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.'

FROM THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

From a world of woods and wilds,
Dark beneath the western skies,
How Columbia's glory smiles!
See her towns and hamlets rise.

From a wilderness of shade,
Cultivated fields appear,
In delightful charms array'd,
Cheering every cottage near.

AGRICULTURE clothes the ground
With luxuriant attire:
Scatters wealth and plenty round,
Makes the landscape bright and fair.

COMMERCE rolls in every breeze,
Frabrics glitter bright and gay;
Where the land was dark with trees,
Crowded marts their wealth display.

ARTS extend their blissful aid,
As unnumber'd structures rise,
And the cities newly made
Lift their mansions to the skies.

SCIENCE beams with light sublime,
Throws its lustre round the land,
Cheering all within our clime,
By her kind and fost'ring hand.

Where the sun with golden rays,
Beam'd upon the desert seas;
And the undulating waves,
Lonely rippled in the breeze.

Now upon the liquid plain,
Thronging ships and crafts abound;
Cheering all our wide domain,
Spreading wealth and plenty round.

Where o'er landscapes wild and wide,
Lofty mountains crown'd with woods,
Loom majestic from the tide,
Lifts their summits to the clouds.

There shall future vineyards grow,
There shall future hamlets rise,
Orchard's grace the mountain's brow,
Breathe their fragrance to the skies.

Millions from ascending day,
Journeying tow'rds the setting sun;
In Columbia's bosom gay,
Find a happy peaceful home.

Here may Freedom's Temple stand,
Spreading light and truth sublime,
Cheer the earth's remotest land,
Brighten ev'ry distant clime.

While the nations of the earth,
Marshal'd by despotic ire;
Full of foul, milicious wrath,
Clothe their land with blood and fire.

Here may Peace with olive wand,
Cheer the lab'rer at his toil;
As she views his native land,
As he tills his native soil.

Here may union, peace and love,
Fill the measure of our bliss;
And the God who rules above,
Deign to guard our happiness.

EPIGRAM.

Says Jack to Tom, you're a rogue and a cheat;
Says Tom to Jack, you're a rascal complete,
Quoth Richard the truth of the proverb I see,
That two of a trade can never agree.

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 Hermitage.

Dear was to them the hermitage,
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore,
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
From man's neglect they lov'd it more.

The first pleasure carriage that ever came to Alesbury, brought a couple of young adventurers from one of the seaboard towns. It was when I was a boy, and I well remember running down to the old Washington, then the only tavern in the town, with my satchel over my shoulders to see the strangers; for in those days of peace and quietness, when the name of our village was scarcely known beyond the circle of ten miles round, it was a rare thing for us to see new faces. The visiters proved to be a gentleman, apparently about twenty-two, and one who looked several years younger, a beautiful creature, probably not more than seventeen; I was then too young to fix my attention upon the glance of sunny eye, or the wave of glossy ringlet; but I well remember our village beaux said he was not handsome, and said it so anxiously that it was evident they felt themselves in danger of a rival; and that the little beauty was worshipped by every one of the fond mothers and rosy cheeked daughters of the village.

Nothing of their parentage, their former place of residence, or circumstances was known. Impertinent curiosity was, in those days subjected to such rigid discipline whenever it appeared, by the common consent, of the society of fathers, that it hid its head; and a stranger had to conduct in a meritorious manner to be esteemed, whatever might have been his previous situation. The behaviour of the young strangers was marked with so much modesty, their tempers appeared to be so amiable, and their whole deportment so winning, particularly that of the younger, that every tongue was let loose in their praise, even jealousy became liberal, and the innkeeper's daughter was said to have had more female visiters during the month they remained at the Washington, than she had for a whole year before.

At the end of the time, however, the youngest stranger prepared to depart, and the eldest whose name was Gustavus, and who had spent much of his time in travelling through the country, announced his intention of settling in the neighborhood. He left Alesbury, however, with his companion, and was gone three days, at the expiration of which time he returned alone, and shortly after having sold his carriage and some other little effects, he purchased a small island in the river, containing about sixty acres, three mile below us, on which he erected a neat cottage, and commenced improving it with a spirit that seemed above his years.

He was beloved, and frequent parties were made up in the neighborhood to assist him, so that in three months he had a charming residence in the bosom of the waters, to which he gave the appellation of Hermitage. Perhaps it was not miscalled, for it was a beautiful place. The cottage was in the centre of the island, invisible for the trees that surrounded it, a gushing stream rose by the door and flowed in several channels to the river, the land was naturally meadow, and Gustavus at a small expense possessed a retired but an enviable home. He appeared to enjoy it, for he was not to be seen any more in the village, and one day his boat was seen gliding with him in it to the western shore; it remained there, fastened to a tree, three days and three nights. On the fourth day it returned, and bore him to the rural retreat he had prepared, with a young and lovely female. A variety of conjectures followed, but there was one which seemed to be strengthened by a thousand circumstances which had not heretofore been noticed—it was that the beautiful boy who had been his companion and friend—who had loved him and left him, was in reality the personage who now came to share his home, dressed in her proper garb, and claiming to the relation of a fond and fervent friend, the character of a wife.

Still the custom that forbid the prying scrutiny of curiosity, and that sought no further disclosures than such as were voluntarily made, prevailed. The strangers saw it and testified their gratitude by throwing off their reserve. They lived in constant intercourse with the villagers for many years. The island became one of the best cultivated places in the country, and while a large and lovely family of children grew up around them, and a long residence endeared them to an extensive circle of acquaintance, the mysterious circumstances which took place at the time of their settlement, were almost forgotten.

Gustavus might possibly, in the lapse of fifteen or sixteen years, have become rich, but his object seemed constantly to be to attain simply to such an independence as would best promote his happiness. He was industrious, frugal and managing; keeping aloof from every hazardous speculation; he was, nevertheless, prompted to profit by every opportunity which afforded the certainty of profit; and while he denied himself none of the delicacies and amusements of life, to save a trifling expense, he, on the other hand, expended nothing foolishly to gratify childish pride or a capricious whim. Go to the Hermitage when you would, every thing was in the neatest style, and you were sure to be entertained in the best manner; the most delicious fruit and the choicest poundcake, excellent cider and plenty of nuts, and what was better than all, smiles, that said as plain as smiles could say, "you are welcome," always awaited you. Thus this amiable family secured and enjoyed independence and happiness pure and without alloy.

At length in the spring of the sixteenth year of his residence at the Hermitage, Gustavus took a journey to the eastward; it was the first time he had been from home any distance, since his settlement among us. He remained about two months, and brought with him when he returned, a pale, sickly, dejected looking boy, wearing a badge of mourning.—A few days after, several of the aged villagers went down to the island to spend an afternoon and evening; and when, after tea, the little circle was formed on the green before the cottage door, Gustavus laid aside his flute, and thus addressed himself to the company—

"I am about, my friends, to let you into the history of a portion of my life, with which you are unacquainted; this gratitude prompted me to do long ago, but prudence forbade it; now the necessity of silence does not exist. You knew not 16 years ago, to whom you were opening the bosom of hospitality when my young friend and myself received your welcome—we lived happy with you—you know every incident of our lives since then, but you shall now know more than this. My father was the wealthiest farmer in the country where he lived, and I was the oldest of two only sons.—The parents of Matilda were our tenants; I became attached to her and when I found that the penalty of marrying her was disinheritance, I chose to incur it.—But persecution followed us not only from our home, it pursued wherever we went, until in disguise we effected our escape hither, and found repose where the arm of parental severity could no longer search our retreat. I know that I only confirm your conjectures when I add, that the friend who accompanied me to Alesbury when I first came, now sits beside me—it was Matilda.'

"My brother inherited the family estate, which was worth a hundred thousand at least; he increased his wealth by marrying a woman whose wealth was the only attraction she possessed; and while Matilda and myself were left to set out in life with but health and industry he rolled in wealth. But mark the issue. He, my unfortunate brother died three months ago, bankrupt and broken hearted, of a disease, the foundation of which was laid by intemperate habits.—His estate passed into the hands of gamblers, sharpers, and horse-jockies; and his wife absconded with a menial, and left behind this poor child, beggard and disgraced. While I," and he raised his eyes to heaven in thankful adoration as he said it, "am happy in the possession of a virtuous wife and have all this," pointing to his finely cultivated lands and blending flocks, "besides."

What a lesson for the proud and grasping! How often is virtue and all the noble and generous and delightful feelings of our nature sacrificed at the shrine of wealth! And how often does that wealth prove a curse to those it is intended to bless!

RELIGIOUS.

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

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

He who alone fathoms the depths of eternity permits not, His creatures, to pierce through the barrier of death to trace beyond it, the allotments of His wisdom. But may we not hope from His supreme benevolence, that those reveries of fancy which elevate our minds to adore His goodness and swell our hearts with gratitude, which give to affection patience—and to resignation hope, may be innocently indulged. How soothing it is to the soul in the vacancy of all earthly enjoyment, to reflect on the objects of its regard as not separated, but concealed; not distant, but hidden perhaps, while darting with the velocity of tho't throughout the regions of unbounded space amid its new and dazzling glories, the scene of mortal endearment, still retains its attraction. Perhaps the delegated guardian angels of the Most High, may hover round the objects of their earthly loves to shield their pillow by night, to guard their path by day; to screen them from a thousand unseen dangers, a thousand lurking temptations, and as mediums of mercy, to infuse into their hearts the spirit of divine love, to investigate their virtue, to support their hopes and in gentle whispers of seraphic love, warble peace and resignation to their souls.—Perhaps it is theirs to pour the balm of consolation on the corrodings of care, to smoothe the bed of pain and of weakness, to watch with awe and expectation, the moment when the freed spirit shall burst the barrier of clay and present her in a mantle of light, amid the triumphant praises of the heavenly host, before the mercy seat, the Holy of Holies, the dazzling pavillion of the Most High—but whither do the daring flights of imagination lead me; Oh! may I not rather call them the aspirings of that sense of enjoyment communicated to the soul by the eternal source and centre of its bliss?—May I not indulge the elevating idea, that even at this moment some of those angelic natures are executing their commission of love, and hovering near a poor sufferer on this scene of mortality? CORNELIA.

THE PREACHER.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

Ask the aged to look back upon the scenes through which they have passed, upon the years which they have spent; intreat them to tell you in what light they see them—attend to their answer, for with the aged there is wisdom. What is it they reply? They confirm the oracles of God. The weaver's shuttle they say, is not more swift, the shooting star is not more momentary, evanescent and unreal. Some of you may consult your children instead of advising your fathers; and all may ask your brethren, if time be not very short. The registers of the dead are not unfaithful; they cannot err; they are not interested; consult then the register of the dead. Look upon the tombs—are their inhabitants all old? No; not all. Many? No; not many. The dead are a very few scattered number.—Babes there are, who have been born to weep and die: babes there are, who in all their sportive innocence, have gone down into the grave: youths there are, who in their gayest hours and amidst the most pleasurable scenes, have been recalled to lie down in darkness and the dust. Numbers too are there, who, in the pride of manhood, the maturity of life, in the full career of business and of hope, have been eased of all their anxieties and defeated of all their expections and fast bound in the fetters of death. The young lie thick as dew drops on the ground, here and there only do we find a monument erected upon years and wisdom; we wonder when we find it, and yet this our wonder does not cure us of our security and confidence. Perhaps even now the scythe of time is lifted up to cut down those who little think of it, who are expecting the departure of their friends, or preparing to carry their fathers to the tomb. To-morrow, that idol deity, in which the world have agreed to place their trust; to-morrow that hair-spun thread on which they hang the weighty concernments of eternity! What is to-morrow? No part of our possessions, no part of our inheritance; it is a part in the great chain of duration, but perhaps no part of our present being. Clear, and bright, and steady, as it shines to-day, some sudden blast may blow out the lamp of life; and to-morrow may have conveyed us into other company and settled us in other scenes. Boast not of to-morrow, till you have unrolled the book of fate, and learnt what to-day shall bring forth.—Last night, it is probable, many a gay youth threw himself on the bed whence he shall rise no more: and many a busy head reposed itself upon that pillow, where it shall sleep now and take its rest. How sad and serious are many now, who, but last night, were giddy, thoughtless, presumptuous and vain: how terrible has this to-morrow proved to many, who but yesterday said unto themselves, that it was yet soon enough to repent and be converted. Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee! was a severe yet a gracious warning. In every breeze that blows there is a flight of human fates; in every breath we breathe, we may drink in the deadly poison; every hour we stand in jeopardy; then every man in his best estate is altogether vanity. In every walk we take death treads upon our steps; he watches us in our retirements, he follows us in our business; he mingles with the angles that stand round our beds; in that very moment when our hearts are more attached to this world; in that very moment when we are least apprehensive of fate, then the tyrant springs upon his prey rejoicing to add to his native horrors the necessary terrors of surprise.—In the midst of life we are in danger of some fatal blight; in the highest health, we may be nearest to some mortal malady. What then is your life? Is it not a fleeting cloud, an evaporating smoke, an exploding meteor, a painted bubble.—Break, the bubble must; in its greatest beauty it will break, and in it may break ere night.—*Galaxy.*

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

The exemplification of this moral is perpetually occurring in the most common objects of daily attention. The very paper on which I am writing affords me an example. A little while ago, it was slipt off from an old garment, an useless rag. Betty would have swept it to the door, but the industrious rag man took it up and gave it to the paper maker, who returned the old rag in a new form no less pleasing than useful. My gentle friends, in obedience to the great Master, gather up the fragments that remain; the little piece of cloth that falls from your scissors may be the means of carrying the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, to far distant and benighted lands. God himself loses nothing; and to a contemplative mind, it is both instructive and highly entertaining to observe the many ways which he takes to gather up the fragments. I rose up from the feast, and went out to drink the fresh evening air. As I passed the gate, old Lazarus, the beggar, was sitting and making a rich repast on the very piece of baked mutton I had left on my plate. His dog stood by, and the bones, &c. of which Lazarus could make nothing afforded a delicious meal to poor Trim. By the time I returned, a little flock of sparrows occupied the ground where Lazarus had sat with Trim and picked up the crumbs which had fallen from them. They flew off at approach; but their place was instantly seized by a number of flies and other insects, all greedily devouring the fragments which remained of the sparrows: and that nothing might be lost, a little laborious ant has got a huge crumb on his sholders, and tottering under the burden, was carrying it to her nest. A small affair it seemed indeed to me, but small as it was, it afforded still a morsel to herself and family. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—Lord God Almighty, how manifold are thy works! in the vast range of thy economy, nothing is lost.

A Good Conscience.—How sweet the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself. A good conscience is the firmest opiate.—The *Materia Medica* cannot supply one half so efficacious and pleasant; and all the nabobs together if they were to unite their fortune in one general contribution could not purchase a similar one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Thoughts of a condemned innocent man, on the eve of the time appointed for his execution—from 'Sayings & Doings,' by COLBURN.

"To die, he was prepared—he could single out no action of his life, as they passed in review before him, to which he could conscientiously appropriate the name of crime, except the last, the dreadful deed with which he stood charged—of which he had been convicted.—He prayed, and prayed for fortitude to bear his lot like a man; but the horror, the worldly horror, of being killed on a public scaffold by the public executioner, glared upon him, and overcame that serenity and peace of mind, so earnestly to be desired in his situation.

"The clock was striking five; the bright sun gleamed through his prison bars, and the birds outside the grated window were singing gaily, as the sound of the bell announcing the hour rang on his ear, what were the thoughts of the unhappy culprit? To-morrow at the same hour, he should be stretched in death; his body delivered to the knife of the surgeon; the heart that beat in his breast with every tender feeling of love, of peace with all the world, would perhaps be torn from its seat, the object of philosophical research, or even of professional ribaldry. The form that had been nurtured by his anxious parents, who in the watchfulness of their care over his infancy, had sheltered him from the night breeze, lest it should blow too strongly on him, would be lacerated, exposed and exhibited as an example of terror to his gazing countrymen! The thought was of itself, enough to kill him: but the effect it did produce was worse than the death which nature would have brought. His mind was made up; his determination formed, and self destruction was the object of his meditations.

Singular Circumstance.—The following extraordinary circumstance has been communicated to us, and authenticated by the most respectable authority: A few days ago, at Kemback house, the attention of the servants was excited by the appearance of a common duck, at the kitchen door, quacking or rather screaming in a most unusual manner. It was known to have been hatching, and hunger was supposed to be the occasion of the clamor. Food was accordingly thrown to it, but instead of eating, it seized the servant girl by her apron, and pulled it with some force. The girl, though probably surprised at the familiarity of the animal, shut the door, and resumed her work. The poor duck, however, was not to be repulsed in this manner, and continued beating at the door with its bill and wings, till it attracted the notice of the ladies of the house. The door was re-opened, when it again seized the girl with its bill, and pulled her, with increased force. On the servant going a little way from the door, the duck ceased its noise, and waddled on with considerable expedition towards the park. The girl followed for a short way, but having no idea what it would be at, and possessing less than an ordinary share of female curiosity, was returning to the house, when the duck pursued her, *quacking* with greater violence than ever.—She determined to see the end of this, and followed her silent companion, who led the way, to a sunken watering trough in the park, in which much to her astonishment, she found two ducklings apparently but a day old, in the mud, from which they were vainly endeavoring to extricate themselves. They were immediately released, to the apparent satisfaction of the mother, who, in a very singular manner, had thus saved the life of her offspring.—*Eng. pap.*

To kill Rats.—Pound some stone lime and mix it with oat meal and sugar; lay it about the house, set water by it; for after they eat of it they will drink of it till they burst with *laughter*—then the rest will leave the place. Though this seems but a smiple thing, yet it will destroy them faster than any thing else, and do no other damage.

Tooth Ache.—The following prescription is recommended as a "soverign remedy" for this afflicting disorder. "To a table-spoonful of any kind of spirits, add the same quantity of sharp vinegar, and a tea-spoonful of common salt: mix them well together, and hold the liquid in the mouth so that it can enter the cavity of the tooth. It will give almost instantaneous relief.

A young man in England lately killed his father in consequence of his objecting to a marriage with a young woman to whom he had become attached. He was tried for the murder, and was acquitted on the ground that the constable who arrested him, had induced him by promises, &c. to confess his guilt.

A wise couple.—It is said that the days of courtship, are the happiest that life can afford, and if it be true, the following couple may be said to have closed a life of unparalleled wisdom, with an act of unparalleled folly. "An English paper gives an account of the marriage of a couple after a courtship of *sixty years.*—Each of the parties had reached the eighty-sixth year of their earthly pilgrimage.

A debate once took place among the members of the court of an American State, as to how long they should *set* to dispose of the business before them,—*Three weeks* at last were determined on. "Why, in the name of wonder," inquired a wag at the bar, "do they not *set four* weeks, like other geese?"

A Schoolmaster (worthy brother of the scholar in Hierocles,) taught his boys whenever they heard him sneeze to rise up with solemnity, cross their hands on their bosoms, and ejaculate "God preserve our venerable tutor!" One day he took them out for a walk; and the weather being hot, it was proposed they should drink at a well. The well was deep—so the master made them join their turbans together for a rope, and, descending to the bottom, handed them up their drink, one after the other. The refreshment over, he bade them draw him out again, and had nearly reached the top, when the coldness of the well making him sneeze, the whole post instantly let go the rope, threw themselves into their accustomed attitude, and exclaimed with fervour, "God preserve our venerable tutor;" who broke his leg.

Lately, a clerk of one of the chapels at Birningham, previous to the commencement of the service, dirted his hands with putting some coals on the fire, and unconciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a Crow. He turned in to the reading desk where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line of the hymn, "Behold the *brightness of my face.*" The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

Latour Maubourg—lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. None of your hypocritical tears, yon idle dog, (said his master,) you know you are very glad for you will have only one boot to clean instead of two.

CA

Vol. I.

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At Two DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS per annu
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ontinued until forbid, and charged according
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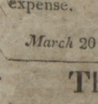
ietors must come *post paid*, otherwise th
ll not be attended to.

LANDS
TO BE RENTED.
MY several Plantations in Hunting Cree
and Poplar Necks, in Caroline count
are offered for Rent from the commenceme
of the next year, at which time the existi
contracts will expire. Applications may
made to me at any time after the 15th of Ju
within which time it is expected, that such
the present tenants as wish to continue will a
ply for that purpose.
ALSO, a Farm at Shoal Creek, in Dorche
ter county, which will be laid off of such si
as will suit the wishes of an approved tena
I am desirous of obtaining as a tenant on th
place, a man who is qualified and willing
undertake the general management of
concerns. C. GOLDSBOROUGH.
Cambridge, June 26. t1of

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 h
past ELEVEN o'clock, for Easton, by way
Castle Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th
Easton, by way of Castle Haven, the same ho
for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapol
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 SEV
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 arri
there by NINE o'clock next morning.
The Maryland commenced her route fro
Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertown,
Monday, the 15th day of March, leaving Co
merce-street wharf, at NINE o'clock, eve
Monday, and Chestertown every Tuesday
the same hour, for Queenstown and Baltimo
during the season. Horses and carriages w
be taken on board from either of the abo
places except Queenstown. All Baggage
the risk of the owners
All persons expecting small packages
other freight will send for them when the bo
arrives, pay freight and take them away.
Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven, w
keep horses and carriage for the conveyan
of Passengers to and from Cambridge, witho
expense.
CLEMENT VICKARS.
March 20 tf

The Subscriber
BEGS leave to inform his friends and t
public generally, that he has taken a

now occupies that large and comm
dious BRICK HOUSE, situated
the corner of Race and Gay stree
in Cambridge, immediately opposi
the store of Samuel Lecompte, Esq. in t
most pleasant and fashionable part of the tow
His Bar is supplied with a well selected
sortment of the choicest LIQUORS of eve
variety, lately purchased in Baltimore for th
purpose.
His Table will be constantly furnished w
the richest profusion of all the delicacies
each season, and attended by waiters, poli
obliging and attentive.
Attached to the establishment are excelle
Stables, with plenty of good Provender
every description, and an industrious
honest Ostler.
Gentlemen and Ladies travelling can be
commodated with private apartments.
Private parties can also be accommoda
with Dinners and Suppers, served up w
equal promptitude and elegance.
Travellers can on cheap terms be conve
to any part of the adjacent country, w
Horses, Gigs, and careful Drivers.
The subscribers will spare no expense,
will be unremitted in his exertions, to ple
those who may honor him with their pat
age, which he respectfully solicits, and
most gratefully acknowledge.

THE STAGE

From the *Steam*
Maryland, will leave
tle Haven, every W
NESDAY and SATUR
EVENINGS, on the arrival of the boat, and
rive at my house the same evenings; leave
house on THURSDAY and SUNDAY MORNI
at 6 o'clock, and meet the boat at Castle Ha
The subscriber holds himself in readiness
the arrival of the stage, to convey passen
from his house to any part of the Peninsula
The Public's obedient servant,
WM. C. RIDGAWAY
march 20

TO THE VOTERS
OF
Dorchester County.
Fellow Citizens—From the solicitations
number of my friends, I am again induce
offer myself a candidate for your suffrage
the ensuing October election, to represent
in the next House of Delegates of Maryla
I remain your humble servant,
WILLIAM HUTSO
may 1 tf

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