SALOON OF APOLLO.

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

The following lines, and more especially the concluding part, represent how much they lose, who lose their virtue.—The Seducer beholds the grave of his victim with indifference without the least shadow of remorse, "nor heeds the flowers, which, wet with tears, yet blossom o'er her bed."—*Eds.*

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

FRAGMENT.

SHE was so young and beautiful!
Even like a Seraph look'd she in mine eyes—
She mock'd in loveliness, the blushing rose;
And yet was modest, as the violet
That rears its half blown bud above the snow.
She, like the violet, felt the wint'ry storm
Of desolation, which, in one rude breath,
Blasts the proud oak, and lily of the field.
The sweet affections of her guileless heart
Were stolen away, ere yet she knew the world,
By one whose outward form, was that of man;
Whose heart was subtle as the venom'd snake.
He, callous wretch, in mockery of her wo,
Look'd careless on, to see the sure decay,
Which hourly stole each fairy charm away—
And even now, would pass her early grave
With cold indifference—nor heed the flowers
Which, wet with tears, yet blossom o'er her bed,
Where oft at eve my willing steps have strayed,
To breathe a sigh o'er lovely Ellen's fate.

THE QUARREL OF

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

When Love and Hymen both were boys,
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,
To show each other all their toys
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,
And each with each was quick delighted:
Love shot his darts of surest aim,
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,
(Now Hymen 's but a peevish fellow,)
Told Love, he wish'd the bow himself,
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon strait,
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver!)
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possest,
Men neither could nor would resist 'em;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
And Cupid's arrows seldom missed 'em.

But, changing thus their arms about,
The boys became perplexed and stupid;
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
And broke Affection's firmest tether:
So now if Love and Hymen meet,
They seldom sojourn long together.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a tear from Beauty's eye
That makes us feel supremely blest;
Offspring of love and sympathy,
It melts the cold and flinty breast.

There is a tear soft Pity gives,
Like dew-drop on the withering leaf;
Our heart the pearly gift receives,—
It sheds a balm upon our grief!

But there's a tear that's far more bright,
Though flowing from a bosom rude,
Yielding ineffable delight,—
The sparkling tear of Gratitude!

ON A SCULL—*By Lord Byron.*

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul!
Yet, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The seat of thought, the palace of the soul.
Behold thro' each lack-lustre eyeless hole
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit!
Can all that saint, sage, sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower—its tenement refit?

LITERARY.

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

A new book, by the author of Anastatius, has just come out, and is the prevailing topic in literary circles. The title HAJJI BABA: The writer, Mr. HOPE of London, of the family of Hope, the great banker: The scene Persia; indeed the intention of the book is to give the reader a view of Persia, habits and manners at the present time.

Hajji Baba is the son of a barber of Ispahan, who leaves his father when a young man to seek his fortune. In the course of his travels he "is every thing by turns and nothing long"—joins a caravan to go to Meshed—is set upon by robbers and taken captive—turns robber—escapes from the free booters and becomes a water carrier—leaves that profession and becomes an itinerant vender of smoke—After assuming various characters and encountering many curious adventures he becomes a servant to the King's Physician; and here, instead of giving our own words, we choose to place before you the title of four chapters, viz.—

"23. He becomes dissatisfied with his situation, is idle, and falls in love.

24. He has an interview with the fair Zeenab, who relates how she passes her time in the Doctor's Harem.

25. The lovers meet again, and are very happy. Hajji Baba sings.

26. The history of Zeenab, the Curdish slave."

Now, if we can look into the human bosom at all, and we have the vanity to think our optics pretty sharp, when the thoughts of the young ones are to be reached; there is an almost universal half stifled exclamation of this kind.—"O! I wish I could hear the story of Hajji and the fair Zeenab."

One thing is very clear, Mr. Hope knows how to make an interesting page of contents. The heads of his chapters always lead you like a handsome sign, at a merchant's door, to wish to see what is inside.

The work has, in our opinion, a good deal of merit. We have no reason to doubt but the general view that is given of Persian manners is pretty correct, although we think he has given the most unfavorable side of the picture, and has sketched rather the vices and follies, than the virtues and wisdom of that people. With this introduction we shall proceed to make an extract:

CHAPTER XXIII.

He becomes dissatisfied with his situation, is idle, and falls in love.

Discontented with my present lot, and uncertain as to my future prospects, my days passed on in total idleness; and, as I had no inclination to pursue the profession of physic, which many before me had done quite on as slender a foundation as the one I had acquired, I cared little for those pursuits which engaged Mirza Ahmak. I should very probably have left him instantly, if a circumstance had not occurred, arising from the very state of unprofitableness in which I lived, which detained me in this house. The feelings to which it gave rise so entirely absorbed every other consideration, that I became their slave; and so violent were the emotions which they created, that I verily believe that Majnoun, in the height of his phrensy, could not have been madder than I. After this, it is needless to mention that I was in love.

The spring had passed over, and the first heats of summer, which now began to make themselves felt, had driven most of the inhabitants of the city to spread their beds and sleep on the house tops. As I did not like to pass my nights in company of the servants, the carpet spreaders and the cook, who generally herded together in a room below, I extended my bed in a corner of the terrace, which overlooked the inner court of the doctor's house, in which were situated the apartments of the women.—This court was a square, into which the windows of the different chambers looked, and was planted in the centre with rose-bushes, jessamines, and poplar trees. A square wooden platform was erected in the middle upon which mattrasses were spread, where the inhabitants reposed during the great heats. I had seen several women seated in different parts of the court, but had never been particularly struck by the appearance of any one of them; and indeed had I been so, perhaps I should never have thought of looking at them again; for as soon as I was discovered shouts of abuse were levelled at me, and I was called by every odious name that they could devise.

One night, however, soon after the sun had set, as I was preparing my bed, I perchance looked over a part of the wall that was a little broken down, and on a slip of terrace that was close under it I discovered a female, who was employed in assorting and spreading out tobacco-leaves. Her blue veil was negligently thrown over her head, and as she stooped the two long tresses which flowed from her forehead hung down in so tantalising a manner as nearly to skreen all her face, but still left so much of it visible, that it created in me an intense desire to see the remainder. Every thing that I saw in her announced beauty. Her hands were small and dyed with *khenna;* her feet were equally small: and her whole air and form bespoke loveliness and grace. I gazed upon her until I could no longer contain my passion; I made a slight noise which immediately caused her to look up and before she could cover herself with her veil, I had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she managed her veil with much art, so that there was room for a a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and to enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work, "Why do you look at me? It is criminal."

"For the sake of the sainted Hosien," I exclaimed, "do not turn from me; it is no crime to love; your eyes have made roast meat of my heart; by the mother that bore you, let me look in your face again."

In a more subdued voice she answered me, "Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen; and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame to talk thus to a maid?"

At this moment she let her veil fall, as if by chance, and I had time to look again upon her face, which was even more beautiful than I had imagined.—Her eyes were large and peculiarly black, and fringed by long lashes, which, aided by the collyrium with which they are tinged, formed a sort of ambuscade, from which she levelled her shafts. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and nature had brought them together just over her nose, in so strong a line, that there was no need of art to join them together.—Her nose was aquiline, her mouth small and full of sweet expression; and in the centre of her chin was a dimple which she kept carefully marked with a blue puncture. Nothing could equal the beauty of her hair; it was black as jet, and fell in long tresses down her back. In short, I was wrapped in amazement at her beauty. The sight of her explained to me many things which I had read in our poets, of cypress forms, tender fawns and sugar-eating parrots. It seemed to me that I could gaze at her forever, and not be tired; but still I felt a great desire to leap over the wall and touch her. My passion was increasing, and I was on the point of approaching her, when I heard the name of *Zeenab* repeated several times with great impatience, by a loud shrill voice; upon which my fair one left the terrace in haste, and I remained rivited to the place where I had first seen her. I continued there for a long time, in the hope that she might return, but to no purpose. I lent my ear to every noise, but nothing was to be heard below but the same angry voice, which by turns, appeared to attack every thing, and every body, and which could belong to no one but the doctor's wife; a lady, who, as report would have it, was none of the mildest of her sex, and who kept her good man in great subjection.

The day had now entirely closed in, and I was about retiring to my bed in despair, when the voice was heard again, exclaiming: "Zeenab, where are you going to? Why do you not retire to bed?"

I indistinctly heard the answer of my charmer, but soon guessed what it had been, when I saw her appear on the terrace again. My heart beat violently, and I was about to leap over the wall, which separated us, when I was stopped by seeing her take up a basket, in which she had gathered her tobacco, and make a hasty retreat; but just as she was disappearing, she said to me, in a low tone of voice, "Be here to-morrow night." These words thrilled through my whole frame, in a manner that I had never before felt, and I did not cease to repeat them until through exhaustion, I fell into a feverish dose, and I did not awaken on the following morning until the beams of the sun shone bright in my face.

RELIGIOUS.

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

To the Editors of the Cambridge Chronicle.

SIRS—Will you have the goodness to insert in your next paper, the following little effusion, and oblige one who is much interested in the success of the *Chronicle*.

The cloud of uncertainty which intercepts our researches into the mode of our existence in a future world, the impenetrable veil which conceals from the mortal the state of immortality, is perhaps a chief reason why, with the most well grounded hope of eternal mercy, we feel with awe and anguish, the stroke which removes those dear to us, into this unknown, this untried scene. We believe the change will be to them infinitely glorious, but the manner of it we cannot conceive. By what new vehicle the unbodied spirit is conveyed—At what distance from the scene of action it has left—Whether it retains a sensibility of past endeared connexions, and a present knowledge of their fate. These are circumstances on which we can form no conclusive idea; no object present to our senses can lead us to an image on which the spirits of inquiry may rest.

Yet, tho' wandering and inconclusive, how delightful are those effusions of fancy, which explore on the wing of pious enthusiasm, the invisible world! and dress in the brightest imagery which mortal conceptions can form, the scenes irradiated by the immediate presence of the Deity! How soothing to the heart of sorrow, the idea of the beloved objects of its affections, and its tears admitted as angels of Light before Him in whose presence there is fullness of joy, and conducted by glorified spirits through the bowers of immortal bliss!—where the lute of the seraphim breathes strains of peace eternal. CORNELIA.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS VISITER.

MENONISTS.

The Menonists comprise a body of Christians, whose origin and creed are but little known to the public. They are very numerous in many parts of Pennsylvania, and have occasionally excited considerable notice from their resistance to the militia system and conscientious scruples against bearing arms. Let their religion be what it may, their character for honesty and inoffensiveness must be admired, and whilst they make but little show of their religious observances, they seem to live up to the golden rule of "do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you," in the spirit and meaning of the words.

The Menonists take their name from *Menno Simon*, of the Netherlands, one of the leaders of that sect or society of the Baptists, in the sixteenth century, who took their rise in Germany soon after, or about the time of, the reformation. But they themselves, it is said, derive their religious profession and practice from that of the Christian Church in Thessalonia, and the time of the Apostles. Among the articles of their faith, in which they are very rigid, using great plainness in speech and dress, are in substance the following:

1. *Of Baptism.*—They confess baptism unto faith, but no *infant baptism.*
2. *Of Marriage.*—They confess a wedlock of two believing persons; and no *external marriage ceremony.*
3. *Of taking Oaths.*—No Christian may take an oath, or in his evidence go beyond yea and nay, but must rather choose to die.

They have been much persecuted in Germany and Switzerland. They paid immense sums in divers parts of the German provinces for an exemption from bearing arms, taking oaths, &c. but were still subject to grievous impositions and abuses, until in 1694, William Penn, then proprietor of the province of Pennsylvania, offered them a refuge here.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Mr. Erving, in speaking of the humiliation of Christ, says,

"There was one attribute of the divinity which he would not lay aside, when he laid aside the rest—he would not part with his mercy, and with so much of his power as was needed to satisfy his mercy. The power that could have humbled his foes he forewent; the power that could have revenged his wrongs—that could have nourished his famished body, and canopied his naked head, and shielded his unhoused person; all that could have ministered triumph or solacement to his sufferings, he forewent; but that Almighty Power which might heal sickness and chase sorrow, and put to right disabled frames, and draw back blooming health and warm-gushing life to their withered abode, and cheat the grave and the wrathful elements of their prey; all this power he gave up, but brought it with him to the earth which called upon it so largely, and requited it so ill. But saving so much power as might be of comfort to the poor creatures, he went out to redeem—he stripped himself of all besides, and did come not only within the narrow conditions of manhood, passing through the nobler nature of angels; but into manhood's most mean and melancholy conditions; not suffered to see the light in a human habitation; no sooner born than sought after by the hunters of blood: borne over sandy deserts into a foreign land; bred at an obscure and laborious calling, in a town proverbial for wickedness, in a region despised as outlandish. When entered on his office of salvation, a waylaid wanderer, a houseless, homeless man, watched evermore by a host of spies and informers, and carrying in the bosom of his confidence a venal traitor.

Buffetted, spit on, crowned with thorns, basely betrayed, his blood sold for money; justice the common right of man, refused him; nay, against the voice, and in the sacred face of justice, sacrificed and crucified on that tree where the murderer should have hung, from which a seditious murderer was released, to make room for the Son of God.—Oh heavens! oh earth! oh sacred justice! oh power supreme! where slept ye when such indignity was offered to your Prince? Ye slept not, but ye murmured forth your indignation in thunder, and ye frowned darkness upon the face of day, and ye heaved forth from the secret place the ghastly bodies of the dead to affright the living; ye slept not, and would have arisen in your sovereign might to defend your Prince from murderous hands; but the voice of your prince had bound you, bound you to look on and intermeddle not—to look upon the darkest, foulest scene, wherewith the annals of time are defaced and the reputation of the earth defamed.

"Such is the brief history of that greatest act of love wherewith the world of men or angels is acquainted. This is the burden of prophets, and evangelists, and apostles—the end and meaning of types and ceremonies and sacrifices—the foundation of a thousand arguments, and the subject of a thousand warm emotions throughout the scriptures, every one of which, as they occur, elevates the mind to a divine contemplation, and brings with it admiration, affection and joy."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Selected from the Atheneum, or Spirit of the English Magazine, printed in Boston.

Of Vinous or Spiritous Fermentations.

Wine, beer, and similarly fermented liquors, appear to have been known in the earliest ages. Thus the Scripture informs us that the patriarch Noah planted a vineyard, and drank wine; and the heathen writers are unanimous in ascribing the invention of this beverage to their earliest kings and heroes. Beer also seems to have been discovered at a very remote period. It was in common use in Egypt in the time of Herodotus; and Tacitus informs us that it was the general drink of the Germans.—Whether the ancients had any method of procuring *ardent spirits* from these or any other liquor does not appear.—The Greeks and Romans, however, seem to have been ignorant of them; at least we can discover no allusion to them in their writings.

Wine is mostly obtained from the juice pressed from grapes and other fruits. This is at first a sweet watery liquor with a little tartness, but which has no strength or spirit, and in this state is called *must*. The tartness arises from the presence of some acid, one or more of which may be found in most if not all fruits. Those most abundant and likewise most common are the Malic, Sorbic, and Citric acids.* Apples, barberries, plums, sloes, elder berries, and the berries of the mountain ash, contain both malic and sorbic acids; gooseberries, currants, bilberries, cherries, strawberries, and raspberries, have the malic and citric combined: while oranges, lemons, cramberries, and the hip, have the citric acid unmixed with any other.

After this sweet but somewhat tartish liquor of which I have spoken is pressed from the different fruits employed in making wine, it is left to stand awhile. It then becomes thick and muddy, moves up and down, and throws up scum and bubbles of air to the surface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this state for some time, differing according to the quaintity of the juice, and the temperature of the air.—It then gradually settles again, becoming clearer than at first. It has now lost its sweet flat taste, and has acquired a briskness and pungency with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. And this process is called *vinous fermentation*.

The basis of wine, as may be perceived from what has been mentioned above, is its sweetness; and if sugar and water, with the addition of a little tartar, be mixed together, *an artificial must* might be made, and the vinous fermentation would take place as before: but in this latter case the wine would be devoid of flavor. The great advantage then of fruits in making wine is, that, in addition to the sweetness, they communicate likewise the flavor for which they are themselves distinguished, and which is generally supposed to arise from the presence of some volatile oil; tho' it exists in such a small proportion, that chemists have not as yet been able to obtain it in a separate state. The fruits employed in our own country for making wine, are principally currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and elder berries.—The flowers of cowslips also are frequently used, but they merely communicate their *flavor* to the wine, the spirit almost entirely arising from the sugars and indeed when our own fruits are employed, they are not sweet enough to make any wine which would keep, and therefore a considerable quantity of sugar is invariably added; while the continental fruits are sufficient of themselves.

The foreign wines are principally made from grapes, or the fruit of the vine, from which our own word wine is evidently derived. When the grapes are fully ripe, they are gathered, and submitted to the action of a press, from which their justice runs into vessels.—The quantity of sugar contained in grapes when fully ripe is very considerable. It may be obtained in crystals by evaporating the *must* to the consistency of syrup, separating the tartar which precipitates during the evaporation, and then setting aside the *must* for some months. The crystals of sugar will thus gradually be formed.

The color of foreign wines is in many instances artificial, and imparted to those liquors after they come into mercantile hands. Thus white wines are tinged red by decoctions of logwood or brazil chips, the juice of elder and bilberries, and, in France, by means of the husks and tinged grapes; while other ingredients are too frequently employed by unprincipled persons which are decidedly deleterious.

The saccharine part of the grapes which as we have seen is the basis of the spirit, resides in the cell of the grapes, while the color is the husk or skin.—White wines therefore may be prepared from red grapes, provided that the juice may be carefully expressed and the husks rejected, for there will be no redness unless the husks be mixed up and fermented with the grape; and the same observation may be made respecting the damson, black currant, and deeply colored gooseberries, used by ourselves.

The natural color of wine may be entirely and speedily destroyed, by the addition of hot well-burnt charcoal in pretty fine powder, or by pouring into it lime-water. This coloring matter likewise may be gradually separated and precipitated by exposing the wine to the heat of the sun. It sometimes precipitates of itself, as is observed not only in the incrustation of the bottles of port wine but in its becoming more and more tawny the longer it is kept.

The *Red Port* which is so much drank in England, derives its name from Oporto in Portugal. The quantity exported is from 50,000 to 70,000 pipes annually, by far the greater part of which goes to the British dominions.—*Sherry* is prepared near Xeres, in Spain, and has hence been termed by our merchants Sherries and Sherry.—*Malmsey* was formerly only made in the Greek Isles, but is now brought chiefly from Spain—*Champagne, Burgundy, Frontiniac, Renish, Hock, Alicant, &c.* are among the most celebrated of the French and German wines. Those from Germany are full of spirit and will keep for a long time.

Madeira is procured from the Madeira Islands, and from Palma, one of the Canaries. This wine is of two kinds, the first called Madeira *sec*, the latter, which is far richer, Canary or Palm *sec*, (corruptly writen *sach*) signifies *dry*, these wines being made from half dried grapes.

Hints to Mechanics.—Avoid giving long credits even to your best customers. A man who can pay easily, will not thank you for the delay, and a *slack, doubtful* paymaster, is not too valuable a customer to *dun sharply* and *seasonably*. A fish may as well attempt to live without water; or a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep or get business by delaying collections. When you *lose* a slack paymaster from your books, you only *lose* the chance of *losing* your money—and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is least prompt in collecting, for himself.

Take care how you agree to pay money for your stock, your provisions, your rent, on your fuel, and take *dog skins* for your work. One hand must wash the other, as Poor Richard says, or both will go to jail dirty. Every man's trade ought to bring him money enough to pay all money demands against him, and no man can stand it long, who does not get money enough from his business to pay the cash expenses of carrying it on.

* *Malic* from *Malum* the apple, in which this acid most abounds; *Sorbic* from *Sorbus aucuparia* the mountain ash; and *Citric* from *Citrus* the citron tree.

CA

Vol. I.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
M. K. STONE & CO.

N. E. corner of High and Poplar streets,

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

No subscription taken for a shorter per than six months, and a failure to notify a continuance shall be considered as a new gagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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

☞All communications addressed to the P prietors must come *post paid*, otherwise th will not be attended to.

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

COMMENCED her regular routes, on We nesday, the 10th March, at SEVEN o'cloc A. M. from Commerce street wharf, for Ann polis and Easton, leaving Annapolis, at ha past ELEVEN o'clock, for Easton, by way Castle Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th le Easton, by way of Castle Haven, the same ho for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapoli at TWO o'clock, and continues to leave th above places as follow:

Commerce-street wharf, Baltimore, on We nesdays and Saturdays—and

Easton, on and Sundays Thursdays, at SEVE o'clock, during the season.

Passengers wishing to proceed to Philade phia, will be put on board the Union Line Steam Boats, in the Patapsco River, and arriv there by NINE o'clock next morning.

The Maryland commenced her route fro Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertown, o monday, the 15th day of march, leaving Con Merce-street wharf, at NINE o'clock, ever Monday and Chestertown every Tuesday the same hour, for Queenstown and Baltimor during the season. Horses and carriages wi be taken on board from either of the abov places except Queenstown. All Baggage the risk of the owners

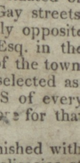
All persons expecting small packages o other freight will send for them when the boa arrives, pay freight and take them away.

Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven, wi keep horses and carriage for the conveyanc of Passengers to and from Cambridge, withou expense.

CLEMENT VICKARS.
March 20 tf

The Subscriber

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken an



now occupies that large and commo dious BRICK HOUSE, situated o the corner of Race and Gay streets in Cambridge, immediately opposite the store of Samuel Lecompte, Esq. in the most pleasant and fashionable part of the town

His Bar is supplied with a well selected as sortment of the choicest LIQUORS of every variety, lately purchased in Baltimore for that purpose.

His Table will be constantly furnished with the richest profusion of all the delicacies o each season, and attended by waiters, polite, obliging and attentive.

Attached to the establishment are excellent Stables, with plenty of good Provender of every description, and an industrious and honest Ostler.

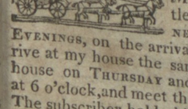
Gentlemen and Ladies travelling can be accommodated with private apartments.

Private parties can also be accommodated with Dinners and Suppers, served up with equal promptitude and elegance.

Travellers can on cheap terms be conveyed to any part of the adjacent country, with Horses, Gigs, and careful Drivers.

The subscribers will spare no expense, and will be unremitted in his exertions, to please those who may honor him with their patronage, which he respectfully solicits, and will most gratefully acknowledge.

THE STAGE



From the *Steam Boa Maryland*, will leave Castle Haven, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, on the arrival of the boat, and arrive at my house the same evenings, leave my house on THURSDAY and SUNDAY MORNINGS, at 6 o'clock, and meet the boat at Castle Haven The subscriber holds himself in readiness, on the arrival of the stage; to convey passengers from his house to any part of the Peninsula.

The Public's obedient servant,
WM. C. RIDGAWAY.
march 20

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 FRANCIS HIGGINS, 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 fifteenth day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 12th day of June, anno domini, 1824.

JEREMIAH COLSTON, Ext'r.
of Francis Higgins, dec'd.

☞All persons indebted to the above estate, must make immediate payment, or they will be sued or warranted, as the case may require.
une 12 3t J. C.

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

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_61-0056.jpg