## 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.'

### NEW MASONIC SONG,

For the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, A. D. 1824, A. L. 5824.

TUNE—*Scots wha' ha' &c.*

Brothers of one social band,
Join each heart and join each hand,
Firm, united, thus we stand,
Sons of Masonry!

None with Masons can compare,
None can guide the mystic square,
None can better love the Fair,
Than the Mason free!

Wisely good and nobly kind,
The Mason's heart you'll e'er find,
Strong the ties that closely bind,
Sons of Masonry!

ART—that hath the secret charm,
*Strife and malice to disarm,*
Guarding us from ev'ry harm,
Sure must noble be!

Still! it claims the heaving sigh,
Wipes the orphan's tearful eye,
Gift of Him who reigns on high,
Masons, bend the knee!

Hail! thou heav'nly science, hail!
Balm to soothe the suff'rer's wail,
Thy charity shall ne'er fail,
Sons of Masonry!

If to travel we're inclin'd,
Brothers we will ever find
More nobly *bright*, just or kind,
Than in Number Three!

Long may good old BRANFORD stand,
First of Lodges in our land,
Dealing, with unsparing hand
Her free Charity!

### THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so,
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in the town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears:
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleepless eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed & deep.
I had a husband once who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passions on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flow'rs a poison sip,
But yet I cannot hate—there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And Time, who stole in silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often stings me with a dart
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile,
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share,
Tho' he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, & lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

### LOVE'S LAMENT.

Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears,
Are all thy love has left to me:
I love thee still! but dream no more
Of happiness in loving thee.

My heart has been too rudely crushed,
For its deep wound to ever heal:
My hopes have been too coldly checked,
For me again such hopes to feel.

My very soul is wrung! it has
Borne for thee all that it could bear,
Two silent pulses vibrate yet
In pain—its love and its despair!

Love! for, to love so fond as mine
Only the grave an end can be;
Despair! what is there that my heart
Can hope from love, or life, or thee?

Upon my lute there is a string
Broken, the chords were drawn too fast—
My heart is like the string—it tried
Too much, and snapt in twain at last!

Then, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
Are all thy love has left to me;
And they will fall less bitterly,
If that I think they fall on thee.

## POPULAR TALE.

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

### Perrin and Lucetta,

OR RURAL PROBITY.

(*Concluded.*)

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened with the hope of being yet united. The bag was proclaimed in the rector's parish; advertisements of it were posted up at Vitré, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and and selfish persons; but none of them gave an accurate account of the sum, the specie, and the bag which contained it.

In the mean time the rector did not forget that he promised to espouse Perrin's interest. He took a little farm for him; he bought him cattle, and implements of husbandry, and, two months after, he married him to Lucetta. The hearts of the fortunate couple, who had now arrived at the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to Heaven, and to the rector. Perrin was industrious—Lucetta was attentive to her domestic affairs. They paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality; they lived moderately on their profits, and were happy.

Two years expired, and the money was not reclaimed by the owner. The rector thought it superfluous to wait any longer; he took it to the virtuous pair whom he had united. My children, said he, enjoy the bounty of Providence without abusing it. These twelve thousand livres are dead with me; employ them to your honest advantage. If you should discover the lawful owner of them, you ought undoubtedly to restore them to him: Dispose of them in such a way, that though you change their substance, you, may retain their value. Perrin followed his advice; he resolved to purchase the farm which he rented. It was to be sold; it was estimated at more than twelve thousand livres: but for ready money Perrin hoped to buy it for that sum. The gold which he found he only looked upon as a deposit; it could not, he thought, be better secured: And the rightful possessor, if ever he should meet with him, could not be a loser.

The rector approved the project, and the purchase was soon made. As Perrin was now proprietor of the land which he had farmed, he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of it. His fields, kept in better order, and more improved, yielded a large produce; he lived in that ease and abundance which he had been ambitious to obtain for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union; they rejoiced to see themelves renewed in those tender pledges of their love. Perrin, in returning from the field, was usually met by his wife, who presented his children to him; he embraced them with transport, and then clasped Lucetta in his arms. The children were eagerly officious about their father: one wiped the sweat from his face; the other attempted to ease him of the spade. He smiled at his feeble efforts; he caressed him again, and thanked heaven for having given an affectionate wife, and children who resembled him.

Some years after, the old rector died. Perrin and Lucetta lamented his death; their minds dwelt afresh on what they owed to his humanity; the reflection made them contemplate their own situation. We, too, shall die, said they, and we shall leave our farm to our children. It is not our property. If he to whom it belongs should return, he would be deprived of it for ever; we shall take the right of another with us to the grave.—This idea they could not support. Delicate in their integrity, they could not be happy while their consciences charged them with the least appearance of fraud. They immediately had a declaration drawn, and signed by the principal inhabitants of the village, which set forth the tenure by which they held their farm. They lodged the declaration in the hands of the new rector. This precaution, which they thought necessary to enforce a restitution that jnstice might exact of their children, set their minds at ease.

Perrin had now been settled ten years on this form. One day, after a forenoon's hard labour, as he was going home to dinner, he saw two men overturned in a chaise on the high road, at a small distance from his house. He ran to their assistance; he offered them his draught horses to convey their baggage; he begged of them to go with him, and accept such refreshment as his humble roof afforded. The travellers were not hurt by their fall. This is a very unlucky place to me, said one of them, I cannot pass it without some misfortune. A great mischance befel me here about 12 years ago: I was returning from the fair of Vitré, and near this spot I lost twelve thousand livres in gold. But did you neglect, said Perrin, who heard him with attention, to make proper inquires for your money? It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to take the usual ways to recover it. I was just going to make a voyage to the East Indies; the vessel in which I was to sail, would not have waited for me; all the expedients I could have fallen upon, to regain my money, would undoubtedly have been fruitless; and the delay which they would have occasioned, would have been more prejudicial to me than the loss of it.

This discourse made Perrin's heart leap for joy: he repeated his invitation with more earnestness; he entreated the gentlemen to accept of the asylum which he assured that his house was the nearest and most commodious habitation of the place. They complied with his request: he went off the first, to shew them the way. He soon met his wife, who, according to custom, came to meet him He desired her to hasten home, and prepare a dinner for his guests. On their arrival at his house, he brought them a refreshment, and renewed the conversation on the loss of the twelve thousand livres. By the sequel of the traveller's discourse, he was convinced that he was the man to whom he owed a restitution. He went to the new rector, informed him of what he had learned, and begged he would do him the favour to dine with him. He accepted his invitation, and accompanied him; admiring, as he went, the joy of the peasant on a discovery which would be his ruin.

Dinner is served up—the travellers are charmed with the hospitality of Perrin—they admire his domestic œconomy—the benevolence of his heart—the frankness of his behaviour—the engaging and ingenuous manner of Lucetta—her assiduities, and their kindness—they caress the children. After dinner, Perrin shews them his house, his garden, and his cattle; he informs them of the situation, the fertility, and the produce of his fields, all this, added he to the traveller, on whose account he was so particular, belongs to you. The money which you lost, fell into my hands; when I found that it was not likely to be reclaimed, I bought this farm with it, which I always intended to give up to him who should convince me that he had a right to it.—I now resign it to you; if I had died without finding you, the rector has a deed which confirms your property.

The stranger was for some moments lost in amazement—He read the writing which the rector had put into his hand. He looked earnestly on Perrin—on Lucetta, and their children. Where am I! he at length exclaimed, and what have I heard! What an uncommon manner of proceeding! What virtue, what nobleness of soul, and in what a station of life do I find them! Have you nothing to depend upon beside this farm? added he—No; but, if you do not sell it, you will need a farmer, and I hope you will give me the preference. Your probity deserves a different recompence. It is now twelve years since I lost the sum which you found: in that time God has blessed my commerce—it has been greatly extended—it has prospered—it is long since I ceased to feel the effects of my loss. Your restitution now would not make me richer. You merit this little fortune: Providence has made you a present of it: I could not take it from you without offending my Creator. Keep it; it belongs to you; or, if I must have a right to it, I give it you. You might have kept it; I should never have reclaimed it: What man would have acted like you!

He immediately tore the deed which the rector had given him. The world, said he, should be acquainted with your generous action. A deed to ratify my resignation in your favour, your right to the farm, and that of your children, is not necessary; however, it shall be executed, to perpetuate the remembrance of your disinterestedness and honour.

Perrin and Lucetta fell at the feet of the traveller. He raised and embraced them. A notary was sent for; he engrossed the deed: he had never drawn one of such noble contents. Perrin shed tears of gratitude and joy. My children, said he, kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, by the generosity of this worthy man the farm is now become our own; henceforth we may enjoy it without anxiety, and without remorse.

Perrin and Lucetta, in their vacant hours, often paid encomiums to the memory of the old rector, the guardian of their happiness. While they dwelt on the pleasing subject, they felt the best emotions of human nature; tears of gratitude and affection started from their eyes. His precepts had made an indelible impression upon their minds, and, by their constant observance of them, they hoped to rejoin him in a better world.

## RELIGIOUS.

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

*Pleasures of Religion.*—If a man can find no enjoyment except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited, as well as selfish. But if with the love of God and the love of man reigning in his heart, he takes delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual.—To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty.—"Look not every man on his own things," says the benevolent apostle, "but every man also on the things of others. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than receive." Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant; and connect with their miseries their claims; their claims on your commiseration, your time, and property. Think how many of your fellow creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight, not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not in the possession of the treasures of Divine Truth by which they may become "wise unto salvation," and happy through unchanging eternity? Remember that he who winneth souls, to the paths of peace and glory, is by the highest authority, "wise;" he is wise in seeking for himself and for others the happiness of immortality; for they who are thus wise "shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—*Burder's Lectures.*

*Philosophy and Christianity.*

Philosophy confines its views to the world principally. It endeavors to satisfy man with the grovelling joys of earth, till he returns to that earth from which he was taken. Christianity takes a nobler flight. Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till, having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his eternal residence among the spirits of the just.—Philosophy can only heave a sigh, a long sigh after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, in which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above, beneath, around, is an unfathomable void—and doubt, uncertainty or despair, are the result of all her enquiries. Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity that borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark and dreary region lightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances, till, reaching the summit of the everlasting hills, an unknown scene in endless varieties of loveliness presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders without a cloud to dim, or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the citadel—the palace—the *throne of God*, appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it; the rivers of salvation issue from beneath it: before it, angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints in sweet response breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The breezes of paradise waft the symphony, and the pendant sky directs it to the earth.—The redeemed of the Lord catch the distant sound with sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed friendship; friendship, the loss of which they mourned upon earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens, from whence a voice is heard to say, "Fear not: death cannot injure you—the grave cannot confine you; though its chill mansion, grace will conduct you up to glory—we wait your arrival; haste, therefore, come away." *Dr. Nott.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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

*Communicated for the Chronicle.*

Thou who bowest to the god of Dissipation, I entreat, to give the annexed sentimental communication, from the Richmond Compiler, an attentive and candid perusal,—and if thou hast any regard for reputation—for the feelings of the body, or for an eternal hereafter, I am persuaded thou wilt readily coincide with its author—nay, more, thou wilt adhere to the wholesome adage of the wise man, that *wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he who is deceived by either, is not wise.* Thou wilt pause, ere thou again puttest the cup to thy lips, and think. For be not deluded, if thou wouldst be a friend to virtue; if thou wouldst preserve thy body from a thousand ailments, and save thy soul from eternal misery, bow not into the dust, by being a friend to inebriation, every glow of honest pride that warms the breast of thy relations.

HARWOOD.

—

I have often, and for some time, walked the streets of Richmond, and how many victims of fatal dissipation have crossed my steps! What a melancholy spectacle is it to the aged and infirm Parent, to see his son sink beneath one of the most cruel vices that has ever yet entered the human family. The situation of the parent is full of uncertainties and trials. His children may be either a curse or a blessing—the disgrace or the ornament of his declining years. A father blessed with a virtuous son, may lay his head in peace upon his pillow—and may even part from the world with the consolatory idea that he leaves a son worthy of himself. Reverse the tablet and you may have the picture of a parent, whose bosom is distracted by the sight of a son gradually falling into the arms of dissipation, debasing his manners by those of the low company into which he enters, wasting his talents in the greatest debauchery—and throwing away his precious time in idleness and drunkenness. Cast your eyes around you, and see how many promising young men there are, who entered life with high hopes beaming on their brow, cheered by the smiles of their family and their friends, adorned with excellent educations, and capable of rising rapidly to distinctions and fortune—yet from some low association, which they may have formed, some slight degree of indulgence into which they have originally given, perhaps for want of fortitude to encounter their first disappointment or misfortune, hurried on to a habit of intoxication, and ending their career in ruin and disgrace.

Believe me, the paths of vice are easily trod. Unless the foot be firm, they are too slippery to be trusted.

Facilis descensus Averni; sed revocare gradum,
Hic labor, hoc opus est:

You may easily acquire the habit of drinking. Some drink, because they have nothing else to do—and idleness, is the root of most evil. Some drink, because they have an agreeable friend, and in good fellowship they do not like to refuse the cup which he holds out. But, take my word for it, that by whatever motive you are impelled to woo the mantling bowl, it requires a might which few men possess, to wean themselves from it—and to break the spell once fastened upon them.

Take again, the picture of a young man born of respectable parents, put to business in some city; a business which if well attended to, would procure for him, a support through life. He may be an entire stranger to the many enticements to which he is exposed. He carelessly rushes on in rather an inferior society to his own (not having a kind parent's vigilant care, and valuable advice to guide him.) He listens to the vain persuasions of his heedless companions, who wish to lead him into the various dissipations, which are incident to a large city.—He encounters a fate that is worthy of the deepest regret. Young man! permit me to appeal to your feelings and good sense on this truly distressing subject. Have you not parents, who have long laboured to cultivate your youthful mind in science, and trained them in the paths of virtue and piety?

Are you not not bound in turn, by every consideration, to act with a single eye to the honor and advancement of your parents? Consider what is the deplorable situation of a youth whose parents have long laboured to establish him in the best business; but who at last turns his back upon his own connections, and sinks the dagger deep into the bosom of those who have long sustained him thro' life! No, reader, you see plainly the great disadvantages attending intoxication, and various other dissipations which the infatuated man will practice, regardless of his own peace.

The man who drinks to an excess, can not be a happy man, and for this plain reason, he is disqualified for any business or occupation whatsoever—No one who knows his disposition, is willing to employ him. Unless, then, he is a rich man, he will be thrown out of employment. Business will desert him who deserts himself. Suppose, however, that he is a rich man, worth an immense fortune, what satisfaction does his life give to him? He cannot enjoy those true pleasures which it is the privilege of the virtuous man only to obtain. If he be a married man what is the consequence of his dissipation? He destroys the peace of the amiable companion of his bosom, who may be worthy of a far better and more affectionate companion. But the turn of Fortune's wheel, where imprudence propels it, is as irresistible as it is rapid. To-day, we are in opulence, tomorrow we are destitute of a common sustenance. Ask in many cases the reason of this—and the reply is, imprudence, mismanagement, &c. &c. The drunkard wastes his substance. His affairs go to ruin by his neglect. The vista of the professed sot terminates in the jail or in an early grave.

Reader! do not imagine that these lines are dedicated to the benefit of any particular individual. They are intended to rouse and to warn those, whose feet are on the slippery path of dissipation.

SOCIUS.

*Compliment to the Fair Sex.*

The following curious compliment to the fair sex, is extracted from an old play, entitled CUPID'S WHIRLIGIG.

"Who would abuse your sex that knows it, O woman! Were we not born of you—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you?—Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you, as the last and most perfect work of nature; man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art. By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the Muses the loves of the learned? Was not the princess and foundress of the good arts, MINERVA, born of the highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine perfectioned woman, if to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence."

*Home.*—The pain which is felt when we are transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the force of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life

Charleston, July 1.

*Distressing heat.*—Our city has for 4 days past, suffered under an intenseness and continuation of heat, seldom, if ever, experienced here before. We have endured, almost literally, an atmosphere of fire. Several valuable lives have fallen victims to the excessive warmth—and the poor, who are compelled to labor, find the chance of sudden death added to their overwhelming toils.

Cheraw, S. C. July 2.

*Extraordinary hot weather.*—The excessive heat that has been experienced in this town, during the las six days, we presume is altogether unparalleled, in this country. The Mercury in an excellent Farenheit Thermometer, stood at 3 o'clock, P. M. exposed to the air in the shade, on Saturday last at 90°—on Sunday at 94°—on Monday at 103°—on Thuesday at 103°—on Wednesday at 105°—and on Thursday at 100°. During all this period we have had no rain, and the heat still continues to be distressingly oppressive.

Columbia, S. C. July 3.

*The weather.*—The last week has been oppressively hot. On Wednesday, the Thermometer stood at 100°, and on the succeeding day, at 101. The old inhabitants say, that such a degree of heat has not been felt here since '93.

At Boston, on Monday 28th ult. at 5 P. M. the Thermometer was at 91½ in the shade.

—

*Severe Repartee.*—A widow lady famed for her former beauty, as much as for her present blindness to her faded charms, anxious to say something kind by way of eliciting something complimentary from a young bachelor with whom it was suspected she was desirous of engaging *a third time* in the holy bands of matrimony, after asking him one evening at a party if he had any *fair object* in view, expressed her wish to have an opportunity of soon congratulating him upon his union with some *young, amiable, rich, lovely,* and *accomplished lady,* to which he sarcastically and not very gallantly, replied, that he felt indefinitely obliged for the kind wishes, especially as she had convinced him by her happy mode of expression, that *she had no design upon him herself.*—*Char. City Gaz.*


# CA

Vol. I.

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**M. K. STONE & CO.**
N. E. corner of High and Poplar streets,

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No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, and a failure to notify a discontinuance shall be considered as a new engagement.

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

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



## LANDS TO BE RENTED.

MY several Plantations in Hunting Creek and Poplar Necks, in Caroline county are offered for Rent from the commencement of the next year, at which time the existing contracts will expire. Applications may be made to me at any time after the 15th of July within which time it is expected, that such of the present tenants as wish to continue will apply for that purpose.

ALSO, a Farm at Shoal Creek, in Dorchester county, which will be laid off of such size as will suit the wishes of an approved tenant. I am desirous of obtaining as a tenant on the place, a man who is qualified and willing to undertake the general management of my concerns. C. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Cambridge, June 26. tlof

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

THE STEAM BOAT

## MARYLAND

COMMENCED her regular routes, on Wednesday, the 10th March, at SEVEN o'clock A. M. from Commerce street wharf, for Annapolis and Easton, leaving Annapolis, at half past ELEVEN o'clock, for Easton, by way of Castle Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th leave Easton, by way of Castle Haven, the same hour for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapolis at TWO o'clock, and continues to leave the above places as follow:

Commerce-street wharf, Baltimore, on Wednesdays and Saturdays—and

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

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

The Maryland commenced her route from Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertown, on Monday, the 15th day of March, leaving Commerce-street wharf, at NINE o'clock, every Monday and Chestertown every Tuesday at the same hour, for Queenstown and Baltimore during the season. Horses and carriages will be taken on board from either of the above places except Queenstown. All Baggage at the risk of the owners

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

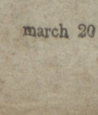
Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven, will keep horses and carriage for the conveyance of Passengers to and from Cambridge, without expense.

CLEMENT VICKARS.

March 20 tf

## The Subscriber

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



now occupies that large and commodious BRICK HOUSE, situated on 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 assortment of the choicest LIQUORS of every variety, lately purchased in Baltimore for the purpose.

His Table will be constantly furnished with the richest profusion of all the delicacies of 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 Boat 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 MORNING 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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