SALOON OF APOLLO.

'It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it hovers 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 LAND OF REST.

There is a land of glorious rest,
Where pure and happy spirits rove,
For ever and for ever blest,—
The land of spotless joy and love.

O yes, there is a land of rest,
Free from corroding grief and care;
No storms, no dangers there molest,
Nor discord once shall enter there.

The land of rest—the land of joy,
Where quenchless glories meet & shine
And fit for angels its employ,
For all its pleasures are divine.

There is no land of rest beside—
But where is this blest region found?
It is not bound by ocean tide,
It is not upon earthly ground.

'Tis where bright angels sweep the lyre,
And spirits of the just repose;
'Tis where the seraph's living fire
With undiminished ardour glows.

Blest land! methinks I see thee now,
All smiling in perennial bloom,
With rapture throned on every brow,
And flowers that breathe divine perfume.

Then hail to thee, thou land of rest,
And hail thy harps of holiest strains,
And hail those crowns that grace the blest
Who rove along the happy plains!

But ah! that land of rest is far,
And dark and trackless is the road;
Yet Hope, a bright and glorious star,
Points onward to the dear abode.

Then what though stormy be the way,
Though winds and surges beat & roar,
They only drive from earth away,
And urge to that celestial shore;

And 'midst the storm that voice is best,
That whispers, "There's a land of rest."

From the Norwich Courier.

There's beauty in my Jane:—
Although her mild and radiant eye
Beams gaily as the arching sky;
Though she possess in buoyant grace,
The kindred charms of form and face;
Yet brighter beauties far are seen,
Than those that deck the comely mien:
'Tis in her loveliness of soul,
That gilds, and spans, and crowns the whole:
There's beauty in my Jane.

There's music in my Jane:—
Tho' soft her voice, as when on high
The matin hymn steals o'er the sky,
And calm and clear her accents fall,
As if an angel spoke them all;
Yet, softer still the sigh that swells
Her yielding breast, and fondly tells
How warm those deep emotions are,
That glow in love and kindness there:
There's music in my Jane.

There's quiet in my Jane:—
It is not in her slumbering hours
That pass so still in summer bowers;
Nor in her dreams, by fancy wrought,
Or dull vacuity of thought;
But in her gentle, softened mind,
And words, and actions, each refined—
The peace that is to seraphs given,
That soars aloft and flies to heaven:
There's quiet in my Jane.

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 THE BOSTON TELEGRAPH.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Friend Hallock—I think it my duty to communicate, through the medium of your paper, a great discovery which has lately burst upon my mind; and which, I hope, will be of general use: I have always blamed the selfishness of those, who, when they have found out any salve, or nostrum, lock up the secret in their own breasts, and suffer their neighbors to perish for the want of it, unless they will purchase it at an exorbitant price. I shall adopt a more generous method: and hasten to tell of a discovery, which, if the world will only rate it by its utility, will place my name on a level with Napier, Franklin or Fulton; and even entitle me to outshine the glory of Columbus himself.

You must know, sir, that I was one of those fools who get married before they get any thing to eat; and I had a dozen mouths to feed, before I had hardlly a crumb to put into either of them. When I was about nineteen years old, I took a notion to go to a singing school, where I saw Lydia Loveful, whose black eyes and warbling voice wounded my heart, and shot all the little prudence I had stone dead. To make a long story a short one, I courted her, and after the usual quantity of smiles, tears, poutings, sheep's eyes, quarrels, and reconciliations, I married her, Oct. 3, Anno Domini 1810. We should have been married a little earlier, only I could not rake and scrape money enough to buy one iron pot, one skillet, three chairs, a bed, and a pair of bellows without a nose; (an *indispensable* article of household stuff) with which conveniences we furnished our chamber, and began housekeeping, as happy as the most *unmingled* love, without one particle of foresight or reflection, could make us.

The honey moon flew away in bliss; and I must own the first two or three years of our wedlock were not so miserable as they might have been. I was strong and hearty, and two good hands to my body, which had been accustomed to work; and Lydia was a thrifty girl, who managed our expenses with some economy. But after all I was miserably poor, and had an abundance of the poor man's blessing. What, however, beyond any thing else increased our difficulties, was, that I had fallen into the practice of drinking grog every day. I had been habituated to it from my youth, and had been accustomed to reckon a little rum and water (no matter what proportion) among the necessaries of life. I followed a laborious profession, and thought a little stimulus necessary for the health of the body and keeping up the spirits. Indeed I could not do without it: it was out of the question. So wedded was I to my superfluous appetites, that my drinking jug and my tobacco box were the idols of my heart.

Did you ever see, Mr. Editor, a man on our harbour in a boat—wind and tide against him—rowing away like a trooper, and yet making no headway? If you ever did, you have certainly seen Jack New-bottle's counterpart. I was a woodsawyer, and worked like a dog; and yet I never could get one bit of bread and butter beforehand. I was up early and late; never meant to be, and never thought myself an idle man; still, when it rained money, my dish was never up. Accounts came in before I could settle them; people came a dunning, knew not how to answer them. I never thought myself a hard drinker—never suspected such a thing; but when Tippleton the shop keeper brought in my bill for drinking, I am almost ashamed to tell how long it was. It was nothing but *do—ditto; do—ditto*; like the dull unvaried note of the cuckoo, or whippoor-will; and a charge at the bottom heavy enough to sink the heart of a Crœsus himself. I believe the rogue overcharged me; for I cannot think a half a pint a day with *one or two exceptions*, is going to amount up to a barrel in three months. I have no idea of bearing on my shoulders all the sins of the knavish shop keepers.

But the worst of my troubles was at home. I have naturally a good temper, except when something provokes me; but my wife, in the midst of my misfortunes, seemed to grow dreadful cross and scolding. She wanted tea and sugar, when she knew I had no money to get them; and we had something to quarrel about almost every day. I suppose I did not provide for her so well as I might; but then no husband likes to be scolded at, even if he is to blame. Sometimes she would remind me of my promises, when I was courting her—just as if courting time were to last always. Sometimes she would snivel and cry; sometimes she would try to act the pathetic, and sometimes the reproachful part, while the children would look on, and think their parents wanted a whipping more than ever they did. O, Mr. Editor, if you could have looked in and witnessed some of our nuptial scenes—the room in confusion—the skillet overturned—the Johnny cakes in the fire—the ashes all over the hearth; my children crying, my wife scolding and I swearing; you would certainly allow that matrimony, grog drinking and poverty, are three of the most illsorted companions that were ever patched together.—My children grew very ragged, and what is worse, I fear their clothes were but emblems of their minds. My wife too, not only neglected her temper but her person. She was entirely changed from the spruce black eyed girl I fell in love with, at the singing school; and I remember one day Tom Seaver coming to visit me, and seeing her snarled hair, said that her head looked as if it had six mice nests built in it, and the seventh was building. But I could have borne the mice nests of her head, if her heart had not been a rattle snake's den.

Thus sir, we went on, growing poorer and poorer, and plunging from one misfortune into another. Nothing seemed to turn up in my favor, until at last my condition grew too bad to be neglected any longer. I sat down one day on a white birch log which I had just sawed off, and while the coaches were rattling along the street, I said to myself, "Newbottle, what is the matter? What is it that keeps the wooden spoon forever in thy mouth? Don't you work hard? Yes. Don't your employers pay you? Yes. Don't you take a little cordial now and then, to keep up your spirits? Yes. Do you spend your money on horses, dogs, gamesters and cheats? No. What the plague then makes you so poor? Ah, I know—it is that tempestuous wife of mine, who wants to spend all my earnings, and ten times more, on herself and a pack of worthless children." Just as I had finished this sweet soliloquy, there came along a great blowsey fat dog, and overset my rum jug. I saw the precious liquor run on the ground, and I had not a cent of money to buy a drop more!

"O wo! O woful, woful, woful day;
Never was seen so black a day as this."

I went home that night cross enough; but the next morning I arose in a better temper than usual; and making a virtue of necessity, worked all the week without a drop of *true comfort*. Still when Saturday night came, I was alive and able to do what I had not done before for many a day—I went to meeting, and what do you think the minister preached on? Why, as if to single me out from every body else, he undertook to show the people were betrayed into intemperance by degrees, and became drunkards before they thought of it. He even maintained that ardent spirits might be dispensed with. In a word, to make a long story a short one, partly by profession, and partly by necessity, I have come ever to his side of the question. I have made a most astonishing discovery; I have found out by experience, that neither rum, nor brandy, gin, whiskey, punch, egg pop, nor sling, are to be reckoned among the necessaries of life; and as I had no suspicion of this curious fact before, I beg leave to publish it for the benefit of mankind. Rum is not the staff of life; a man can live without it. There has been a great change wrought in my family. My wife has become so neat and good natured, that I have almost fallen in love with her a second time. The times go better with me; and unless some new storm should blow up, I hope to live and die in competence and place. *Jack Newbottle.*

RELIGIOUS.

"What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose."

Influence of Christianity.—Let us conceive it possible for a moment that the beautiful personifications of scripture were all realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and that the isles were glad at his presence; that the hills shouted on every side, and vallies, covered over with corn, sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and the moon praised him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration, that the voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every waterfall; and that all nature animated throughout by a consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation.

Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-working God had left the traces of his own immensity, than from the tamer and the humble scenery of an ordinary landscape? Would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field, than from the arid waste where no character of grandeur made amends for the barenness that was around you?—Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude than the lowly shrub that groweth beneath it? Would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of lovliness was reflected send forth a sweeter rapture than the eye of an admiring passenger? and in a word, wherever you saw the towering eminences of nature, or the garniture of her more rich and beauteous ornaments, would it not be there that you looked for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies.

Conceive, that a quickening and realized sense of the Deity pervaded all the men of our species—and that each knew how to refer his own endowments, with an adequate expression of gratitude, to the unseen author of them; from whom we ask, of all these various individuals, would you look for the hallelujahs of devout ecstacy? Would it not be from him whom God had arrayed in the splendour of nature's brightest accomplishments? Would it not be from him, with whose constitutional feelings the movement of honor and benevolence were in the fullest harmony? Would it not be from him whom is Maker had cast into the happiest mould, and attempered into the sweetest union of all that was kind, and generous, and lovely, and ennobled by the loftiest emotions, and raised above all his fellows into the finest spectacle of all that was graceful and manly? Surely if the possession of these moralities be just, another theme of acknowledgment of the Lord of the spirits of all flesh, then, if the acknowledgment be withheld, and these moralites have taken up their residence in the bosom of him who is utterly devoid of piety, they go to aggravate the reproach of his ingratitude? and to prove, that of the men upon earth who are far from God, he stands at the widest distance, he remains proof against the weightiest claims, and he of the dead in trespasses and sins, is the most profoundly asleep to the call of religion, and to the supremacy of its righteous obligations.

A work of divine grace commenced a few weeks since in the vicinity of New Canton, in Virginia. The minister was zealously engaged in the good work; the meetings well attended, and it was delightful to Christians to behold the great moral change which had already taken place. A Concert of Prayer, a Bible Society, and a very large Sabbath School were established,—*Boston Teleg.*

Presbytery of Indiana—A Presbytery has recently been formed in Indiana.—"It embraces the whole state west of a line running due north from the mouth of Kentucky river.' They have seven Ministers, and a prospect of speedily increasing them, thirty one organized Churches, and a Missionary Society called the Missionary Society of Indiana." *N. Y. Rel. Chron.*

Detroit—The number of inhabitants is perhaps 1500. Most of these are nominally catholics. There are two priests of the Roman Church at Detroit; and they are the only priests in Michigan Territory. The fitst Protestant Church is a neat building, and well finished.—For nearly two years, Mr. Joshua Moore, a licentiate from the New Brunswick Presbytery, has preached in it. His labors have been lately much blessed.—About 15 are the hopeful fruits of a revival, which has taken place the past winter in the Presbyterian church at Detroit. The whole number of members is now 30.—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

TREATY WITH THE QUAPAWS.

Little Rock, Ark. July 13,—Nearly one hundred of the Quapaws, including all the chiefs, have been here for some days past, for the purpose of receiving their annuity, which was yesterday paid to them by the Acting Governor.

Information having been received by last Sunday's mail of the passage of a law to extinguish the Quapaw title of lands in this teritory, the favorable opportunity which presented itself at the payment of the annuity yesterday, was promptly seized by Mr Crittenden, Acting Governor, to ascertain the sense of the nation on the subject. The result has been most favourable, and exceeds our most sanguine expectations. The preliminaries of a treaty were agreed upon, and signed, by which the Quapaw nation cede to the United States all their lands in this teritory, with the Red Bluffs, on the Arkansas, of about ten miles wide, and extending south to the Washita river, together with one or two other small reservations. In consideration of this cession the sum of $500 is to be paid to each of the five chiefs, together with certain annuities to the nation, for a definite number of years.

This treaty, it must be recollected is not binding on either party, but it is conclusive as to the issue of the treaty to be held with the Quapaw nation, under the law which has lately been passed by Congress.

If this treaty should be confirmed by the Commissioners who may be appointed by the President, and ratified by the Senate—and we have no hesitation in predicting that it will receive the sanction of both—the United States will acquire a tract of land variously estimated to contain from two to three millions of acres, a very large proportion of which is as well adapted to the cultivation of cotton, corn, &c. as any on the face of the globe. The fertility of these lands affords a sure pledge that they will settle with great rapidity. They have long attracted the attention of emigrants, and in a very few years after they shall be brought into the market, will contain a population of several thousand souls.

[*York Gaz.*

Little Rock, Ark. July 20.—There is perhaps no one circumstance that could take place, which would conduce more to the growth and prosperity of our infant territory, than the consummation of the treaty with the Quapaw Indians, the preliminaries of which were agreed upon and signed last week with that nation, by Mr. Crittenden, Acting Governor. This must be considered by all, as one important step towards the advancement of our territory; and [the opposition of the Hon. Mr. Rankin to the contrary notwithstanding] we may now look forward to the period as not being far distant, when we shall be entitled to claim our rank as a member of that Union which constitutes the most liberal and enlightened government in the world.

Believing, as we do, that the preliminaries which have been agreed upon, will form the basis on which a treaty will shortly be concluded, we shall (without impropriety, we conceive) proceed to speak, in anticipation, of the advantages that must result from the purchase of the Quapaw lands.

These lands in the possession of the Indians, have been a check to emigration, and a dead weight to the prosperity of the territory. Lying, as they do, in the heart of the territory, on one of the finest rivers in the would, and intersected in every direction by streams susceptible of navigation at almost any season, and containing, also, a very large proportion of the finent cotton lands, they have very naturally attracted the attention of hundreds of planters and emigrants.

The consequences which must result from this purchase, are evident to every one who has had an opportunity of personally noticing the fertility of the soil, and who is capable of judging of the vast advantages which it offers to the rapid settling of the teritory, and of the disadvantages which must arise from its remaining the property of the Quapaws.—Thousands will flock to our territory the moment these lands are brought into market. A finer field for speculation probably never was offered to the enterprising capitalist, or a more flattering prospect to the industrious planter. Eulogium of these lands, to those who have viewed them, would be superfluous; those who have not, and who are desirous of emigrating to this teritory, we would advise to visit them, and judge for themselves.—*Gaz.*

On Sunday morning, a man and his wife, in the village of Mitcham, when seperating for the remainder of the day, after a desperate quarrel, the one to picking rosebuds in the fields, the other to the ale-house, were heard by a neighbour to make use of the following horrible language. The woman said "I hope I shall never see you come into this house again till you are brought in a —— corpse;" and the man replied when leaving the door, "I hope I shall never come in here to you again till I am dead and d—d;" with these imprecations in his mouth he departed, as was his usual custom, to the public house, where he sat till he was intoxicated, and commenced, in this state, a quarrel with another drunken man, which terminated in their going out to fight in a neighbouring field, when, after about five rounds this wretched man received a blow in the neck, which produced his death in a moment; and by three o'clock in the afternoon, the miserable wife was informed that her rash wishes were just about to be realised.

Longevity.—It is believed there are few instances of family longevity so extraordinary as that of the family of Peters, of Medfield, Mass. of which the following is an accurate account:—

Wm. Peters, (the father) died about the year 1786 or,7 at the age of 85 years. Hannah, his wife, died in 1796, aged 93.

Their children were,

Joseph Peters,	died	Feb'y,	1800,	aged 71.
Benjamin,	"	July,	1803,	" 72.
Mary,	"	May,	1813,	" 81.
Adam,	"	March,	1813,	" 79.
Eve,	"	Dec.	1823,	" 87.
Tahpunis,	"	Nov.	1817,	" 77.
Andrew,	"	Feb.	1822,	" 80.
Nathan,	"	Feb.	1824,	" 77.
Finis,	"	Dec.	1822.	" 73.
Jethro, (still living) born June 13 1744, is now				" 80.
				935.

By which it appears that the average age of the ten children of William and Hannah Peters, rather exceeds 77 years and 8 months—and the average of the family (the parents included) is exactly 79 years and 7 months.

These facts were furnished by the venerable Jethro Peters, the only surviving member of the family, who, on the day he completed his 80th year, travelled on foot the distance of 13 miles.

From the New Haven Journal.

A DUTIFUL SON.

A jockey in this town wishing to make an advantageous display of a horse that he was desirous of selling to a by-stander, placed his boy on the back of the beast, ordering him to "ride him around a short distance." The boy, though well instructed in his trade, unfortunately, in this instance, knew not whether the horse was already his father's or yet to be bargained for; being anxious therefore, to learn the will of his father, he stopped after riding a short distance, and inquiring with a loud voice, "Father, shall I ride this horse to buy or to sell?"

"Rare Chance for a Husband."

A person who describes himself as a plain, unfashionable young man, who is averse to extravagance, dissipation and folly," advertises in the Vincennes paper for a—WIFE; the following are some of the qualifications she must possess: she must "hate dress, assemblies, slandering parties, foppery and extravagance"—she must be "a woman of sound sense, who would be content to remain at home and enjoy domestic happiness, and never go gadding about spinning *street yarn*."

From the New-England Farmer.

Easy method for killing Bed Bugs.—Sir,—I read in your paper of July 10, a piece from the American Farmer, stating that "a strong decoction of red pepper would speedily kill or expel bed bugs." I tried the same twenty years since; it would kill them, but new swarms would soon appear; I afterwards tried corosive sublimate, essence of tobacco, lamp oil, yellow snuff, spirits of turpentine, linseed oil, salt, brine, &c. &c. with no better success. In 1815, I used the following composition, and have since used it once in two or three years, and have not seen a bug in my bed since I first used it.

For two bedsteads take six cents worth of quicksilver, (crude mercury) and the white of one hen's egg, beat them thirty minutes with a feather, and apply the misture with the feather to all the joints, &c. of the bedstead.

DORCAS.

From the Pendleton, (S.C.) Messenger.

It is acknowledged by all, that the drought of this summer is most alarming, and the very great extent to which it has prevailed, gives good reason to fear that the scarcity of provisions may be such as has never before been witnessed in our country.

A New-York wit, in noticing the appointment of Mrs. WILSON, as *Post Mistress* at Trenton, (N. J.) observes that it is putting the *mails* under petticoat government.

How to Preserve Milk—Put to a pan of milk a spoonful of wild horse radish, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will change.

On the late Dr. Johnson's return from a town in Scotland, a lady at whose house he called, had got ready what is, in England a hotchpotch, for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she had an opportunity of asking him if it was good.—"Very good for hogs;" answered the Doctor. "Then pray," replied the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

Short Commons—At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following notice. "Wanted *two* apprentices, who shall be treated as *one* of the family."

The celebrated Italian composer of music, Rossmi, usually received fifty guineas for attendance at a private concert. Prince Leopold of Coburg, the King of England's son-in-law, lately sent him 500 guineas with a superb diamond pin for his service.

CA

Vol. II.

Printed and Published by
LUTHER M. SCOTT.
N. E. corner of High and Poplar streets,

At TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS p annum, payable half yearly in advance No subscription taken for a short period than six months, and a failure notify a discontinuance shall be con dered as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square, inserted thr times for *one dollar*, and *twenty-fi cents* for every subsequent insertion.

☞In all cases where the number insertions is not limitted, adverti ments will be continued until forbid, a charged accordingly.

***All communications addressed the Editor must come *post paid*, othe wise they will not be attended to.

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

COMMENCED her regular routes, Wednesday, the 10th March, at s VEN o'clock, A. M. from Commerce-wharf, for Annapolis and Easton, leaving Annapolis, at half past ELEV o'clock, for Easton, by way of Cas Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th Easton, by way of Castle Haven, t same hour for Annapolis and Baltimo leaving Annapolis, at two o'clock, a continues to leave the above places follow:

Commerce-street wharf, Baltimore, Wednesdays and Saturdays—and Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays SEVEN o'clock, during the season.

Passengers wishing to proceed to P ladelphia, will be put on board the U ion Line of Steam Boats, in the Pata co River, and arrive there by NI o'clock next morning.

The Maryland commenced her ro from Baltimore to Queenstown & Ch tertown, on Monday, the 15th day March, leaving Commerce-street wha at NINE o'clock, every Monday, & Ch tertown every Tuesday at the same ho for Queenstown and Baltimore duri the season. Horses and carriages w be taken on board from either of t above places except Queenstown. Baggage at the risk of the owners.

All persons expecting small packag or other freight will send for them wi the boat arrives, pay freight and ta them away.

Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Hav will keep horses and carriages for conveyance of Passengers to and fr Cambridge, without expense.

CLEMENT VICKARS
march 20 t

The Subscriber

BEGS leave to inform his friends a the public generally, that he taken and now occupies that large a

commodious BRICK HOUS situated on the corner of R and Gay-streets, in Cambrid immediately opposite the st of Samuel Lecompte, Esq. in the m pleasant and fashionable part of the to

His Bar is supplied with a well sele ed assortment of the choicest LIQUO of every variety, lately purchased Baltimore for that purpose.

His table will be constantly furnis with the richest profusion of all the d cacies of each season, and attende waiters, polite, obliging and attentiv

Attached to the establishment are cellent Stables, with plenty of good H vender of every description, and an dustrious and honest Ostler.

Gentlemen and Ladies travelling, be accommodated with private ap ments.

Private parties can also be accomm ted with Dinners and Suppers, se up with equal promptitude and elega

Travellers can on cheap terms be veyed to any part of the adjacent c try, with Horses, Gigs, and careful vers.

The subscriber will spare no expe and will be unremitted in his exerti to please those who may honor him their patronage, which he respect solicits, and will most gratefully ack ledge.

THE STAGE

From the *Steam Maryland*, will l Castle Haven, e WEDNESDAY and TURDAY EVENINGS, on the arrival o boat, and arrive at my house the evenings, leave my house on THUR and SUNDAY MORNINGS, at 6 o'clock meet the boat at Castle Haven. subscriber holds himself in readines the arrival of the stage, to convey sengers from his house to any pa the Peninsula.

The Public's obd't. serv't.
WM. C. RIDGAWA
march 20

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_61-0108.jpg