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 Village Record.

A NIGHT PIECE.

The blue vault of even
  Is spangled with stars,
As they ramble through heaven
  In their light beaming cars—
All nature is hushing
  In oblivious ease,
Save the rill in its gushing
  And the sighs of the breeze—

How solemn to wander
  Unheeded and lone—
To muse and to ponder
  On days that are gone—
When they shone in their brightness
  Unsullied and fair,
When the footstep of lightness
  And pleasure was there!

When friendship imparted
  Her loveliest ray,
And free and light hearted
  We welcom'd her sway—
When the heart was unfolded
  "Deep answ'ring to deep"—
By sympathy moulded
  With the weeper to weep!

Tho' gone is their splendor,
  Shall memory cast
A charm, rich and tender,
  Wide over the past—
Its lustre to heighten
  Shall Fancy portray
Each scene 'till it brighten
  And beam in her ray!

Tho' fate bade us sever
  From the lov'd ones of youth,
Tho' vanquished forever
  Their honor and truth;
Perhaps in those regions
  Now lighting the sky
'Mongst the glorified legions,
  They are beaming on high!

Then why should we sorrow?
  Unstable is all—
To-day's bloom, to-morrow
  May be robed in the pall!
And the breezes now skimming
  O'er the white crested surge,
May shortly be hymning
  Our requiem dirge!

But beyond the dominions
  Of sorrow and thrall,
Soaring upward on pinions
  Triumphant o'er all,
Our friendship once breathing
  Of death and the tomb,
Shall know for their wreathing
  Immortality's bloom!

ALCANZOR, *of Baltimore.*

THUNDER STORM.

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head;
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
  —God is coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
  From the centre to the poles:
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth and Sky!
  Tremble!—God is passing by!

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."

From Hogg's Winter Evening Tales.

Renewed Adventures of BAZIL LEE.

Bazil Lee, was a wayward wight, who, after being engaged in many different scenes in Scotland, arrived in this country as subaltern officer during our revolutionary war. The description he gives of the first battle he was engaged in, is probably more true to nature than most heroes would be willing to allow.

"It took place at the foot of Lake Champlain, immediately above, fort St. John. The Americans were encamped in some force on the height of a narrow fortified ridge of hills, from which it was necessary to displace them. We marched out to the attack early on a morning. In going up the slanting ground, our commander wisely led us by a route which was completely sheltered by a rising eminence, from the effects of their cannon. I soon perceived, that on reaching the summit of this ridge we would be exposed to a fire, that I had no doubt would kill us every man, while our enemies would fire in safety from behind their trenches. What would I have given to have been off on some other service, as by some means, in going up that hill? The calls of nature were very frequent with me. I am not sure but that I looked for some opportunity of shulking, but the thing was impossible. It was not even possible for me to fall down among the dead, for as yet there was none fallen. I was in the front rank on the left wing, and very near the outermost corner, and before we came to the verge of the ridge, I looked on each side to see how my associates looked, and how they seemed affected. I thought they were to a man terribly affrighted, and expected a clean chase down the hill. As soon as we set our heads over the verge, we began a sharp fire, and were saluted by a destructive one from their works: our men fell thick. The two men next to me, on my right hand, both fell at the same time. A bullet struck up a divot of earth exactly between my feet. I gave a great jump in the air, and escaped unhurt. "The devil's in the men!" thought I, "are they not going to fly yet?" the reverse was the case. The word *quick march* was given and we rushed rapidly forward into a kind of level ground between the two ridges. Here we haulted and kept a brisk fire, and I scarcely saw one of our men falling. It was the best conducted manœuvre of any I ever saw, but this I discovered from after conversation and reflection, for at that time I did not know in the least what I was doing. We were by this time completely covered with smoke, and by hurrying us thus from the ridge into the hollow, the shot of the Americans past cleanly and innocently over our heads, while at the same time we could still perceive them bustling on the verge between us and the sky; and I believe our shot took effect in no ordinary degree. Their fire began to slacken, for they had taken shelter behind their trenches. We now received orders to scale the last steep and force their trenches at the point of the bayonet. We had a company of pikemen on each flank, but no horse.—The Americans had a small body of horse, about sixty on each wing. As we went up the hill, I heard an old grim sergeant, who was near me saying, "It is utter madness we are all sold to a man." The murmur ran along, "we are sold, we are sold; to a certainty we are sold." My ears caught the sound. For my part, I knew little either of selling or buying, except what I had seen in the Market at Kelso; but I said aloud "I think there can be little doubt of that"—a shameful thing for an officer to say! and, looking round, I made motion as though I would turn again. No, devil a man would take the hint; they went the faster, and the old surly ill-natured sergeant, though assured that he was sold to destruction, and puffing and groaning with ill-humor on that account, hurried on fastest of any.

"The centre and right wing were engaged before us, and a terrible turmoil there seemed to be; but I did not see what was going on, till the Yankee horse came and attacked us in flank.—We had been firing off at the right, and I believe they never got a shot of our fire until they were amongst us threshing on with their sabres. One tremendous fellow came full drive upon me.—I did not know in the least what I was doing; and chancing to have hold of a flag-staff with both my hands, I struck at him with my colors, which, flapping round the horse's head, blindfolded him; and at the same moment the cavalier struck at me, but by good luck hit the flag staff, which he cut in two, not a foot from my hand. I ran for it, and left my colors about his horse's head or feet, I did not stay to examine which; but, owing to the pikes and bayonets of our men, I could only fly a very short way. When the old crusty sergeant saw the colors down and abandoned, he dashed forward with a terrible oath, and seized them, but was himself cut down that moment. The dragoon's horse that left the ranks, and came upon me, had been shot. I deemed that he had come in desperate valor to seize my standard, whereas his horse was running with him in the agonies of death, and knew not where he was going. There is something here that I do not perfectly recollect, else I declare I would set it down. I have forgot whether my joints failed me, and I fell in consequence; whether I threw myself down out of desperation; or if I was ridden down by the wounded horse; but the first thing I recollect was lying beneath the dying horse, face to face with the dragoon that cut my flag staff in two, who was himself entangled in the same manner. Our troops had given way for a little, for the small troop of horse rode by us, over us they could not get, for the horse was lying kicking with his four feet upmost. I thought I was in a woeful scrape, and roared out for assistance; but none regarded me, save the Yankee dragoon, who d—d me for a brosey mou'd beast. I liked his company very ill; for I saw that he would stick me the moment he could extricate himself; and, fairly desperate, I seized the sergeant's pike or halbert, that lay along side of me, and struck it into the horse's shoulder. The animal was not so far gone but he felt the wound, and made a flounce around, as if attempting to rise, and at that moment I got clear of him. The dragoon had very nearly got free likewise; but, luckily for me, his foot was fixed in the stirrup beneath the horse, and with all his exertions he could not get it out; he laid hold of me, and tried to keep me down. I seized hold of the sergeant's halbert again; pulled it out of the horse's shoulder; and stabbed the Yankee thro' the heart. The blood sprung upon me from head to foot. His eyes turned round, and his countenance altered. At that moment I heard a loud voice, as at my ear, cry out, "the colors; the colors; secure the colors." This was the voice of an American officer; but I thought it was some of our people calling to me to bring my colors along with me, which I did instinctively, and without the most distant idea of valor or heroism in my mind. At that moment I cared not a pin for the colors; for being quite raw to soldiership, I did not see the use of them, not having the least conception of what moment it could be to an army to have so many flaring clouts flapping in the air above them.

"This onset of the Yankee horse was merely a dash to throw our lines into confusion; they were now scouring away, fighting as they went, toward the centre, so that I joined our lines again, that were advancing rapidly, without any interruption. I had my demolished flag in one hand, the dead sergeant's long halbert in the other, and was bathed in the blood of a man and horse over the whole body. An old English officer came running to meet me, "Well done, young Scot," cried he, and shook me by the hand; "by George, sir, I say well done! you have behaved like a hero!" "The d—l I have," thought I to myself, and stared the old veteran in the face. I saw he was quite serious. "If that is the case," thought I, "it is more than I knew, or had any intentions of;" but I was quite delirious, and knew not what I was about, for I remember, that on the very evening of that day, the transactions of the morning remained with me only as a dream half recollected.—The old man's words raised my madness to the highest pitch. I swore dreadfully at the Yankees; threw down my color, and began to strip off my coat, the first thing that a countryman of Scotland always does when he is going to fight with any of his neighbors. "No, no," said the old lieutenant, "you must not quit your colours after fighting so hardly for them; you must not throw them away because they have lost the pole.—Here," continued he, and giving them a hasty roll up, he fixed them in my shoulder behind, between my shirt, where they stuck like a large furled umbrella; and having then both my hands at liberty, I seized the long bloody halbert once more, and with my eyes gleaming madness and rage, and, as I was told, with my teeth clenched, and grinning like a mad dog, I rushed on in the front of the line to the combat. In a moment we had crossed bayonets with the enemy; but I had quite the advantage of their bayonets with my long pike, which was as sharp a lance, and the best weapon that since that time I have ever had in my hand; and it seems I did most excellent service. I wounded every man that came within my reach, pricking them always in the face, about the eyes and nose, which they could not stand.—Our division was the first that entered both the first and second trench. In about twelve minutes of hard fighting with swords and bayonets, we drove them from them all, and they fled. When once I got their backs turned towards me, I was more bent on vengeance than ever, having learned by experience in my first combat to blood, that spitting a man in behind was good sure fighting. Many of the enemy shared the same fate of Colin Fraser.

At the forks of the river Chambely, the Americans gained the wood, were safe from the pursuit, and a full halt was ordered. No sooner had we formed, than my worthy old friend the English officer, whose name I then learned was lieutenant George Willowby, came, and taking me by the hand, he led me up to the general, precisely as I was in the battle, with my colors fastened most awkwardly in my clothes, my long halbert in my hand, and literally covered with blood.—"My honored general" said he, "suffer me to present to you this young Scotch borderer, who has just newly joined the regiment, and who hath performed such deeds of valour this day as I never witnessed. I saw him, your honor, with my own eyes, when the American cavalry turned our flank, in the very rear of their army, down among his enemies, fighting for his colours, and stabbing men and horses alternately like so many fish. And do you see," continued he pulling them out of my back, "he brought them safely off, after the staff was cut in two by the stroke of a sabre. And having them fixed in this manner, as your honor sees, he has led on the lines through the heat of the engagement, and actually opened the enemy's ranks again & again by the force of his own arm."

"The general took me by the hand, and said he was proud to hear such a character of his own countryman; that he knew a Scot would always stand his own ground in any quarter of the world if he got fair play; that he *did* see the division, in which I was situated, the foremost in breaking in upon both lines, which it appeared had been solely owing to my gallant behaviour. He concluded by assuring me that such intrepidity and heroic behaviour should not, and would not be unrewarded. That same night, Odogherty, who cared not a fig for lying, took care to spread it through all the mess, and the army to boot, "that on my first landing in America, I had been challenged to single combat by a tremendous Highlander, the first swordsman in Britian, because I had chanced to kiss his sister or used some little familiarities with her; that I had accepted the challenge, met him, and fairly overcome him and after running him twice through the body, had made him confess that he was quite satisfied, while I, as they saw, had only received a slight cut on the cheek."

"I was regarded all at once as a prodigy of valour—and never were any honors less deserved. I believe I did fight most furiously after I went fairly mad.—I had lost all sense of fear: but I was merely playing and exerting myself as a man does who has taken work by the piece, and toils to get through with it.—I had some confused notion that these Americans were all to kill, and the sooner we could get that done the better; and besides, I was in great wrath at them, I suppose for wanting to kill me."

The "*renowned Bazil Lee*," was finally made a prisoner by the Yankees, after having been wounded; and with a few others, was suffered to return home.—And "suffering a great deal both from the inclemency of the season, and the ignorance of the crew, the vessel was wrecked in the Straits of Bellisle. Our hero, however, reached the Isle of St. Lewis, near the coast of Scotland, a "curious country," inhabited by "curious people," and famous for hobgoblins and water spirits. He was at first incredulous as to the stories of these immaterial beings; but says, that after witnessing a scene which he describes, he never disbelieved an item of any thing he heard afterwards, however far out of the course of nature it might be.

RELIGIOUS.

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

Death—One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parents view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous, unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is going on there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society, and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity. Another day, we follow to the grave one, who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse, of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity, and adversity. He has seen families and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rising in a manner new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away.—Throughout all ranks and conditions, *one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;* and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished, by troops of succeeding pilgrims—O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and transient life; When will the sons of man learn to think of thee, as they ought? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren, or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state? BLAIR.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow—when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Folly of Atheism.—One evening when Diderot and Roux had outdone each other in talking atheism, the abbe Callant, who had listened *patiently*, said—"Let me suppose that one of you gentlemen, who believe that this world is the production of change, were to go to a gaming table, and your adversary were to throw size ace, twice, thrice, four, and six times running. The game proceeds and your adversary still goes on throwing the main of seven, and without variation or interruption, wins every stake. Diderot will now lose his temper as well as his money; he will swear that the dice are loaded, that the adversary is a black leg, and that the house is *hell!*—Ah Mr. Philosopher! because the same side of two dice came uppermost for ten or a dozen times, and you lose a few shillings, you firmly believe that it is caused by a trick, an art, a combination, in short by a *master swindler* and his subservient tools, and yet seeing in the universe around you millions of combinations, more regular, more difficult, more complicated and all certain, all useful, all beautiful! you never suspect that the *dice of nature* are loaded, that there is indeed an art, a combination, and a *Master Intelligence* above, who regulates the great play by his subservient tools, and confounds the reason and skill of such short sighted creatures as you."—*Memoirs de l' Abbe Morellet.*

Conversation.—He that would please in conversation, must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call the *Sardinian laughter*, a distortion of the face without gladness if heart.

Scolding.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

From the Courtland Courier.

MARRIED.

How much is comprehended in these two syllables—"the twain are one flesh!" The contemplative mind anticipates in it the future history of man. It means a look on matrimony, but at the same time, is the outset of living; the outfit of enterprize; the stepping-stone of pleasure and happiness; the main-spring of prosperity; the rag-wheel of adversity, and the highway of life. By this Heaven-instituted right the great chain of being is constantly progressing; its links are almost innumerable, and reach from sea to sea.—To the interrogative:—"Where is your darling?" how often is the answer:—"*Married* and gone to the new countries!" In truth, the statesman, the orator, the hero, the genious, the artist, yea the king and the beggar, and virtuous and vicious, are indebted to this tie for their existence.—The first consideration after we have eat our white bread, is a life partnership—this formed, we see in the newspapers, between the passing events & deaths of the day, *Married*—and here, save a hearty laugh or two the matter ends. So it goes,—but why should it? It is the fortune of some and the fate of others. He married a fortune is a common saying, and a true one, when a young man of decorum unites with a lady, whose portion is, prudence, virtue and refinement—but he weds an heiress to poverty and seals his fate, who takes to himself a dashing dame, whose only endowments are, beauty, pride and discontent. How pleasing are the prospects of a new *married* couple! The honey-moon of fancy beams in every feature; their minds are big with future happiness; they sport in contentment, and carol in expectation, but their unknown destiny, like all created things, is mixed with good and evil. The fond solace of Marriage is lost in the busy bustle of business—care and anxiety, pleasure and pain, health and sickness, are the allotments of life—Youth is succeeded by age, and

"Death comes next—they make their exit."

From a London Paper.

Sale of a Wife.—On Friday week, a great commotion was created in the new market, at Shudehill, Manchester, by one of those occurences which sometimes disgrace the labouring classes of this country,—The sale of a wife by her husband. The vender was a pensioner with one arm named Hugh Prichard; his wife was a good looking woman, apparently ab out six and twenty. After several biddings she was knocked down for five shillings; but, not liking the purchaser she was put up again, and was finally disposed of for three shillings and a quart of ale. The purchaser was then moving off with his prize; but the crowd, taking up the cause of outraged decency, began to pelt them with mud: on which the man slunk away, leaving the woman to shift for herself, and she was glad to take refuge in the lock-up on Shudehill. There Collier, the officer who has charge of the lock-up, very properly detained her; and having learnt where the husband was to be found, he took him into custody, and lodged both the delinquents in the new Baily. On the following day they were brought up before Mr. Norris, who remanded them till Monday, when they were discharged, with a suitable admonition.

WEST POINT ACADEMY

The number of Cadets at the Academy on the 1 st of June, 1824, was 221, arranged into classes, as follows:

1st Class, 31; 2d Class, 44; 3d Class, 61; 4th Class, 85.

All of the 1st Class are recommended for Commissions in the different corps of the Army, to wit:

Engineers, 1 Artillery, 12	Infantry, 18—31.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend it is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

A lively writer, of great celebrity, calling upon his bookseller one evening, was asked to stay to supper. A goblet being introduced made of a cocoa nut shell, carved into the resemblance of a human head, attracted the notice of the guest, who admired it much. "Pray," says Folio, 'dont be afraid to drink. Mr. what d' ye cal 'um, it is not a skull.'—'Why,' rejoined he, 'I should not have wondered if it was, for you booksellers drink your wine out of our *skulls.*'

We have lately heard an anecdote of General Jackson, which we do not recollect to have seen published. On a Sunday during the last war, having given directions that there should be no working or unnecessary noise in the camp, one of his officers came to him and complained that some Methodist soldiers had assembled in violation of his orders, and opened a prayer meeting.—"Go then and join them," said the General, "and request that they will not forget me in their prayers. God forbid that praying should be an uncommon noise in my camp."—*Ontario Freeman.*

Soon after the battle of Lobau a wit observed that Buonaparte must now be in funds, for had lately received a *check* on the *bank* of the *Danube.*

CA

Vol. I.

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At Two DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS per annum payable half yearly in advance.
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Not exceeding a square, inserted three times for *one dollar*, and *twenty-five cents* for every subsequent insertion.
☞ In all cases where the number of insertions are not limitted, advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged according.
*** All communications addressed to the Proprietors must come *post paid*, otherwise they will not be attended to.

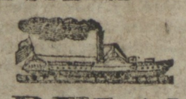
Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Jam Owens to the subscribers, they will o pose to public sale, on the second MONDA of September next, at Mr. FLINT's tavern the town of Cambridge,

All that Lot of Land,

Situate near the town of Cambridge, which f merly belonged to the wife of said Owens, c taining *Eighty-six Acres of Land*, more or le
The terms of sale *Cash.*
The sale will commence between the ho of 1 and 4 o'clock, P.M.
JOHN HOUSTON, } Trustees of
JOHN MITCHELL, } James Owens
August 2, 1824. [aug 7—ts
N. B. Any person wishing to purchase above property at private sale, will please ap to the Trustees personally or by letter.

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

COMMENCED her regular routes, on W nesday, the 10th March, at SEVEN o'cl A. M. from Commerce street wharf, for A polis and Easton, leaving Annapolis, at past ELEVEN o'clock, for Easton, by wa Castle Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th Easton, by way of Castle Haven, the same for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annap at TWO o'clock, and continues to leave above places as follow:
Commerce-street wharf, Baltimore, on W nesdays and Saturdays—and
Easton, on and Sundays Thursdays, at s o'clock, during the season.
Passengers wishing to proceed to Phil phia, will be put on board the Union Lin Steam Boats, in the Patapsco River, and a there by NINE o'clock next morning.
The Maryland commenced her route Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertow Monday, the 15th day of March, leaving C merce-street wharf, at NINE o'clock, e Monday, and Chestertown every Tuesda the same hour, for Queenstown and Balti during the season. Horses and carriages be taken on board from either of the a places except Queenstown. All Baggag the risk of the owners
All persons expecting small package other freight will send for them when the arrives, pay freight and take them away.
Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven keep horses and carriage for the convey of Passengers to and from Cambridge, wi expense.
CLEMENT VICKAR
March 20

The Subscriber

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

now occupies that large and co dious BRICK HOUSE, situate the corner of Race and Gay st in Cambridge, immediately opp the store of Samuel Lecompte, Esq. i most pleasant and fashionable part of the
His Bar is supplied with a well selecte sortment of the choicest LIQUORS of variety, lately purchased in Baltimore fo purpose.
His Table will be constantly furnished the richest profusion of all the delicac each season, and attended by waiters, obliging and attentive.
Attached to the establishment are exc Stables, with plenty of good Provend every description, and an industriou honest Ostler.
Gentlemen and Ladies travelling can commodated with private apartments.
Private parties can also be accomm with Dinners and Suppers, served u equal promptitude and elegance.
Travellers can on cheap terms be con to any part of the adjacent country, Horses, Gigs, and careful Drivers.
The subscribers will spare no expen will be unremitted in his exertions, to those who may honor him with their p age, which he respectfully solicits, an most gratefully acknowledge.

THE STAGE

From the *Stea Maryland*, will lea tle Haven, every NESDAY and SA EVENINGS, on the arrival of the boat, rive at my house the same evenings; le house on THURSDAY and SUNDAY Mo at 6 o'clock, and meet the boat at Castle The subscriber holds himself in readi the arrival of the stage, to convey pas from his house to any part of the Penin
The Public's obedient servant,
WM. C. RIDGAW
march 20

An Overseer Want

THE subscriber wishes to em Overseer for his "Appleby having been very *fortunately* disa ed in his engagement with a man after his contract, hired himself ther person, without any notice o plaint whatever.
JOS. E. MU
sep 4

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