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 SENSE OF GOD.

Whatever social ills may press us round,
Thou sense of God, exalting and profound,
'Tis thou to earth's sad children break'st the shock;
Thou meet'st the poet on his lonely rock,
Reveal'st *Jehovah* to his ardent gaze,
And tunest his lips to confidence and praise.
Grand thought of God! to which, midst pleasure vain,
Our human weakness conscious turns again;
These are the blessings thou to man hast given,
And thus Religion links the earth to heaven.
Who shall disown thee?—God withdrawn, a veil
Shrouds the dim earth and yon bright heaven turns pale;
Laws—morals—virtue—prone to dust are hurl'd
An aimless system and an orphan world!

MATERNAL FONDNESS.

There is a feeling in the Mother's breast,
There is a wish unutter'd, unexpressed,
Which, like a *secret* not to be reveal'd,
Dwells ever at her heart in silence seal'd.
It is that hope of happiness she forms
For her young offspring—which, not all the storms
Of life, its woes, its sickness, nor its pains,
Can vanquish, but unchangeable remains—
It is a MOTHER'S HOPE that still increases,
'Till the existence of its object ceases.

THE THREE SIGHS.

OR—SORROW, HOPE, AND BLISS.

Near yonder cliff there stands a cot,
Long favour'd by the foaming tide;
When Edward left the much lov'd spot,
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd, —
"With Edward's presence blest to-day,
But sad will be to-morrow;
Adieu, Adieu,"—she scarce could say,
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
When Reason's voice resum'd its sway;
She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,
So grew resign'd from day to day.
Oft from the cliffs she'd plaintive cry,
"He may return to-morrow;"
While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh
Relief'd the sigh of Sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
She saw the well-known token wave—
(The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd)
The token she at parting gave.
Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss,
"Thou shalt be mine to-morrow!"
While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss
Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow! MORA.

"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

Oh! it is sweet to hush the sigh
That trembles on the lip of beauty!
To wipe the dew that wets the eye
Of her who pines 'twees love and duty?

Oh! it sweet to soothe the breast
That throbbing swells with tender feeling!
To view the cheek in dimples drest,
Where languid sorrow's tears were stealing!

Too oft, in beauty's gayest hour,
The heart within is cold and gloomy;
Too oft the smile is like the flow'r
That lives not—feels not—yet is bloomy.

Ah! woman may not tell
She loves—though love each glance revealing!
Her heart may beat—her bosom swell—
Her only hope is in concealing.

And, 'mid the weight of inward care
Her eye with crystal light is beaming,
The smile still seems to linger there,
But sorrow's flood within is streaming.

So may be seen at eve's last hour,
When calm and bright the moon is shining.
The lily's spotless, virgin flow'r,
In tears, its tender head declining. E.

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 Moorish Widow.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Three young Algerines, Attaher, Yesid, and Mahamed, were all desperately in love with a beautiful young widow named Zobeide, who being of a remarkably gay and sportive disposition, seemed determined never again to renounce the freedom she then enjoyed, and which is so dear to a temper such as she was possessed of; this character of her's may be easily discovered in the following curious incident.

The three lovers, unknown to each other, made a declaration of their passion to the charming widow: this gave her a fair opportunity of amusing herself at their expense, and she gave them each a private interview at different hours in the same day, and in three different places of an extensive and shady garden belonging to her dwelling.

Mahamed had obtained the privilege of the first rendezvous: he was punctual to the time appointed, and Zobeide was no less so. 'This is as it should be,' said she, 'your exactitude in keeping your appointment, is a proof of your love. But your ardour in desiring the possession of my person will not alone suffice; I must make proof of your virtue, I must be able to say, I have at length found a lover worthy of me. I love a man of real courage, and, if my lover desires to please me, he must fear nothing. Do you see at the further end of that dark walk a tomb? Well, that tomb is empty; and what I require of you is, that at nine o'clock this night, you will go and take the place that the musseiman, who has been struck by the angel of death, is to occupy to-morrow. I shall go there to meet you quite alone; and I swear by our holy prophet that if I find you there, my heart and my person shall be yours.'

The happy Mahamed submitted with joy to so slight a proof of love, and retired, fired with impatience and ardour.

Zobeide then walked to that part of the garden where Yesid was waiting for her, who laid before her the most costly presents of gold and jewels.

'Keep your gold and jewels,' said she, 'I am in want of neither. The possession of Zobeide is not to be purchased by gifts. The splendour of your's may announce, perhaps, the ardour of your love, but the more vehement are your desires, so the more subject are they to evaporate when satisfied.'

'What is it you say? delight of my eyes,' replied the impetuous Yesid; 'do not you know that he who seeks by the possession of what he loves to extinguish desire, is like him who would stop the progress of fire by heaping on it dry chaff? Overpowered by your favour, the happy Yesid would only sigh incessantly for fresh proofs of your tendeness, as a plant dried up by the scorching sunbeams thirsts after the morning dew.'

'If such is your love, then,' said Zobeide, 'you will not hesitate at giving me a proof of it. In a tomb, at about two hundred paces from hence, and that you will discover at the end of yon covered walk, there will be deposited, at nine o'clock this evening, the mortal remains of one of my kindred: as this tomb is not covered over, neither will it be till to-morrow, I fear that some impious foot may defile the sacred abode of the dead. To drive away such daring mortals, as may be bold enough to profane this sacred spot, you must go there at ten o'clock precisely, habited as an angel of light, with a flaming torch in your hand, and you must sit down at the foot of the tomb. Your presence will thus terrify those who may be drawn there by the vain hope of possessing those ornaments that are interred with the deceased. At mid-night your Zobeide will appear to you; she will share your solitude till the approach of morn, and as soon as Aurora shall appear at the gates of the east, Zobeide shall be forever yours.

Yesid, delighted, swore that he would religiously observe all that the widow exacted of him, and called on the prophet Mahomet to witness his solemn vow.

Attaher, at the appointed moment, waited with impatience the arrival of the young widow. 'O thou!' cried he, as soon as he perceived her at a distance, 'thou, who wert born to enslave every heart, mine is led captive by thy charms; why, O why, dost thou cause me to languish, like the thirsty stag for the clear water of the fountain?'

'Pardon, my well-beloved,' replied Zobeide, 'if, yielding to my indignation, I suffered for a few minutes my memory to betray me, and forgot that Attaher was waiting for me.'

'Your indignation! Who, then, has dared to offend you? Speak: behold me here ready to avenge you.'

'Some insolent people belonging to the neighbourhood have dared to profane the tomb of my family, in placing therein the mortal remains of one of their own kindred.'

'Name them; tell who it is, that I may sacrifice them to your just resentment.'

'Even revenge ought to have its bounds. Learn to withhold thy hand, and to put a bridle on thy anger, saith the wisest among mortals. Spare the living, Attaher, but cause the dead to quit the sepulchre of my ancestors. Nothing is more easy: the body is only watched by children. Disguise thyself, then, as an angel of darkness; spare nothing to make thyself hideous. In a word, render thyself as frightful as thou art now beautiful, and be at the tomb before eleven at night: these children will flee from before thee, as the timorous dove flies from the bird of prey.'

'I will execute thy sacred will; I swear, by thee, Zobeide.'

And Attaher immediately departed to put on the infernal costume, which he flattered himself was to lead him to the paradise, of Zobeide's charms.

At nine o'clock Mahamed bent his steps towards the tomb. But he felt himself struck with terror: the part he was about to act intimidated him. I am going to sport with death, said he to himself, but what if death should make sport of me? Perhaps the fatal scythe is already whetted to cut off my days! He remained motionless for a few seconds, but his passion for Zobeide got the better of his fears; and he resolved to place himself in the tomb. But perhaps Zobeide might not come so soon as she had promised: he should certainly hear her footsteps at some distance, and it would then be time enough to perform what she had desired. Mahamed had provided himself with a dark lanthorn; and he walked round the tomb, visiting every part where he might hide himself. He fancied he heard a slight noise; he trembled least he should lose his promised prize: he wrapped his winding sheet around him, and took his station as mournfully as if he had actually been the corpse he was representing. There he gave himself up to the most horrible reflections; a cold sweat bedewed his body, and he was every moment on the point of quitting the abode of death, to join the living. He had already made a few movements in order to leave the sepulchre, when he saw a light advancing towards it. Hope now fortified his heart; this light certainly announced the approach of Zobeide; that charming creature was about to reward him for his courage and his devotion to her will.

The unfortunate Mahamed was, however, deceived: this light proceeded from the torch carried by Yesid, transformed into an angel. He was habited in a long robe of cloth of silver, his face covered with a muslin veil, and four extended white wings adorned his shoulders. He sat himself down in silence at the foot of the sepulchre, wherein lay Mahamed more dead than alive.

Very soon after arrived Attaher, disguised as an angel of darkness. His face was rendered as black as ink, and two formidable horns were placed on his head; four black wings covered his body, and a white beard descended to his girdle: he held in his hands a flaming torch of black pitch, well rosined, and which emitted a sulpherous odour.

He perceived the angel of light; and thinking he only had to deal with a feeble child, he was not intimidated. He sprang to the opposite side of the tomb to seize his prey. The celestial spirit opposed him, and lifting his torch to his face, the false beard soon took fire. The devil, who was determined to owe nothing to the superior address of his enemy, answered by lifting up his lighted torch also; and the muslin veil became a prey to the flames. The pretended corpse, terrified at this combat, fancied that his guardian angel and the devil were disputing about which should carry him away. He leaped out of the grave, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Terrified at this sudden resurrection of the dead, the two angels quitted their combat, ond separately betook themselves to flight.

They suspected, and with good reason, that it was Zebeide that had played them this trick: thus she got rid of her three importunate lovers, for not one of them durst again appear in her presence.

RELIGIOUS.

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

Female Piety.—Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures her esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indiscribable to her deeds. How sweet! when the mistress of a family is the handmaid of the Lord—when the mother of the children is an example of piety—when the wife of the bosom is espoused to the Redeemer! how desirable that the daughter be a chaste virgin to Christ! that the sister leaneth on the arm who sticketh closer than a brother! that the songstress of the temple belong to the heavenly choir!—How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place, who may guard the interest & the health of his heaven born companion, and the children of the covenant! When about to leave her a widow, and commit to her exclusive care his helpless offspring, how consoling, if her character is such that she can lean upon the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of him, who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope, that he shall meet them in heaven.

Religion has a peculiar sweetness when it mingles with the softness of the female character; so the dew drop borrows odour and color from the rose.

GRATITUDE.

——— A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays,
At once indebted and discharged.
PARADISE LOST.

There is no virtue which the human heart is susceptible of, that so much adorns and elevates it, or emulates the transcendant goodness of the Almighty, more than *gratitude*. It comprehends in itself, the virtues of beneficence, diffusive charity, and that universal love by which we are united to each other in the bonds of society.

O Gratitude! thou divine source of every social virtue, teach us to explore thy blest abodes; make us happy, infinitely more happy with thy delighting converse in my cottage, than with the unbounded luxuries of the place, which thou wilt not deign to inhabit.

Fallacious as the transports of a drunkard, and the joys of them to whom thou art estranged, who urged by the natural impetuosity of their passions, rush into an excess of guilty pleasures, which only have a period with their lives. Intoxicated with power and self sufficiency, they despise the admonitions of their good advisers, till fatal experience (too late) convinces them that they neglected and disobeyed the commands of their Creator. A death bed repentance succeeds—their last moments are embittered with the reproach of a deeply wounded conscience, and impressed with the most dreadful conceptions of a future state, sink into the arms of death with distraction and despair.

Bishop Horne thus beautifully characterises the Psalms of David: "They present (says he) religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy, but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who taste them oftenest, will relish them best.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Franklin and La Fayette.—A friend has favoured us with the subjoined copy of a letter from Doctor FRANKLIN to the Marquis LA FAYETTE. As it was written prior to the gallant conduct of LA FAYETTE at the head of the Pennsylvania line, and other troops in Virginia, it demonstrates how excellent the early deeds of that distinguished and illustrious son of liberty must have been, to have called forth such appropriate acknowledgments of them from the old Congress and their venerable Minister. Dr. FRANKLIN's letter is a model of correct panegyric, and, we trust, will bei mitated by the writers whose talents will soon be put in requisition in new addresses to LA FAYETTE. We trust the beauty of *compression*, and the force which it gains by *brevity*, will not be overlooked by the American draftsmen of those *anticipated* compositions.—*Nat. Intel.*

Extract from Doctor Franklin to the Marquis La Fayette, (with the sword ordered by Congress.)

Passy 24th August, 1779.

SIR.—The Congress, sensible of your merit towards the United States, but *unable adequately to reward it*, determined to present you with a sword, as a small mark of their grateful acknowledgement. They directed it to be ornamented with suitable devices. Some of the principal actions of the war, in which you distinguished yourself by your bravery and conduct, are, therefore, represented upon it. These, with a few emblemetic figures, all admirably well executed, make its principal value. By the help of the exquisite artists France affords, I find it easy to express every thing but *the sense we have of your worth and our obligations to you.* For this, figures and even words, are found insufficient.

I therefore only add, that, with the most perfect esteem and respect, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. My grandson goes to Havre with the sword, and will have the honor of presenting it to you.

An *equality* of *condition* between persons about to form matrimonial alliances, is *often* thought to lay a surer foundation for domestic comfort, than those diversities either in fortune or acquirements, which seem to place the parties in *contrast* with each other. It is probable that this idea was present to the mind of both Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married. At one of their interviews during courtship, the doctor told her "that he was of a mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had an uncle that was hanged;" to which, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, she replied, "that she had no more money than he," and that though "no relation of hers had been hanged, she had *fifty who deserved hanging*."—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Liberty.—What a spirit of liberty, without a regularly organized government, could do for the happiness of man, we may see exemplified in the history and the fate of the Aborigines of this country—who once roamed wild and free, the lords of the forest, and the flood—who tracked the fleet deer by his light foot-prints upon the dry leaves, and pursued his unerring course through the wilderness, by the chart and compass, which the great Spirit had given him, as he saw the three tops of his native hills; bending devotion to the rising sun.

Where are now those sovereigns of the soil, those sons of liberty, those worshippers of nature, and of nature's God? Outcasts upon the face of that soil which should have been their inheritance—a byeword and a mockery to our children as they pass through our villages, to beg a scanty pittance of food and raiment—Desolation is in their dwelling, cold, comfortless poverty is in their home. In the shrill blasts that nightly sweep over their heads, they hear the upbraiding voice of the spirits of their fathers, calling them to their last long home, their only refuge from misery and despair.

Biographical Curiosity.—It is asserted that the greatest characters the world has known, have arisen from obscure origin. The following list, in proof of this assertion, might be greatly enlarged, and particularly by those who have been, or now are, enemies to the U. States. Demosthenes was the son of a forgeman; Virgil, of a baker; Horace, of a freedman; Theophratus, of an old clothesman; Rousseau, the poet, of a shoemaker; J. J. Rousseau was a watchmaker; Rollin, the historian, of a cutler—Massilon, of a tanner: Jas. Cook, of a very indigent peasant; Shakspeare, of very poor peasants; Benjamin Franklin, of a tallow chandler, and himself a printer; Jas. Monroe, was the son of a mason; Rittenhouse was a goldsmith. Here is encouragement for young men of genius. Through the means of industry, perseverance and good habits, every obstacle to the road of everlasting fame has often been surmounted; if a young man pursues the requisite course, he *will* become eminent.

Marriage Promise.—At the last term of the Mercer Circuit Court, Kentucky, was tried a suit instituted by Sophia Richardson vs. Garland Withers, to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. After the evidence was gone through, the cause was submitted without argument to the Jury, who returned into court in a few minutes, with a verdict of $2000 damages for the plaintiff.

We are informed, says the N. York Statesman, that the beautiful and highly finished Washington Hat, mounted with a revolutionary cockade, sent out by Mr. Hurley, of this city, to Gen. La Fayette, had been presented to him by the American minister, and was received with much satisfaction. The friends of the General were all anxious to obtain a sight of the "American Hat," and his house was crowded with visitors, to whom he exhibited it with pleasure.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Of that numerous band of worthies, who so nobly asserted the rights of their injured country, the following names only remain to witness the 50th year of independence, viz: JOHN ADAMS, CHA'S CARROLL, of Carrollton, and THOS. JEFFERSON. The residue sleep with their fathers, but their good deeds live after them, and their names are engraven on a table more durable than marble; in the hearts of their countryman.

Captain JAMES BARRON, has been appointed, by the Secretary of the Navy, to the command of the Navy Yard and Station of Philadelphia.

We understand says the National Journal, that he leaves the city on Thursday morning for Philadelphia, to enter immediately upon the duties of his appointment.

Great Calf.—A cow belonging to Col. E. Sandford, of Woodbridge, Conn. recently produced a Calf, which weighed, at a few hours old, 145 pounds!

The Hussar Frigate.—The enterprising party who undertook to raise, by means of diving bells, the treasures contained in this vessel, sunk at Hurl Gate during the Revolutionary war, meet with encouragement in their labors. They have succeeded in raising several valuable articles.—*R. I. American.*

To restore musty Flour.—One pound of common magnesia, combined with 250lb. of musty flour, or in the minor proportion of 30 grains to 1 lb. will prove an effectual cure. It is to be leavened and baked in the usual way.—The bread will be light and well lasted, and whiter than that made of the best flour without this admixture.

Maryland Penitentiary.—It appears from a report made on the 24th ult. by a committee appointed by the Grand Jury of Baltimore City Court to examine into the state penitentiary, that the number of prisoners confined in this institution at that date, amounted to 331—274 males, and 52 females.

Of the whole number of convicts, which, as is shewn above, is 331, *one hundred & forty-two* have been more than once sentenced to confinement in this prison—The melancholy evidence, which this exhibit furnishes, of the incorrigible depravity of so great a number of the prisoners, cannot fail to excite the regret of every philanthropist, and shed a damp over the ardour of the humane advocates of the penitentiary system.

Political Definition.—An English gentleman having lately inquired of his American correspondent, what is the real difference between a Democrat and a Federalist, received reply that the distinction was merely nominal—the Federalists are Democrats when they want places, and the Democrats are Federalists when they have got them.

To keep off or drive away Bed Bugs.
Make a strong decoction of red pepper when ripe, and apply it with a common paint brush to the joints of the bedstead, wainscotting, &c. where these odious insects usually resort, and it will speedily kill or expel them.

A Receipt for making Beer.—Boil 10 ounces Hops in 3 and a half pails of water one hour, or until the leaves settle at the bottom of the kettle. Then strain it into a 20 gallon cask, in which must first be put 6 quarts and one pint of good thick molasses. Fill it up with cold water, add one pint *brewer's* yeast. Roll it over and shake it well. Let it remain in the cellar 24 hours with the bung out, after which it must be bunged tight, and in one week it will be fit for use.—If bottled it will very much improve.

Mankind may be divided into three classes. Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men—and lastly, those who learn neither from their own, nor from other people's experience—they are fools.

If we do not subdue our anger, it will subdue us. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

A serious Pun.—Sir Nicholas Bacon going to pass sentence of death upon a criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his life. Among other reasons alleged, he told him he was his relation.—How do you prove that, said the judge. My Lord, said the fellow, your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog; and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been reconed a-kin. But replied the judge hog is never bacon till it has been well hanged. Therefore you must be hanged before you can be a relation of mine.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remarks on her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of tartar and brimstone; but you are the cream of one, and flower of the other.

CA

Vol. I.

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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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HIGHLY IMPORTANT
Hair Restorative and Preservative.

Vegetable Cerate.

THE important discovery of a vegetable substance, capable of restoring and preserving the Hair, was accidentally made by an individual who has neither the capacity nor the disposition to practise deception or fraud.

The fullest reliance may be placed on the efficacy and power of the *Vegetable Cerate*, not only in restoring and preventing the falling of the Hair, but in producing the greatest luxuriancy and liveliness of it imaginable; and the public may rest assured that its effects will be clearly manifested in the course of a short time, by the renewal of a vigorous growth of hair and by effectually preventing its coming out or falling off. The Vegetable Cerate tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these like many other organs of the animal body, which have been in the state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform those functions assigned by nature.

The proprietor being aware of the numerous specifics palmed on the public, and desirous that the present article may not suffer from false impressions, rests its merits on the effects it has produced on various persons who have used it, and all that it asked, as it relates to the verity of its effects, is a fair trial.

Elderly people, with bald heads, may be assured, that by applying a few boxes of the above Cerate, their hair will be restored with all its beauty and life.

To prevent imposition, the sale of the Vegetable Cerate will be confined to Dr. JAMES HART, *New-York*, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets, three doors from Washington, where it will be sold at $1 75.

A liberal deduction will be made to country dealers.

The proprietor of the above valuable discovery intends appointing Agents through the United States for the sale of it, and also in Europe. ☞ A few boxes of the above valuable article is just arrived from New-York, and for sale by Dr. JOHN LOVE, at his old established Drug and Patent Medicine Store, No. 22, Centre Market Space, Baltimore, who is appointed by the proprietor *Sole Agent* for the State of Maryland.

In consequence of the power vested in me I have therefore appointed Mr. Thomas Wells of Washington; Mr. Otho M. Linthicum, Georgetown; Messrs Shaw & Gambrill, of Annapolis; Mr. Fisher, of Fredericktown; Messrs Fred'k. Miller & Son, Druggists, Hagerstown; *Thomas H. Dawson, Easton; Thomas Burchenal, Greensborough*, and *Scott & Co. Cambridge*, sole Agents for the above places, who will be constantly supplied with the said Cerate by me.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

I have now in my possession a certificate from a gentleman to whom reference will be given to those who wish positive proof of the powerful effect of the Hair Cerate. In this case a large space on the head was perfectly bald but now, wonderful to behold, it is covered with a beautiful, strong, thick crop of hair; and this rapid vegetation came to perfection in about two months by the use of not quite two boxes of the Vegetable Hair Cerate bought at my shop. I therefore, in full confidence recommend it to the public, that by attending to the method prescribed for using it, they will not be disappointed in their expectations.

JOHN LOVE
Sole Agent for the state of Maryland.
March 22

More proof of the wonderful effects of the Vegetable Hair Restorative Cerate, which I have received in the following certificates from New York, &c.

Northampton county, Penn. Jan. 22, 18
Having observed in the Baltimore and Philadelphia papers the wonderful effects the Vegetable Cerate has produced on numbers of persons, and having the misfortune to lose my hair about two years ago, I purchased some of the article and made use of it according to the directions, and in about four months I had an elegant coat of hair, and I can safely say it is one of the greatest discoveries ever made as it respects restoring the hair.

JAMES WOO

Long Island, March 25, 182
I saw in the New-York Patriot a remedy for the hair, called the vegetable Cerate, and being bald on the top of my head, I purchased a box, and after using about three quarters of it I perceived my hair coming out; I shaved it off according to the directions, still using the Cerate, and in about three months I had a good head of hair; I have therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to the public.

J. GARDNER.

New-York, March 21, 18
As I had heard from numbers of persons the great benefit they had received from the use of the Vegetable Cerate, and having lost nearly all my hair, and tried every thing to restore it without effect, I purchased some of the Cerate, of Dr. James H. Hart, and continued its use about three or four months, and found it answered the most salutary effects. To those who are desirous of preserving and restoring their hair, I therefore cheerfully recommend it to the public in general in the highest terms.

WILLIAM PATTEN

North Moore street, March 1, 18
With the greatest satisfaction, I do recommend the Vegetable Cerate. Having lost almost all my hair, by its falling off, I made use of the Vegetable Cerate and found the greatest benefit, it has cured my hair entirely, and only that, it softens the hair, and gives it an elegant glossy appearance.

Dr. James H. Hart of New-York, is well acquainted with me, and can testify to the above.

ELIZABETH HUGH

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