, I thought the blood bursted forth and covered me with a shower. At length he vanished, and I thought there arose in his place, a frightful demon, who seized me ere I was aware, and dragging me to the end of a dreadful precipice, made me look down to a hideous abyss, into which every moment he threatened to plunge me. I shuddered and awoke with a scream.

"After a long and dreary night, the day dawned, and then for the first time I thought to inquire of Albert. They told me he was alive. With the word, hope come to my pillow, and I enjoyed a short and quiet slumber. After this refreshment, I felt myself better, and I began rapidly to mend. The next day I was able to go out, and my first object was to visit my poor victim. I went into his chamber—he was lying on his bed, pale and languid; it was a sight I could scarcely endure, for my heart said within me, "Thou art the fiend who has created this!" I sat down by his side—took his hand and burst into tears. I could not articulate a word. When I had become somewhat composed I said, "Albert, I hope"——But he interrupted me, "Oh no!" said he "do not hope! there is no hope now! it is too late; I cannot live—it will all soon be over!—but I wanted to see you, Charles, before I departed, that I might ask your forgiveness!" "Forgiveness! cried I, "Forgiveness! it is *I* who need forgiveness at *your* hands, and it was *that* which I came to ask! Am I not your murderer? It is the *injurer* and not the *injured*, who stands in need of pardon.—Oh! Albert do not ask forgiveness of *me!*" "Yes, Charles, I must: I am deeply to blame for having accepted your call: had my pride only allowed me to refuse, how much anguish I should have saved you. For myself it is no matter!" "Albert! Albert! do not talk thus, you will drive me mad! I have nothing against you; every thing is forgiven: only say pardon *me!*" He raised himself gently in the bed, and opened his arms; I threw myself upon his bosom. "Yes, Charles, all that I have to pardon in thee is past, and as we forgive each other now so may we find mercy at the throne of Heaven!" These were his last words, he sunk quietly back upon the pillow—and shortly after was no more. It is awful to think how he stood tottering on the narrow isthmus between hope and despair. O! that I could blot that period forever from the annals of existence! I would not live it over, if by doing so I could purchase worlds.

"I stood and gazed upon his cold and pallid form as he lay extended in death, and as I gazed, the world and all its pleasures seemed like vanity to me.—Above all I could not help reflecting with intolerable anguish, how utterly insignificant had been the cause of all the distress before me. A few idle words unguardedly uttered, had done all this! And what were they at last?—Merely the thoughtless effervescence of a ruffled temper! And yet insignificant as they were, they had quenched life—they had destroyed peace—they had blasted hopes—they had blighted prospects—they had cut down the flower that ought to have bloomed for many a long year, in the midst of its youthful glory—they had made me the assassin of my friend! These were my own thoughts, tearing at the root of my happiness; while the bereaved mother, the sighs and the tears of mourning brothers and sisters were every moment fixing the arrows of remorse in my heart! Oh! what would I not have given had I possessed the power to restore the life I had taken away!—But I am going beyond bounds; I did not intend to have carried my narration so far; but it seemed to be my duty to warn you of the horrors that await such a course as that I have pursued. From that time to the present, I have never known the sweet peace which I enjoyed before. I have indeed derived some consolation from the remembrance that I obtained my friend's forgiveness; and I trust I have now also obtained it from a higher source; but the recollection of that period is a gloomy spectre that haunts me in every walk of life, and its evil events have cast a deep shade over my existence, that will stretch forward even to the very verge of the grave!—Pardon me, my young friend, for detaining you so long; but believe me, I have your welfare much at heart. I leave this detail without comment, trusting it may warn you against the commission of an error, which will bring with it unceasing repentance, and unconquerable misery. If it have the least effect in preserving you in peace and innocence, I shall then have the satisfaction of believing, that my many sufferings have not been entirely in vain."

"CHARLES WOODLEY."

"After reading this" said Henry, as he laid down the letter, "my views were entirely altered, and I turned with horror from the project, which I was before in the very act of undertaking.—The pen which I had taken up to write an acceptance to the challenge, I now used to endite an apology. An explanation followed in course—our disagreement was adjusted—and our friendship restored. What the result would have been had I acted otherwise, it is impossible to say: but there is reason to believe that the consequences of an opposite course, however they might have eventuated, would have been of a nature most truly deplorable and unhappy."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

CHARITY.

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities."

There is no virtue, in which men are more deficient, than in the exercise of that spirit of charity, "which beareath all things, and hopeth all things." Though we never could countenance error, yet ought we to view and reprove with tenderness, the faults of others. The pride of our hearts, which is ever leading us astray, impels us to detect and expose the errors of our neighbors, and thus triumph in our fancied superiority. We place our own characters as a model, and every difference or deficiency receives our condemnation. Unmindful of the endless diversity of characters; the peculiar constitution of different minds; and the variety of motives which govern human actions, we mark out one path of thought and action for the whole; an attempt as absurb and impracticable, as to prescribe one orbit for all the planets which glitter in the firmament.

Charity does not require us to excuse the vices or overlook the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of friendship, is that affectionate censorship which watches over the actions of another, marks his errors, and sedulously labors for their correction. But it instructs us to bear, with affectionate sympathy, those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses, either of gaiety or depression, to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution and humanity, and reprove him with that meekness which would result from a conviction that we ourselves are fallible, and that we frequently required to-day the admonitions which we so freely imparted yesterday. Another important duty is to guard and defend the reputation of a friend.—The world are prying and captious, and the shafts of calumny fly too thickly to miss even the most spotless character. We need not point out the numerous occasions which present themselves to silence the calumnious hint, and rectify the equivocal remark.—As the depository of his sentiments, and the confidant of his secrets, we ought ever to guard the character of a friend: and without excusing or palliating his errors, we may often throw the mantle of our protection over his foibles. *Colm. Star.*

MATRIMONIAL.

The following facetious dialogue, which is extracted from a work of the late Dr. SHERIDAN, is said to have occurred while he was on a visit to a distant relation, a sprightly female, who had been married about ten years. Her husband was a *bon vivant* who loved his bottle, and provided he could enjoy the present moment, never thought of the next. "We were introduced," says the author, "and found the table covered with excellent viands, and a bottle of sparkling champaign. This sunshine was for a moment darkened by an envious cloud which sometimes darkens the matrimonial sky, even the most serene. When the husband entered, the following conversation commenced."

Husband. Woman—aye!—*Wife.* You are always railing at our sex. H. And without a reason?—W. Without either rhyme or reason: you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that. H. Sometimes; there's no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women.—W. Without the head, I suppose?—H. With a head and with a heart too.—W. That's a wonder.—H. It would be a still greater, if I could not; for instance, there's Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives, always at home when you call always neat and clean, sober and discreet. W. I wish you were tied to her! Always at home! the greatest gossip in the parish, she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean, she has nothing to do but to keep herself so; sober, she can take a glass as well as her neighbors; discreet, that's another word—but I detest scandal, I'm surprised you don't say she is *handsome!*—H. So she is in my eyes. W. You've a fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty: what do you think of her nose?—H. She is a fine woman in spite of her nose.—W. Fine feathers make fine fowls; she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.—H. You can do the same, if you please—W. My cheeks do not want paint, nor my eyebrows penciling.—H. True; the rose of beauty is on your cheeks, and your brow is the brow of Cupid.—W. You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's—let me see—no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; she is so silent, too, when she has all the clack to herself, her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burnt in the socket, and painted pannels too! and then as to scandal.—but her tongue's no scandal!—H. Take care, there's such thing as standing in a white sheet.—W. By—! you would provoke a saint!—H. You seem to begetting into a passion.—W. Is it a wonder? A white sheet! You ought to be tossed in a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word; my charms are lost upon such a sensless fellow as you.—H. The charms of your tongue?—W. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.—H. Well, I have done.—W. But I have not done; I wish I had dronnded myself the first day I saw you.—H. It is not too late.—W. I'd see you hung first.—H. You'd be the first to cut me down.—W. Then I ought to be tied in your stead.—H. I'd cut you down.—W. You would? H. Yes, but I'd take care you were dead first.—W. I can't bear this any longer!—H. Then it is time for me to withdraw I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.—W. And it shall burst on your head.—H. I'll save my poor head if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle—(Husband flies: the dish after him.)

Woman.—In every character Woman is interesting, though not always amiable. We *may* not love, but we *must* admire. Whether as the venerable matron or the blooming maid, the chaste wife or tender relations, old or young, married or unmarried, virtuous or vicious—still she will command our admiration and influence our actions.

Who, then, can be ashamed to pay homage to a virtuous woman? She is the purest abstract of Deity that can be found in all his works. She is the image of love, purity and truth; and she lives and moves in all who possesses virtuous innocence.

Woman ever has been, still is, and always will be, the main spring of masculine achievement—her influence is felt by ALL, from the hero to the clown, from the man to the stripling; and whether she fire a Troy or excite emulation at a game of marbles; whether she influence a court, or rule in a dairy, the end, cause, and effect, are still the same.—We may talk of patrotism—we may prate of fame—but who would feel the one, or seek the other, but for the sake of woman!

Woman! still more interesting when we contemplate her, night and day watching by the pillow of a friend administering the healing balm, sustaining the drooping head on her sympathising bosom, and wiping the clammy dews of death from the sunken cheeks—it is in such a scene lovely woman shines unrivalled, and constraines man to pay the homage due to angels of humanity.

The celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, in writing to his brother, respecting the education of a son, expresses himself in the following strong terms, as he had himself written a novel—

Above all things never let your son touch a *romance* or a *novel*. These paint beauty in colours more charming than nature—and describe happiness that may never tastes. How delusive, how destructive, are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good, fortune has mixed with our cup by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, if you will believe a man who has seen the world; and has studied human nature more by experience than precept, I say that such books teach very little of the world.

A certain cure for the White Swelling. Take wild Indigo, wild Hourhound and Pine-tops, beat them together and boil them in vinegar, and apply it warm to the swelling.

Atrocious Murder.—A most atrocious and inhuman murder was committed in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on Saturday, the 8th inst. on the body of Mr. *James M'Cormack*, formerly a resident of that county. He was going from Paris to Shield's Mill on Stoner, to close some unsettled business in the neighborhood where he had lately resided, when he was met by David and Robert Shields who entertained the most bitter animosity towards him in consequence of his having recovered a verdict of $1000 against one of them for the seduction of his daughter. These monster in human shape immediately fell to beating him with clubs until they thought he was near dead, and threw him over a log on the bank of a creek and then claimed: "Lay there you damned old rascal all night and we'll fix you then." The poor man was conscious of his situation and knew all that was said. After they left him he managed out to crawl to a Mr. Sheriff's when he became deranged until the next day, recovering his senses he related the mournful tragedy. He said Bob Shields struck him first, and stunned him so that he fell. They then threw him over the log, when he opened his eyes and begged for mercy. In order to stop his cries they ran a stick down his throat which is supposed to have inflicted the mortal wound. He died on the Monday night following.

Both the Shields have been taken and confined in separate rooms in the jail and will probably be tried at the present Term of the Bourbon circuit court, now in session.

MEDICAL.—A work from the pen of M. de Chateauneuf contradicts, by indisputable evidence, the generally received opinion that the health of females is especially endangered at the critical age of from forty to fifty. The result of a variety of facts, drawn from Provence, Switzerland, Paris, Berlin, Swedenborgh, &c. is first, that from thirty to seventy no other augmentation of the number of female deaths is observed than that which is the natural result of the progress of age; and secondly that at every period of life, from thirty to seventy, there is a greater mortality among men than among women, more particularly at the age of from forty to

CA

Vol. I.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square, inserted three times for *one dollar*, and *twenty-five cents* for every subsequent insertion.

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

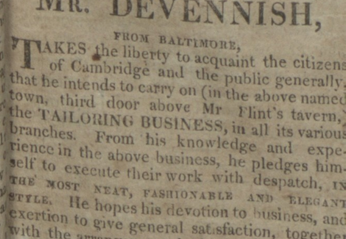
Lots for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale, on MONDAY, the 21st day of June next, at WILLIAM FLINT'S tavern, in Cambridge, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock of that day—one Lot of LAND, containing eleven acres, more or less, lying and being in Dorchester county, and near the town of Cambridge, and on the south west side of the main road leading from Cambridge to Sandy Hill and opposite to the farm of Thomas J. Eccleston, Esq.—And also, one other Lot of LAND, containing eight and one half acres more or less, situate and lying near the town of Cambridge, and adjoining the lots of Thomas Lockerman, Esq.—One third of the purchase money will be required on the day of sale, and the remaining two thirds of the purchase money, a credit of twelve months will be given, the purchaser or purchasers giving bonds with approved security, with interest from the day of sale. Persons wishing to view the above lots previous to the day of sale, will please to call on Mr. William Rea, in the Register's office.—On the payment of the purchase money, the subscriber will convey the above lots by a good and sufficient deed of bargain and sale, defending against herself and her heirs, and all persons whatsoever.

SARAH ALEXANDER.

Cambridge, May 29 4t

E. W. KENNARD,



Coach and Gig Maker,

RACE STREET, CAMBRIDGE,

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

april 17 tf

N. B. Carriages, &c. repaired at the shortest notice and on the best terms for cash or country produce.

LAND FOR SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of Somerset County Court, will be exposed for sale, at the Court-house in Princess Anne, on TUESDAY, the SIXTH day of July next, between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock, P. M.

ALL THE REAL ESTATE

Of which Jesse H. Wainright, died, seized and possessed, consisting of four valuable PLANTATIONS.

The terms of sale will be as follows:—One tenth part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the residue in equal instalments, in one and two years, to be secured by bond and good security—and upon the payment of the whole sum, good and sufficient deeds will be given.

SAMUEL McBRYDE, Trustee.

june 1st, 1824. [june 5—3t]

TAILORING.

MR. DEVENNISH,

FROM BALTIMORE,

TAKES the liberty to acquaint the citizens of Cambridge and the public generally, that he intends to carry on (in the above named town, third door above Mr Flint's tavern,) the TAILORING BUSINESS, in all its various branches. From his knowledge and experience in the above business, he pledges himself to execute their work with despatch, in THE MOST NEAT, FASHIONABLE AND ELEGANT STYLE. He hopes his devotion to business, and exertion to give general satisfaction, together with the arrangements he has made to procure early, every season, the latest fashions from Baltimore, will ensure him a share of public patronage.

CAMBRIDGE, April 10, 1824.

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, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of GODFRY DEAN, late of Dorchester 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 eighth day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 5th day of June, anno domini, 1824.

MARY DEAN, *admr'x.*
of Godfry Dean, deceased

june 5 3t

REMOVAL.

THE SHERIFF of Dorchester county, respectfully informs the public, that he has *Removed* his office to the Court House, in the room used by the Petty Jury of said county when in session.

may 29 tf

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